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MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

THOSE of us who are now sexagenarians and who had the good fortune to make acquaintance with *Essays in Criticism* in our undergraduate days and to read the successive collections of Matthew Arnold's later criticisms as they appeared one by one, in the score of years that followed, can never forget the debt we owe to the critic who opened our eyes to the value of culture, to the purpose of criticism and to the duty of "seeing the thing as it is." We felt an increasing stimulus as we came to know Arnold's writings more intimately, as we absorbed them, as we made their ideas our own, as we sought to apply their principles and to borrow their methods. The influence of Arnold's work upon the generation born in the middle of the nineteenth century was immediate and it has been enduring.

"Without in the least over-rating himself," so Mr. Brownell has finely phrased it, Arnold "took himself with absolute seriousness, and his work from first to last is informed with the high sincerity of a consistent purpose—the purpose of being nobly useful to his time and country by preaching to men precisely the gospel he conceived they most vitally needed. For the consideration of his public and his era he deemed energy

less important than light, earnestness less needful than sweetness, genius less beneficent than reasonableness, erudition less called for than culture." He preached always persuasively, making his points sharply and often tipping them with wit that they might penetrate the more swiftly. He knew so certainly what he wanted to prove that it was easy for him always to be clear. His style, one of the most delightful in the whole range of English literature, is ever limpid, pellucid, transparent.

As he was directly addressing the public of his own era, he constantly dealt with the themes of immediate interest to his contemporaries in his own country. So it is that a large proportion of his writing, always indisputably literary in its treatment, is now discovered to be sometimes journalistic in its theme. Whatever interest his discussion of the Burials Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the law of bequest and entail, the Irish Home Rule question, may have had when these topics were being hotly debated in the House of Commons, has evaporated now that the passage of years has deprived them of their pertinency. Moreover even in writing his essays on questions of permanent importance, the question of secondary education, for example, and the question of the classics

against the sciences, Arnold was so eager to catch the attention of his contemporaries that he never hesitated to make use of illustrations from the happenings of the moment, likely to be a little unintelligible to readers of a later generation.

To say this is to suggest that he yielded a little too much and a little too often to the temptation of an instantaneous and fleeting effect, and that there are passages in his writings, and not a few of them, which will be obscure to readers of the twentieth century without an annotation almost as abundant as that which does not prevent Pope's *Dunciad* from being unreadable. The fact is that Arnold, although essentially a man of letters, had a hankering after the newspaper, after the direct and evanescent impression of journalism. His essays were all published in magazines and reviews, and the magazine,—and the review also—is always alert to capture the element of timeliness; it is at best only a bridge between literature and journalism. *Friendship's Garland*, one of the most amusing of Arnold's books and one in which he most completely expressed certain of his opinions, was originally contributed to a daily paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at irregular intervals during the years 1866 to 1870. It is true that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while under the control of its founder, Frederick Greenwood, and afterward when it was edited by John Morley, was the most literary of London journals, rivalling in this respect the *Temps* and the *Débats* of Paris. To this evening journal, appealing to the better sort of newspaper readers, Arnold continued to contribute from time to time brief articles on literary and educational topics, most of which he did not care to preserve in his successive volumes, and only half a dozen of which have been included even in the more or less complete *édition de luxe* of his prose and verse published in fifteen volumes in 1903-4 and limited to seven hundred and fifty copies.

Among these newspaper contributions

rescued in this limited edition are a valuable note on George Sand (whom he rated higher than Balzac), and a series of five letters from "An Old Playgoer," written between December, 1882, and October, 1884. These five letters represent his sole venture into the field of theatrical criticism,—excepting only the very interesting paper on the "French Play in London," evoked by the visit of the Comédie-Française to England in 1879. This single essay and these five brief letters are the only evidences of Arnold's keen interest in the theatre. He was a constant playgoer,—unlike Sainte-Beuve, in whose footsteps he followed loyally and who seems to have cared little for the acted drama, although he was always characteristically acute and felicitous in his criticism of Molière and of the other masters of the French stage.

Born in 1822, Matthew Arnold was old enough to have witnessed the final appearances of the last of the Kemble brotherhood; and in one of the *Pall Mall Gazette* letters he recorded his opinion that the Benedick of Charles Kemble was superior to that of Henry Irving. "I remember how in my youth," he confessed in his paper on the performances of the Comédie-Française, "after a first sight of the divine Rachel at the Edinburgh theatre, in the part of Hermione, I followed her to Paris, and for two months never missed one of her performances." And it was this intensive study of the great actress which inspired his three noble sonnets on Rachel.

One can glean from his published correspondence a sparse record of his occasional visits to the theatre in England and on the continent,—records often accompanied by his off-hand judgments of the plays and of the players whom he beheld. In February, 1861, he saw Charles Fechter as Othello: "the first two acts I thought poor (Shakespeare's fault, partly), the next two effective, and the last pretty well." In April, 1864, he accepted an invitation to see Miss Bateman as Leah, adding that he had already seen "most of the things

that are being given now." In March, 1865, he went with his family to see Sothorn as Lord Dundreary. In November, 1874, he writes that he much wanted to see *Hamlet* (which Irving was then acting); and in February, 1876, he tells his sister that he is going to see "that gibbering performance, as I fear it is, Irving's *Othello*." Nearly ten years later in November, 1885, he saw *Othello* at the Royal Theatre in Berlin:—"horrid! but I wanted for once to see Shakespeare in German." And a year after, in March, 1886, when he was again in Germany, he reported that he was going "a great deal to the theatres, the acting is so good" (this was in Munich).

II

In 1856, when he was thirty-four, he seems to have planned a closet-drama on a Roman theme; "I am full of a tragedy of the time of the end of the Republic—one of the most colossal times of the world, I think. . . . It won't see the light, however, before 1857." It never has seen the light; and when 1857 arrived it found him at work on a closet-drama on a Greek theme, the *Merope* which he was to publish in 1858. As he was engaged in rehandling a story already dealt with by Euripides, Maffei, Voltaire and Alfieri, Arnold wisely undertook an analysis of the dramaturgic methods of the greatest and the most skilful of all the Attic dramatists: "what I learn in studying Sophocles for my present purpose is, or seems to me, wonderful; so far exceeding all that one would learn in years' reading of him without such a purpose."

In the preface to his collected *Poems*, issued in 1853, he had discussed the poet's choice of a theme. He did not cite but he echoed Voltaire's assertion that the success of a tragedy depends on its subject. In fact, Arnold is discussing poetry at large and not dramatic poetry only, yet the principle he laid down applies with special force to the drama: "the poet has in the first place to select an excellent action; and what ac-

tions are the most excellent? Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections: to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time."

In the preface to *Merope* itself, written five years later, Arnold sought to justify his selection of a Greek action, and his attempt to present this action as he imagined it would have been presented by a Greek dramatist. He described the origin and development of Greek tragedy, proving his knowledge of its principles. Yet in the play itself he was unable to apply these principles successfully. He lacked both the native dramatic genius and the acquired theatrical talent. In a letter of February, 1858, to his sister, he expressed his dissatisfaction with the adverse criticisms of his dramatic poem, which were the result largely of his own argumentative preface: "Instead of reading it for what it is worth, everybody begins to consider whether it does not betray a design to substitute tragedies *à la Grecque* for every other kind of poetical composition in England, and falls into an attitude of violent resistance to such an imaginary design. What I meant them to see in it was a specimen of the world created by the Greek imagination. This imagination was different from our own, and it is hard for us to appreciate, even to understand it; but it had a peculiar power, grandeur, and dignity, and these are worth trying to get an apprehension of."

What Arnold himself failed to perceive is that the peculiar power, grandeur and dignity of the Greek imagination can best be apprehended by a study of the tragedies written by the Greeks themselves and that there was no need for him or for any other Englishman to try to beat the Attic tragedians on their own ground and with their own weapons. After all, the most satisfactory Greek tragedies are and must be those written by the Greeks, as the most satisfactory Elizabethan dramas are those written by the Elizabethans. The

action of *Merope* might be excellent; it might "most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections"; but it could exert this appeal upon a modern audience only if it were presented in accord with modern conditions. The theme of *Merope* might have a universal and perennial interest, but the form which Matthew Arnold gave it was only local and temporary, however superb it might have been when it had evolved spontaneously from the special conditions of theatrical performance in Athens. Furthermore, with all his liking for the acted drama, Arnold in composing *Merope* was not thinking of performance in any theatre, he was creating only a closet-drama, a still-born offspring of the Muse. A play which is not intended to be played is a contradiction in terms; it is an overt absurdity, no matter how greatly gifted the poet may be who deceives himself in the vain effort to achieve the truly dramatic without taking into account the theatre, in which only can the true drama be born.

Eight years later he seems to have been on the verge of repeating his blunder and of again wasting his effort in an attempt foredoomed to failure. In March, 1866, he wrote to his mother that he was troubled to find that Tennyson was at work on a subject, the story of the Latin poet Lucretius, which he himself had been occupied with for some twenty years: "I was going to make a tragedy out of it. . . . I shall probably go on with it, but it is annoying, the more so as I cannot possibly go on at present so as to be ready this year, but must wait till next." Fortunately for himself he did not go on; and before the next year came the project of a tragedy on Lucretius had joined the earlier project of the tragedy "of the time of the end of the Republic." In the first planned dramatic poem there might have been the stuff out of which a true tragedy could be made, even if Arnold was not the man to make it; but the subject of the later Roman men seems hopelessly infertile. It is true

that Molière was intensely interested in Lucretius, and Molière was a born playwright; but all that Molière planned to do was to make a French translation of the great work of Lucretius; and the Latin poet would never have suggested himself to the French dramatist as the possible hero of a tragedy.

III

With Arnold's persistent desire to use the dramatic form, with his lively curiosity as to the principles of play-making and with his unfailing interest in the art of acting, we may well wonder why it is that no one of his more elaborate critical studies was devoted to any of the great dramatists. There are the lofty sonnets on Sophocles and on Shakespeare, but there is no single study of Sophocles or of Shakespeare or of Molière. Scattered through his essays are many penetrating bits of criticism upon one or another of the playwrights of Europe. In the essay, "A French Critic on Goethe," for example, there is an illuminating comparison of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" with Schiller's "Robbers." Arnold quoted the assertion of a British critic that "there was something which prevented Goethe from ever becoming a great dramatist; he could never lose himself sufficiently in his creations." And on this Arnold commented that it is in "Goetz" that Goethe loses himself the most. "Goetz" is full of faults, "but there is a life and a power in it, and it is not dull. This is what distinguishes it from Schiller's 'Robbers.' The 'Robbers' is at once violent and tiresome. 'Goetz' is violent, but it is not tiresome."

The one long article devoted exclusively to things theatrical is the "French Play in London," written in 1879, and reprinted in *Irish Essays and Others*,—a volume in which it finds itself strangely out of place in its enforced companionship with half a dozen sprightly specimens of political polemic.

The "French Play in London" is one of the cleverest of Arnold's essays, and one of the most charming. It is also one of the most valuable, rich in matter, graceful and urbane in manner, witty in expression and wise in outlook. It reveals Arnold's genuine appreciation of the drama as a literary form,—and it discloses also his understanding of the art of acting, by which only is the drama made vital.

The Comédie-Française was then in the plenitude of its superiority over all other histrionic aggregations. It possessed a company of comedians probably unequalled in France before or since, and certainly unequalled in England,—except possibly at Drury Lane in the early years of Sheridan's management, when the *School for Scandal* was "in all its glory," as Charles Lamb said. The boards of the Théâtre Français were nightly trod by Got and Coquelin, by Thiron, Barré and Febvre, by Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette, by Barretta and Jouassain. In comedy, in Molière, Beaumarchais and Augier, it was incomparable; in Hugo it was superb; and even if it was not so superb in Corneille and Racine, it was at least far more than adequate.

Although Arnold began by declaring that he did not propose to analyse the artistic accomplishment of the several members of this galaxy of stars, he did allow himself one excursus into purely histrionic criticism,—an excursus which proved both his insight and his foresight. He pointed out—and this was in 1879—the fatal defect in the equipment of Sarah Bernhardt, a defect which was to be made painfully manifest in the ensuing thirty years:—"One remark I will make, a remark suggested by the inevitable comparison of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel. One talks vaguely of genius, but I had never till now comprehended how much of Rachel's superiority was purely in intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all arts, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses.

Temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry,—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has them all. One watches her with pleasure, with admiration,—and yet not without a secret disquietude. Something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force, something which alone can secure and fix her administration of all the charming gifts which she has, can alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from perils by caprice, perils by mannerism. That something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to oneself as one recalls her image and dwells upon it,—she began almost where Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends."

A little later in his essay, Arnold, as was his wont, and in accord with what Mr. Brownell has called his "missionary spirit," asked what was the moral to be drawn by us who speak English from the opportunity to study the best that the French stage had to offer. He digressed to point out that Victor Hugo is not "a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare" as Swinburne had rashly asserted in one of his characteristically dithyrambic rhapsodies. Arnold dwelt also on the inferiority of the rhymed French Alexandrine as a poetic instrument for dramatic use to English blank verse and to the Greek iambic. "Victor Hugo is said to be a cunning and mighty artist in Alexandrines, and so unquestionably he is; but he is an artist in a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakespeare is impossible."

Then Arnold, writing in 1879, it must be again recalled, declared that "we in England have no modern drama at all. We have our Elizabethan drama" and eighteenth century comedy. "Then we have numberless imitations and adaptations from the French. All of these are at bottom fantastic,"—because the result of putting French wine into English bottles is to give to the attentive observer "a sense of incurable

falsity in the piece as adapted." To this point Arnold was to recur again in one of the "Letters of an Old Playgoer." Yet even at this moment when the English language had no drama dealing with life of the English-speaking peoples, these peoples were revealing a steadily increasing interest in the theatre. "I see our community turning to the theatre with eagerness, and finding the English theatre without organisation or purpose, or dignity,—and no modern English drama at all except a fantastical one. And then I see the French company from the chief theatre of Paris showing themselves to us in London,—a society of actors admirable in organisation, purpose and dignity, with a modern drama not fantastic at all, but corresponding with fidelity to a very palpable and powerful ideal."

He asked "What are the consequences which it is right and rational for us to draw? Surely it is this: 'The theatre is irresistible; *organise the theatre*.'" And then he outlined a method of organisation which would provide London with a company of actors worthy of consideration by the side of the company which had come over from Paris. When this is once done a modern drama "will also, probably, spring up;"—that is to say, Arnold hoped that an adequate and working organisation of the theatre would bring about a new birth in the English drama. And the event proved that the second of these hopes was to be fulfilled without being preceded by any effort to attain the first. The English theatre is not yet "organised" in accord with Arnold's suggestions; but the English language has developed a modern drama, not adapted from the French and therefore not fantastic at all, but corresponding with more or less fidelity to a palpable and powerful ideal. The beginnings of this revivification of the English drama were already visible in 1879, although they were a little more obviously visible five years later, in 1884, when Arnold wrote the fifth and final of his "Letters of an Old Playgoer."

IV

The first of these letters was the result of an invitation from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to attend the first performance of *The Silver King* on November 16, 1882; and the other four followed at irregular intervals during the next two years, called forth by one or another of the "current attractions" at the London theatres. It is plain enough that he enjoyed writing them, pleased at the new opportunity to apply the old doctrine and glad to note the signs of the coming of a modern English drama, slowly purging itself of fantasticality. When Morley expressed his liking for these letters, Arnold called them "the last flicker of a nearly exhausted rushlight." Yet they still have illumination for us, more than thirty years later. They deal with both of the aspects of the double art of the drama, with the plays themselves and with the performers who made them live at the moment. They disclose Arnold's constant sanity, his penetrating shrewdness, his ability to see the thing as it is, his cogency of presentation, his power of drawing out the principle from the practice, and his insistence on finding the moral latent in every manifestation of art.

In the performance of *The Silver King* Arnold noted "the high general level of the acting" and he contrasted this with his memories of thirty-five years earlier when Macready was acting his great Shakespearian parts, supported by two or three middling actors, "and the rest moping and mowing in what was not to be called English but rather stage,"—a remark to be recommended to the consideration of those praisers of past times who still talk of the palmy days and who affect to believe that the level of acting is lower than it was when the old stock-companies strutted to half-empty houses in dingy and shabby theatres. He found that *The Silver King* was an honest melodrama, relying "for its main effect on an outer drama of sensational incidents," that is to say, upon its external action,

rather than on its characters. But melodrama as it is in its structure *The Silver King* was not melodramatic in its dialogue. "In general throughout the piece the diction and the sentiments are natural; they have sobriety and propriety; they are literature."

In the second and third letters he dealt with three comedy-dramas, *Forget-me-not* by Messrs. Grove and Merivale, *A Great Catch* by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, and *Impulse* by Mr. Charles Stephenson. The plays of Mr. Aidé and of Messrs. Grove and Merivale were evidences of the immediate development of a modern drama in England, far superior in veracity and in execution to the adaptations which had held the stage in London half a century earlier. Arnold credited *Forget-me-not* with dialogue "always pointed and smart, sometimes quite brilliant"; and he declared that "the piece has its life from its ability and verve." But with his usual insight he could not fail to see that its action lacked an adequate motive. In this respect *A Great Catch* was more satisfactory; yet once again he was able to put his finger on the defect; one of the most important characters was inadequately developed. Here Arnold's criticism is purely technical; and it is sound and useful. Then he gave high praise to the admirable acting of Miss Genevieve Ward, an American who had taken a foremost position on the English stage.

Impulse, he did not like at all: "a piece more unprofitable it is hard to imagine." Mr. Stephenson's play was a flagrant example of the fantasticality, of the incurable falsity, likely to result from the dislocation of a plot essentially French in an absurd effort to adjust it to social conditions essentially English. The story no longer represents French life and it misrepresents English life; it becomes "something half-true, factitious and unmeaning." So the play is "intensely disagreeable," achieving success because of the acting of the two chief parts, because of "the singularly attractive, sympathetic and popular personalities of Mr. and Mrs.

Kendal; while they are on the stage it is hard to be dissatisfied."

The three plays considered in the first two letters were evidences that dramatists were coming forward in England who were capable not only of invention and construction, but who were possessed also of a sincere desire to deal with life as they severally saw it; and the single play considered in the third letter was evidence that the public had not yet experienced a change of heart and still lingered in the condition when it could be amused by insincere adaptations. In the fourth and fifth letters Arnold had worthier topics. The fourth letter was devoted to Henry Irving's sumptuous and brilliant presentation of *Much Ado About Nothing*; and the fifth and final letter, the only one written after his visit to America, after his voyage across "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," was devoted to Wilson Barrett's ambitious presentation of *Hamlet*.

Arnold asserted that *Much Ado* was beautifully put upon the stage, which "greatly heightens the charm of ideal comedy." He declared also that it was "acted with an evenness, a general level of merit which was not to be found twenty-five years ago." He discovered in Henry Irving and also in Ellen Terry "a personality which peculiarly fits them for ideal comedy. Miss Terry is sometimes restless and over-excited; but she has a spirited vivacity which is charming. Mr. Irving has faults which have often been pointed out; but he has, as an actor, a merit which redeems them all, and which is the secret of his success: the merit of delicacy and distinction. . . . Mankind are often unjust to this merit, and most of us much resist having to exhibit it in our own life and soul; but it is singular what a charm it exercises over us."

Arnold begins his criticism on Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet* with a discussion of the tragedy itself and with the influence exerted upon Shakespeare himself at the very moment of its composition by Montaigne. This leads him to the rather

strange conclusion that *Hamlet* is "not a drama followed with perfect comprehension and profoundest emotion, which is the ideal for tragedy, but a problem, soliciting interpretation and solution. It will never, therefore, be a piece to be seen with pure satisfaction by those who will not deceive themselves. But such is its power and such is its fame that it will always continue to be acted, and we shall all of us continue to go to see it." Then the critic turned to the acting, praising E. S. Willard's Claudius and finding Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet* "fresh, natural, young, prepossessing, animated, coherent, the piece moves. All *Hamlets* I have seen dissatisfy us in something. Macready wanted person, Charles Kean mind, Fechter English; Mr. Wilson Barrett wants elocution."

V

As we read these "Letters of An Old Playgoer" we cannot help noting three things; first, Arnold's alert interest in the drama as an art and his insight into its principles; second, his equally alert interest in acting and his understanding of its methods,—an understanding quite unusual among men of letters, who are generally even more at sea in discussing

the histrionic art than they are in discussing the arts of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. And it is significant that Arnold's own appreciation of dramaturgic and histrionic craftsmanship was not accompanied by any correspondingly acute appreciation of either pictorial or plastic skill, in the manifestations of which he seems never to have been greatly interested, even during his visits to Italy and France.

The third thing we note is that Arnold retained his openmindedness and his freshness of impression. He was sixty when he turned aside to consider the improving conditions of the English theatre, the advance in English acting and the beginnings of the modern English drama; but he revealed none of the customary sexagenarian proneness to look back longingly to the days of his youth, and to bewail the degeneracy discoverable in the years of his old age. He was quick to see progress and frank in acknowledging its presence. Perhaps his openmindedness in his maturity was in some measure due to his early and severe training in Greek and to his absorption of the free Greek spirit, which secured him against pedantry and kept his vision unimpaired.

INGRAM—DISCOURAGER OF POE BIOGRAPHIES

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

EARLY in February there passed away in Brighton, England, a unique literary figure, John H. Ingram, whose life had been devoted to the study of Edgar Allan Poe. Since boyhood the Englishman had been a student and lover of Poe's work, as well as an enthusiastic collector of his letters, manuscripts and first editions, and it is understood that his decease has put upon the English

market one of the very best collections of Poeana in existence.

For over thirty years Ingram had been at work upon his final and exhaustive life of Poe, whose genius, he claimed, had failed to win proper appreciation in America. This work was practically complete at the time that the writer, once prominent in the world of letters, and of late quite forgotten,

slipped quietly away, evoking scarce a comment from the press, either here, or in England. Yet Ingram had written and translated a score of books, and had been a well-known contributor to the leading reviews of England, France and America. A literary expert in many lines, his latest publication was a little volume on *Marlowe and His Poetry*, issued in 1914. He had in past years written biographies of Chatterton, Mrs. Browning, Oliver Madox Brown and others, besides producing a large amount of editorial work, but his chief interest had always focused upon Edgar Poe, and it was in connection with his researches in this especial field that he desired to be remembered; he wished to be the one authentic Poe biographer in all the world, and it remains to be proved whether he realised this ambition in the work which is now awaiting publication in England (if it has not already gone to press).

As far back as 1874, he first edited the works of Poe, supplying a short Memoir, which in 1880 he extended into his *Life of Poe*, which has remained a standard work, pronounced by Professor Harrison as the best and most reliable biography of Poe.

Ingram continued to edit various editions of Poe's poems, essays and tales, including those in the Tauchnitz series, and in one volume, devoted to "The Raven," he collected the interesting parodies upon that poem which had sprung up in all parts of the world. His *Life of Poe* passed through many editions here and in England, was translated into several European languages, and was extended by him a decade after its appearance. Throughout his life, Ingram was busied with hunting up fresh information regarding his pet subject and in watching with jealous eye the publication of anything concerning Poe. Like all men with a hobby he became, as years went on, more and more prompt to resent any encroachment upon the field in which he felt he reigned supreme, by means of extended study, research and

the ownership of numberless Poe documents.

To write an article or book on Poe was generally synonymous with quarrelling with Ingram, who pounced upon the luckless intruder the moment his production came from the press, and either pointed out his errors and misstatements, or else came down upon him for the use of material which Ingram had copyrighted.

Yet those that bearded the lion in his den were likely to find him far less intimidating than they had expected; a little friendly converse about the hero of their mutual literary works soon brought about a truce, and Ingram, who had vowed vengeance on the other Poe enthusiast, generally ended by showing him his treasures and offering to aid him in further researches.

Ingram's first transatlantic quarrel was with William F. Gill, whose work on Poe was issued almost simultaneously with his first memoir, and the two men attacked each other furiously in the English and American papers, each one accusing the other of appropriating facts and material which he had put forth in previous articles.

Ingram called Gill a "scoundrel," and Gill responded in kind, remarking that the Englishman who was walking about with a "chip on his shoulder" waiting for someone to give him a "blow or a kick," would now get both from his American adversary. Each one pointed out the defects in his opponent's book and called upon the public to learn the truth as *he* had set it forth.

As usual, there was a woman in the case, upon whose unoffending shoulders fell the wrath of all concerned. The innocent participant in this affair was the gentle Rhode Island poet, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, once betrothed to Poe, and ever after his champion in the literary world. This lady, whose little book *Edgar Poe and His Critics* was the first volume put forth in his defence, was always ready to take up cudgels for him, and to her Ingram turned for help in the production of his work.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A DISCLAIMER.

From the "ATHENÆUM" of 15th January, 1876.

THE "MEMORIAL VOLUME" of Edgar Poe's Poems, recently alluded to in the *Athenæum*, has now appeared in New York. It includes my vindictory sketch of the poet, but introduced by the unwarrantable remark that "a considerable portion of Mr. Ingram's Memoir is gathered from material previously used by Mr. W. F. Gill in his lecture, 'The Romance of Edgar A. Poe,' written in September, 1873." That *I have never received a single item of information from Mr. Gill respecting Edgar Poe*, or made use of anything written by him on the same subject, and that the publisher of the "Memorial Volume" knew this the following extracts will clearly prove. Last August, Mr. Widdleton, publisher of the above book, wrote to me with reference to the proposed republication in America of my sketch,—“Mr. Gill, of Boston, asks us not to use your memoir, as it covers material *taken from his paper on Poe in 'Lotos Leaves.'*” In reply, I not only most emphatically denied ever having made use of any information derived from Mr. Gill, but also pointed out that my sketch was published in October, 1874,* whereas “*Lotos Leaves*” did not appear until January, 1875. Mr. Widdleton, in acknowledgment, admitted that Mr. Gill was “evidently strangely at fault,” and yet he now publishes, without previously referring to me, the above statement respecting an alleged work of September, 1873, the utter unreliability of which I can prove from Mr. Gill's own letters to me. Early in 1874, hearing that Mr. Gill was collecting material for a lecture on Poe, I wrote and asked him whether he had any reliable information about the poet, if so, whether he was willing to dispose of copies of the same to me, and whether he had any intention of writing the poet's memoir. “I do intend to write the life of Poe,” he replied, “unless you should much prefer to buy out my material, which I would sell if your preference was for that. *As I have not written any minor articles, I cannot send any portions of my materials.*” Responding that I was willing to purchase any reliable information about Poe other than that I already possessed, and requesting further particulars, Mr. Gill answered, but without naming any price for his collection, “Much of my material is of a peculiarly personal nature in the form of notes taken down when conversing with Mr. G. R. Graham and others, and before I could transmit it *I should be obliged to put it carefully into shape before it could be understood by another.* With all willingness to forward any material possible, I cannot, as yet, find opportunity for the necessary preliminary of arranging material.” These letters from Mr. Gill are dated 6th June, and 27th August, 1874, respectively; they contained requests for copies of what I had written about Poe, requests which I complied with, and, in consequence, had the pleasure of seeing my discoveries partially reproduced, even to the extent of an uncorrected error, but without any acknowledgment, in “*Lotos Leaves.*”

This is my case: let Mr. Gill now state where his aptly styled “Romance of Edgar A. Poe” was published, and what portion of it he claims to have been reproduced in my Memoir of Edgar Poe, a work which several friends in England and America know to be the result of twelve years research.

London.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

* Prefixed to the first volume of the complete Edition of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Engineer in Chief's Office, General Post Office,
London, England.

14 Feb 1876

Recd March 1

My dear Friend,

I am profoundly grieved that I have so wounded your feelings as the tone of yours dated the 1st., shows that I have, but pray forgive me. It was not the mere fact of Gill's impudence, nor the audacity of Widdleton giving my apparent sanction to the claim, but what wounded me to the quick, was your apparent indifference. Had your letter contained a single sentence of disapproval of Gill's conduct I should have felt satisfied, but seeing, so it seemed to me, that although you expressed your disbelief—not positive knowledge (which, however, you had—) of his said "Romance of Edgar A. Poe" having been written, you took his claim as a matter of course, I felt utterly despairing of having done, or being able to do, anything towards proving my theory of Poe's life. I read, and reread your letter, but vainly sought

A CHARACTERISTIC INGRAM LETTER TO MRS. WHITMAN

Ingram wrote Mrs. Whitman for data and information, which she most kindly furnished, and so did Gill, and so, a little later, did Eugene L. Didier, and the result was a storm of indignation from these biographers when each one learned that information which he regarded as his rightful property was shared by his opponents. Into a vortex of controversy between biographers the lady was drawn, and though she conscientiously endeavoured to quell the strife and reconcile the disputants, she could not dispel the bitter enmity which had arisen between Poe's various champions.

While she deplored the jealousy and strife existing between the men who strove to defend Poe, Mrs. Whitman's sympathies were with the Englishman, whose work on Poe she firmly believed would be the one worthy of a permanent place.

Between the years 1873 and 1877, Ingram wrote to this lady hundreds of letters describing the progress of his work and asking for the aid which she was able to bestow. In these, one finds the marvellous enthusiasm of an expert set forth, and one may follow the various steps by which he worked out the unsolved problems, and the clever manœuvring by which Ingram collected from friends of Poe, especially the women who had known him, hundreds of letters, autographs, and manuscripts, many of which he managed to secure as a part of his own collection.

The enthusiasm for Poe which seems to have been at this time greater in England than in America, was greatly augmented by Ingram's activity; he found in Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti brother enthusiasts, and not content with his exertions in England, he did all in his power to stir up the interest of France in this direction.

And here he came in contact with Stéphane Mallarmé, leader of the Impressionist school of poets, himself an intense admirer of Poe, who was just at this time translating Poe's poems into French. A warm friendship sprang up

between these men, who not content with the personal enjoyment of their pet hobby, were both keen to spread through the whole of Europe an increased appreciation of Poe. Those that recall Mallarmé's last visit to London, which took place at about this period, describe him as "a little gentleman with a huge portfolio under his arm containing his translation of 'The Raven,' startlingly illustrated by Manet, and searching for the home of Swinburne," with whom he was about to discuss their mutual interest in the American poet.

The accompanying sketch of Ingram made by a young American artist then (1876) studying in London will give some little idea of the former's appearance at this period, when he was about thirty years of age. This little sketch was sent by Ingram to Mrs. Whitman, whose letter of introduction had made him acquainted with the young American girl of whom he writes: "She seems already rather homesick. She sketched off my profile for you but I was not a very patient model, so don't rely on its exactness."

With the announcement of the publication of Ingram's first edition of Poe in 1874, he issued a printed slip headed "A Disclaimer," in which he states his case against Gill, refutes the things Gill has said about his work and closes with the words: "This is my case. Let Mr. Gill now state where his aptly styled *Romance of Edgar A. Poe* was published, and what portion of it he claims to have been reproduced in my *Memoir of Edgar Poe*, a work which several friends in England and America know to have been the result of twelve years of research."

This "twelve years of research" was supplemented by forty years more of painstaking work upon this theme, of which he wrote to Mrs. Whitman in 1876, "I mean to live, labour and be famous yet, my dear friend. Like poor Chenier, 'I have so much here' (in my brain) which must some day be wrought out."

His knowledge that Mrs. Whitman

was distressed by the transatlantic quarrel made him anxious to explain his own attitude to her, to whom he writes:

Having to publish the "Disclaimer" has been a very bitter pill to me, because it seemed to me as if I were striving to abrogate to myself the sole right to vindicate Poe,—as if I were jealous of others attempting to rival me there. On my soul I was never inspired by such feelings! Had any properly qualified person undertaken the task of writing *Poe's Life* I would willingly, and without hope or wish for any kind of reward, have assisted him or her, and have given every scrap I possessed about the poet. When Gill asked me for information I willingly sent him such published papers as I had and would have sent him more had I been able to trust to him,—however, enough of this subject—Gill is bankrupt, I see, and I suppose will take soon to some other method of living.

Having in a previous letter to Mrs. Whitman denounced Gill as a scoundrel who had destroyed for him all pleasure in the continuance of his work on Poe which he assured his American correspondent he was about to relinquish forever, Ingram promptly reconsiders this rash statement, as his ruling passion is too strong to be checked by either controversy or accusation.

And he writes concerning his hobby: "I have been very unwell since I wrote you—am still so, and have had cares and worries numberless, but the more I have thought it over, the less I feel able to resign the completion of my work. *I must finish my memoir of Poe.* My mind can never rest until it has disburdened itself of the accumulation of ideas it has made on this subject. But I am still willing to take a partner in the work if I could only find anyone in America willing to labour on it as I have laboured here. But I feel that health and everything urge the speedy completion of this work, so I have begun to gather together rapidly the scattered ends of my story. You will be astounded at the immense amount of reliable data I have garnered together."

In his work of discovery Ingram unearthed a number of Poe's poems not before verified, and he was constantly sending to his American correspondent verses which had been submitted to him, or which he had found among the letters submitted, especially by women whose poems Poe had corrected so generously as to make it uncertain whether the poems were his or theirs. The accompanying poem in Ingram's decorative handwriting is an example of some of the verses the author's life of which he was repeatedly considering.



SKETCH OF INGRAM BY A YOUNG
AMERICAN ARTIST IN LONDON.
1876

Being a poet himself of some little merit, Ingram also forwarded for the inspection of his Providence friend, many of his own poems, some of which were published under his pen name, "Dalton Stone"; his early poems showing very strongly the influence of his hero, Poe.

Ingram's wrath was especially stirred by a slighting remark of Gill's to the effect that he was "merely a clerk in a public office," and he exclaims to Mrs. Whitman, "Are Americans generally so ignorant? . . . It is a well-known fact that our leading scientific and literary men are in the Civil Service. Herschel, Professor Owen, Sir Arthur Helps, W. Rossetti, are or were

in Civil Service. A. Trollope and Yates were in the same department as myself. A clerkship in our Civil Service is permanent, and is indicative of a certain amount of influence and *education*."

When Eugene L. Didier published his *Memoir of Poe*, he also came in for a literary thrashing from Ingram, whom he repaid by pointing out that while "everybody knows who discovered America, few people know who discovered Edgar Allan Poe, but this discoverer is an Englishman, namely John H. Ingram."

Ingram's debt to Mrs. Whitman was voiced by him after her death in 1878, when he wrote to the London *Athenæum*, on whose staff he then served:

This is no improper moment for me to acknowledge that to Mrs. Whitman's unwearying kindness and coöperation is due a considerable portion of the data upon which my vindictory *Memoir of Poe* is based. Toward affording a clearer impression of her great countryman's character, she furnished me with the whole of the romantic history of her engagement with Poe, the

causes of the rupture of the engagement and the poet's correspondence with her, only stipulating that this latter should not be published during her lifetime.

Of Mrs. Whitman's noble character and private worth and of her many endearing qualities there is no room here to speak; a worthy and enduring monument of them, it is to be trusted, will be afforded by a suitable record of her life. Her literary correspondence was large and there is good reason to believe was carefully preserved, so that when her *Memoir* is published much of interest and novelty may be expected.

Among the literary remains of Ingram, now coming upon the market, this lady's letters must prove an interesting item.

In the unheralded passing of this eccentric but scholarly Englishman, the world of letters loses one of the last of those picturesque figures who plunged heart and soul into a controversy which has to-day so slight interest for the average reader, yet because of Ingram and his fellow-enthusiasts, permanent literature will surely be enriched, and reliable data concerning Poe and his epoch placed forever on record.

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

BY J. H. WHITTY

THERE remain no incidents in the life of Edgar Allan Poe better known than the published episodes at Bransby's Manor House School, located in the London suburb, Stoke Newington, England. All biographers of Poe have drawn their conclusions of his early life abroad almost entirely from his tale of "William Wilson," taking it for granted that Poe's descriptions of Schoolmaster Bransby and of the Manor House School were real, instead of fiction. The fact is, that this was the only thread the earlier Poe writer had in sight out of which to weave any story.

Where Poe told so much, some suspicion might have been excited, for it was not his way to enter into minute particulars of his life. That later on he briefly wrote in a memorandum intended for "Griswold's Poets," that his five years' stay about London was spent at the Bransby school, was more like Poe's methods. It was hardly to be expected, under the circumstances, however, that Poe would have mentioned a small London boarding-school, or a stay for school in Scotland, when writing for public effect, and with limited space at his command.

In his tale of "William Wilson," Poe

styles the schoolmaster, "Doctor" Bransby, but recent investigation fails to reveal such an academical degree for Bransby. The description of the Manor House School is drawn along ideal lines in Poe's own imagination, and so good an English authority as the late Mr. Ingram, Poe's biographer, was led into error. His picture of the Bransby school building, published in his biography of Poe, has recently been shown to be the former dwelling of a well-known banker named Twells, instead of where Poe went to school. The portrait of Mr. Bransby in Gill's and other biographies of Poe have also proven spurious. A portrait of Bransby at an advanced age, however, exists and is in circulation. As Poe introduced Bransby, the schoolmaster, in his tale of "William Wilson," likewise he has apparently taken his early London schoolmistress for a character in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," giving her real name of Pauline Dubourg. The records among the Ellis and Allan manuscripts, in the Library of Congress, now show that Poe's time spent at Bransby's school dates only from the latter years of his residence abroad, or from the autumn of 1817 until the summer of 1820, when he returned to America. Other records there also show that he attended a small London school kept by Miss Dubourg, located on the site of No. 146 Sloane Street, adjoining which now stands the Holy Trinity Church. Poe was a pupil there from about April, 1816, until probably early in December, 1817. This leaves a hiatus in his school history of several months during the latter part of the year 1815 and a brief period early in the year 1816.

It must have been some time during one of these periods that Poe went for a short stay to the old grammar school at Irvine, Scotland, in which John Allan, his patron, had been a pupil, and where all his sons afterward attended school.

The story of Poe's Scotland visits has never been told until now. It has

hitherto been a mooted question whether Poe ever crossed over into Scotland from England. But there can no longer remain any doubts upon that point. Poe went to Scotland, and was there a sufficient length of time for his visits to leave vivid marks of remembrance upon his memory of that classic region of which so many scenes and incidents are sketched with truth and beauty.

Who now knows but that the whisper of genius came into Poe's soul in the land of Burns? If not Scotland, it must have been England, for the leaven had already risen when he arrived home in America. It has been well said that "true genius is a mind of large powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be said to "lisp in numbers," and have shown such early proof, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of other things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible. Cowley had a volume of his poems printed in his fifteenth year, and Poe's first book of verse appeared when he was eighteen. There is sufficient evidence, however, to show that Poe while yet at school, seven years previous to the publication of his poems, was writing poetical compositions.

The confusion shown by biographers in the early events of Poe's life is now being gradually cleared away, and with newly discovered facts the future biographer of Poe may be able to point out with accuracy, like in Cowley's case, the circumstances that produced the particular designation of Poe's mind.

That Poe's mind was charmed and centred at an early age on some one of the earlier writers seems almost certain. Among the new discoveries is a letter written by John Allan, and dated October 15, 1815, in which he pictures Poe, then but six years of age, sitting before a snug fire in their London home, reading a story book.

There are also recent new records showing Poe, while a mere stripling, and

before his advent into the world of letters, with copies of Goldsmith, and Byron at his elbow trying to cheer his disconsolate spirits, which were much disheartened by enforced work in Ellis and Allan's establishment at Richmond, Virginia, as a salesman of "calicoes and dimities." It is now clear from Allan's letters that Poe arrived at Liverpool the latter part of the year 1815, and with the Allan family proceeded at once to Scotland, to visit the Allan relatives. While the visit was partly one of pleasure, Allan was about to establish a London commission house, with tobacco as a main staple, and there were important connections to be made in Scotland.

The first journey was to Irvine, Ayrshire, the birthplace of John Allan, where Poe and the family stopped with a spinster sister of Allan's named Mary Allan. There were other near relatives of the Allans in Irvine named Galt. Among them was James Galt, then about fifteen years old, who came to America with the Allan family when they returned home. He settled in Virginia, and was afterward John Allan's executor and the progenitor of the well-known family of Goldsboroughs of Maryland. He lived to a ripe old age, and a son named after Allan, Major John Allan Galt, not so long deceased, has left interesting unpublished reminiscences of his father, which also throw new light upon Poe's early career.

Irvine is a seaport, twenty-three miles southeast of Glasgow, and has a present population of upward of five thousand. At the time of Poe's visit the town differed somewhat from the present day. An idea of Old Irvine, and how it looked at the period of Poe's visit, may be had from the accompanying illustration shown here, in which is to be seen the house where John Allan was born in 1780. This house faced the High Street, the main thoroughfare of the town, and was also the Kirkgate, an old rambling street leading to the Parish church. This locality remains practically the same as in Allan's day.

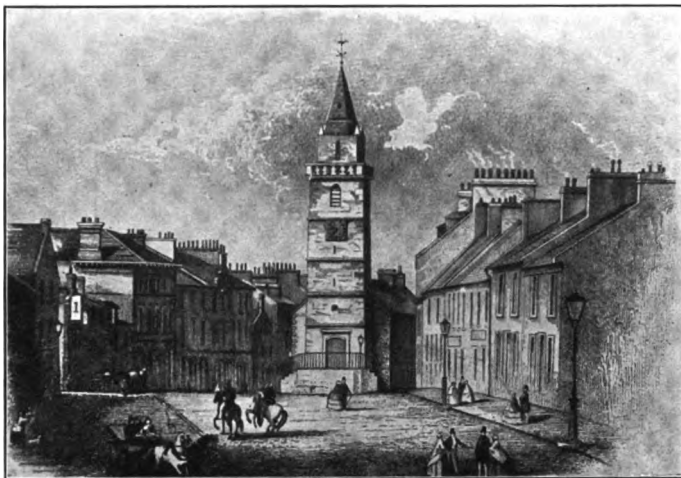
In one of the houses on the opposite side of the street to the Allan house was born Henry Eckford, who constructed the American Navy during the War of 1812. Not far distant was the Blue Bell tavern, and upon its steps stood the town crier twice a week, who after tapping his old-fashioned drum, read aloud the news-letter, just arrived with the coach, for the benefit of the motley crowd about him.

At the head of the old Kirkgate was the ancient grammar school, where Allan was educated with John Galt, the novelist, father of the Kailyard School, and Henry Eckford. The school was famous in its day, and the masters had many pupil boarders from America. Within its confines Poe's stay must have been brief. The school was a continuation of the Pre-Reformation School in connection with the Church, with which it was no doubt coeval.

The Kirk was there in 1205, but for how long before is not known. James VI, of Scotland, by a deed of June 8, 1572, granted to the magistrates and community of Irvine certain revenues belonging to the Church for the support of a school to be called "The King's Foundation of the School of Irvine." This was continued until July, 1816, when a new Academy was erected.

It was John Allan's early hopes to have Poe remain there while abroad for his education, but his wife demurred, and Poe was also opposed to being left so far away from the family. James Galt expected to go to London at a later date, so it was arranged that he was to bring back Poe to Irvine for school.

Nearly opposite to the Allan house stood, as may be seen in the print, the old Townhouse and Tollbooth, now removed. James Montgomery, the Christian poet, was a native of Irvine, but left for the Moravia school at Falmouth, Yorkshire, shortly before Allan was born. Only a few doors from the Allan house was the printing office and bookshop of David Macmillan, the founder of the well-known publishing house of that name. He served his apprentice-



IRVINE, SCOTLAND. SHOWING HOUSE WHERE JOHN ALLAN WAS BORN

ship under the erratic publisher, Maxwell Dick. Judge Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, in his life of David Macmillan refers to the town of Irvine.

In this same square was Templeton's book-shop, where Burns, the poet, delighted to browse among old sheets of song. It was in the year 1781 that Burns went to Irvine to learn flax dressing, and the old shop stands within a stone's throw of where Allan was born. It was two years later that the strange sect, The Buchanites, arose at Irvine. Elspeth Simpson Buchan believed that she was the woman of Revelation xii, in whom the light of God was restored to man. The sect was expelled a year later, and became extinct in 1848. John Galt, the novelist, whose writings, by the way, are becoming more in vogue, in his autobiography tells that he followed the erratic crowd, till his mother brought him back by the "lug of the horn." Galt's well-known book, *Annals of the Parish*, is taken from old Irvine, and the parish minister of Galt's day mentioned the town "as dry and well aired, with one broad street running through it from the southeast. On the south of the river, but connected with the town by a stone bridge, there was a

row of houses on each side of the road, leading to the harbour. These were mostly of one story with finished garrets and occupied by seafaring people. To the northwest of the town there was a common of three hundred acres of a sandy soil and partly covered with whin and broom."

The town of Irvine in the seventeenth and succeeding century was a port of some consequence, being at these periods the third port in Scotland and port for Glasgow, goods being transferred to and from Glasgow on pack horses. In the days of the so-called Tobacco Lords, it did a considerable trade to America, and it was the ambition of the town lads to fill a position in Virginia. With the rise of Greenock, and Port Glasgow the trade gradually left Irvine. In the earlier days Irvine was a veritable "Sleepy Hollow" for smugglers, and filled with retired ship-masters.

In an illustration here is shown the river Irvine, and on the rise the parish church. Alongside the church is the graveyard, in which all the Allan ancestors are buried. The Allan section adjoins that of "Dainty Davie," the friend of Burns. The first graveyard Poe probably ever entered was the his-



PARISH CHURCH AND RIVER, IRVINE

toric St. John's at Richmond, Virginia, where Patrick Henry delivered his patriotic speech, and where Poe's mother is buried. The Irvine churchyard was the second, and the third, Shockoe Cemetery, at Richmond, Virginia, where pleasant legends relate he kept vigils during his youth with the spirit of his first Helen.

"Of all melancholy topics," Poe once asked himself, "what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" "Death," was the obvious reply.

There was much about this old Scotch kirkyard to inspire Poe with awe, and with his love for the odd; the rhyming tombstones, and the "dregy," or lengthy funeral services must have left lasting impressions on his mind. The epitaphs on the tombstones hereabouts are most original, and in the olden time the grammar school scholars are said to have been required to write them out for their examinations. Here is a sample, vouched for by Galt, which may have met with Poe's gaze:

A lovely Christian, spouse, and friend,
Pleasant in life and at her end—
A pale consumption dealt the blow
That laid her here with dust below.

In Irvine, near the printing office of Maxwell Dick, was a house where Dr. Robertson, "the poet preacher," lodged.

Here one day the well-known writer, De Quincey, came from Glasgow to visit him, but unfortunately the genial doctor was out. The canny Scots landlady took De Quincey, with a suspicious-looking volume he usually carried under his arm, for a tramp book-cavasser, and would not permit him to come in and await Robertson's return. De Quincey in high dudgeon returned to the station and took the first conveyance back to Glasgow. On the way to and from the station De Quincey had to pass the house where Poe stopped.

In this connection it might be recalled that Poe later on proved an admirer of De Quincey, whose declamatory interpolations may be detected in his writings, especially in the tale of "William Wilson."

While in Irvine, Poe lived at the Bridgegate house, shown in the illustration. It was a two-story tenement dwelling owned by the Allan family. It was taken down about thirty years ago to make room for a street improvement. At the time of Poe's visit it was occupied by Mary Allan, who afterward removed to the Seagate house, which had been previously tenanted by Dr. John MacKenzie, the friend of Burns, and who is reputed to have been a connection of William MacKenzie, of Richmond, Virginia, into whose family Poe's sister Rosalie was adopted.



BRIDGEGATE HOUSE, IRVINE

The next visit made by Poe in Scotland was to Kilmarnock, about seven miles distant from Irvine. He remained at that town about two weeks, and while there stopped with another of Allan's sisters, named Agnes, but called Nancy, who married a nurseryman, named Allan Fowld. The site of the old nursery is now Fowld's, Clark and Prince Streets. In the illustration shown herewith the smaller of the two houses was Fowld's, where Poe lived. The house stood on Nelson Street, on the present site of the building occupied by the *Kilmarnock Standard*; and opposite was the Townsend house, occupied by a family named Gregory, who perfectly remembered the visit of John Allan and his family, and little Edgar Allan Poe. In the rear of the Nelson house ran the grounds of Kilmarnock House, the residence of Lord Kilmarnock, executed for his share in the '45 Rebellion. There stands near by a large grove of trees, and a beautiful walkway, where the Lord's widow passed much of her time after his death. Here is also what was afterward called the Ghosts' Walk, and there it is said the Lord's widow might be seen after sundown in her pensive perambulations, alone, and again in company with her

murdered husband. No doubt Poe heard of this incident, and perchance looked himself for what they called the "Allagrugous bawsy-broon," or the ghastly, grim hobgoblin.

Nelson Street extended by a crooked lane to the cross of Kilmarnock, in the croon of which was the shop where Burns's first edition of his poems was issued, a copy of which now fetches about two thousand dollars. There are relics of Burns's still exhibited by the town, which was once also noted for its manufacture of Kilmarnock cowles.

One end of Nelson Street led to the old Irvine road, and a number of visits to and from Irvine were made by Allan during his stay, on which occasions Poe invariably accompanied him. The old red riding carts, then abounding about Irvine and Kilmarnock, with their creaking wheels, are said to have had a special attraction for Poe. He was most happy in one of them, sitting alongside of the driver, usually attired in a coarse woollen cloth "green duffle apron," and thick nap "red Kilmarnock cap."

Close to the Fowld house in Kilmarnock lived William Anderson, an intimate neighbour of the family. His son, James Anderson, died December 26,

1887, aged eighty-four years. In early life he was an accountant in the Union bank and for a long period auditor for the corporation of Kilmarnock, as well as chairman of the Bellford Trust. He had vivid recollections of Poe's visit to Kilmarnock and spoke with pride of having played in the streets of the town with Poe. He recalled Poe as "much petted by the Allans, and a 'curmudgeon,' or forward, quick-witted boy,



THE FOWLD HOUSE, KILMARNOCK,
SCOTLAND, WHERE POE STAYED

but self-willed." A portrait of Anderson is preserved in the art gallery of the Dick Institute at Scotland.

Poe went from Kilmarnock with the Allan family to Greenock, situated on the Clyde. There remains a letter of Allan's written from there September 21, 1815, in which he says: "Edgar says, 'Pa, say something for me; say I was not afraid coming across the sea.'" The family with Poe went from Greenock to Glasgow, thence to Edinburgh, and also called at New Castle and Sheffield, as mentioned in a letter of Allan's, dated Blake's Hotel, London, October 10, 1815, where he arrived on the 7th, and wrote also of the attractions of the Scotland trip as "high in all parts."

Among Poe's boyhood journeys no

other scenes could have left deeper impressions on his young mind than what he saw and heard in Scotland. In a land so full of the oldentime and among people so enthusiastically devoted to their "ain mither-land" and full of reverence for "days o' auld syne," it is but natural that lasting impressions would be left on his memory. He might well have said:

Old tales I heard of wo or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriots' battles, won of old,
By Wallace wight and Bruce bold.

When Poe published his tale, the "M. Valdemar Case," a druggist at Stonehaven, Scotland, named Alexander Ramsay, to make sure the story was true, wrote a letter to Poe. This letter of Ramsay's to Poe has been published, but no reply of Poe's has ever appeared in print until now. The writer found a relative of Ramsay's still occupying the old Stonehaven warehouse. He had many of his relative's old letters, but none from Poe. The search, however, was continued and finally the reply from Poe was found with another relative in the same town. This letter is now first published, and is interesting in connection with this story of Poe's Scotland visits. It reads:

NEW YORK, December 30, '46.

DEAR SIR: Hoax is precisely the word suited to M. Valdemar Case. The story appeared originally in the *American Review*, a monthly magazine published in this city. The London papers, commencing with the *Morning Post* and the *Popular Record of Science*, took up the theme. The article was generally copied in England and is now circulating in France. Some few persons believe it—but I don't—and don't you.

Very Resp'y, yr. Ob. St.,

EDGAR A. POE.

P.S.—I have some relatives, I think, in Stonehaven of the name of Allan, who again are connected with the Allans and Galts of Kilmarnock. My name is Edgar

Allan Poe. Do you know any of them? If so, and it would not put you to too much trouble, I would like it as a favour if you could give me some account of the family.

To A. Ramsay, Esq.

The postscript to this letter, written at so late a day in Poe's lifetime, in which he claims relationship with the Allans, reads a bit odd. It is said that Poe felt bitterly until the end that Allan should have brought him up, and educated him as an only child, until he had reached the advanced age of fifteen years, and then turn suddenly against him and make him feel a menial instead of a member of his family. This was the view Poe gave to "Mary," his Baltimore sweetheart of the year 1832, who published her recollections in *Harper's Magazine*, many years after Poe's death. Her identity has recently been discovered by Professor Killis Campbell, as a Miss Deveraux, mentioned in the writer's latest, *Complete Poems of Poe*.

She stated that Poe read her a letter from Allan, in which he threatened to disown him if he married her, which would indicate that Allan showed some disposition at that late date to lead Poe to be hopeful for some final recognition. John Allan told his sister, Mrs. Fowld, of Kilmarnock, that he had willed his money to his sisters in Scotland, after providing for his wife during her lifetime and making adequate provisions for Edgar.

It is a curious fact that there are now families named Poe in and about Irvine, Scotland, who claim relationship with Poe, and stranger still that these families, in turn, are also connected with the Allan family. The mother of John Spiers, who presented a statue of Burns to the town of Irvine, was named Poe.

There is reason to believe that Poe must have met John Galt, the novelist, while visiting Scotland. Galt was a connection of John Allan's, and a school companion. There are many persons

now in Irvine who have heard the statement handed down from their ancestors, that Edgar Allan Poe, the American poet, was a pupil in the old Irvine grammar school. This is confirmed by James Galt, although the stay of Poe must have been brief. James Galt lived in Irvine while Poe was on his first visit there. It had been the original intention of Allan to leave Poe at the school there for his education. To this Poe and Mrs. Allan did not take kindly. As there were further holiday journeying it was decided to postpone school matters, and allow Poe to finish out the trip with the family, and return later to Irvine with Galt, who had planned to be in London later on.

The exact time of this second trip to Scotland was not mentioned, but there are several gaps in Poe's school record. It is presumed that the visit was toward the close of the year 1815.

There were pleadings from the women folks, as well as Poe, "not to go," when the time for departure for Scotland arrived. It was the opinion, however, that Poe would be better satisfied after settling down, and out of sight of the home folks. The start on the part of Poe was unwilling and Galt said that he kept up "an unceasing fuss all the way over." His foster aunt Mary sent him to the school, but there he sulked, and no manner of coaxing or threats could induce him to enter into any studies. At Miss Allan's home he talked boldly about returning home to England alone, and fearing that he might carry out his threat young Galt, a typical tall highlander, was required to remain there on guard. He slept in the same room with Poe in the Bridge-gate house; was impressed with Poe's old-fashioned talk for one so young, and believed that if he had not been restrained, that he would have attempted to make the trip to England alone.

MEMORIES AND THE LAST MEETING

BY CHARLES VIRGIL TEVIS

It was a gala evening. From the pinnacle of a half century the poet parted the veil of years and lived again each of his steps from boyhood. There was much to brighten the eye and to cause a smile. Oh, the Maytime of life, as a poet can paint it! And there were a few sighs—for things that passed him by and which he saw. But it was a revel—this review, this parade of the selves he had been which he conjured for me out of the bright grate fire.

He began the pictures with one of a red sled. That was in the time when he was but a tad, wondering why his mother called him James while all the boys said Jimmy. Then a red sled was the most important thing in the world to him, for he desired one greatly. Tom and Dick had sleds and they raced on the hill. If Santa Claus—well, he did, and then came the first big moment of Jimmy's life—that race. . . . The hill-side limned into the firelight and the poet's cheeks took on a glow like that from a winter wind.

"That was before I reached the stage where I became ambitious," he said, after awhile. "Isn't the fire of ambition in a boy a wondrous thing? . . . I had many visions and planned many plans."

It was art at first—so he pictured. Then the circus—the clown; then the trap drummer in the village band; then the "actor man," and, finally, the newspaper editor.

As a boy he manufactured his own brickdust paint, with which to decorate fences and barns; organised back yard circuses—"Wasn't it a good time, long time ago—when we all were little tads and first played 'show'!"; practised the long roll on various kitchen utensils; recited pieces at neighbourhood affairs, and composed little essays and verses on

the homely subjects of village life. Boyhood aspirations, these—but attend to the pictures now appearing.

Was it strange to hear him tell of later days when, as an itinerant sign painter, he went up and down the country-side seeking work? Or of the time he laboured long and earnestly with a big bass drum as a part of a gipsyesque medicine show outfit? Or of his efforts on the semi-professional stage (whisper it, barnstorming)? Or of his gradual and almost discouraging entrance into real journalistic work? No. It was not strange. He explained it all very simply.

"I believe I couldn't help myself," he said, with a whimsical smile.

Then, gravely, he drew from me a moral of life which was the more striking because of its structure from the stepping stones of his own experience. He declared that there can be no success in life without happiness, and that happiness may be found in places the world never associates with successful men. One should follow the paths of his better inclination, he said, and follow to that day when he finds his place in Nature where he fits, where there are no unfilled corners. Such a place awaits every man. As the years



THE RILEY BIRTHPLACE



"JIM" RILEY, GOING ON SIX

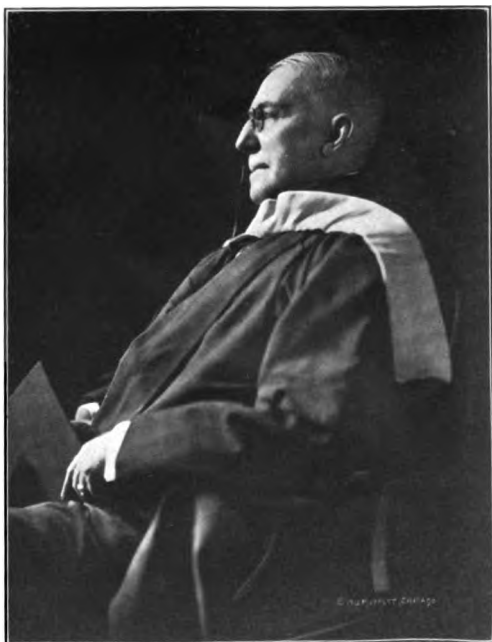
pass and this place is not found, let him not be dismayed. Let him but be true to himself, and happiness will be his. He *will* find his place, and whether he be then in the eyes of his fellow-men a success or a failure, he will know and feel and be rich far beyond worldly measure.

In brief this outlines the pictures I was given to see and the tales I heard during the first evening's visit I had with James Whitcomb Riley, in his Lockerbie Street home in Indianapolis, in the summer of 1903. The impression of the soul of the man I received then has never left me. I was acquainted with his published works, of course; had delighted in his homely verse stories and felt in my heart the harmony of his measures. I believed that since the genial and versatile Oliver Wendell Holmes had laid aside his pen there had been no poet in America who, in simple, quaint and often humorous way, had written songs that go down into the depths of the heart as did those of Riley. I was as appreciative as any of his great circle of followers of the wide scope of his Muse and of its human and ever healthy tone, whether set to a humorous or pathetic key. As in the work of his glorious Scotch poet-

cousin, Burns, I saw in his poems the same wonderful play of the sunshine and shadow of real life. But it was my portion, on this summer evening, to see, for the first time, that it was a man with a heart as young as when a red sled was the big thing in the world to him who played in beautiful rhyme in a simple, quaint and often humorous way with the sunshine and shadow of life.

It was in this year that the poet made his last public appearance as a lecturer. Since the death of Bill Nye, whose friendship Riley treasured jealously, he had not taken kindly to the thought of travel, and especially the uncertain accommodations to be found in strange hotels. I was privileged to see him at his home during this season upon each return from the road, and his laments were frequent and poignant.

"I am convinced that there is an evil influence following me," he complained on one occasion. "And I shall allow it to drive me into seclusion. I cannot get any decent service anywhere, not even



ACADEMIC HONOURS

good coffee, only more rheumatism. I'm done!"

And he was. The man whom Henry Irving once said would have made the greatest American actor, had he not deserted the boards, was heard no more on the lecture platform. There were



RILEY AS A YOUNG MAN

many over the land who would have seconded the Irving pronouncement. These are endowed with memory pictures of a fascinating evening. Were it "An Impromptu Fairy Tale," in which a little boy does the talking, or as an old man, or a wee girl telling, wide-eyed, of Anne's goblins, or in the rôle of a dreaming youth who "wants to be a soldier," he acted the part, he made the part, and it was not Riley who held the audience spellbound—it was the boy, or the old man, or the little maid, or the earnest youth.

In the months that followed this retirement Indianapolis folk began to see more of Riley, and to hear more from this or that part of the world about the fame which was coming to the Hoosier singer of songs. Unconsciously in their eyes, he assumed a stature of prominence with which they were proud to align their own nativity. Consciously, in their hearts, there grew up a love for the kindly, smiling man who went about their streets. To see a little child stop him, as little children often did, and shyly hand him a flower, and then to see the light in his eyes and hear his soft word—that sufficed. I do not know of any word picture that would better explain the man and his work and what his life meant to the world and to himself.

His days passed tranquilly in the child laughter-haunted Nickum mansion and at his desk in the establishment that published his works. These were not productive days, in unusual measure. He composed slowly, painstakingly, as ever. What he produced was from the same spring of glad thought as his earlier works, with an artist's touch none the less masterful. . . . It was his glorious harvest time.

Then, about five years ago, came his first serious illness. There were apprehensions for his recovery. One of the many he had assisted along the literary way called upon him. He was weak and with difficulty carried on any conversation. The caller spoke of "Amalfi," by Longfellow, Riley's favourite poem. The ailing man smiled. Then it was, "The Song I Never Sing," which the poet considered one of his best productions. When the beautiful opening lines were quoted, he smiled again. "And now," said he, faintly, "my work is finished."

Providence ruled otherwise. After long days there emerged to the routine of life the same Riley—in every element of his being except a minor physical sense. Even though it had become necessary for him to conserve his strength most carefully, expose himself

to no excitement and all but curtail the work of composition, there was no less sparkle to his wit nor less of the buoyant spirit of youth in his heart. He found new warmth in Florida sunshine and his regular progress to and from the land of flowers became a triumphal course. *En route* hundreds of children acclaimed him, showered him with flowers at his train. They had taken him as their own. And in his willing surrender the poet drank the cup of his greatest joy.

It was during this period that I enjoyed the opportunity of a special long distance interview with him.

In a lengthy letter he pointed toward the same pathway of life he always sang and followed, and painted the same old-new picture of human happiness. I had asked him what was the greatest thing in the world—a word from out the fullness of his years. He quoted from his poem "Exceeding All." Youth!—Could he have given another answer?

"Time does not change humankind and human wants," he had continued. "There are little orphans and swimming holes and ambitious young men who die to-day, just as there used to be and just as there always will be. All our medical science will not be able to prevent orphans, nor our sanitary laws keep boys out of swimming holes. Pray God, though, some day new gentleness, common sense, and understanding may be born which will prevent any future sacrifice of young men on the field of battle!"

Then he gave this word:

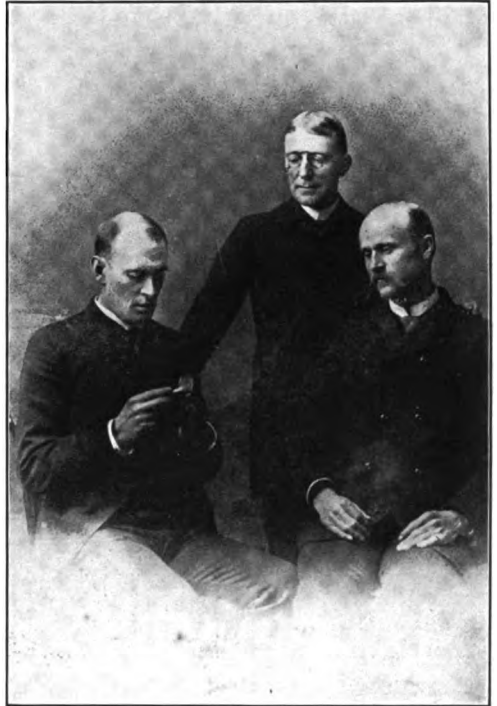
"There is virtually no such thing as genius or talent except through perseverance. Any one who will try hard enough can reach any height he aspires to—if it is in the law of Nature for him to fit there."

And added:

"We shall always remain children. 'Except you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Came now his signal triumph. Never before in the history of America has a

living poet been honoured as the State of Indiana honoured Riley last October, on the occasion of his birthday. By gubernatorial mandate the day was made a holiday. Flags were ordered raised on all public buildings; the public schools presented Riley programmes; there were



EUGENE FIELD, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, "BILL" NYE

public receptions in Indianapolis. Indiana set a mark of appreciation of the literary man as a national asset—and Hoosiers were not alone in the homage paid on this day to their most beloved citizen.

The poet appeared at one of the receptions and spoke a few words. He was all but overcome at the outburst of loyal public affection. He saw that, whatever the human soil, his seed of simple verse had flowered effulgently. He surely felt, as well, that, in himself, as a man, he had been taken close to the hearts of his fellows.



LOCKERBIE STREET

The memory of such an epochal event could never be dimmed by time. Its effect upon the nature of man, some men, would also be readily appreciable. But, in the latter days, one would have looked in vain in the eyes of Riley for a more sophisticated light than that of an ingenuous boy. Nor would one have detected in his enthusiasm over the colourings of a tiger lily a single note false to the spirit of a simple lover of the beautiful.

Thirteen years after that first evening in the poet's reception corner, on the twentieth of last July, two days before his sudden death, I visited him. Nothing in the scene-set was changed. There was even a storm brewing, as there had been in 1903. The poet sat in his same large, easy chair, leaning back against the cushions—only his fingers did not

play together across his chest as they once did. One of his hands did not move from the chair arm.

There was an unmistakable physical change. His smile was as warm and his eyes as magnetic as ever. And his mind as keen—and as deliciously vagrant. . . . From the black depths of the grate he recalled a procession of the figures we had studied on that other special occasion. We reviewed the precepts he had given me since then—and framed a new dress for his old message to youth. . . . It was a wonderful hour.

Could he have a few days to think over the word-cut of this new dress? Would I make another visit during the following week?

This picture I shall always have with me:



ONE OF THE LAST PORTRAITS

A man of physical burdens and embarrassments, withal one as young and strong in spiritual life as any barefooted

country urchin, and as completely attuned to the song of the sun as any lark o' dawn.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a paper about William McFee, the author of *Casuals of the Sea*.

McFee and his Book Here is an epitome of McFee's career. Born

at sea in 1881, brought up in the northern suburbs of London, he studied at Bury St. Edmunds, and at eighteen years of age was apprenticed to a firm of mechanical engineers. In 1905 he went to sea in the engine room of a tramp steamer. He had always been ambitious to write, and his first book, *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*, was published in 1908. In 1913 he left

the sea for a time and settled down in Nutley, New Jersey, where he wrote *Aliens*. That book won the commendation of a few of the discriminating, but was not widely read. When the Great War broke out, Mr. McFee was in New Orleans in the service of the United Fruit Company. He decided to play his part in the "great adventure," and is now serving as engineer officer on a British transport in the Mediterranean.

• • •

There are those who believe that in William McFee a new Conrad has been



WILLIAM MCFEE

discovered, and who see in *Casuals of the Sea* the novel of the autumn of 1916. We have read the book, and the fact that we are printing the article about its author is evidence that we have been impressed by its power. Nevertheless, we shall be somewhat surprised if it scores any decided material success. It is likely to take its place on the shelf of those books over which enthusiastic admirers shake their heads despairingly and ask, "Why didn't they go better?" There is a little too much of *Casuals of*

the Sea and it is somewhat formless. Of course life is formless, and there is sometimes too much of that, too. Mr. McFee's book has made a decided impression on one of the ablest of living American critics, Mr. James Huneker. Mr. Huneker, writing in the *New York Sun*, pays tribute to McFee's knowledge, not only of the sea, but of the land.

He takes you to Italian restaurants in Soho, where the food costs eighteen pence

and the wine any price you wish. He knows the ballets at the Empire and soars to verbal virtuositities in describing them, very much as did Robert Hichens once upon a time in a novel whose name we have forgotten, but whose picture of a Ballet of the Hours is stamped on the memory. Mr. McFee also knows the Far East, where other things besides the dawn come up "like thunder." Best of all, he knows the human heart and its variations. This makes him free to the rather restricted circle of young English writers of current fiction.

• • •

Another young Irish playwright and poet will be introduced in this country this autumn when Little, Brown and Company publish Padraic Colum's *The Fiddler's House; The Land and Thomas Muskerry*. Padraic Colum was born in one of the Midland Irish counties at the end of 1881, and he grew up in one of the small towns. His



PADRAIC COLUM

literary beginnings are connected with *The United Irishman*, the journal that was edited by the founder of the Sinn Fein movement and with the foundation of the Irish National Theatre. He belonged to the original group that formed the Theatre and his Irish plays were written for and produced by the Abbey Theatre Players. The dramatic lyrics in his *Wild Earth* marked a new departure in Irish poetry. One critic has said that Colum is just as surely the Irish poet of the future as Yeats is the poet of the past. His stories are referred to in *Literature in Ireland* as being among the best Irish stories written. He has been editor of the *Irish Review* and has written a book on Irish social conditions called *My Irish Year*. For several years he has been recognised as one of the leaders in the Irish intellectual and literary movement.

• • •

By 1903 Colum had written four plays, one of which, *The Saxon Shilling*, was successful because it was propagandist material. The other three plays, *The Kingdom of the Young*, *The Foleys* and *Eoghan's Wife*, dealt with



THREE GENERATIONS. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, FORMER EDITOR OF "THE CENTURY," OWEN JOHNSON, AND ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON II

peasant life in the Irish midlands. In 1905 a play entitled *Broken Soil* was produced at the Abbey Theatre, but it was not satisfactory to the author, so it was withdrawn, revised and produced four years later as *The Fiddler's House*. During the interval he wrote *The Land* (1907), which was the cry for a home and a bit of land. It was his ambition, he confesses in his preface to *Thomas*

lum's chief themes are love of land, of woman and of adventure.

...

Elsewhere in this issue we are reprinting Mr. William Harley Porter's "Mr. Davis and the Real Olancho," which identifies the Valencia of *Soldiers of Fortune* with Santiago de Cuba. Mr. Davis was quite ready to admit that Mr. Porter had been entirely correct in his guess. But it was not merely on this side of the Atlantic that the author of *Soldiers of Fortune* laid definite claim to certain cities and city streets. There was a Richard Harding Davis London and a Richard Harding Davis Tangier, just as there was a Richard Harding Davis New York. Two of his tales, *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal*, dealt very vividly with the quaint Moroccan seaport that faces Gibraltar. As you climb the narrow winding main street you are in the footsteps of Holcombe and Meakin and Carrol; or of King Louis, and Prince Kalonay, and the Countess Zara. The Hotel Albion and the Hôtel Grande Bretagne of the two stories are in reality the Continental and the Villa de France.

...

London was conspicuous in several of Mr. Davis's stories. There was "The Lion and the Unicorn." The scene of that story was laid in 89 Jermyn Street, the narrow old-fashioned street running from Haymarket to St. James. The character and shop of "Prentiss the Florist" was in reality "Floris, Perfumer to her Majesty the Queen."

"In the Fog" was full of descriptions of various London points. The Grill Club, "the club the most difficult of access in the world," was in reality the Beefsteak Club. In the large room where the story began and ended. But between beginning and end the reader was taken to Rutland Garden, opposite Knight's Bridge Barracks, Trevor Terrace, St. George's Hospital, Trafalgar

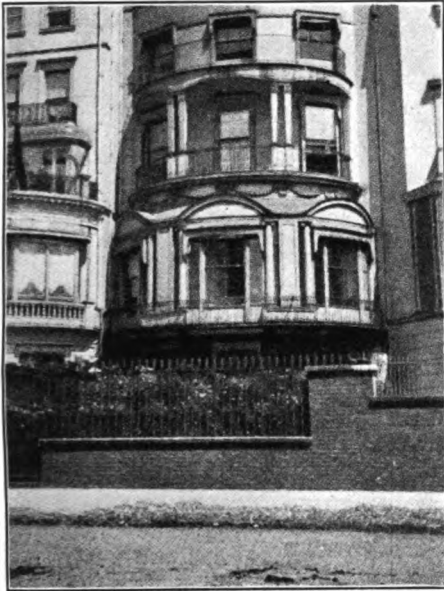


MARGARET FULLER, THE FORMER SECRETARY OF EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, WHO HAS WRITTEN IN "A NEW ENGLAND CHILDHOOD" THE STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE POET-BANKER

Muskerry (1910), to write in dramatic form a *comédie humaine* of Irish life. The latter play tells of the fortunes of poor old Thomas Muskerry, who dies a pauper in the workhouse, where he was once master. These three plays are said to represent Colum at his best. As Professor Weygandt in his *Irish Plays and Playwrights* has pointed out, Co-

Square, and Whitehall. The London chapters of *The Princess Aline* introduced "Browne's Hotel and Cox's." Also Buckingham Palace. "An Unfinished Story" was related in a dining-room of a West End residence, through the windows of which one stepped out on a balcony overlooking Park Lane.

...



THE PARK LANE HOUSE OF MR. DAVIS'S "AN UNFINISHED STORY"

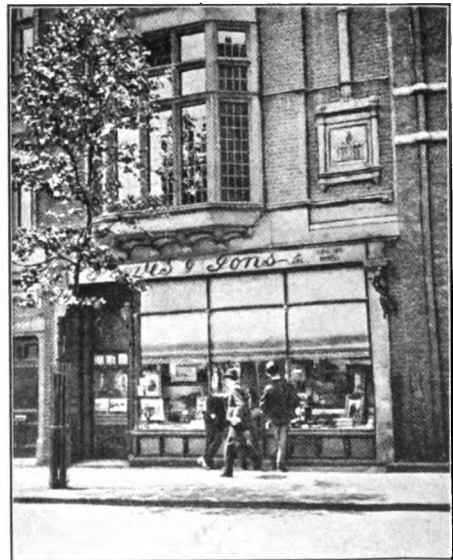
In the magazine section of the New York Times for July 23d there appeared an interview with Katharine Fullerton Gerould, written by Joyce Kilmer, which has elicited considerable comment. What Mrs. Gerould had to say concerned the short story in general, and the inevitable limitations of the American novel. But the impression that most readers of the interview took away was one of disparagement of the work of O. Henry, which, we think, was not just what Mrs. Gerould meant. "She calls him a pernicious influence," records Mr. Kilmer, who goes on to quote: "I hear O. Henry is being used

Strange
Opinions



89 JERMYN STREET, THE SCENE OF MR. DAVIS'S "THE LION AND THE UNICORN"

in the schools and colleges. I hear that he is being held up as a model by critics and professors of English. The effect of this must be pernicious. It cannot but be pernicious to spread the idea that



THE "GRILL CLUB" OF MR. DAVIS'S "IN THE FOG" WAS DRAWN FROM THE "BEEFSTEAK CLUB" IN CHARING CROSS ROAD



THE MAIN STREET OF TANGIER OF MR DAVIS'S "THE EXILES" AND "THE KING'S JACKAL"

O. Henry is a master of the short story. O. Henry did not write the short story. O. Henry wrote the expanded anecdote. In a short story there are situation, suspense, and climax. O. Henry gives the reader climax—nothing else."

• • •

Now we are not quite ready to believe that Mrs. Gerould thinks that a liking for O. Henry is in itself per-

nicious, or that the use of his stories in colleges and schools is likely to work much harm. We prefer to think that she considers the danger may lurk in accepting O. Henry as the one master, and his form as the one form, to the exclusion of everyone else. Read and admire O. Henry as much as you like provided you do not forget that before O. Henry were Poe, and de Maupassant, and Bret Harte, for original as Porter

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• • •

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have nothing but contempt for the *ca-naille*."

• • •

A stranger once favoured Miss Carolyn Wells with his preconceived notion of her work:

I picture thus the manner of your average day. You wake. "Ha," you say, "to-day will I write much nonsense. I will sit at my big desk and juggle a few lines—just enough to keep in practice. Then I will dash off a burlesque novel, a short story for girls, a shorter story for boys, write divers letters to members of the Mermaid Club, call on Mrs. Prunes who has a lovely kitten, browse at the bookshops and lunch at the club. Afterward I will call on seven hundred and eighty thousand publishers and leave each a few manuscripts. By that time I must run to the matinée. Then I will have tea with Oliver Herford and talk over the illustrations for the forthcoming ninety-four books, then I will catch the 5:22 ferry from the Twenty-third Street station and go home to Rahway.

Many of Miss Wells's unknown correspondents resort to verse. Here is a Western sample:

Carolyn Wells, with Yours Truly, to wit:
with me
You have done well, for you've made a big
hit with me;
Westernly speaking, you surely are It with
me,
Humour incarnate, whose friendship dis-
spels
Cares of this world and reflections how sad
it is!
Yours is a spirit that makes me feel glad
it is
Saturday, so I can scribble. Though bad
it is
What is the difference, Carolyn Wells?
This my reality—
Nonsensicality—
Your immortality—
Our cap and bells.
'Nuf of this rot to-day,
More again—not to-day.
It's too—wow! HOT to-day
Carolyn Wells.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams believes that he has been accused of the theft of plots as often as the average writer, invariably by some aspiring genius who has not yet attained print, but who seems to suspect him of having read his or her mind through some process of telepathy. Also the postman has brought him letters from the usual legion of would-be collaborators, fecund of world shaking ideas, who prove their worth by enclosing a specimen of home-made literature, usually a letter to the local paper signed "Pro Bono Publico" and invite him to take their Great Idea, furnish the setting, and divide the profits. Once, following the publication of *The Mystery*, Mr. Adams and Stewart Edward White were invited to join an expedition, free of charge, for the locating of the island whereon had been discovered the wonderful radioactive substance described in the story. "White," says Mr. Adams, "being notoriously a fireside loiterer, declined to go. Thus I lost my chance of untold riches." Possibly as curious a letter as Mr. Adams ever received was from a spirit; at least she said that she was a spirit. He had written a short story of a *revenant* who came back to his old room at Hamilton College and foregathered on the campus with his old love of a century back. It was published in the *American Magazine* and thus came to the eyes of the spirit correspondent. She wrote at great length and with much particularity to prove that she was none other than the long dead girl in the tale, and expressed surprise and gratification at having been identified, living under another name and considerably changed conditions after all the years. Further she suggested that owing to her Environment in this Sphere it was inadvisable that she and the author should meet, but that the cipher employed in the story proved that they were on the same Soul-Plane and that in some succeeding Elevation they would surely come together.

• • •

Varied have been the missives that

have found their way into the letter box of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. One old colonel in Texas claimed the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* as his long lost daughter; two unknown gentlemen wished to marry her, one giving as his credentials that he was "a well bilt man not given to the use of licker." An old lady in Chicago wrote that she was deaf and dumb and asked the author to send her a book. Mrs. Rice did so with the disconcerting result that she wrote back saying that she did not like it at all and would Mrs. Rice please send another one. Perhaps the most amusing letter Mrs. Rice has ever received was from a little girl. A stamp was gummed tightly at the top of the page and below was written:

DEAR MRS. RICE: Please send your autograph. Don't do like Richard Harding Davis and Mary E. Wilkins. They stole my stamp.

...

A story in Zona Gale's series *The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre* was published a number of years ago in *Everybody's* and told of a night when the two old people because of their niece's illness, had with them all night her little baby. The baby kept reminding them of their own, dead years before; and when the baby cried, and would not be comforted, they went quite desperately down to the kitchen, warmed milk, and gave it to the child. A letter came to the author from the young mother of a baby in a middle Western town. She said something like this: "I thought it was my duty to write to you before you lead other young mothers astray. Do you not know that in your story, 'The Baby,' you are in danger of doing this? Do you not know that pure cow's milk for babies is poison? It should be modified always before it is fed to them. Do you not know that the baby should be fed from alternate bottles, carefully sterilised? Do you not know that the baby should be fed only at regular intervals?" There was more. Miss Gale thanked her, and

when she used the story in a book, she had the old people think of all the modern things which they must be neglecting and disregard them—for the baby was crying. The reactionary side of everything always has the humour. One of the frankest letters Miss Gale ever received ran as follows:

DEAR MISS GALE: I have to write a paper for our club. I heard you wrote a story on civics. Could you let me take it? I'd like to use it for filling when ideas give out.

And when Miss Gale sent it to her, she said that it did just what she had wanted it to do.

...

Albert Bigelow Paine has received various letters from strangers, not only on his own account as the author of *The Bread Line*, *The Van Dwellers*, and *The Great White Way*, but in his capacity as the official biographer of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens being dead, these latter address themselves to the man whom they considered to be his living representative. Most of them aspire to become Mark Twain's successor in the field of American humour. They usually send samples of their goods—most disheartening puns—a form of wit which Mark Twain positively loathed. At one time, when Mr. Paine was on the staff of *St. Nicholas* he received a letter from a man who wanted to become an editor.

I have been a preacher, and I have also travelled, selling church furniture, and acquired some of the polish that goes with that business. Please let me know if you think I would do for your magazine.

...

Jack London has received his share of these letters, but just before he started on his cruise on the *Snark* he was positively deluged with communications from strangers. The prospective journey has been very widely exploited by the newspapers, and every mail brought to the author letters from applicants

who wished to share the adventurous cruise. Ninety per cent. of the volunteers offered to work in any capacity, and ninety-nine per cent. offered to work without salary. The possession of a "passionate fondness for geography," was the way one applicant expressed the wanderlust that was in him. Another wrote, "I am cursed with an eternal yearning to be always on the move, consequently this letter to you." A third said he wanted to go "because his feet itched." Almost all of the applicants wanted Mr. London to telegraph, at their expense, his acceptance of their services; and quite a number offered to put up a bond to guarantee their appearance on sailing date.

...

A number of the applicants seemed to have vague ideas about the work to be done on the *Snark*; as, for instance, the one who wrote: "I am taking the liberty of writing you this note to find out if there would be any possibility of my going with you as one of the crew of your boat to make sketches and illustrations." Several offered to serve, as one of them phrased it, "as assistant in filing materials collected for books and novels." One man gave the following qualifications: "I am an orphan living with my uncle, who is a hot revolutionary Socialist and who says a man without the red blood of adventure is an animated dish rag." Said another: "I can swim some, though I don't know any of the new strokes. But what is more important than strokes, the water is a friend of mine." "If I was put alone in a small boat, I could get her anywhere I wanted to go," was the qualification of a third—and a better qualification than the one that followed, "I have also watched the fish boats unload." The applicants included men and women from every walk in life. Physicians, surgeons, and dentists offered in large numbers to go along and, like all the professional men, offered to go without pay, to serve in any capacity, and to pay, even, for the privilege of so serving.

There was no end of compositors and reporters who wanted to go, to say nothing of experienced valets, chefs, and stewards. Civil engineers were keen on the voyage; "lady" companions galore cropped up for Mrs. London; while Mr. London was deluged with the applications of would-be private secretaries. Fathers and sons wanted to go and many men with their wives. For example: "I thought I would drop you a line of inquiry as to the possibility of making the trip with you, am twenty-four years of age, married and broke, and a trip of that kind would be just what we are looking for." Legion was the young woman stenographer who wrote: "Write immediately if you need me. I shall bring my typewriter on the first train." One applicant who rather puzzled Mr. London said: "I can assure you that I am eminently respectable but find other respectable people tiresome." A touching sacrifice that the author could not accept was: "I have a father, a mother, brothers and sisters, dear friends and a lucrative position, and yet I will sacrifice all to become one of your crew." Another volunteer pointed out that "to go in the ordinary boat, be it schooner or steamer, would be impracticable, for I would have to mix among and live with the ordinary type of seaman, which as a rule is not a clean sort of life." Then there was the young man of twenty-six, who had "run through the gamut of human emotions," and had "done everything from cooking to attending Stanford University," and who, at the time of writing, was "a vaquero on a fifty-five thousand acre range."

...

Many of our readers were probably interested in the recent short-story contest held by *Life*. The successful tales are being brought out in book form with an introduction by Mr. Thomas L. Masson, Managing Editor of *Life*. The idea of the contest, Mr. Masson tells us, was first suggested by Mr. Lincoln Steffens,

Short
Stories

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who, at a luncheon, propounded the query: "How short can a short story be and still be a short story?" The answer was the competition, in the course of which eighty-one stories were published out of more than thirty thousand received. These tales came from all over the world—from sufferers on hospital cots, from literary toilers in the Philippines, from Europe, Asia, and Africa, and from every State in the Union. One manuscript was sent from a trench at the French front, where the story had been written between hand grenades. "Every kind of story was represented," says Mr. Masson, "the war story and the love story being the leaders. Every kind of writing was represented, from the short compound of trite banalities to the terse, dramatic, carefully wrought out climax. Back of many of these efforts the spectral forms of Guy de Maupassant and O. Henry hovered in sardonic triumph. Tragedy predominated. The light touch was few and far between. But it was still there, as the stories published show."

...

Mr. Steffens's query had been in the nature of a challenge, and brevity was the very soul of the contest. A way had to be found of getting the contributors to make their stories as short as possible. But let Mr. Masson explain the method adopted.

First, a limit of fifteen hundred words was placed upon all stories submitted, no story longer than this being admitted to the contest. For each story accepted the contributor was paid, not for what he wrote, but for what he did not write. That is to say, he was paid at the rate of ten cents a word for the difference between what he wrote and fifteen hundred words. If his story, for example, happened to be fifteen hundred words in length, he got nothing. If it was fourteen hundred and ninety words he got one dollar. If there had been a story only ten words long, the author would have received one hundred and forty-nine dollars. To be accurate, the longest story actually

accepted for the contest was fourteen hundred and ninety-five words, for which the author received fifty cents, and the shortest was seventy-six words, for which the author received one hundred and forty-two dollars and forty cents.

...

Although the formal facts in regard to the life of Selma Lagerlöf are well known to most readers there are intimate little flashes of her own personality and especially of her childhood in a brief essay entitled "Two Predictions," which appears in a collection of material by Miss Lagerlöf which recently appeared in Sweden under the title of *Men and Trolls*. Only one item out of the material in *Men and Trolls* has been translated into English. That is her famous Suffrage speech. The rest of the essays, addresses and short stories are now in the course of translation and will doubtless be issued by Miss Lagerlöf's American publishers. These publishers are now engaged in bringing out Velma Swanston Howard's translation of Miss Lagerlöf's latest novel, *The Emperor of Portugallia*, which was translated a short time ago into French and was referred to in a number of French reviews as the Swedish *Père Goriot*, telling as it does the story of a father's love and sacrifice.

...

Miss Lagerlöf's autobiographical essay, "Two Predictions" in *Men and Trolls*, gives a picture of the author's deeply introspective childhood and of her early attempts at writing. Without attempting a translation of this most charming little essay, some of the facts stand out. At the age of nine the little white-haired Selma went to Stockholm, but found it extremely difficult to become accustomed to the city life and to the precocious city children. "I feel stupid and awkward with these smart city children" (using the present tense which is found so frequently in Swedish), "for I talk the homely Vermland dialect. But there are things indescribably wonderful

in the old house where I stay. For one thing my uncle has a bookcase full of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Then there is the theatre." She goes on to tell that sometimes the uncle would give the old housekeeper a theatre ticket and the old woman would take the little girl and let her stand in front of her during the performance. But it was all pure joy to the future woman winner of the Nobel Prize. "Sometimes I enter a theatre now in foreign lands and feel the old thrill of expectation."

...

In the spring the little girl returned to her home and on school holidays played theatre with her brothers and sisters. Their favourite piece was *My Rose of the Forest*, "not," she remarks, "because it is the most interesting, but because it is the simplest and in fact the only one we can present. I have to rehearse them all. We have no prompt book, only my memory to guide us. It is I who with the help of quilts and blankets make the stage and it is I who makes up the actors. I am the only one with any knowledge of all these things." Then she goes on to describe the performance, how the family were the audience, and how she played the dual rôle of heroine and of an old man with long white hair. The little Swedish girl's own yellow hair was rearranged to imitate the locks of the aged man. "From that day I long to write great plays and not to sit on a school-bench and waste my time in composition and arithmetic. At fifteen I have read all the poets in the house and have written my first verse." Here Miss Lagerlöf remarks that she first realised her gift and resolved to become as great as the poets she had read. She had always intended to write novels and plays and now at fifteen she felt that nothing was so desirable as to write great poetry. One evening she felt her power in all its greatness and all that night she lay awake composing verse after verse. But she goes on to say that of all the verses she made at this period there is only one

that she remembers or is pleased with. This couplet reads:

Det är så mörkt under der lindarna
Så ångsligt stilla i vindarna.

Roughly translated

It is so dark beneath the lindens
The winds are so ominously still.

...

A volume of stories by the late George Fitch bears the title *Petey Simmons Goes to Siwash*.

More About Siwash To be perfectly candid the tales that make up

this book are far from being as good as some of the earlier Siwash tales. The vein seems to have been pretty well washed out. The new book contains an introduction by Edmund Vance Cooke. That George Fitch came out of the Middle West Mr. Cooke finds indicative. "The Middle West is the nursery of our literary orchards. Much of its budded stock is transplanted early, but George Fitch came to full fruition in the soil which gave him birth. Here he was born and bred, here he was educated, here he married and reared his family, here he struggled and here he achieved. Born in the small town of Galva, matriculated and graduated at Knox College, Galesburg, and doing the bulk of his life work at Peoria, he may fairly be said to reek of the soil of Illinois." It is hardly necessary to mention, Mr. Cooke goes on to tell us, that Knox College is not Siwash and Siwash is not Knox, but that Knox is appreciative of the Siwash fame is attested by the fact that the real college is to have a chapter room as a memorial to the creator of the fictitious college. Peoria, too, is to have a bronze Fitch tablet for the public library, and Galva, not to be outdone, is planning a monument.

...

George Fitch came up through the grind of daily newspaper work, winning his spurs on the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* and the Peoria *Transcript*. He never entirely forsook the newspaper field. At the end of his life his Vest

Pocket Essays were appearing daily in hundreds of newspapers. But he was more than a journalist, more than a storyteller, he was an American who felt his responsibilities. Though he could ill afford the time from his work he served a term in the Illinois legislature. When he lived in Peoria no public event was quite complete without him. No matter

who the visiting guest of the city might be, George Fitch was always put next to him at table, for he could be depended upon to know the guest's "patter" and the difficulties and technicalities of his calling. Facts and figures were Fitch's especial delight and his mind was constantly searching and acquiring in new fields.

THE LYRIC

(With regard to new methods)

BY AGNES LEE

THE shadows have blended.
The neighbours are sighing.
One calls from a doorway:
"The Lyric is dying!"

* * * * *

Now chambered in lamplight
The neighbours are bowed,
They are toiling and weaving.
But they weave her no shroud.

There was dust on her robe,
She had travelled so far;
The shreds of her veil
Had entangled her star.

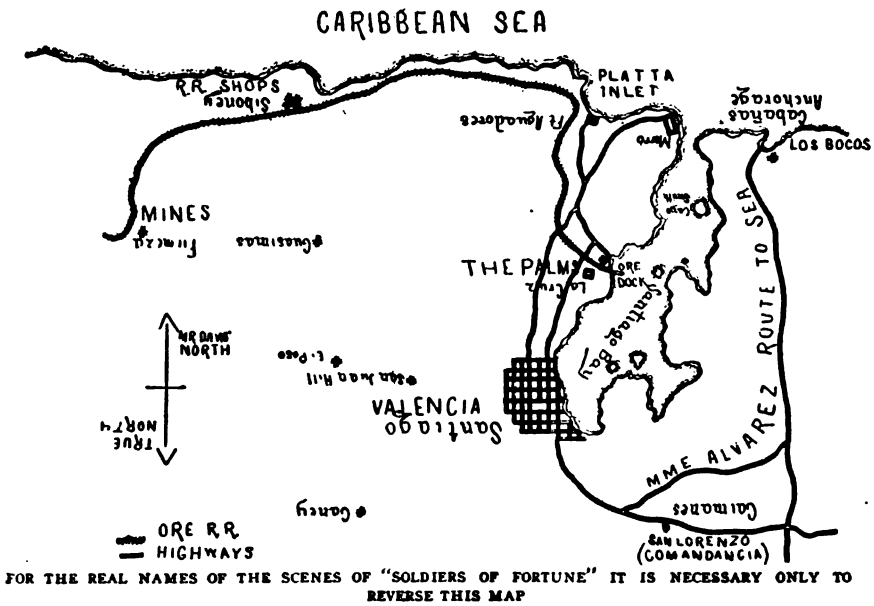
They have taken her garments
Time-faded and torn,
They ravel the stitches
From patterns outworn.

The Lyric is muted . . .
She seems in a slumber . . .
Yet hark! There's a cadence,—
And out of the umber

Of shadow on shadow,
Of doubts and surmises,
It floats from a doorway.
She wakens! She rises!

New fingers have decked her,
New faith has informed her,
She has tasted new vintage,
And new fires have warmed her.

For the life of her dream-star
Is beauty's own lever.
And she shall go singing
Forth, forth, and forever.



MR. DAVIS AND THE REAL OLANCHO

BY WILLIAM HARLEY PORTER

WHEN, in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*, Alice Langham asked her father if he had ever met Robert Clay, his answer placed the scene of the story.

"Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron ore deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of the little republics down there."

A little later Mr. Davis confidentially informs his readers that "Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the northeastern coast of South America, and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current."

That the actual scene of the novel has not been widely identified is quite remarkable, for within a year from the beginning of the story in serial form the real name of Valencia was on every one's lips. A brave Spanish fleet sailed

from its port to meet a baptism of fire, defeat and death before the guns of Admiral Sampson. American soldiers fought their way to Valencia's gates, and after one of the shortest wars in history, the United States looked on with pardonable pride while her representatives transformed the city—long known for its filth and disease, even in peaceful times—into one of the healthiest and cleanest of tropical ports.

To carry the really striking series of coincidences still farther, it may be said that the line of the little ore railway of the Valencia Mining Company practically marks the extent of the army's operations. Shafter landed the major portion of his forces in front of its shops, and from that point the start was made for the battle of Las Guasimas. For several days the site of the railroad shops marked the base of supplies, and mule trains were loaded there with ammuni-

tion for the battle of San Juan hill. At the other end of the line, from the balcony of the Palms, Cervera's ships could have been seen swinging at anchor within pistol-shot of where the *Vesta* was moored, and from that coign of vantage, a few days later, a man with a field-glass might have watched the red and yellow flag of Spain flutter down the Palace flagstaff for the last time. For Valencia is Santiago de Cuba, and Olancho only a background of Spanish-American nationality.

So faithfully has the author followed the true lay of the land, that any of the war maps which show the country from Santiago to Siboney may be used to elucidate the story, always bearing in mind the fact that the map must be reversed. Valencia was situated on the northern coast of South America, while Santiago is, of course, on the south coast of Cuba.

The accompanying map gives the title readings for *Soldiers of Fortune* in capital letters, while the actual readings may be seen by reversing the page. The sketch—for which drawing to scale is not claimed—indicates only the high-ways mentioned in the novel. There is a network of roads and trails connecting Santiago with the battlegrounds, which is omitted in order to bring out more clearly those lines that are essential to the story.

It will be noticed that there is another historic name on the line of the railway itself—Fort Aguadores. This citadel received attention from both Admiral Sampson and General Duffield. Very few people are able to figure out just what the latter did at that point, but General Shafter says that he was sent there to make a "feint," and that he carried out instructions faithfully. It is to be hoped that the Spanish have learned this; otherwise they must have formed quite erroneous ideas of a manœuvre in which a brigade of infantry and three warships were employed for a short time against a few Spaniards cooped up in an antiquated little fortress.

The Juragua Iron Company, Limited,

which is the true name of the Olancho Mining Company, is one of three great corporations which are accomplishing what Clay advised and began, namely, breaking up mountains of brown hematite and sending them piecemeal to the United States to be turned into iron and steel. The mines are open-face workings, and, as there is no safe anchorage along the coast nearer than Santiago Bay, the ore is transported over a little narrow-gauge road sixteen miles to the company's great dock, which juts a thousand feet into the water at a point a mile or so south of the city. A straight line from the mines to Santiago is prevented by the excessive grades that would be encountered, so the road follows the valley to Siboney, and from that point clings to the rock-bound coast until Fort Aguadores is reached.

It was at the ore dock, alongside of the road's terminal, that Clay, MacWilliams and young Langham occupied a modest wooden shack, where General Mendoza visited them, and placed himself in the position of a detected bribe-seeker. And it was here that MacWilliams had his locomotive shed and kept the canopied-top passenger car in which the resident manager and his assistants made their daily trips to the workings. Up above their home, on a hill overlooking the bay and the city, they built the Palms for the reception of Mr. Langham and his daughters. Those who have visited Santiago in recent years must have vastly admired this beautiful site, with its cool, inviting-looking house and grounds. The place is called La Cruz, and once upon a time a gentleman and his two lovely daughters lived there—which, in this case, cannot be called another story.

It is rather interesting to discover that our army administration had full knowledge of this splendid situation, and carefully instructed our officers to the effect that La Cruz would be a good place to have under certain conditions. In June, 1898, there was issued to the troops which had been hastily called into the field a fat, paper-backed booklet entitled

Military Notes on Cuba. It was compiled in the military information department of the Adjutant-General's office, and was intended to take the place of a personal introduction to anything the army might happen upon in Cuba. Among other things that our officers needed to know, it gave a description of every railroad, public and private; every highway, and the cities and hamlets upon them; described each permanent military post, fortress and battery; told the contour of the country along lines of communication, and gave in detail soundings and sailing directions for all the ports and anchorages the island 'round.

Of La Cruz (the Palms) it says:

At the last small point of the eastern shore, shown on the military map, next below the city, is located the expensive and extensive pier of the Juragua Iron Company. The heaviest draft vessels can lie directly beside this; but not far from this, and, in fact, at many points of the inner harbour, are shoals and mud banks. Back of the pier, to the southeast, rises a hill two hundred feet or more in height, which affords a most commanding range of the entire city and inner harbour; it is probably the best available location anywhere in the vicinity. It is entirely cleared, except for a single house with its outbuildings, situated at the top.

The book also gives a minute description of the company's railroad, and tells of the highway running from the Palms to Valencia. The novel says:

There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms.

This was the Camino Militar, reaching from Santiago to the Morro, and "rough" was hardly a sufficiently vigorous word for it before General Wood took it in hand, along with other highways down there. Clay would hardly know the road to-day. Mr. Davis, it may be remarked, has more than dou-

bled the actual distance between the Palms and the city.

But, for that matter, it was a broadened, beautified Santiago that Mr. Davis introduced to us as Valencia. Clay bitterly told his assistants when first they met, that they knew the city "from the Alameda to the canal" better than they knew the mines. Santiago has her Alameda on the water front, and, while it might have served for Hope's morning gallops, there is scarcely sufficient room for such extensive military manoeuvres as those Mendoza utilised as a prelude to his brief revolution.

Mr. Davis has also been forced to take many liberties with the physical proportions of the plazas and Santiago's buildings, public and otherwise. La Venus, the leading restaurant and café, the name of which he has not changed, does not boast of a balcony commodious enough for Clay's dinner party to Alice Langham; but they would have found ample room on the balcony of the other hotel, rightly named the Casa Grande, diagonally across the plaza and almost under the eaves of the massive, time-tinted cathedral. It may be pointed out, too, that the Palace is a one-story structure, and that the stirring scene of Captain Stuart's death on the great staircase is purely a product of Mr. Davis's imagination. Neither has the Palace such spacious ground and botanical gardens adjoining as figure in the novel.

It is almost needless to mention the statues of Bolivar and Aduella in cataloguing the things that exist in Valencia, but are not in Santiago. Spain had no cherished nor uncherished images of the Great Liberator in the plazas of her colonial cities. But when we return to The Palms, and the country from that point to the mines, we find that the author has carefully followed the natural conditions.

The old fort at Platta Inlet (Fort Aguadores), where Captain Burke hid the rifles, is there to-day, thanks to Admiral Sampson. He has said that he did not have the heart to destroy it, it was so

picturesque. However, the commanding officer of the *Suwanee* signalled on July 1, 1898, and asked permission to bring down the Spanish flag floating above it. The Admiral decided to allow the *Suwanee* three shots, and no more. Lieutenant Blue then trained a four-inch rifle on the fort, and at the first shot loosened the staff's support, so that the colours took a dejected droop. His second shot tore away the centre strip from the flag, and the third cut the staff clean away below the banner, dropping the proud Spanish standard into the sea.

Mr. Davis must be given full credit for inventing the name of "Platta," with which he conceals the identity of Aguadores, for it is to be doubted whether he could have found such a word, with its double t's, in the Spanish language. When the book was originally published in serial form, several errors of this sort might have been noted, which have since been corrected. To be sure, these are trifles; but *Soldiers of Fortune* seemed to have had more than its share originally. What may be termed a vagary is the use of "sols" twice in the description of Mme. Alvarez's flight, while "dollars" are used everywhere else in the book. The sol is strictly Peruvian, and wealth is not estimated by it, generally speaking, in any other republic of South America.

One of the names which will be long remembered in connection with the Spanish-American War is Siboney. In the novel it simply figures as the point where Kirkland was in charge of the shops and railroad equipment. It is not surprising that it was not dignified by a name, for it is simply an indifferent little anchorage, and "Siboney" does not even appear on the military map mentioned in the United States army book-let referred to.

It was from this point that Kirkland started with his flat cars to meet Clay, MacWilliams and the rest at the Fortaleza de Aguadores, where the hidden Mannlicher rifles were captured from Mendoza's partisans. It was at the

shops, too, that Kirkland mustered his array of Irish, negroes and native troops, armed them with the Mendoza guns, and rushed them into the city to take a decisive part in the second day's fighting.

As to the route of Mme. Alvarez' flight, there may be some exceptions taken to the map. It is essential to the story that a way be shown "to the sea," and the little anchorage of Cabañas fills the conditions as to distance. It may be remarked, however, that if she was hustled along the route shown, with the horses at a run, the party must have had the ride of their lives. There is an old railway reaching the bay at Cayo Smith, over which copper ore was once brought from El Cobre, and it would have been a kindness to all hands to have had the *Vesta* meet them there. Indeed, it is a surprising thing that Reggie King was willing to trust his beautiful boat anywhere near the shore at Cabañas, if that were indeed Los Bocos.

In this connection the book has several subjects for wonder still left in the late editions. Why was she "Madame" Alvarez, when we are told that the populace hooted at her as the "Spanish" woman? Why a "Theatre National" in a Spanish-speaking city? And why "Los Bocos?" Would not Mr. Davis have made it Las Bocas if he had taken a second thought?

It may be said in conclusion that prototypes of the lamented Captain Stuart are not so rare in our sister republics as might be imagined. A few months ago, when President Sam's flight from Hayti was first-page stuff, the despatches spoke of Admiral Killick's adherence to the revolutionary side, and of his flagship's swift movements in its behalf. Killick is a native Haytien, I believe; but had his ship gone into action, she would have been handled by a keen-eyed, red-bearded Englishman by the name of Captain Gilmour, and no doubt he would have been ably assisted by the Admiral's chief-of-staff, who is a handsome and energetic Belgian.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY ABRAHAM YÄRMOLINSKY

I. POE

THE gift for inner communion with the genius of other nations seems to be one of the minor characteristics of the Slav. The ages of cultural apprenticeship, which have fallen to his lot, have only quickened and developed this capacity. Whatever are the virtues and failings of the Russian intellectual, provincialism is not among them. Ever since the "intelligentsia" came into being, it kept its eyes turned abroad, and it was in the West that its sun, contrary to all precedent, rose in the radiance of light and beauty. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that the New World literature is not unknown in Russia, despite the fact that the bear, to use a figure recently popularised by Shaw, was never on close terms with the North American eagle, and has, until recently, entertained distinctly unfavourable, but otherwise vague ideas concerning matters American, in general.

The first name a Russian is most likely to mention when the conversation turns to American literature, is that of "mad Edgar." It is Poe that has come to be popularly identified in Russia with the American literary genius in its highest achievements. That this should have happened will be considered by many an apt illustration of Maurus's famous aphorism about books and their destinies. At any rate, more than any other land, France included, Russia may claim to be Poe's country by, so to speak, posthumous adoption. The Slav has taken him to heart with all his un-earthliness and morbidity, his fantastic rationalism and superexcited æstheticism, with all his dreams and nightmares. Poe's popularity in Russia is hard

to overrate. He is known not only as a teller of strange, unforgettable tales and of what a Russian critic calls "philosophical fables, which hypnotise both our senses and our mind,"—but also as a poet who has discovered new islands of beauty. Russian literature possesses a truly remarkable translation of Poe's complete poetical works, which closely follows the metre of the original. This is perhaps the most adequate transposition of Poe's poetry yet produced in any language, since Stephan Mallarmé's celebrated prose version of "The Raven" and other pieces utterly fails to render the lilt and the manifold sonorities of Poe's verse.

Casual translations from Poe began to appear in leading Russian periodicals as early as the late thirties. In 1861 the magazine *The Russian Word* printed an intelligent critical study of Poe. Here, the art of the American poet is described as "fantastic realism," and his personality likened to an aerolite, the messenger of another world. But it is only toward the end of the century that Poe attained the height of his popularity in the Slav country and was completely naturalised there. The tide of Neo-romanticism which swept over Europe and reached Russia in the nineties bore on its crest Poe among other dead and living masters. The destinies of books are as strange as those of men. The author of the *Raven* suddenly found himself in the Pantheon,—or, as some would say, in the Pandemonium—of modernity, "an early forerunner of a far too slow spring," invoked by the neo-romanticist in one breath with Baudelaire, Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, and others. Poe's influence on modern Rus-

sian literature is well established. There is in its cauldron an element coming directly from Poe; it is especially noticeable in writers like Sologub and Andreyev, to mention two names not entirely unfamiliar to the American ear.

This new enthusiasm in Russia for the works of Poe found its spokesman in the person of Constantine Balmont, who is the foremost living Russian poet. He has done for the whole body of Poe's writings in Russia what Baudelaire did for his prose in France. Balmont's admirable translation of Poe's complete works, begun in 1906, puts a finishing stroke to the process of Poe's Russification. Baudelaire prayed to his beloved Edgar as his intercessor before God; Jules Lemaître placed him in the company of Plato and Shakespeare. The Russian translator has an admiration for the American poet which is hardly inferior. In an essay on Walt Whitman, entitled "Polarity," he has this to say about Poe:

How could I breathe, and thousands of people with me, if there were not Poe's *Raven*, with its unforgettable burden of "Nevermore"? And if by night Annabel-Lee and Morella and Ligeia did not lean over me and kiss me a fantastic kiss? And how could the evening and morning bells chime if there were no "Bells" of the mad Edgar? And was I not among the masks of the Red Death? And have I not fled in frenzied terror from the falling house of Usher? . . .

Edgar Poe is the North Pole and all the southern lands which one passes on one's way to the North Pole. Edgar Poe is the sweetest sound of the lute and the most passionate sob of the violin. He is sensation exalted to the state of crystal serenity, an enchanted gorgeous hall ending with a magical mirror. . . . Edgar Poe is the furnace of self-knowledge. He is our elder brother, the beloved Solitary One, and we sorely grieve that we are not able to sail up the river of years and join him, all of us, a faithful band, now so numerous, him, our king, who at that time was deserted, in the dreadful moment of his great strug-

gle. Peace, peace be with him, our fair angel of sorrow. He lives among us, in our most delicate sensations, in the mad outcries of our sorrow, in the sonorous rhythms of our songs, in rhymes final and initial, in the beautiful gestures of the young girl who thinks of him. . . .

II. WHITMAN

It is this enthusiast of Poe who has introduced to the Russian public another American poet, of a later generation. In 1905, in Moscow, under the music of ceaseless rifle fire exchanged by the insurgents and the army, Constantine Balmont was ending his translation of *Leaves of Grass*, begun in 1903, on the Baltic sea-shore, in the enchanted hours, as he says, of late northern mornings and evenings. Walt Whitman is but a newcomer in Russia, but he has already attracted a great deal of attention and his popularity is undoubtedly on the increase: the Russian reader may rightly claim that moral and intellectual thirstiness which, as it has been recently asserted, is necessary truly to enjoy the water-brooks of Whitman's poetry.

The Russian view of Walt Whitman and his gospel is quite suggestive, without being by any means fixed or crystallised. "Cosmical enthusiasm" is the term by which a Russian critic endeavours to describe the religion of the author of *Leaves of Grass*. Others dwell on Whitman's social pathos and his serene universalism; others again emphasise Whitman's enmity to analysis and criticism, and contrast his way of joyously and naively "accepting" the world as it is, with the Russian mentality, ever drifting toward heart-wrung negation, ever engaged in fruitless efforts to solve the eternal equation and to justify the iniquity of existence; but to all of them the *Leaves of Grass* are a work, on which dwells the glimmer of great beauty and which is heavy with the seeds of the future, perhaps more than any other book of poems hitherto written. The most interesting Russian utterance about Whitman belongs to Balmont: like Poe, the poet of the *Leaves*

of *Grass* is one of his rather numerous literary loves. After stating, that without Poe and Whitman the nineteenth century could not have realised itself, and that "they are as inevitable in the life of our soul as the first love, the first sorrow, a moon-lit night and a sunny morning," he centres his attention on Poe, and then goes on to Whitman:

If Edgar Poe is the movement of my soul from the Southern smiles northward, from flowers and kisses to the ice crystal,—Walt Whitman is the opposite movement. From doubts and sorrow he arrives at the positive principle. Through him my soul, gradually freeing itself from the fanaticism of the heart, from my ardent adherence to individual events and the sensations of individual life, enters the cosmical Ocean and, joining all the instruments into a thundering organ, sings ecstatically "Hosannah."

Walt Whitman is the South Pole. . . . Here we find much that is unexplored and unexpected. On the South Pole there are surely warm inland seas, unsailed and uncharted, islands rich with flowers and fruits, resembling and yet not resembling ours. Through the triumphant symbolisation of everything that for a moment arises from the flowing stream of life, through the falling of all rivers into the cosmical Ocean. Whitman repeatedly comes near the cosmical assertion of the Ego—the Being Asserted, that ever spends itself without losing a single drop. He is the poet of the Present and of the Future. He is a portion, and a considerable portion, too, of that future which is coming to us rapidly, which is becoming the present. He is—idealised, clarified Democracy, the triumphant procession of Humanity in its conquest of the Planet. . . .

There is little sweetness in Whitman. His is the salty breath of the sea. He is the legendary King of the Sea, reeling, sinking ships in his wild merriment, hirsute, uncouth, monstrous, absurd, superb.

III. LONGFELLOW

Longfellow is the third—and last—American poet, known to fame in Russia and accessible—at least partly—to

the Russian reader uninitiated into the English tongue. None of the other members of the group of New England poets has hitherto won the Slav ear. Despite the fact that some of Longfellow's lyrics had been rendered in 1894 into Russian, he is known exclusively as the author of *The Song of Hiawatha*. It is Ivan Bunin, a prominent master of modern Russian prose and a poet of classical purity, that has added his countrymen to the wide circle of Longfellow's readers. Bunin's transposition of the American epic is a work of rare merits, a production standing out in the mass of what Mallarmé dubbed as *singerie rimée*. The translator has succeeded in pouring the old wine of Longfellow's poetry into new bottles, without spilling a drop; the freshness of the original and the fragrance of its simple imagery are not only retained but actually enhanced in the new linguistic medium. Small wonder that this book of noble and humanitarian poetry, although an adopted child, is as dear to Russian literature as the offspring of its own flesh.

IV. IRVING, COOPER, AND HAWTHORNE

American prose is, naturally, more fully represented in Russia than the New World poetry. A Russian catalogue of bibliographical rarities mentions a *Collection of Sundry Works of Benjamin Franklin*, translated from the French and published in Moscow in 1803. To the same category of book curiosities belong also Russian versions of Washington Irving's books, of which there have been translated only Columbus's biography (Petrograd, 1837) and the *History of Mahomet and his Successors* (Moscow, 1857). Curiously enough, Irving had the rare privilege of being honoured by a leading Russian magazine with an obituary article about a quarter of a century before his death. In 1835 *The Readers' Library* printed a paper on Irving's life and literary activity. It deplores his death, "shortly announced by English journals," de-

clares him the only great author hitherto produced by the New World, and traces this sterility of genius in relation to fine arts to the greediness of the North Americans,—“a passion which dries up in them the sources of inspiration, melting in its alchemical crucible the world, both material and spiritual, in order to transform it into cash.”

This article mentions also the name of Fenimore Cooper, as the only rival of Irving. The former's novels were to become the fashion of the day in the early forties. Especially popular was the *Pathfinder*. In reviewing this novel, the great critic of the time, Visarion Byelinsky, the “fierce Vissarion,” ever white-hot with enthusiasm for somebody or something, called it “a Shakespearean drama in the form of a novel.” Before long, however, Cooper's books found their proper place in the category of juveniles and have stayed there, in the congenial company of Mayne Reid's novels, Bret Harte's stories, and the incomparable *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to make the joy of that age which in Russia, as elsewhere, reads most and knows best how to read. The Russian version of Beecher Stowe's novel appeared in 1857. It was a very opportune hour indeed. The movement for political and social emancipation, which resulted in the great reforms of the sixties, had at that time gained considerable impetus, and it is natural that the great abolitionistic novel was met with deep enthusiasm. Time has not impaired the fame of the novel, although it has changed the circle of its readers. There are, at least, five different Russian versions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; *We and Our Neighbours*, *Old Town Folks*, and some other novels have also been done into Russian. In fact, these writers, especially Mayne Reid, are more extensively read and enthusiastically admired than in their home-country.

Hawthorne has been rather slow in gaining ground in Russia. Only of late years has he attracted some attention, and now his complete works are being

published by a Petrograd firm. A small following has also been secured by the transcendentalists, after the main bulk of Emerson's and Thoreau's essays had in recent years been made accessible to the Russian reader. A few philosophical treatises, done into Russian, mainly the works of William James, have added to the prestige of American thought in the eyes of the Russians.

V. MARK TWAIN

However plausible may appear the discovery of John Palmer that laughter is the real frontier between races, it is nevertheless true that Mark Twain's broad laughter seems to respect no boundaries. An indication of his popularity in Russia is the fact that his books have been translated not only into the main national tongue but also—at least, some of them—into the musical language of Ukraine, generally known as the Little Russian dialect. The volume of *The Prince and the Pauper* was the first to appear, and it has to this very day remained the standard juvenile, more popular with the Russian children than *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* or his *Huckleberry Finn*. His purely humorous stories are current in Russian not only in the form of respectable middle-sized volumes, but also in the shape of cheap yellow-covered “brochures,” with which the Universal Library Company floods the country. A Russian biographer of Mark Twain quotes the following “interview” with the American humourist by a Russian correspondent, which took place apparently in Vienna and which was printed in Moscow papers in 1897:

The newspaper man accosted Mark Twain on the sidewalk and proceeded to introduce himself.

“An interview?” interrupted Twain gently, “well, at your service, sir.”

The Russian did not expect such a meekness and lost his courage. Twain smiled and said in German:

“Young man, you are an inexperienced interviewer. While you were losing time

in getting confused, an American, would jot down a hundred lines, and a hundred and one of them would tell all sorts of cock-and-bull stories."

The correspondent remarked that the Russian press is far from such perfection. Mark Twain went on:

"Your press, too, is getting Americanised, just as that of Paris and London. Upon the whole, your culture is young. . . . It is only by your Russian youth and inexperience that I can explain why you translate my books in great number without paying me a penny."

The interviewer retorted that there exists no literary convention in Russia, and that, in general, the publishers are very much handicapped on all sides.

"So it seems," concluded Twain, "that they publish my works *ad maiorem Tweni gloriam*? And your authors write not for money, but for glory? This, too, will change in course of time."

VI. CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

Of contemporary American writers very few are known in Russia. The fame of "the Maupassant of the New World," O. Henry, has already reached the shores of Neva and Volga, but his stories are still inaccessible to the Russians. More fortunate is the late Richard Harding Davis and Upton Sinclair, whose *The Jungle* was widely read a few years ago. But there is one living American fiction-writer, whose vogue in Russia is truly extraordinary. It is Jack London, christened "the American Gorky." His books are being published by at least three publishing houses at once, and all of Russia reads Jack London, as a few years ago all of Russia read Knut Hamsun, the Scandinavian

novelist who likes to call himself a Russian writer. It is the pathos of struggle and the gospel of action that appeal to the will-less, muscle-bound Russian intellectual in London's fiction, and make them blind to the defects of his *genre féroce*. Leonid Andreyev declares with an air of conviction that as you read these novels you feel how your muscles grow stronger; Alexander Kuprin likens the American novelist to Kipling; the philosopher Lopatin calls him the apostle of energy. Other writers, on the contrary, violently denounce his false romanticism and deplore the intrusion into Russian literature of this "travelling salesman in a derby, who deals in oceans, storms, Lucifers and prairies." Others again take London as a text of their sermon on the necessity for the Russian educated class to throw off the cocoon of passivity,—all the while emphasising that America is a land of two dimensions, that is, of immense length and immense breadth, but of no depth and that Jack London is a worthy representative of the country, where man is spiritually a chimpanzee and materially a demiurge.

It is clear that the Russians have to unlearn a great many things and to learn even more about America, in general, and American letters, in particular. The present war, tightening as it does the bonds between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon, will undoubtedly hasten in Russia the growth of a deeper understanding of America's soul and bring about a fuller appreciation of the finer values of the New World culture. In fact, observers of Russian life for the last year have already noticed a rise of sympathetic interest in matters pertaining to the United States. *A quelque chose malheur est bon*.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

BY J. P. COLLINS

IN HIS tribute to English character Emerson spoke of the rude health and petulancy of our young men. "They stoutly carry," he said, "into every nook and corner of the world their turbulent sense; and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides." They may not shine in Kultur and Kriegspiel, but they know a true cause when they see one; they wage a straight fight; they endear themselves to the men they lead; above all, they "die game." Action is the very breath of their nostrils, and in "the bright eyes of danger" shines their paramount divinity. We have falsified the fear expressed in a preface of Mr. Vachell's years ago, when he wrote: "To-day the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" Well, we have stood the test with something better than words, and of his own work—young, vivid, and direct—one may fairly say the same.

It is as an interpreter of action, or British character in action, that Mr. Vachell interests one most. Power in motion occupies him to the exclusion of power in repose. In this the artist is consistent with the man. A keen rider himself, he writes, you may say, with a close rein, and never loosens it till he has landed his field of characters back under shelter of a logical outcome, cheerful for choice. This passion for energy has preserved him from the morbid, the cheap and the futile, and if he has sometimes flirted with the inadequate, he has not spared himself compensatory pains. A happy fertility has saved him from a common fate. Most writers lavish on their early work material they might have husbanded and

turned to advantage later on; that kind of remorse is part of the price incurred in learning a difficult craft. Mr. Vachell attacked it under arduous conditions, in the seventeen years he spent in California, and he has never been gravelled for lack of matter since. It is characteristic of him that he went there to shoot buffalo; having bagged his bull, he took up ranching, and pursued the one as he had pursued the other, to the death. There seemed no chance of war just then, so he gave up his commission in the Rifle Brigade, and alternated steers with stories. He has been heard to say there are early books of his that deserve to be "scrapped"; what is better, he has given us successors enough to wipe them out. I would put in a recommendation to mercy for the first book of all, *The Romance of Judge Ketchum*. In his cow-punching period he fell in with a judge whose nose was Cyranonian enough to provoke enlargement with the pen. On the strength of his commanding organ, this Rhadamanthus of the West smelt him out an ancestry, and Mr. Vachell conceived him as coming to England to trace it. The idea of so tough and brambly a character invading the ordered garden of an old-world society has been variously developed, but never with a better sense of comedy, and I hope to meet that "jedge" again across the footlights. This book and four or five succeeding it, come under the first of the categories into which I venture to classify our author's work. They are Stories of Race and Travel, and exceed the other sections in point of number. Once only he has reverted to this vogue in recent years—in the case of *Spragge's Canyon*; and although the character interest supersedes that of travel and type, it is a reversion in more ways than one, for it

shows a return to that realism which Meredith recommended to novices as the safer course. As George Spragge said to Hazel:

I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me;

and a return to the cloudless light of the west had sharpened the novel's outlines as of old. *A Drama of Sunshine* (1897) is perhaps the popular favourite in this early group, but its desperate feuds between land-sharks and the law seem to scorch even California, and set up discord among those beautiful names of the old Spanish missions that have sown a grace of peace and canonisation along the burnt Pacific slope. The short stories of this and a later time fill two of Mr. Vachell's books, *Bunch Grass* and *Loot*, nearly all of the cameo type, crisply cut, and episodic to a fault, but useful as showing how their author has passed from the inevitable influence of Bret Harte. With these and *John Charity*—archaic at the outset and indecisive at the close—we take our leave of California as a setting, though the author returns to it frequently for colour relief, and need never quite abandon so rich a field. The same holds good with regard to Brittany, the only land that divides his affections with California and England. Brittany—the *Bretonne bretonnante*, the songs of Botrel, and the appetising cotrillade—pass and repass through his books, much as the Venus motive haunts Tannhäuser. It was an abrupt transition, truly, from the sun-cracked foothills of the sierras to the land of legends and menhirs and pardons, with its lowering skies, and its *morne*, unearthly memories; but if California made him a man of action, Brittany helped to make him an artist and a humanist. He was in search not of landscape or melodrama, but of real men and women, creatures equal to enduring whatever providence and nature sent. The virtues he had prized in his Western neighbours were “generosity,

courage, and that amazing power of recuperation which enables a man to begin life again and again, undaunted by the bludgeonings of misfortune.” Bludgeonings, Henley's word, will crop up over and over again, whether in the Golden State, or in the grey hinterland of Concarneau, or among the cathedral-shadowed fields of Cranberry-Orcas—wherever, in fact, there were men to be found defying convention and augury and winning by dint of the spirit. For the real victory is something better than achievement.

With his return to England—it was 1900 and his thirtieth year—Mr. Vachell gave himself to literature in earnest. From this time on he was to build up human beings from within, instead of assembling scattered notes and fragments. Bathed in the charm of our southern shires, and mellowing his recollections, he was entering on the second stage of his evolution, the period of his Society Romances, ranging from *The Pinch of Prosperity* (1903) to his latest book, *The Triumph of Tim*. In hours of confidence he lifts a light sarcastic nostril at mention of *The Pinch*, and thinks Arthur Wyndquest a prig. Maybe, yet the book contains worse weaknesses. One is the old device of similarity in a twin, a shuffle of identity which not even Shakespeare could use with ease. But as a “study of twisted lives” this novel shows an advance along lines of resolute ambition, and the paradox in the title harbours a tonic irony. What is more, the author has begun to understand women; he is changing from a Ulysses to an Œdipus; and Pretty Parslow proves that the sphinx of sex is yielding to the determined wooer. *Her Son*, along with a greyish monotony of style and an unescapable ending, is another sign in the same direction, and I wish I had seen the play it furnished. *The Paladin* about this time marked another step in the direction of the stage, but Mr. Vachell's plays may wait awhile. *The Shadowy Third*, *The Waters of Jordan*, and *Blinds Down*,

all mild indictments of the social statute, show further improvements in the handling of womanhood, and the use of indicative and palatable satire. Clearly, we have long since outgrown the scolding vein of old Mrs. Parslow:

I don't expect ter see men in the Noo Jeroosalem. That's why we're told there's to be no marryin' nor givin' in marriage. . . . Oh, it's we women as suffers 'ere below, but I'd be no Christian if I doubted that the men's turn will come.

There is more than assonance in name and tone connecting Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Poyser, but the link is an honourable one, and we descry a latent chivalry maturing in the author, if not an actual championship of womanhood. Happily, a growing confidence of touch in dealing with leisure and fashion and wealth, brings no disillusion that is not normal. Moreover, opportunity is being made and mastered, instead of turning up unsuspected or unprized, as in the callow work of years ago.

Goethe said that true religion consisted in a triple reverence—for what is beyond us, the creatures round us, and the faculties within ourselves. The third phase reveals itself in a grip of the problem of self-conquest. Probably the book that springs first to the popular mind at mention of Mr. Vachell's name is *The Hill*, which does for Harrow what *Tom Brown* did for the Rugby of half a century ago. Its characters, we are assured, were composite photographs, not portraits, but "Scud" East could hardly have been far away when that young rogue Desmond loomed upon the camera. Scaife runs a narrow risk of recalling Steerforth in *David Copperfield*, but he has a fibre in him which is absent in that ringleted Lothario, and he only fails us in the sequel, *John Verney*. Somehow, this last book rings hollow, like its politics, and there is no chapter in it to vie with the threefold cross-examination in Mr. Warde's study. Let us hope for better work in the third

book Mr. Vachell promises to round off the trilogy. *Brothers* lifts us to a broader and a higher plane, though it was earlier in the writing, and suffers from over-emphasis. There is no comparison between the gospel of Archibald and the gospel of Mark, but the professional prelate, odious as he is, excels in workmanship the agonised apostle of the East End; and as for Betty, she is simply a stand-aside, clad in a double disappointment, ours as well as hers. Mollie in *The Other Side* enters on renunciation with a better grace, but she is eclipsed by the intensity of her father and his supernatural experience.

In previous dealings with the occult (detestable word) Mr. Vachell made mistakes like torturing a dead soul because of an unrestored ring, as if immaterial beings could be the sport of things inanimate, whether rings or tumbling tables. Here in *The Other Side* the supernatural machinery has dignity and justification, and the prefatory defence was hardly needed. It points out the coincidence with Mr. Bennett's novel, *The Glimpse*, and pleads that the resemblance was involuntary and anticipative. As a matter of fact, the resemblance is superficial. Mr. Bennett uses the interval of disembodiment as a psychological experiment; Mr. Vachell's purpose is of the missionary order. He is out to save his hero from worldliness, as Browning does in his incomparable *Karshish*, and Dickens in *A Christmas Carol*. But when all is said and done, *The Other Side* is inferior to *The Face of Clay*, which in many essential respects I take to be Mr. Vachell's masterpiece in the region of pure romance. One feels disposed to set this novel back among the stories of Race and Travel, but its figures are better than its background and folklore, and Téphany has no superior in the whole range of the author's work. Rumour deponeth that he awards the laurels to his latest book, *The Triumph of Tim*, apart from the usual enthusiasm of a writer for his youngest born; and *Tim* certainly has undeniable claims from its dips into auto-

biography, and the finished roundness of its structure. Again, Daphne Rokeby is a new and lovable Penelope, without flaw or reward, but a certain elaboration of form robs the book of half its naturalness, and *Tim* must stand or fall by certain passages. These are instinct with courage and the "rougher strain" of truth; they belong to the downright school of Fielding; but the divisioning of the book distracts one by its cleverness. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell is too thorough to remain a slave to mere finesse.

A word remains to be said of the plays, though by right they deserve an essay to themselves, and I have no space at all for *Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope*. Mr. Vachell owns not only to five or six plays that the public has honoured, but to nine others which will never see the light. He admits this novitiate of failure was good for him, certainly better than the early success which awaited his novels and in consequence delayed his real arrival. But he has won his stage spurs with something more than perseverance. With his faculty for hitting the public taste, it is to his credit that he has given it only his best; thank goodness, he has not, as so many other dramatists have done, yielded to the temptation:

to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth.

So far he has produced healthy and individual work, nor has he descended from the high standard of his literary ideals. His stage heroes need not fear or disdain a gallery triumph so long as they talk and act on the level of the novels. Napier's driving force in *The Case of Lady Camber* is all the more effective at the last for having been latent till then; but the Paladin he deposes, as in the novel, is the more finished piece of drawing. Somehow the tall talk that suits Sir Bedford Slufter is inappropriate in the hero, but the last act redeems this and other faults with a superb and restrained culmination,

nailed up and caulked, like a good chess problem, until the key-move lets in the light. The integral action of *Jelf's* is impaired by dependence on a loud and adventitious "bookie," and Dick in the fourth act loses grit after his two fine outbursts in the third. But the characterisation is true to life, and Dick was not at Harrow for nothing, or in California either. Blaine, the dominant force in *Searchlights*, is too adamant to be welcome outside the City area; but the hero of *Quinneys'* would conquer anywhere. At one point he gives a dangerous opening, where he taunts Posy with not knowing a "fake" when she sees one; this lays him open to the retort of heredity, for he has just convicted himself of this very defect. Perfect in all else, *Quinneys'* remains Mr. Vachell's summit of theatrical achievement, none the less so because the wife and daughter are a marked advance on his stage heroines hitherto. He has qualified in drama as he took years to do in fiction. He has mastered feminine character and made it workable on level terms with his men. I know no higher praise.

* * * * *

There is internal evidence that Mr. Vachell's writings are rapidly produced, or else that when he revises, if ever, he does it with an eye more to the purport than the text. Taste resents the meaningless christening of a trivial American in *The Face of Clay* with a name like Johnnie Keats, and there are touches in certain of the other books likely to yield to a corrective pen. But in the main, Mr. Vachell's style is like his heroes, rapid, masterful, resourceful, and more than equal to the situation. It will grace many a twentieth-century anthology of English prose. It would be hard to improve upon it as a vehicle for that temperamental appetite for action which I conceive to be the main characteristic of the man. Like Kipling and Masfield, he interprets British nature faithfully because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity. Only in this way can you get

what the savants call the geodetic curve.
Mr. Vachell appreciates England—especially his beloved Sussex and Hampshire—because he has earned her approval by

the sweat of his brow under fiercer skies.
It is no bad cue for the training of a writer, and it has certainly proved its value in Mr. Vachell's case.

THE STYX RIVER ANTHOLOGY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters seems to have set the fashion. But what Mr. Masters has done for Spoon River Miss Carolyn Wells is well able to do for the Styx. A few readers will perhaps be helped by the following Key: The "Lucy" of Number I is, of course, the Lucy of Wordsworth's poem. Number II deals with Hamlet's friend, and Number III is a version in the new style of the verses beginning: "The boy stood on the burning deck." To the rather morbid Number IV we must say that we rather prefer "The Kingdom by the Sea" of the Edgar Allan Poe original. Number V is the old Scotch song "Douglas, Tender and True." Number VI, "Mrs. Ephraim Slade," throws a new light upon the heroine of Thomas Hood's "One more unfortunate, weary of breath; rashly importunate, gone to her death." Number VII, "Barbara Allen," refers to the old English ballad beginning: "In Scarlet town, where I was born." In Number VIII, "Angus McPhairson," Miss Wells reveals to the world for the first time the name of the man who would "lay him doon and dee" for Annie Laurie. Number IX is the Laurence whose suicide Tennyson's haughty Clara caused in the verses responsible for the somewhat hackneyed sentiment that "True hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

I

LUCY

YES, I am in my grave,
And you bet it makes a difference to him!
For we were to be married,—at least, I think we were,
And he'd made me promise to deed him the house.
But I had to go and get appendicitis,
And they took me to the hospital.
It was a nice hospital, clean,
And Tables Reserved For Ladies.
Well, my heart gave out.
He came and stood over my grave,
And registered deep concern.
And now, he's going round with that
Hen-minded Hetty What's-her-name!
Her with her Whistler's Mother and
her Baby Stuart
On her best-room wall!
And I hate her, and I'm glad she squints.
Well, I suppose I lived my life,
But it was Life in name only.
And I'm mad at the whole world!

The Styx River Anthology

II

OPHELIA

No, it wasn't suicide,
 But I had heard so much of those mud
 baths,
 I thought I'd try one.
 Ugh! it was a mess!
 Weeds, slime, and tangled vines! Oh,
 me!
 Had I been Annette Kellerman
 Or even a real mermaid,
 I had lived to tell the tale.
 But I slid down and under,
 And so Will Shaxpur told it for me.
 Just as well.
 But I think my death scene is unex-
 celled
 By any in cold print.
 It beats that scrawny, red-headed old
 thing of Tom Hood's
 All hollow!

III

CASABIANCA

I played to the Grand Stand!
 Sure I did,
 And I made good.
 Ain't I in McGuffey's Third Reader?
 Don't they speak pieces about me Fri-
 day afternoons?
 Don't everybody know the first two
 lines of my story,—
 And no more?
 Say, I was there with the goods,
 Wasn't I?
 And it paid.
 But I wish Movin' Pitchers had been
 invented then!

IV

ANNABEL LEE

They may say all they like
 About germs and micro-crocuses,—
 Or whatever they are!
 But my set opinion is,—
 If you want to get a good, old-fashioned
 chills and fever,
 Just poke around
 In a damp, messy place by the sea,
 Without rubbers on.
 A good cold wind,

Blowing out of a cloud, by night,
Will give you a harder shaking ague
Than all the bacilli in the Basilica.
It did me.

V

DOUGLAS

Passer-by, do you know what it means
To be married to a scold? A Tongue-
lasher?
A brawling woman in a wide house?
Well, that's what my wife was.
I said little, but she lambasted me right
and left.
She sneered and jeered and fleered at all
my efforts to please her.
Oh, yes, she said she was sorry after I
died; said I was tender and true.
Said if I'd come back she'd smile as
sweet as the angels do.
Shucks! You ought to have seen her
scowl if I tracked mud
On the kitchen floor!
But how she could season soup!
I think she might have crimped her
front hair
And mended those rips under her arm,
When I was around,
As she does now. Now that Job Enders
Is coming Sunday and Wednesday
nights.
Well, I stood her as long as I could;
And then, one day, she called me a ——
Oh, I won't say it, but it was a name
that—that lacked dignity.
So I took gas.
Queer 'how dyin' sets a man up in a
woman's esteem!

VI

MRS. EPHRAIM SLADE

Oh, but I was mad when Mr. Hood
made up that stuff about me!
Calling me one more unfortunate! And
saying my wet clothes stuck to me.
Though he *did* say my red hair was
auburn;
I liked that.
But to harp on dishonour!
Why, I was a respectable married wo-
man.

The Styx River Anthology

But, you see, I had read so much stuff
 about Twilight Sleep,
 And so many "Poems Every Expectant
 Mother Ought To Know,"
 That I just got scared and drowned my-
 self.
 Eph, the big-hearted Boob,
 Has about as much sprawl as a snail at
 full gallop.
 And he never thought of looking for
 me in the morgue.
 But Good Land! he can't help the way
 he's made.
 And anyway, I'm glad I got the fresh
 straw under the dining-room car-
 pet.

VII

BARBARA ALLEN

I own up I was a flirt; a rogue in porce-
 lain; a pink and white mistake.
 Life was a Heyday for me.
 All the men in Scarlet-town were crazy
 about me.
 And I carried on like mad.
 Then that Jemmy Grove had to go and
 die!
 He had red hair and poached eyes.
 And I hadn't encouraged him; at least,
 not much.
 But the whole town raised Cain,
 And said I was a murderess.
 I got cold shoulders and cold stares;
 And then, I got cold feet and went to
 bed
 And died.
 It wasn't exactly grief over Jemmy,
 I had asthma.

VIII

ANGUS MC PHAIRSON

Oh, of course,
 It's always some dratted petticoat!
 Just because that little flibbertigibbet,
 Annie Laurie
 Had a white throat and a blue e'e,
 She played the very devil with my peace
 of mind.
 She'd dimple at me
 Till I was aboot crazy;
 And then laugh at me through her dim-
 ples!

She was my bespoke.
 And I'd beg her to have the banns
 called,—
 But there was no pinning her down.
 Well, she was so bonny
 That like a fool, I said I'd lay me doon
 And dee for her.
 And,—like a fool,—
 I did.

IX

LAURENCE

I'm not so awfully well known,
 But I want it clearly understood
 That Lady Clara Vere de Vere was not
 entirely to blame.
 I cut my throat because she threw me
 over.
 Yes.
 But she had a reason.
 She couldn't stand a mother-in-law
 Who hadn't the right caste of manners.
 A mother-in-law is bad enough, any-
 how,
 But one who uses an unprintable word
 is impossible.
 And so Clara was in the right.
 She *was* a hummer!
 With her coronets and Norman blood,
 And her backing of a hundred Earls,—
 Oh, what's the use!
 She wouldn't have me.
 I couldn't live without her,
 And there you are!

WILLIAM MCFEE—ENGINEER AND AUTHOR

BY ARTHUR J. ELDER

Dear Pater wrote McMuirland's; McMuir-
 land's wrote him back:
 We'll take your son with pleasure, Sir, al-
 though the trade is slack.
 We'll make a useful man of him, and (eke)
 an Engineer,
 For the small consideration of a hundred
 pounds a year.
 A hundred pounds a year, my son,
 It seems a little dear, my son,

To be an engineer, my son:
 A hundred pounds a year!
 From *Pupil Days*, unpublished poems by
 William McFee.

THE above lines, written by McFee
 about 1899 (when he was eighteen) re-
 mind me of our first meeting. But it
 was "*Dear Mater*" who wrote to "*Mc-*
Muirland's," as Mac's father, a sea

captain, had been dead some years. It was in 1897 that I first saw McFee. I was in my father's office, the typical office of the Dickens era with high desks, tall leather-covered stools, fireplace, coal scuttle, enormous brass-bound ledgers, copying press, letter books and all the old-fashioned sundries. It was an engineering firm in Aldersgate, on the site of one of the plague pits of 1665. A lady of the New England type entered the office accompanied by a quiet lad of sixteen who did not look over strong. He had very fair hair and complexion, and a far-away gaze which wandered over the faded yellow photographs of admiralty pumping engines, brewery machinery, which lined the walls. The lady was Mrs. McFee and the boy was her son William who was to be made an engineer by "McMuirland's" for the consideration of one hundred pounds a year for three years. Since then my friend has often told me he wished he had that three hundred pounds back! None of us could even imagine what the premium was paid for, except that those who paid were called Pupils and those who did not pay were apprentices. Real English Swank! The apprentices as a rule learned a great deal more than the "Pups," simply because the men in the shops were more in sympathy with the lads from their own class. Many of the pupils are pupils still as far as engineering goes.

But McFee was an exception. Somehow he got next to the men, understood them, talked to them as one of themselves and absorbed all he could. It was his characteristic curiosity about human nature that made him visit the workmen in their homes and see their way of living, understanding them and sympathising with them. He was deep in socialism at this time. His intimate acquaintance with the mechanics was double gain to him—knowledge of engineering and knowledge of men. Both of which he has put to good use, for at the present time McFee has risen as high as it is possible to get in the Merchant Marine; holding his Extra Chief's Certifi-

cate from the London Board of Trade and also United States Chief's License. He is an Associate Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers (London) and a Member of the Institute of Marine Engineers. His love and understanding of music and painting are exceptional: his letters and published articles contain many a shrewd bit of art criticism: in fact he has often thought of "chucking" both steam and ink to become a painter. Like Mr. Pepys he is "curious about life," and passionately interested in all its colours, sounds, and feelings. In distant ports where most seamen would know only the rum palace or the dance hall along the water-front, you will find that Mac has hunted out the libraries and art galleries.

A biographical sketch should, I suppose, have a few dates.

II

William McFee was born at sea, in 1881, while his father was bringing his vessel toward the English coast after a long voyage. The family then settled in New Southgate, a suburb in the north of London. Here it was that McFee was educated in several schools and finally at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. From 1897 until 1900 his time was spent in "McMuirland's" engineering shops at Aldersgate. At the end of his three years as a pupil he was sent out as an "improver" in a large water-works pumping job at Tring and worked under a man named Tom Richardson. Richardson was a mechanic who had ideas of his own, much to the disgust of the firm; but McFee liked him and got close to him and from this man he gained a great deal of valuable insight into the class of men that he writes so well of. "The Day's Work," a poem (unpublished) written about 1901, gives a fine description of this Tring job.

At that time, as the title of this poem suggests, he was much influenced by Kipling. (Even to the extent of lecturing on Kipling.) A forty-page manu-

script book of poems shows this. It is not a question of plagiarism. About the time of the Boer War Mr. Kipling's marvellous sway was probably at its height. Nothing more natural than that the young poet of nineteen and twenty should cast his vigorous verses (they have masculine merits of their own) in Kipling medallions. The very title of the little booklet (*Nought Common*) is taken from a Kipling line, and the dedication "to a most unholy public" is thoroughly in the master's vein. The little scrip of verses shows one other thing, too—McFee's thorough, pains-taking patience. Throughout the forty pages the poems are exquisitely lettered by hand in India ink on drawing paper, the true outpouring of those strenuous days when McFee was learning engines and learning men.

After the work at Tring McFee went into the London office at Finsbury Pavement of a large Yorkshire firm of engineers. He was still living at New Southgate with his mother, sister and young brother and all his spare time was devoted to reading. He fairly devoured everything worth reading; on the train, tram or bus, an open book was always in his hand. His evenings were spent at the Northampton Institute, where he met Greenwood, the librarian, a real bohemian; his Saturday afternoons at the Reading Room of the British Museum. McFee was not what we would call, in America, a good "mixer"; while the others were spending social week-ends with boating, tennis or dancing, Mac was reading and writing, with an occasional game of cricket, but even the latter he gave up. I was surprised, as he was an excellent cricketer. The weak-looking lad had by this time grown to a big strong-boned man in his twenties. He had decidedly round shoulders and gave one the impression of being slow in his movements; but when you saw him cover the cricket pitch or (as I have seen him) catch a mouse with his hand you very soon changed your opinion. He was like a flash. I had been living in Chelsea for many years

and persuaded him to leave North London and come to live near me. His own folk did not understand him and had no sympathy for his writings, and he told me his life was more and more sliding in between the covers of books. I wanted him to meet the Chelsea men, Oliver Onions, Nicholls, Belloc, Tweed and others. He moved to Cheyne Walk, a few doors from my house, but shortly afterward (in 1905) I left England for San Francisco.

In the autumn of 1905 McFee was fired from the office in Finsbury Pavement. He had mixed up some mechanical drawings. Not a very serious error, as his employer offered him an excellent testimonial; but at this time his uncle offered him a job on one of his ships, bound for Trieste. So, after twenty-four years, he went back to the sea, as engineer on the *S. S. Rotherfield*.

III

With brief intervals of life on land Mac has spent the last ten years on the water. That he loves the sea, no one can doubt after reading *Casuals of the Sea*; but the monotony and forced inaction of life on board ship often became tiresome. But these ten years have been for McFee the most wonderful university course that a man could ever have. It is hard to imagine a place where it would be harder to keep up ambition than in the stuffy bunk of an engineer on a tramp steamer; but McFee's determination has never faltered. A list of the books he has read on his voyages fills one with amazement. One letter, in 1912, speaks of Sallust, Florus, Paternulus, Livy, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Horace, Balzac, Tolstoy, Whitman, Goethe, and Emerson. These were his fodder for one Mediterranean voyage! Unlike most engineers, he was never content with engineering alone: his chief's certificate was to him the beginning and not the end. His letters, which have come to me almost every week for ten years, from every quarter of the globe, are a vivid running chronicle of a mind always eager, always curious, and a pa-

tient persistence behind it. He worked at *Casuals of the Sea* for six or seven years.

Here is a letter from the Mediterranean, dated July, 1912, which gives an interesting vignette of McFee at sea:

Of course now I have got everything running smooth, being Lord of Below, I have a soft time. The only work I have done since leaving port is to take half a dozen sets of Indicator Cards from the engines, work them out, combine them and make a general deduction of efficiency. I leave the slaving to the Second. Clad all day long in white drill, horizontal in deck chairs beneath the awnings, or ensconced in the Skipper's room, he and I endeavour to pass the time. He finds it very monotonous, seven days a week and nothing to do. But I find it very good. I get up at 7:30, breakfast at 8 and from 9-11:30 enjoy the spectacle of the other three at work. The Second being thoroughly competent, though without a spark of imagination to assist him, I am not needed very much. When my room has been done I retire and proceed to do my daily whack of writing. This averages five hundred to six hundred words. After dinner I smoke and read and doze until 3, when a cup of tea rouses me up and I start in writing again perhaps, or on serious reading. This Voyage I am going through Sallust, Florus Paternulus and Livy on Roman History. Gibbon I am revising. Shakespeare's Tragedies and the Poems of Horace. Also I am fagging at intervals through a *History of Modern Italian Literature* and a small book on the *History of Language*. This is the reason I am not bored to death with the monotony. At all times of the day I have something to do or think of. From 8 to 12 at night I am ostensibly on watch, but I never go near the engine room, but continue my studies. And they pay me £18 a month and £3 bonus for this, and all found! To most marine engineers this is the 'Top of the Tree'. At this period they slack back the muscles they have been straining so long, slack back their minds and let them rust in inaction, grow obese and unwieldy in body and in mind, inclined to spirituous indulgence. Frankly

they think me a maniac because I hold this to be only the beginning.

McFee had been writing ever since his teens; as early as 1901 and '02 he was trying to place stories with the magazines; in 1906, on board his first ship, he was making good progress with *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*. He wrote about this time:

I am soaking in "copy" through the pores of my skin in this steamship. I shall never be a sailor man—I'm too interested in everything. . . . I had reached the No. 3 winch when a big sea came aft—the next moment I was flung face down on the poop by the wheel. The Fourth Engineer coming out of his quarters was swept clean into Kingdom Come. And he had bought a lot of ostrich feathers for his lassie, too.

In September, 1907, McFee took rooms in Clifford's Inn, and went up for his Board of Trade examination. He received a grade of ninety-eight per cent. In November of that year he was appointed as third engineer on the S. S. *Burrsfield* to Savannah. At this time Cassell and Company accepted his first book, *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*. Of course McFee was keenly interested by his colleagues on shipboard. Their lack of knowledge of anything beyond their professional routine was galling to him. He writes:

I get mad sometimes. You see my safety valve is lifting now. But I'm not lonely. I buy a fresh stock of books every voyage, leaving the ones I have read at home. This trip I have Dryden, Macaulay, Chaucer, Boswell, Goldsmith, Otway, Farquhar, Thackeray, Gorky, Ruskin, Chapman, Lessing and others. I know nothing about American art, but I cannot see any one who can hold a candle to their own classics, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Greeley and Ingersoll.

In January, 1908, McFee wrote from sea:

I think honestly I had luck in finding my market so quickly. Cassells, by the way,

praise my work as warmly as anybody, and even compare a lot of it with George Gissing at his *best*, and I am reminded by that of his terrible bad luck. There was a man, as fine a literary Artist as any of his time, brought down to selling Gas-Jets in the United States and almost begging from door to door. Now he is dead, they put him with the immortals. Think of it: Gas-Jets! A man who was a scholar as well as a genius. All the same I agree entirely that one's luck *must* be backed by hard work. And writing in one's bunk after eleven hours' manual toil, plus anxiety and the certainty of being hauled out at midnight, is horrible.

IV

Letters from an Ocean Tramp purports to be the confessions of a literary man actually living the life of an engineer, at sea and in port. *From a Sea-weed Bed* was the first title. It had a double application. The letters were actually written while he lay on a seaweed mattress; and the imaginary writer was eventually lost at sea. At times McFee had to go for seventy days with never more than four hours' consecutive sleep, and at a time when the engine-room thermometer registered 132° F. Some of the engineers collapsed, but Mac seemed to thrive on it. In the summer of 1908 he was in Japan, working on a new book, *Casuals of the Sea*, and at the same time accumulating a lot of copy for stories in the future. The editor of the *Spectator* wrote asking to see some samples of McFee's work. If he could have seen the high pressure slide valve and the six empty beer bottles on the plush settee in his cabin it would have given him a start! At this time Mac was doing some sketches of Mediterranean cities called "Cameos of the Sea."

For years I had been trying to persuade my old friend to visit me in the United States. Since the San Francisco earthquake I had settled near New York. By this time he had risen to the top of his profession as a marine engi-

neer, and there seemed no reason why he should not abandon the sea to take up the literary game seriously. In August, 1912, he left Glasgow and walked all the way to London to get copy for a book he had long planned. Then he took a ship to Wilmington, North Carolina, and thence came to stay with me in Nutley, New Jersey. Here he wrote *Aliens*. This was a happy time for both of us; we used to scour New Jersey on long tramps of thirty or forty miles, talking about everything under the sun. In 1913 he took out his chief's license in the American Merchant Marine, and at the request of the United Fruit Company did some important engineering work for them, both in Brooklyn and in New Orleans. Then he joined the S. S. *Cartago* of their fleet.

Then came the War. In October, 1914, he returned to England and volunteered for the army, but was refused. He felt this keenly. Later, however, he was appointed engineer officer on a British transport. Since then he has spent most of his time at Salonika and Port Said. At the time of the famous Zeppelin raid on London in September, 1915, McFee was in the Liverpool Street Terminal (Great Eastern Railway) when it was bombed. He has written a vivid account of this.

McFee is a very reserved man, partly due perhaps to his deafness, and partly to his really being interested in his own thoughts. He is big boned, with very blond hair and blue-grey eyes, a typical Briton. He is as strong as a bull, but very gentle, passionately fond of children and cats. His physical endurance is remarkable; I have never seen him tired.

As to his literary future, I am not a critic and do not wish to predict. But I have never known a man who would seem to have so many good books stored in his brain. At times he has been discouraged. Only two years ago, after repeated failures to place his manuscripts, he wrote, "Nobody will ever get me to put pen to paper again . . . at sea is the only place where I really feel

settled and at home." At least he has never written with an eye on the editor's favour. In 1910 he wrote me:

A—— is always pitching into me. He says I'm on the wrong track and I'll be a failure if I don't do what the public wants.

I said I didn't care a blue curse for what the public wanted, nor did I worry much if I never made a big name. All I want is to do some fine and honourable work, to do it as well as I possibly could and there my responsibility ended . . . to hell with writing, I want to *feel* and *see*!

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IN the Jacob Stahl trilogy, we seemed to discern a quality which distinguished it pretty sharply from most of the work of Mr. Beresford's contemporaries. The man Jacob Stahl is modern enough, he succumbs in his time to the temptations of the flesh, is but a groper in spiritual matters, finds his way slowly to a realisation of himself and of what life holds for him. But he finds his way, he never is in real danger of losing it. He has, indeed, that extraordinary asset for a modern hero of fiction, character; not for a moment are we condemned to watch him rambling about in the feeble mazes of mere "temperament." And—double miracle—he is an artist!

We find the same solid mental and moral basis under *These Lynnekers*. Dickie Lynneker is sufficiently unconventional, a hater of shams, a sturdy follower of reality. But he is not eccentric, he is only sincere. There is nothing

self-conscious about him, he does not plume himself even upon his honesty: only he looks with mild wonder upon the fellow-beings who surround him, who smother themselves and try to smother him with stuffy evasions and insincerities. Dickie is notable, furthermore, because he does not prove his independence by running amuck among the women. In short, instead of being, like so many alleged heroes of current fiction, a weakling raised to the nth power, Dickie is a strong, healthy man, single of mind and heart, a man such as (if we will only acknowledge it) has been and always will be the leaven of every community and the saviour of every society. Dickie Lynneker's origin is as little promising as possible. The Lynnekers are a tribe of the minor aristocracy. The family type has degenerated to a conforming, hedging, place-seeking, trouble-avoiding, and at the same time complacent and opinionated sort. Dickie's father is a clergyman with a fair living, who, with his efforts to do well by his sons (which means to him educating them for the Church) is in continual battle with insolvency. His two older sons are of the true Lynneker type, and follow the parental path at the parental expense, without a moment's serious digression. Luckily, with Dickie's mother, fresh and relatively plebeian blood has come into the family; and two of the children, Adelia and Dickie, reveal it in strange ways, from the Lynneker point of view. Adela

**These Lynnekers*. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

David Blaize. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Davenport. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Company.

The Roundabout. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Thirteenth Commandment. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Unspeakable Perk. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Blow the Man Down. By Holman Day. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Gold Trail. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company.

escapes from the close air of her home by running away to Canada with a son of the village carpenter, a perfectly respectable fellow, who makes her very tolerably happy. Dickie, however, is the nonconformist with whom we are really concerned. He fails to display at public school that smooth proficiency which has won scholarships for his elder brothers. He has a strong bent for mathematics, but that is not a Lynneker subject; and when the parental shoe pinches more and more strictly, it is Dickie who is permitted to give up his university chances. He enters a local bank, and shows such ability and industry that in a few years he is offered the cashier's berth. Meantime, however, he has been by no means tied to the treadmill. He has kept up his mathematical studies faithfully, has made progress also in less tangible but not less vital studies of human character and relations. From the bank and his prospect of the cashier's box he is released by a London financier; as his secretary Dickie has experience of the better side of "big business," and comes very near losing himself in the money game. But again something human and seeking within him intervenes. To his family's final consternation and befuddlement, he refuses an offer of partnership with the magnate, and accepts a post of assistant at the Greenwich Observatory. "I'd like to do something useful," he puts it to the aghast family circle; "formulate some practical theory of the nebulae, or something like that. It'll take me ten years' grind, of course, to get familiar with the detail. . . ." So we leave him content with his prospect, happy in the wife he has found—the despair of "the Lynnekers," a man who has escaped the traps and the treadmills, and fairly come into his own.

David Blaize is another "life" story, in the essential meaning of the term. It carries its central figure only to the verge of manhood, but it brings him to that boundary as one who has found himself, as one furnished with chart and compass for the difficult passage beyond.

In short, this story, like the story of Dickie Lynneker, is a study of developing character, instead of a chronicle of ranging and goalless "temperament." David is of a more conforming type than Dickie, but he also has a sturdy strain, a natural instinct for decency and honesty, and the right thing, which protects him from the grosser temptations of boyhood, keeps him clean and strong and "fit" for the joyous and serious business of living. On the surface, he is merely the English school-boy once more—a Tom Brown "to date." How familiar to us, with our totally different experience and theory of school life, story-telling has made the atmosphere and habit of the English public school! And how little, by their testimony, that atmosphere changes with the years. Fagging, footer, the tuck-shop, Jones Major and Minor,—all the complicated lingo connected with the job of being a school-boy,—exploits out of bounds, floggings by the head-master—there is variation, but no radical change in these matters, from generation to generation. Perhaps the institution of flogging is the item that most sharply differentiates English school life from our own. David Blaize is a thoroughly wholesome, natural boy, with not a vicious streak in him of any sort. His masters appreciate him as such. They know that such mischievousness and insubordination as he now and then succumbs to are merely the natural fruits of exuberant health and high spirits. "It's no use," he confesses to Maddox, his best friend and mentor. "Something goes 'fizz' inside me, and I can't help playing the fool. I wish I was older or younger. If I was older, I suppose I should see what a rotter I am, and if I was younger I should simply do what you told me." He is perfectly ingenuous and quite helpless about it, but his friend sees that he is bound to be "sent to the Head to be swished." And presently the big boy of fifteen throws a snowball in a forbidden place, and is duly and contentedly swished by the gentleman and scholar who is not only Headmas-

ter but official executioner of the great school. The effect of this sort of discipline upon the American boy of that age is commonly devastating; but David and his kind accept it frankly as part of the particular game they are in for.

So David is "swished" by his Head, and "whacked" by his mentor into good behaviour, and duly passes the phase which is between the codling and the apple, and becomes a school mainstay himself. Less superficially, this is a story of boy friendship. The relation between David and Maddox begins in the mechanical bond of fag and master. Maddox is one of the head boys of the school, but has not been guiltless of a hidden grossness which, unsuspected by the Masters, is then prevalent at Marchester. For a moment his relation to David himself hangs in the balance, and it is David's own clean innocence which saves the day for them both. Thereafter there is no flaw in the growth of the pure and strong sentiment which links them. David has in a very serious sense saved Maddox from moral wreck, and Maddox in his turn, by sheer force of his devotion, is to lead David out of the valley of the shadow. Such a theme may easily be over-sentimentalised, but Mr. Benson has not fallen into that error. In this story he has gone far deeper than, in his rôle of entertainer, has been his wont.

Davenport, by the author of *The Catfish*, is also a story of character, in the moral and not the stage sense. Here, to be sure, is a split character, or dual personality. Since Stevenson gave it his broad parabolic handling, the theme has become common enough. Nobody has dealt with it more skilfully or more seriously than Mr. Marriott in the present tale. I have a deep admiration for this writer's style, a vehicle of singular strength and fineness. It is a sublimation of the colloquial—every-day talk as it might be and so seldom is. Through its clear and subtle medium we perceive and by degrees apprehend the odd figure of Harry Belsire. There is no explaining him on grounds of heredity. His

father is a vigorous, literal-minded country parson; "too consistent in his masculinity for close quarters" (says the man-of-the-world story-teller). "He gave all and received nothing in the way of impressions. Strictly speaking, he never talked; he made assertions. His entire lack of curiosity made acquaintance comfortable but friendship impossible. He was undoubtedly grateful to me for taking Harry off his mind, though I think that he despised me a little for being able to talk to the boy." Mrs. Belsire is simply the devoted and cheerful mother of a large and rather disorderly brood. They both look with helpless consternation upon poor Harry and his oddities. His giggling and incoherence of a nineteen-year-old they do not mind so much as his occasional lapses into a brilliant and oracular vein, in which he is wont to attribute his good things to this or that imaginary authority. Cator, the man-of-the-world, feels his mystery, and more or less consciously sets himself to solve it. Harry does a little growing up, follows a bent of which he is conscious in becoming an expert photographer, but remains on the surface rather a cub, a person of no dignity or articulation. A few people discern something under the surface—the story-teller, for one, and a Mrs. Orme who is for personal reasons a dabbler in the occult, and the girl Ann Courtney, who loves him, loves, that is, the deeper self she reads between the lines of his otherwise inconsiderable self-utterance. His moments of brilliancy increase, but now always as involving quotation from one Davenport. Nobody ever sees Davenport, but there are rumours of his having been seen in the flesh. And he presently becomes widely known as author of a series of articles which appear here and there in English publications of all sorts. They have a prophetic quality, there is something rare and simple about them. It is some time before people begin to see that they are subversive of the energetic and militant spirit of the times. They represent, indeed, that best in each of us

which we never permit to influence our joint conduct. Davenport feels the Great War coming, and fights against it with all his might; but he dies with Harry Belsire at the Marne. In what sense this is true, I leave the reader to find out. But without further giving away of the story, cite the quality of the book as a book of ideas. For example, many of Cator's comments: "Inter-course with idealists has the great advantage that you get to grips at once without wasting time over the compliments, explanations, or apologies that are thought necessary when one practical person calls upon another after a long interval." Or here is another suggestive passage for those of us who are trying to find our way through the muddle of current art: "I was reading *Our Village*—a book that I find solacing on account of its pleasant atmosphere, that, nevertheless, allows by implication for all the troubles of human life. This way of writing seems to me much truer than the realistic descriptions of the troubles themselves; because, in real life, everything depends on feeling and very little on facts."

The Englishwoman whose pen-name is J. E. Buckrose (her real name being Mrs. Falconer Jameson) has not a little of Miss Mitford's quality, her quiet and as it were contented manner of commenting upon what she induces us to accept as every-day life. She has an eye also for provincial colour and place-bound humours, as she has sufficiently shown in *Down Our Street* and elsewhere. The Flodmouth of *The Roundabout* is a place of quaint middle-class conventions. The family at Highfield House is such a family as we have long recognised in British fiction—Taylor paterfamilias, martinet and autocrat; Mrs. Taylor, plump and submissive; children in sundry moods of stifled revolt; a family life hinging upon various prescribed rituals, breakfasting, tea-drinking, church-going, mainly for the glory of Mr. Taylor. That gentleman is also a vile snob, and exacts snobbery of his offspring. The time, I

should guess, is the eighties, and this is a family of the period. But the story does not lack its modern intention. Mrs. Taylor, her sister Minnie, and two of her three daughters are, in a way, awful examples of the old-fashioned woman. Grace, the oldest girl, trifles too long with her very eligible lover, and becomes an unemployed and bitter old maid. Lucy, the youngest, is sought of a blameless young curate, who later becomes a bishop, but Mr. Taylor puts his foot down, and her chances are dashed. Alice, the second sister, is of less pliable stuff, and does actually marry her prosperous young carriage-painter. Nor, although this cuts her off from her family, does she repent. Still, despite her revolt, she remains old-fashioned. Her point of view and her married life are like other women's in her period. It is to be her daughter who reveals to her the modern way of being a woman. At the moment of finishing her schooling, she has already settled upon a career. Her mother cannot believe it. "Oh, Dorothy, you can't mean it. You are bored with a dull afternoon, and speaking at random. We must find something for you to do." "Embroidering flowers on linen like Aunt Grace?" retorts the younger generation. "No, thank you. Life is meant for more than that, mother." So Dorothy goes off to her nursing, and leaves her mother to her bridge parties and her housekeeping and her husband and her (as it seems to me) altogether useful and successful life.

From the assiduity with which the novelists are rubbing in the importance of "economic independence" for married women, we must infer that this is really a burning theme in the eyes of a great many novel readers. In *Clipped Wings* Mr. Hughes made out an extremely good case for the woman of genius. His Sheila Kemble, born to the stage and breathing freely only in its atmosphere, cannot safely, we admit, be condemned to mere wifehood and motherhood. In *The Thirteenth Commandment* broader ground is taken. Indeed, it is precisely the ground taken

the other day by Mr. Webster in *The Real Adventure*. Daphne Kip, like that other modern heroine, is endowed with no particular gifts beyond youth, health, and beauty. What both of them revolt against is the idea of being dependent upon some man for food and clothing. They feel that no marriage based upon such dependence can have the quality of a permanent and satisfying union. The whole thing is put in the nutshell of a paragraph which describes (in this single connection) the three important women in the story,—Daphne, her sister-in-law, and her mother: "Leila had the wisdom of the harem, the sultana craft that enslaves the master by submission, holds him prisoner while embracing his knees and praying for mercy. Mrs. Kip had the wisdom of the American household, the despotism of the good woman who shackles her husband with indignant virtues, and whacks his head with a precept whenever he lifts it up in pride. Daphne had the wisdom of the newest school that asks for comradeship, and a complementary equality, and, demanding freedom, offers it as a fair exchange."

This is all very well as an ideal, but what is Daphne's working theory, what was the working theory of that other aspiring lady of Mr. Webster's? It appears to be that there is no compromise between the woman who is a figure of the harem, an insatiable devourer of her husband's substance, a hopeless idler and victim of ennui, on the one hand, and the business woman on the other. Until these two storied females set out to make their own living they are the one thing, and altogether lamentable; thereafter, they are the other thing and altogether admirable. And in each instance the man in the case comes to heel and humiliates himself as surely the circumstances do not prescribe. Suppose Daphne had restrained her Clay from premarital extravagance instead of encouraging him? Suppose she had married him in the name of courage and common sense, instead of exposing

the prospect of their union to all possible risks in the name of personal pride and conceit? Is it true that a wife is ennobled and made safe by her ability to turn a penny as a chorus girl or a vendor of "boudoirwear"? and that in default of such employment there are no reasonable and satisfying ways in which she may employ her spare time? Truly, I believe that if there are now hundreds of wives earning their share of the expenses, there are thousands who are doing nothing of the sort, and yet living fully and successfully, with the aid of their brains and their commonsense, and their instinctive love of that despised thing, domesticity.

While this may be as sincere a piece of work in the author's intention as *Clipped Wings*, it is far less sound in substance. One feels the action being contrived rather than developing, the figures being somewhat cavalierly put through their paces; and the author's voice is too insistent from the wings.

But let us turn away for a moment from tiresome matters like reality and commonsense, and be happy with a frank yarn or two. *The Unspeakable Perk* is a clever novelette, with a tropical island republic for its setting, and revolution and Asiatic cholera to enrich the atmosphere. Place here the beautiful daughter of American Wealth, with a dogmatic father and a persistent suitor on her hands, and an unknown person in goggles with whom she proceeds to philander, and you have our story. I do not recall that the late Richard Harding Davis ever used the goggles business. The properties are supposed to disguise *The Unspeakable Perk*, who is doubly a creature of mystery. He gives himself out as a roving entomologist, but otherwise gives himself out not at all, and is looked upon with suspicion and disfavour by all the island community, native and foreign. Our coquettish heiress stumbles upon him in his solitude, and takes him captive. He knows that cholera has arrived, and that a native insurrection threatens, and plans to get her and her party off the

island before a quarantine is declared. Meantime, in a brush with the natives, he performs valourous deeds. She is half under his spell when the temporary removal of his goggles completes the process. Now, however, the second element of mystery comes into play. This involves a strange woman who is discovered to be sharing his mountain retreat. Heroine displays the usual facility of heroines in believing the worst of her man. Heroine's unsuccessful suitor discovers the truth of his innocence, and magnanimously reports to her. Heroine's party is duly shipped off,—but she remains to wed hero, who is really an expert secretly commissioned to spot the presence of the plague at "Caraçuna." Kiss Curtain.

Of considerably more serious pretensions as a romance of adventure is Mr. Day's *Blow the Man Down*. The tale of the young and gallant master-mariner who is a victim of machinations on the part of rivals and superiors, but finally triumphs against all odds, is not a new one. The present writer, however, retells it with uncommon gusto: He succeeds in giving his narrative a true seatang, with his shanties, and his old salts, and his shipwrecks and perils of all sorts. His prize incident, duly attested in a foot-note, is the turning turtle of an ancient lumber schooner, the imprisonment of her passengers in the hull, and their escape (thanks to the hero) by cutting a way through the bottom. The skipper of this vessel, and father of the blooming maiden who turns out to be the real heroine, is a "character" and no mistake. He is, among other things, past-master of sea-Billingsgate. His robust vein leaves little to the imagination: "You horn-jawed, muck-faced jezebo of a sea-sculpin, you dare to yap out any more of that sculch and I'll come aboard you after we anchor and jump down your gullet and gallop the eternal innards out of ye! Don't ye know that I've got ladies aboard here?" The truth is, Captain Candage, with all the verisimilitude of his Down East lingo and make-up, is somewhat too

clearly the stage skipper, a figure as easily identifiable as the immortal Lone Fisherman of *Evangeline*. And a good deal the same thing is true of the story itself. It smacks of reality, its scenes and atmosphere and settings and costumes are "authentic" enough, and yet the whole thing is made to order—the order of romantic convention. Unprincipled Power and its amorous daughter, and modest but determined Worth, and the shy flower of maidenhood which is to be its reward—these are the imperishable materials out of which Mr. Day very efficiently builds his story. But the scenes and episodes and minor characters will interest a good many readers more than the romantic yarn of it. In truth, the fashionable siren who so nearly wins our captain is a hollow feminine contrivance, and sweet Polly who does win him is of a Mary Pickford nature. As for the hero, his real coup is the buying and salvaging of a passenger steamer which has been deliberately wrecked by its owners, for sinister reasons. By dint of heroic labours and superhuman cleverness he wrests from this slender chance a fortune and the means of swinging life his own way, and his enemies are left satisfactorily eating dirt. It only remains for him to discover what is perfectly plain to everybody else, that he loves his Polly and his Polly loves him.

After all the diligence of the romancers, there still remains buried treasure to be dug up! In *The Gold Trail* Mr. Stacpoole, among suitable adventures and perils, permits us to assist at the unearthing of a snug half-million. This has been planted by an adventurer named Lant, beside a river in New Guinea. Lant has then effectively disposed of all his ship's crew except one, and has settled down near by with a native wife and gone to seed. This makes his white companion restive, and he presently kills Lant and makes his escape. For years he roves about, telling his story of the treasure, though concealing his own part in it, and trying

to get somebody to finance an expedition to bag it. After fifteen years, and this is when the present tale begins, he succeeds in an unlikely quarter. He is setting out from Sydney with two gentlemen-adventurers for companions, when at the last moment a fourth member of the party is foisted upon him, in the person of an old friend whom he has once betrayed. This Captain Hull, who goes nominally as supercargo, becomes the real master of the situation, until the neighbourhood of the treasure is reached, when Macquart, the villain, again tries to betray him, and nearly succeeds. However, this sort of thing cannot be permitted to go too far by any responsible romancer, and Macquart in

the end gets his deserts, while the rest get the booty. "Love-interest" is supplied by the presence and activity of the half-breed daughter of the dead Lant, a maiden of amazing charms and virtues, with whom one of the gentleman-adventurers presumably lives happy ever after. The action is well contrived, with far less demand upon the reader's credulity than is common, or really necessary, in a story of this type. There is an approach toward characterisation here also—an element which is by no means essential to pure romance, but which, at least, does no particular harm, other things being equal. The tale's the thing, however, and this is a decidedly good one of its kind.

AMERICANISM—WHAT IS IT?*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THIS little collection of books takes on especial interest in view of the political campaign that is now upon us, with its slogans of "Americanism" and "America First" and other expressions of like meaning. Several of these volumes, but not all, doubtless owe their existence largely to the way in which events have turned the attention of the whole country, as never before, upon discussion of what we can agree upon as constituting Americanism and upon the methods by which these things can be conserved and strengthened. Not many years ago the Americanism of every citizen was taken for granted and it was not considered

necessary to talk about it. Indeed, the citizen who has voted at half a dozen presidential elections has come to have a sort of sixth sense about the quality. But it seems to have become advisable for us to have a strict taking of stock of our ideals and purposes and practices and, by way of guidance in the rating of ourselves, individually and collectively, a good many writers of books have been trying to tell us what we must do to preserve our Americanism unsullied and unharmed. The books that are considered here are concerned, in one way or another, with the ideals of our nation and the methods by which we have endeavoured to put them into practice, both at home and in our relations with other nations, and the obligations that lie upon us if we would hand those ideals on, bright and pure and living, to our children.

"AMERICANISM: WHAT IT IS"

In the early chapters of Dr. Hill's book his reasoning is so cogent, his exposition so lucid and his style at once so simple and so fine that it is a pleasure

*Americanism: What It Is. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company...

Straight America: A Call to National Service. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The American Plan of Government. By Charles W. Bacon and Franklyn S. Morse. Introduction by George Gordon Battle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Americanization. By Royal Dixon. New York: The Macmillan Company.

America's Foreign Relations. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. New York: The Century Company.

to read his pages for their workmanship alone, aside from the importance of their message. The later chapters lack something, occasionally, of judicial quality, of calm, cool, impartial temper in their appraisal of situations and issues. The author sees certain things outstanding in so brilliant a light that it blinds him to modifying facts, circumstances or arguments. But it is evident that he is honest and sincere and profoundly in earnest in his every sentence, and those who see eye to eye with him will be conscious of no such lack. Therefore it will be all the better for their intellectual workings and their conclusions if they will look for it. For disagreement and honest discussion and the constant endeavour to be fair are basic, vital things in our national life.

The first chapter, on "The American Conception of the State," is a notably clear, simple, and forceful exposition of fundamental American ideas. It ought to be printed in booklet form and studied by boys and girls in their teens in every school in the United States. Nor could those who are attempting to teach our aliens the significance of American citizenship find a better means. For the foundation stones of Americanism are all set forth in it in so clear and clean-cut a fashion that there can be no mistaking them. He shows how the conception of the state that was evolved by the American colonists and formulated in the Constitution differed radically from any other conception of government known at that time, and differs still from any other constitutional government in the voluntary renunciations and the triple security with which it provided against the subversion of the personal rights of citizens. In these things he finds the life blood of Americanism. Later on he makes a thought-compelling comparison of the difference between democratic ideals, such as ours, and the imperialistic ideals which have precipitated the European war. Those who are given to repeating in parrot fashion that the Allies are fighting "our battle" would find particular profit in

this portion of the book. Dr. Hill shows also that in this radical difference of the American conception lies the reason for the constant misunderstanding of America by European nations and people.

Dr. Hill sees much menace to American ideals in the spirit of Imperialism, which is to be found wherever men are eager, virile and ambitious. It is in the clashing of the spirit of Democracy with that of Imperialism, with its ideals and aims of conquest and power and the state dominant, that Americanism is undergoing, he thinks, a severe test. His own faith is undisturbed in the outcome. Even of the British Empire he says: "It is not its Imperialism but its Democracy that will save the British Empire, if that Empire is to be saved. Its safety lies not in its imperial authority, but in its democratic rule." There are other chapters which deal with the relations of American ideals to world politics, the question of national defence and the perils which the world war has brought to Americanism.

"THE AMERICAN PLAN OF GOVERNMENT"

The authors of this goodly volume have done a most commendable service and their book deserves the widest popular attention. Its service, moreover, is unique, for no other book has ever presented the whole story of the United States Constitution in just this way. The work brings together those portions of the Constitution that deal with related subjects, such as the organisation of Congress, the three divisions of government and the limitations upon legislative government, and, massing together each of these phases, takes up its provisions section by section, and also clause by clause. The quotation of an article or a clause of the document is followed first by a little explanation and comment which afford a background and explain the reasons that led to its adoption. Then follows the judicial history of the provision, telling how it has been called in question or cited in defence of

rights in the courts and quoting the decisions of judges upon it and its meaning. The result is a complete account, or history, or picture, of our American Constitution, both of its original body and of the soul that has been breathed into it by a hundred and forty years of national life. An immense amount of patient and painstaking labour has gone into the collecting and collating of these judicial decisions. The result is a comprehensive, scholarly and authoritative work that, nevertheless, is written in so interesting a way that the man-in-the-street might very well find it, for an evening or two, a rival attraction to "the movies"—much to the benefit of the quality of his Americanism.

The admirable introduction by George Gordon Battle outlines the circumstances attending the adoption of the Constitution and the controversies that have since been waged over its meaning and calls attention to the three tendencies of our national life and their characteristics that have in turn exercised an influence upon the government. These he distinguishes as the aristocratic tendency that held sway until just before the Civil War, followed after the war by the plutocratic tendency manifest in the great industrial development of the next thirty or more years, while now he finds the democratic tendency paramount.

"STRAIGHT AMERICA"

Miss Kellor's book is a curious compound. Parts of it read like an impassioned campaign speech for the Republican side of the political struggle in which we are now engaged. Also, on some of its pages, its point of view and its basis of fact are so distinctly and so limitedly of the Atlantic seaboard that there are a good many thousands of people in this country lacking in neither intelligence nor patriotism who would never consent to measure their Americanism by her yardstick. Without any doubt a great many readers will be tempted to fling away her book with impatience and disgust because of its mis-

understanding and misrepresentation of their convictions and ideals, which they will feel are just as American as hers. And that will be a pity, because, on one subject at least, Miss Kellor has a message that is most important for every American citizen. It is a pity, too, having some important things to say concerning which she knows what she is talking about, that she should adopt this attitude and this manner. They are typical, it is true, of the Eastern edge of the country which is prone to think of itself as the whole country, or, at any rate, as vastly superior to other parts, as, for instance, the great and populous Mississippi Valley, which is every whit as American as the Atlantic seaboard and is, perhaps, even more patriotic. And that unity of the country for which she pleads can never come about as long as one section of it permits itself to adopt that attitude toward another.

But it is when Miss Kellor writes of the problems caused by our immigrant population and our blindness to them that she has a message well worth while and delivers it with earnestness, eloquence and compelling conviction. Her long service with the New York Bureau of Immigration enables her to speak with authority upon both conditions and possible remedies. Not only in this matter but also in what she says of the attitude of the American-ancestored citizen toward his duties as a citizen and toward the immigrant as a prospective citizen her words are words of gold and deserve to be taken to heart by every American and used as one measure of his Americanism. Miss Kellor richly proves the fine quality of her own Americanism in her endeavour to bring home to each individual a keen realization of his own responsibility for the present ills and the future good of our country.

"AMERICANIZATION"

Like Miss Kellor, Mr. Dixon has had much experience with the work of trying to make American citizens out of immigrants from all quarters of the

earth and his book is concerned almost wholly with that problem. Some of its chapters which deal with definite efforts, notably those made in Detroit and Syracuse, for the training of immigrants in the English language, in Americanism and the duties of citizenship are informing and inspiring and ought to be of the greatest benefit for the public-spirited in every city with a large alien population—and also in every town with little or much alien population. Syracuse, he says, was by these efforts changed from a place with a large foreign population of many different tongues to an almost wholly English-speaking city.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to give Mr. Dixon so much credence when he deserts his specialty, as he does in a large part of his volume, to indulge in that amusement, which has grown very popular in recent years, known as "rotten-egging" the country. He enters into the sport with zest and apparently finds it so exhilarating that it causes a high degree of mental excitement. In consequence many of his pages are so heated, even frenzied, in their statements that they are quite untrustworthy. They paint a picture of the American nation and people that in its half-truths is shamelessly untrue to the whole reality. We Americans are accustomed to this sort of "lambasting" of ourselves and most of us do it once in a while in connection with some pet interest. We know how little it signifies and therefore it is, for us, of small consequence. But the pity of it is that such things sometimes find their way to other countries, where they belie us among people already biased against us by ignorance and misunderstanding and so help to create that mistaken feeling toward Americans which we wonder at and resent.

Both Miss Kellor's and Mr. Dixon's books are late issues in the Macmillan "Our National Problems" Series.

"AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS"

A very real need is filled, and filled capably and interestingly, by this com-

prehensive work by the honorary professor of the history of American foreign relations in New York University. Very few Americans, even of those who know our domestic history fairly well, are familiar with the story of our somewhat complicated relations with the rest of the world. There is even a widely spread and generally believed fairy tale that we have thus far lived a life of isolation and that we are only now just awaking to the fact that we must henceforth, as the parrot phrase has it, "take our place in the family of nations." Mr. Johnson's scholarly work, which evidences long study of the subject itself and of its outlying and tributary matters and thorough familiarity with them, ought to serve as a corrective for that mistaken notion. For it shows that our political dealings with the rest of the world have always been many, important, and often complicated and difficult and that they have usually been carried on with dignity, resourcefulness and wise and shrewd statesmanship, in a way that ought to make every American proud to read their story. Therefore his book ought to have the widest possible reading. He has the commendable knack of writing in an interesting way and he shows also ability and care in marshalling all the facts that are concerned with any particular subject, no matter how far afield he has to go for them. No one who is interested in the history of our country will find a dull page in the entire two volumes.

Mr. Johnson shows that our foreign relations had their beginnings before the Revolution in the jealousies and intrigues of the European nations which sought to strike at each other through the American colonies and he shows also that even in those early days America had begun to be of consequence to Europe through the reflex influence of our civil and religious policies.

A highly interesting part of Mr. Johnson's work is that in which he makes it evident that during the first eight years of our existence as a na-

tion we had laid the great fundamental principles upon which all our developments of external policies have been based. "In all the more than a century of foreign relationships," he says, "which remains for us to consider, we shall find scarcely a single new principle, but merely a further working out of the principles of Washington's administration." The first of these cardinal doctrines was the equal sovereignty of the United States with the other nations of the world. The second was that of neutrality, "a far greater novelty," he comments, "both to America and to all other powers." The third was that "Europe was no more to use this continent as a fighting ground in her wars, and she was no more to manipulate our politics, our laws and our customs, our commercial and fiscal systems for her advantage." Next he enumerates "the doctrine of the freedom of the seas and the application to naval warfare of a measure of the international law which prevailed in warfare on land." "This principle was embodied," he adds, "in one of our earliest treaties, and it was certainly and altogether in respect of American commerce that the principle was first practically tested." The doctrine of the arbitration of international disputes, of which Franklin and Hamilton were among the earliest advocates in its modern form, was another, and a sixth principle was that of extradition of criminals from one country to another which was established in Gray's treaty with Great Britain.

Mr. Johnson pays some attention to those episodes in our diplomatic history that sometimes led impassioned orators to declaim about the obligations this country is under to sundry European nations for friendly services rendered at opportune moments. And when he gets through with those friendly services and their diplomatic accompaniments and their origins in European politics not even a high power microscope could find reason for national obligation in any of them.

Most admirable is the cool and judicial temper in which almost every page of Mr. Johnson's two volume work is written. Looking back through the perspective of years, he gathers in his facts from every quarter and weighs and balances with entire impartiality. Even in more recent years, when personal feeling pro or con American policies would naturally make much more difficult the preservation of an unbiased judgment, he has evidently, most of the time, scrupulously tried to divest his account of personal prejudice. Nevertheless, he has not always succeeded quite so well as he himself will probably wish, ten years hence, he had done. In the matter of the Spanish-American war, for instance, although he shows to what an extent that conflict was forced upon the government by popular clamour instigated by yellow newspapers, he hardly credits the final offerings of the Spanish Government toward peaceful settlement with as much value as did General Woodford, our minister to Spain, who thought that they would have made the war unnecessary if President McKinley had dared to oppose popular passion. So, also, in the matter of the Panama Revolution he glides with far too much rapidity and complaisance over the part in its making that was played by certain American financial representatives of the interests of the French company and the extent to which they cunningly contrived to mix up the authority of the Government at Washington in their scheme. In fact, he practically justifies the whole proceeding—a proceeding which many good Americans have come, by study of the matter, to consider a blot upon the national honour. When he comes down to very recent years, Mr. Johnson's efforts to keep away from the personal viewpoint in his examination and narration of our foreign policies and relations seem to have ceased entirely. But these fill only a few pages of a work which as a whole it is a pleasure to commend heartily to American readers.

BLACK FATE VERSUS WHITE FOLLY

THIS old English print depicts, in the terms of the chess board, the precarious condition of the Bourbons at the moment of the outbreak of the French Revolution. The Royal Dynasty is represented by the White, with Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette as the White King and Queen respectively. Queen's Bishop is Cardinal de Rohan, who figured in the famous affair of the

necklace. Queen's Knight is Count Fersen and White Rook is the Bastille, which has already been taken. Opposed to the White are the Black King, Terminus, and the Black Queen, Goddess of Reason, supported by five black pawns, representing the people. The board shows the hitherto despised pawns in such a position that they are likely soon to become formidable.



FOLLY VS. FATE.
BLACK FATE.

White King. Louis XVI.
 " Queen. Marie Antoinette.
 " Q.B. Cardinal de Rohan.
 " Q.K. Count Fersen.
 " R. The Bastille (taken).
 Black King. Terminus.
 " Queen. Goddess of Reason.
 " Pawns. The people.



BLANK FOLLY.

LAFCADIO HEARN

A DEATH-DAY GATHERING IN JAPAN

THE posthumous honour conferred on Lafcadio Hearn by the Emperor of Japan, the close relations which exist between Great Britain and Japan, and the conspicuous part which the island Empire is taking and is likely to take in the development of affairs in the Orient, must have sent many new and old readers to the "Interpretation" and "Kokoro." The posthumous honour to Hearn is in itself noteworthy as the highest honour of the sort ever conferred on a foreigner, though as Hearn in his later days became not only a Buddhist but a Japanese, he can hardly be reckoned a foreigner. Until the conferment of this honour little enough had been done in Japan in recognition of Hearn's services. A few weeks ago, however, a number of old pupils and admirers at Matsue, in Shimane, the beautiful city on the northern coast of Japan in which Hearn lived so long, arranged a memorial meeting on his death-day.

It was held in the building of the Prefecture, and a high official was present. In an ante-room there was a little exhibition of Hearn's works, with some portraits and some specimens of his handwriting. The meeting would have been entirely Japanese had it not chanced that Mr. Robertson Scott, the author of a number of books on country subjects above the *nom de guerre* "Home Counties," who has been in Japan for nearly a year making an investigation of its rural life and agriculture, chanced to be passing through Matsue; and he and his travelling companion, Mr. Yanaghita, Secretary of the House of Peers and editor of a rural folklore monthly, were invited to attend and speak.

Mr. Yanaghita dwelt on the remarkable hold which Hearn, although there was a strong prejudice against him when

he came to the University, obtained on his students; and several letters which were read at the meeting testified to the affectionate regard in which his memory is still cherished by many of the young men with whom he came in contact in other parts of Japan than Tokyo.

Mr. Robertson Scott said that while every foreigner who wants to know something of Japanese life and feeling owes a debt to Hearn, he was glad that that meeting was a meeting of Japanese. For, in view of some criticisms he had heard of Hearn in Japan, he had considered whether some Japanese had realised what conception Europe and America would have had of Japan if there had been no Hearn. Whatever her army and navy, her commerce and shipping had taught the world about Japan, it was Hearn who had made it understand something of her soul. What was wrong about so many books about Japan was not that their facts were wrong. What was wrong was their author's attitude of mind. Some Japanese had said that Hearn was "too poetical," and that "some of his inferences were inaccurate." That was as might be. What mattered most was that the mental attitude of Hearn was right. He did not approach the study of Japan as a mere collector of facts or as a superior person. What he brought was the humble, studious, imaginative, sympathetic attitude; and it was only by a man of his rare type that one country could be interpreted to another.

The famous "house in the Kitabori-machi," in which Hearn lived in Matsue is reverently preserved by its present owner, and an increasing number of Hearn lovers find their way thither. The walled garden is very much the same as it was in Hearn's day, except that the pond at the back of the house has been filled up.

GEORGE MOORE'S NEW BOOK*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

AN acute critic once remarked that "some men kissed and never told and that others never kissed and always told"; then he consigned George Moore to the latter class. There is no doubt that the manner in which the author of *Memoirs of My Dead Life* licked his chops over alleged conquests has prejudiced many of those who had acknowledged the power of *Esther Waters*. Possibly age, too, may have nicely decorated his past with a studied consciousness lacking in that early collection of careless contradictions so fascinatingly revealed in *The Confessions of a Young Man*. But the George Moore of *Mike Fletcher* (that little read tragedy of introspection), *A Mummer's Wife*, *A Drama in Muslin* and *Celibates*, while never pleasant, had at least a refreshing frankness in dealing with sex, unsentimentalised by personal intrusion. And, in thinking over his long literary activity, no one can fail to recall the impression made by *Evelyn Innes* and *The Lake*; especially since they embody two subjects most frequently correlated in his works: sex and religion. The externals of religion, with their appeal to sensation, have always interested him, and one finds this best expressed in *Sister Theresa*, written while under the influence of Huysman. So although, at first, *The Brook Kerith* may seem a departure because of its religious theme, yet it is in line with his general subjects. In his new novel, however, with the exception of one or two characteristic passages, sex is eliminated as a source of complication. Perhaps this is inevitable, since it deals with Jesus.

Though the early chapters deal with Joseph of Arimathea, they are craftily

conceived to arouse an interest in Jesus. Here the method of the historical novelist is utilised: local colour, scenery, bits of customs are pictured to evoke the period. Much time is taken to suggest the social relations and the strong family ties which Joseph has in common with all the other Jewish families. The reason for this becomes apparent later, when he meets Jesus, who having been baptized by John, has left His flock to foretell the end of the world. To Moore there are two personalities combined in his conception of Jesus: the one who gradually grows to utter violent commands and the other who preaches the Sermon on the Mount.

Like Bernard Shaw in his introduction to *Androcles and the Lion*, Moore feels that the changing point came when Jesus began to believe and admit that He was the Messiah, prophesied in the Book of Daniel. And the subtly suggested motive which led Him into Jerusalem to His crucifixion was pride. Yet there is nothing ironical in Moore's handling of these scenes; and those in which Joseph takes Him from the tomb and nurses Him back to health, with the aid of Esora, are the most tender and moving in the book. Little emphasis is placed upon the crucifixion itself, since Moore is concerned with what he feels is a deeper tragedy. Considering Him as one of the great men of the ages how will He react when He discovers the myth of His resurrection made an essential part of religion? It is this radical proposition the author sets himself to solve in the major part of his long story.

Moore accepts the legend that Jesus was an Essene, a communal group of Jews who practised poverty, and it is to

*The Brook Kerith. By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

their cenoby by the Brook Kerith that He goes after His recovery. He becomes a shepherd and the years roll by. Never does He tell His story, for He seems only to be interested in the external life of the community. Moore treats this in the same detail with which he has so frequently pictured conventional life. Here Jesus learns of Joseph's death, and one senses a growing inner tragedy. This is revealed shortly after Jesus sees a thief upon a cross. It is then that He admits to Himself that He committed a great sin against God in believing He was the Messiah.

Later Paul, escaping from his enemies for preaching Christianity, flees to the Brook Kerith and is sheltered by the Essenes. Here occurs a most vivid stretch of writing, in which Paul narrates the story of his wanderings. Paul has a peculiar fascination to the author, who skilfully makes the writer of the Epistles reveal his own character, so uncompromising as to the end and yet so compromising as to the means. The meeting with Jesus is thus twenty years after the Crucifixion. "And who are the Christians?" Jesus asks. He is bewildered. He sees now what his "sin" has done and He resolves to go to Jerusalem and tell the truth.

In my teaching I wandered beyond our doctrines and taught that this world is but a mock, a sham, a disgrace, and that naught was of avail but repentance. John's teaching took possession of me. . . . His teaching was true when he was a teacher, but when I became his disciple his teaching became false; it turned me from my natural self and into such great harshness of mind that in Nazareth when my mother came with my brothers and sisters to the Synagogue, I said, woman, I have no need of thee, and when Joseph of Arimathea returned to me after a long attendance by his father's bedside, I told him he must learn to hate his father and mother if he would become worthy to follow me. But my passion was so great in those days that I did not see that my teaching was not less than blasphemy against

God, for God has created the world for us to live in it, and He has put love of parents into our hearts because He wishes us to love our parents, and if he has put into the heart of man love of woman, and into the heart of woman love of man, it is because He wishes both to enjoy that love. . . . In telling this story I am but doing the work of God; no man strays very far from the work that God has decreed for him. But in the time I am telling I was so exalted by the many miracles which I had performed by the power of God or the power of a demon, I know not which, that I encouraged my disciples to speak of me as the son of David, though I knew myself to be the son of Joseph, the carpenter. . . .

Naturally Paul considers Him a madman. And throughout the pages which follow Jesus is slowly forced to see that He will never be able to convince people of the truth of His story and that He must ever remain an outcast from His people. Though He starts toward Jerusalem He gives it up and retires into the hills, from where, it is intimated, He later went to preach in India—an old legend. And thus He voluntarily leaves Paul to spread the doctrine which He Himself has repudiated. This resolution is, of course, but another way of subtly attacking Pauline Christianity; for, as one character remarks, "all religion is founded on a lie."

The legend that Jesus did not die upon the cross, but was revived by Joseph, is not new in itself: it has done service in several stories, notably one by Frank Harris. But it will be seen from the hasty summary of the novel, that its whole development, its revolutionary basic idea, will shock and offend those capable of feeling irreverence. Yet no historical novel can be judged too rigidly. Fiction demands its own license and in this instance theologians, who differ so widely among themselves, will join together in finding flaws. That Moore may have been guilty of selecting facts to prove a theory is the weak place in his armour. It is only fair to any author, however, that he has a right

to select his theme. One may question his taste—and Moore has frequently merited that censure. Yet in the last analysis he must be measured by his aim and treatment. In this respect *The Brook Kerith* will take its place beside the very best in contemporary fiction. No one ever doubted his artistry even in his personal maunderings, which have so often made his sincerity a matter of question. And it will no doubt be questioned amid the wide controversies this

compelling novel is bound to excite. But the censorship of religious prejudice will not mar the fact of his remarkable literary achievement. Not once does he descend to the vulgar sensationalism with which his radical juxtaposition of ideas and characters might have been treated. In fact nothing he has written has such sustained beauty and dignity. His limpid style flows with a quiet persistency. Seldom does heresy go so panoplied.

TEN POINT PARAGRAPHS

"WATERLOO is avenged." So spoke a Frenchman on Epsom Downs when a

Loues French horse cantered home winner of the historic English Derby.

That, according to the story, an English Duke, standing by, made an ungracious retort has nothing to do with the case. Twenty years ago the Olympic games were held in Athens. It was the first revival of the ancient sport. Day after day the Greeks had watched the moiling athletes with sinking hearts. Their countrymen seemed destined to no share in the laurels. Last of all on the programme was the great event, the Marathon. From the hills came Loues, an Attican farmer. He had had no special training, but at the last moment he entered his name for the gruelling struggle, imbued with the idea that he and he alone must save the honour of his native land. Life was not to count. He had himself prepared for the last rites of the Church. The story of how he ran the Marathon and won has been told by Mr. James B. Connolly, in *An Olympic Victor*. All Greece went wild over the victory. It revived the ancient glories of the land. The indomitable spirit of the Attican farmer was the spirit of Leonidas at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

The mad world may grow sane. But the flame of battling patriotism will burn ever so brightly.

A Day In a million German
Dream homes the story will be

told and retold. German hearts will beat fast and exultant; a nation will thrill. Victory! The victory of the Stadium at Luxembourg! Before a quarter of a million eyes the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed. Early in the second period the swift French backs had fought their way forward. The German goal posts were but ten yards away. Then from fifty thousand throats came the strains of "The Watch on the Rhine," imploring, defiant. And in response to that call *the German line held*. But above all the glorious finish. A scoreless tie, and a minute to play. From the foot of the Norman fullback the ball rises, carries fifty yards, and striking the ground, bounds along treacherously in the shadow of the German goal. It is the great moment in the life of Quarterback Von Hausen of Dantzig. Snapping up the ball and eluding by a twist of the body the outstretched arms of the down charging Lorraine end, he is off to the right and to the left. His interference has formed and bowled over the nearest French tacklers. Steering a zig-zag course Von Hausen dashes past the

white chalk lines. A straight arm disposes of the last desperate bulwark of French defence; panting, he hurls himself across the line squarely between the goal posts,—and the German world goes wild. The repulse at the Marne, the disaster before Verdun, even the final crumpling up of the German armies about Strasbourg—mere nightmares of a barbaric past,—long since forgotten by agreement by two great and generous nations. But on a fair field German physical prowess has won; and again and again the great amphitheatre rocks:

Treu steht und fest die Wacht am Rhein!

A dream? Perhaps. But is it not strife—physical strife—rather than bloody war that the German Bernhardt should have characterised as a biological necessity?

...

A few million American youths and men talk about the "College Spirit."

Just what is it, this
College "College Spirit"?
Spirit "College Spirit" does

not mean that you are fired by the news that your Alma Mater has won the triangular debate—"Resolved that the Tariff, and So forth"—or made a clean sweep in the chess tournament, or produced a fifteen-year-old Senior who is a mathematical prod-

igy. It means that the Siwash man wants to see Kiowa "smeared" all over the gridiron, or all the Kiowa pitchers pounded out of the box in the first inning. It means touchdowns, and three-baggers, and boat lengths of open water, and smashed track records. It means that, as an old Alumnus, come to forty years, with grizzled temples and crow's feet about the eyes, you are as keen as any Sophomore to go down on the field and help plug up that hole at left tackle. It means that if you go to the game with your closest friend, a grizzled Alumnus of the enemy institution, your politely lying, hypocritical lips say, "I hope we see a closely contested, gentlemanly played game," but that your heart says, "Dash you! I'd like to see it a million to nothing"—and that his heart is saying the same. It means that your worse nature resents conditioning professors and the Dean who is inclined to lean backwards. Many there are who do not understand this spirit, and who condemn it. Perhaps those whose lives lie in the academic atmosphere deplore it most. But is it not a healthy, natural outlet for mankind's world-old spirit of strife? Is there not something to be considered in the point of view of the man who sees in the future international sport on a vast scale as a material factor in the work of preserving the world's peace—a physical safety valve of the nations?

ANNOUNCEMENT

How many of the readers of the present generation know anything of the thrillers of the fifties? How many are there to whom Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is more than a name—if it be even that? Yet once that name was a name to conjure with. Tens of thousands followed eagerly in the pages of the old New York "Ledger" the adventures of Capitola, of "The Hidden Hand," and of Ishmael Worth, and of Erma, of "The Bride's Ordeal," and of Sybil, of "Cruel as the Grave," and its sequel, "Tried for Her Life." Of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and her novels Edna Kenton has written in a paper to be published in the October BOOKMAN.

LOCKERBIE STREET

BY ROSE HENDERSON

It must be lonely in Lockerbie Street,
Since the joyous singer has gone away.
There must be a sigh when the children meet
Under the trees to play.
And who will sing them the beautiful lore
That the Children's Poet may sing no more?

But the sun shines on in Lockerbie Street,
Gay as the spirit that lingered there.
The wind laughs out through the shadows fleet,
Dashing and debonaire,
And the old round moon smiles calmly down
Over the roofs and the chimneys brown.

Smile for us still, O Lockerbie Street,
Wistful and brave and true.
Send us back to our worlds to meet
Life that your poet knew,
Life that is tender and clear and sweet.
Lockerbie Street, *our* Lockerbie Street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ON A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER*

A REMINISCENCE

BY LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

IN the youthful days of James Whitcomb Riley chance made him for a few months one of a little company of advertising agents in central Indiana, whose brushes emblazoned upon country barns and village fences the remedies of patent-medicine men, and spread abroad the fame of such merchants as could afford it.

Riley's extraordinary dexterity in free hand drawing, without measurement or "*laying off*," was a matter of wonder to the onlooker, and his career as

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a so-called "sign painter" has never been permitted to go out of mind by certain local reminiscences, whose competitive zeal, however, has doubtless pushed it into the foreground out of all proportion to the general perspective.

With little or no significance in the formative influences that fashioned his life, this incident did none the less bring him to the town of Anderson, which came to stand as one of the milestones in his development.

Through an influential friend he obtained the position of local editor on the Anderson *Democrat* and, grateful for

an opportunity to write—as yet no matter what—set about with a good will gathering “locals,” and improving his chance to print his poems. To the *Democrat* he brought with his verses all the wit with which he had been accustomed to regale his little circle of friends, and the mock seriousness with which he took himself and the paper made it for a time a more welcome sheet in Anderson households than would have been a comic almanac. His original items of city and country news, and his quaint “personals,” were often sandwiched with such rhymes as the following:

When'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see
Who sigh to read the *Democrat*
Through all eternity.

In the spring our widowed neighbour
Climbs the fence that intervenes,
Borrows from our wife the paper,
Leaving us a mess of greens.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with sprightly air
Was clearing her voice to say,—
“Read aloud!” to the child that sat
On the grandfather's knee with the *Democrat*.

Soon after Riley's connection with the paper, the following announcement appeared on the front page:

THE ANDERSON DEMOCRAT

—is a—

GOOD LITTLE PAPER

—and you—

OUGHT TO BE KIND TO IT.

It ain't the best paper in the “State,” or if it is, it won't acknowledge it, for, some way, it feels that the market is already glutted with that brand. No, it is simply

GOOD:

and you ought to love it.

Riley was often sharply rebuked for inattention to business, and informed by the senior editor that his duty was to collect “items,” and not to fill up with

his poetic “drivel and nonsense.” It was news that was wanted, and not rhymes; and so it came that the poet's literature began to migrate, first to the second, then to the third, and finally to the last page of the paper.

The distrust of Riley's poetic vagaries, with their lack of utility in a country newspaper, was not lessened by such poems as that of “Craquedom” and “Wrangdillon,” in the latter of which his fancy played stranger tricks than usual:

Dextery, tethery, down in the dike,
Under the ooze and the slime,
Nestles the wraith of a reticent gryke
Blubbering bubbles of rhyme.

Then when this “Wrangdillon”

—sinks to the drega, in the dead of the night,

And shuffles the shadows about,
And gathers the stars in a nest of delight,
And sits there and hatches them out,
the practical, news-searching readers of the *Democrat* ceased to follow the wild flight of imagination that only ended when

The gryke blots his tears with a scrap of his grief,

And growls at the wary graygrole
As he twunkers a tune on a Tiljicum leaf
And hums like a telegraph pole.

In reply to an inquiry in the pages of a neighbouring contemporary as to the meaning of such weird creation, Riley answered in the *Democrat* that he believed such effusions to be “a sort of poetic fungus that springs from the decay of better effort.” He went on to explain:

“After long labour at verse, you will find there comes a time when everything you see or hear, touch, taste, or smell, resolves itself into rhyme, and rattles away till you can't rest. I mean this literally. The people you meet upon the streets are so many disarranged rhymes, and only need proper coupling. The boulders in the sidewalk are jangled words. The crowd of corner loungers is a mangled sonnet with a few lines

lacking. The farmer and his team an idyl of the road, perfected and complete when he stops at the picture of a grocery and hitches to an exclamation point.

— from this tireless something which
Beats time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain!

I walk, I run, I writhe and wrestle—but I cannot shake it off. I lie down to sleep, and all night long it haunts me. Whole cantos of incoherent rhymes dance before me, and so vividly, at last I seem to read them as from a book. All this is without will power of my own to guide or check; and then occurs a stage of repetition—when the matter becomes rhythmically tangible at least, and shapes itself into a whole of sometimes a dozen stanzas, and goes on repeating itself over and over and over 'til it is printed indelibly on my mind.

"This stage heralds sleep at last, from which I wake refreshed and free from the toils of my persecutor; but—some senseless piece of rhyme is printed on my mind, and I go about repeating it as though I had committed it from the pages of some book. I often write these jingles afterward, though I believe I never could forget a word of them.

"This is the history of the 'Craquedom.' This is the history of the poem I give below ('Wrangdillon'). I have theorised in vain. I went gravely to a doctor on one occasion, and asked him seriously if he didn't think I was crazy. His laconic reply that he 'never saw a poet that wasn't!' is not without its consolations."

In obedience to the demands for news items, and as a kind of compromise between poems and locals, he began to write a series of advertisements, filling whole columns with a continued strain of verse which ran for more than two months; in fact, until he ran out of material and himself out of the *Democrat*. In long, short, and common meter, in pentameter and tetrameter, hexameter and heptameter, he sung of the bakers and the bankers, the drug-

gists and the dentists, the grocers and the grinders, the merchants and the milliners, the tailors and the tinnerns, sounding their praises throughout the borders of Madison County.

The introduction gave a fair promise of what was to follow:

ANDERSON.

An Idyl of To-day.

The Blunt Blade of Business Ground to an
Ethereal Edge—Our Feet at the Crank.

Motto: Grind till the last armed (?) foe
expires.

Invocation.

O courteous Muse, you have served me so
long

As guide thro' the devious highways of
song;

And ever have led me with willingest hand
Adown the dim aisles of that fanciful land,
Where even Aladdin—the luckiest scamp
That ever was spared by a kerosene lamp—
Not happier was, or more burdened with
bliss

Than the poor impecunious writer of this.
And as I recall with a rapturous thrill
The ripe fruits of rhyme which I gathered
at will—

The lush juicy clusters on Poesy's tree
That weighed down the limbs to accommo-
date me,—

The jet of my thanks flashes into a blaze
That will brighten my life all the rest of
my days.

And so as the gas glimmers over my brow
And gleams on the pencil I am writing with
now—

And glances from that with a jocular flash
To redden already my ruddy mustache;—
I can but give over all yearnings for fame,
To write a few lines with the singular aim
Of pleasing the world with an Idyl that
rings

The music of business and practical things.
And ever indulged and generous Muse,
You may give me occasional lifts, if you
choose—

If not I shall stagger along all the same,
And so if I falter, why yours is the blame.

This business "Idyl," which went on to give nearly one hundred rhyming notices, was a great success, and challenged the wonder of the patrons of the *Democrat*. Even the "grangers" could understand this kind of poetry.

In these few months, when day and night his brain was in a maddening whirl of rhyming groceries and merchandise, with a list of "personal mention" threatening him with distraction, the poet's inner, better thoughts were clamouring for expression. Turning from his medley of cares and wares, he always found sympathetic converse in his artist friend, Samuel Richards, with whom walks and talks led to many an outburst of hidden hope and smothered sentiment.

The death of Richards's baby boy made upon Riley one of the deep impressions of his life. For the first time he found himself one of the bearers of a funeral bier; for the first time he cou'd not speak to his friend of what was in his heart. But a few days later there appeared the following lines dedicated to a child:

HARLIE.

Let flowers be the baby's epitaph.

Fold the little waxen hands
Lightly. Let your warmest tears
Speak regrets, but never fears,—
Heaven understands.

Let the sad heart o'er the tomb
Lift again and burst in bloom,
Fragrant with a prayer as sweet
As the lily at your feet.

Bend and kiss the folded eyes—
They are only feigning sleep
While their truant glances peep
Into Paradise.
See the face, tho' cold and white,
Holds a hint of some delight
E'en with Death, whose finger tips
Rest upon the frozen lips.

When within the years to come,
Vanished echoes live once more—
Pattering footsteps on the floor,
And the sounds of home,—

Let your arms, in fancy, fold
Little Harlie as of old—
As of old, and as he waits
At the City's golden gates.

When this exquisite poem appeared in the town paper, it was simply signed R.; but the initial meant quite as much as did James Whitcomb Riley, or the J. W. Riley, over which he was accustomed to write. In those days Riley felt himself much handicapped by his name, which he declared led all the rest on the roster of commonplace names.

"What can a man ever hope to be who must sign himself *J. W. Riley?*" he would often say, especially at the arrival of his poems on their usual return trips from the magazines. He claimed to believe there was not so much in what a man wrote, as in the name over which it was written, especially after a reputation has once been established. Then the public is no longer critical, he insisted, but ready to accept anything from an author who has been passed into the register of noted recognition. He declared he would be willing to wager that, if he were to write a poem over a name already known to fame in literature, it would be received without question, regardless of its merit.

This assertion, made and received half in jest, half in earnest, gave rise to a very significant episode in the life of the young poet. It was some days afterward, in the law office of a mutual friend where Riley and Richards and a few others often rendezvoused.

Riley seemed nervous, when hesitatingly he took from his pocket a piece of paper, saying: "Last night I couldn't sleep, and so I got out of bed and wrote this." Impatient at Riley's trepidation, the lawyer took the paper from him, and read aloud the lines of a poem entitled "Leonanie," written in the style of Edgar Allan Poe.

It was enthusiastically received and commented upon, when Riley announced that this little poem was to be the test of his theory as to the value of a reputation. A plan of local campaign-

ing was afterward decided upon, from which no end of amusement was to be realised, and which was to settle the oft disputed question. As to any weighty consequences which might arise from this experiment there was no thought.

A young college graduate in a neighbouring town had just started on the ambitious career of an editor on a county paper. His tastes, however, were rather those of a student than of a law-giver in local politics, and consequently he became deeply interested in the poetry of the Anderson *Democrat*, which he found among his exchanges. He copied these poems into his own paper, with most laudatory comment, although the author was to him unknown. He surmised, however, that these unsigned but "leaded" poems must be from some member of the *Democrat* office.

Riley had been touched by this neighbourly recognition, for at home his editor-in-chief had few words of encouragement, and in the fulness of his heart he had written to express his gratitude for the "friendly hand extended out of the impenetrable." His doubt of any wider appreciation than that near home, however, he made no attempt to conceal, for, "of course," he wrote, "these Eastern critics will say that nothing good can come out of Indiana;—that this is not the soil out of which poets grow—besides the name *Riley* is enough in itself to wither any prospect." As a still further stumbling block, he humourously enumerated, among other characteristics of his pen, that of writing "*while* when Eastern authors write *whilst*."

When "*Leonanie*" was written, Riley naturally turned to his unseen admirer of the Kokomo *Despatch*, explaining by letter the proposed joke, and asking his co-operation in launching his poem upon the public, it not being deemed prudent to publish it in the *Democrat*, where its origin might be suspected. The Kokomo editor was delighted with the project, and promised most hearty assistance.

As Riley afterward said, in looking about over the list of dead poets, he had selected Poe as a little in the hoaxing line himself, holding that perhaps he would not particularly care if some liberties were taken with his name. The fictitious account of the origin and discovery of "*Leonanie*," which Riley himself had devised, had cost him more time and pains than the poem itself, yet this production was rejected as being too fanciful, and one of the Kokomo editor's own manufacture was substituted.

Riley's proposed story of the *discovery of Leonanie* was as follows:

In the woods of Howard County, Indiana, a belated hunter, whom the editor was to represent as himself, had lost his way. A terrific storm broke forth, and as he wandered about in the drenching rain and pitchy darkness, a faint light suddenly appeared in the distance. Guided by its flickering, he made his way toward it, which brought him to a cave-like opening in the side of a hill. (The Kokomo editor claims there isn't a hill in Howard County big enough for a prairie dog to hide in.)

Upon peering into the cavern, he saw a misshapen, hunch-backed dwarf preparing his evening meal over some coals heaped together on the earth floor. The hunter asked for shelter from the storm, which the gnome-like creature only half granted.

In this hermit's room there was a three-legged stool and a rickety table upon which was an old book. The hunter, curiously turning over the leaves, espied on a fly-leaf the lines of a poem, evidently written a long while ago, and signed E. A. P. On being questioned, the little figure of a man, hitherto as uncommunicative as a sphinx, suddenly became alert, and told how it came to be written in his grandfather's inn in Virginia. The details and descriptions from there on were the same as were used in the substituted story, which was published as follows, in the Kokomo *Despatch* of August 2, 1877:

POSTHUMOUS POETRY

A Hitherto Unpublished Poem of the Lamented Edgar Allan Poe, Written on the Fly-leaf of an Old Book Now in Possession of a Gentleman in This City.

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any published collection of Poe's poems now extant, or in any magazine or newspaper of any description; and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, the *Despatch* shall claim the honour of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet whom we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession, after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing up the book he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials, E. A. P. at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it, we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence:

He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was a young man, that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstance and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night, just be-

fore bed-time, a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and, being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.

That the above statement is true and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any one who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters, and is almost as legible as print itself, although somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscript which we notice is that it contains not the least sign of erasure, or a single interlineated word. We give the poem verbatim—just as it appears in the original. Here it is:

LEONANIE

Leonanie—angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blóssomed up to meet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot, as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom):

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper;—

"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer and lifted
Where my Leonanie drifted
From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

To be able to furnish the proof of Poe's authorship in the event of a possible investigation, it was deemed necessary to counterfeit Poe's handwriting. Lithographic facsimiles of a few lines of that author's original manuscripts having been obtained, Richards, the partner in the coalition, who was an expert with the pen, had gone to work diligently practising with pale ink on the blank pages of old yellowed books, to imitate the chirography of Edgar Allan Poe.

Richards's interest and enthusiasm rivalled Riley's own, and every day his experiments grew more and more like the original. At last the transcript was pronounced beyond detection, the same accuracy in punctuation, the same carefulness in copy, which marked Poe's own manuscripts, having been skilfully imitated. It was then copied on one of the blank leaves of an old *Ainsworth Latin-English Dictionary*, from the lawyer friend's library, and forwarded to the Kokomo editor, who contributed further to the plot by coaching an old man in his town in the rôle of the possessor of the book, and of the grandson of the mythical tavern keeper in Virginia.

The rival of the *Democrat*, the *Anderson Herald*, in copying "Leonanie" from the Kokomo *Despatch* the next week after its appearance, delivered itself of the following:

"We expect a rhapsody of jealous censure from the jingling editor of the sheet across the way, and shall wait

with the first anxiety ever experienced for the appearance of the *Democrat*. We look for an exhausting and damning criticism from Riley, who will doubtless fail to see "Leonanie's" apocryphal merit, and discover its obvious faults. As it is, we are led to believe "Leonanie," to quote from Riley, is a 'superior quality of the poetical fungus, which springs from the decay of better thoughts.'"

Sure enough, the poet of the *Democrat* did come out with a long article upon the literary discovery announced in the Kokomo *Despatch*, in which, as he wrote, "the following extract from a lush and juicy article occurs." Reproducing the poem and its strange story, he proceeded with the predicted "jealous censure":

"We frankly admit that, upon first reading of the article, we inwardly resolved to ignore it entirely. Passing the many assailable points of the story regarding the birth and late discovery of the poem, we shall briefly consider first—Is Poe the author of it?

"That a poem contains some literary excellence is no assurance that its author is a genius known to fame, for how many waifs of richest worth are now afloat upon the literary sea, whose authors are unknown, and whose nameless names have never marked the graves that hide their hidden value from the world; and in the present instance we have no right to say: 'This is Poe's work—for who but Poe could mould a name like "Leonanie"?' and all that sort of flighty flummery. Let us look deeper down, and pierce below the glare and gurgle of the surface and analyse it at its real worth.

"Now we are ready to consider,—Is the theme of the poem one that Poe would have been likely to select? We think not; for we have good authority showing that Poe had a positive aversion to children, and especially babies; and then again, the thought embodied in the very opening line is not new—or at least the poet has before expressed it where he speaks of that 'rare and ra-

diant maiden whom the *angels* name Lenore,' and a careful analysis of the remainder of the stanza fails to discover a single quality above mere change of form or transposition.

"The second verse will be a more difficult matter to contest; for we find in it throughout not only Poe's peculiar bent of thought, but new features of that weird faculty of attractively combining with the delicate and beautiful, the dread and repulsive—a power most rarely manifest, and quite beyond the bounds of imitation. In fact the only flaw we find at which to pick is the strange omission of capitals beginning the personified words, 'joy' and 'doom.' This, however, may be an error of the compositor's, but not probably.

"The third stanza drops again. True it gives us some new thoughts, but of very secondary worth compared with the foregoing, and in such commonplace diction the Poe characteristic is almost lost.

"The first line of the concluding stanza, although embodying a highly poetical idea, is not at all like Poe; but rather so *unlike*, and for such weighty reasons we are almost assured that the thought could not have emanated from him. It is a fact less known than remarkable, that Poe avoided the name of the Deity. Although he never tires of *angels* and the heavenly cherubim, the word *God* seems strangely ostracised. That this is true, one has but to search his poems; and we think we are safe in the assertion that in all that he has ever written the word of God is not mentioned twenty times. In further evidence of this peculiar aversion of the poet we quote his utterance:

Oh, Heaven: Oh, God:

How my heart beats in coupling these words!

"The remainder of the concluding verse is mediocre till the few lines that complete it—and there again the Poe element is strongly marked. To sum the poem as a whole we are at some loss. It most certainly contains rare at-

tributes of grace and beauty; and although we have not the temerity to accuse the gifted poet of its authorship, for equal strength of reason we cannot deny that it is his production: but as for the enthusiastic editor of the *Despatch*, we are not inclined, as yet, to the belief that he is wholly impervious to the wiles of deception."

In its next issue the *Herald* man congratulated himself on his fulfilled prophecy. "True to our prognostication of last week," he said, "J. W. Riley, editor of the *Democrat*, slashes into 'Leonanie' in a jealous manner." The poet's criticism and scepticism were further commented upon in a column article.

"Leonanie," with lengthy dissertations, was widely copied. From newspapers the story of the "literary find" spread into more critical quarters. Article after article, in proof of the genuineness of Poe's "Leonanie," appeared over the names of known critics. The presumptuous youth of a weekly newspaper, who sought to disclaim or cast a doubt on that which men of judgment accepted as genuine, was himself engulfed, while his poem continued to go the rounds of appreciative notice.

A Boston publishing house, which had a "Life of Poe" in preparation, now wrote to the *Despatch*, asking for the original manuscript of "Leonanie." It seemed that the most sanguine expectations of the merry plotters were to be more than realised. Then it began to dawn upon them that jokes sometimes have unpleasant consequences; that this joke in particular had assumed such huge proportions that it had become a risk to carry longer. The possibilities of two versions of a joke for the first time suggested itself, but with the battery handles tight in the grasp of the perpetrators, it was difficult to let go.

Riley himself, appalled at the success of his literary fraud, repeatedly wrote to the Kokomo editor to *turn off* the current, to put an end to it all before it became too serious, by an explanation

to the public, but the editor, Mr. Henderson, was enjoying it too well, and insisted that the time had not yet come for the dénouement. It was finally decided that prudence at least forbade sending the manuscript to the publishers in Boston, and so its delivery was refused.

At last the senior editor of the *Anderson Herald*, learning the true story of "Leonanie's" authorship, generously communicated information of the facts to the *Kokomo Tribune*, the rival of the *Despatch*, the exposure of whose hoax and the author presented opportunities to "even up" some old scores of journalistic jealousies:

Through the boastful communication of a young son of the *Tribune's* editor, that "his father was going to print something about the *Despatch's* big stories," Mr. Henderson had timely warn-

ing, and in his next issue, anticipating the rival exposure, pricked his own bubble, disclosing the true authorship of "Leonanie."

The old dictionary with "Leonanie" on its fly-leaf, which laid about the *Despatch* printing office for some months unclaimed, finally passed into the hands of Mr. Foote, a New York banker, who had purchased the book from an enterprising printer, without the knowledge, however, of Mr. Riley. It is now in the possession of Mr. Paul Kemperly, a book collector of Cleveland.

To say that Riley won his wager would be only half the truth, for his joke on the literary world exceeded his wildest expectations; but for him it had so far lost its zest that he would not bear to have allusion made to it years after he had been wholly fledged from local editor to poet.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE*

BY GEORGE BARR BAKER

It seems only yesterday that the United States representative in Europe was one of the few men who in Rome carefully must refrain from doing as the Romans did. On the contrary, he was expected conspicuously to shine forth as one apart from the suave and conventional diplomats of effete Europe; to wear an air of aggression, even of contempt for his surroundings, after the manner of "Cy. Perkins," of Pumpkinville, who attended his nephew's dinner party in New York, clad as to the body in a "sack" suit, but as to mental attitude, in an atmosphere of indignation at the reversion of his relative into habits of aristocratic delicacy and extravagance. Much of this might be ascribed to ex-

treme sensitiveness, to a general desire, more or less subconscious, to conceal under an air of brusque independence the feeling that, despite our sudden wealth, power and great expectations, we were not yet, as a nation, quite "in society," whatever that may be.

Ours was the first nation ever born fully civilised. The Republic came into being physically healthy, largely because its component parts embraced only that which had been fittest to survive; aggressive, because only the most aggressive could have attempted what was achieved; of a fearfully intense mentality, because only through the aid of such a quality could the early dreams of empire so quickly have been moulded into something like a successfully working model. But beyond all this, the nation seems to have made its entry into life with a lusty wail of protest. Aristocrats from Europe came protesting against conditions which made them less

*Mr. Baker's paper, published originally in *THE BOOKMAN* for July, 1906, has an interest now that it did not then have. In some early issue we shall probably print the companion paper, on "The American Consular Service," by H. G. Dwight, author of *Stamboul Nights*.

powerful than their friends, rivals and relations; came determined to found new fortunes and large estates which should make them as great as those they had left behind. Dissenters from the Anglican and Roman churches came protesting their right to worship in their own sweet way, and to force others to agree with them. Irishmen, weary of paying rent, came protesting that they must acquire land and tenants of their own. Missionaries came to teach the poor Indian that he must go their way in peace or go to the devil. Germans and Frenchmen came protesting against all manner of things in the constituted order of their own countries; while the Dutch, who came mostly to make a new Holland under old conditions, protested so little that they often have been lost to view in the stump-speaking school of general information. At best they seem to have remained what they had been in free and hospitable Holland—merely respectable, industrious, contented, stubborn, prosperous. Who ever heard of a Dutchman protesting that his business or social representative abroad was inclined to make too good an impression upon the people whom he was sent to impress? On the other hand, who that has lived in the West and Middle West has failed to hear representatives of the other dominant elements of our make-up rail at the subservient attitude of this, that, and the other minister to various countries, particularly those accredited to the Court of St. James?

All of which, perhaps, brings us to the fact that, despite the protests of our progenitors, their points of view were as wide apart as the poles. The different communities had little in common except their spirit of protest, and it was only by the exercise of the wisest diplomacy that they were held together long enough to get them to agree to a constitution under which they and their descendants might live in mutual harmony, and for whose integrity they might freely give their lives. Nor was it anything like shirtsleeve diplomacy which Gouverneur Morris, for instance,

displayed, when at the psychological moment he stepped forward with his draft of the Constitution, calming the ruffled and bewildered spirits of the assembled colonial representatives, and with a smoothness and tact not sufficiently well known to the school board of orators of a later date, brought assent out of dissent, and secured the adoption of that immortal document. If this was not the first diplomatic act *under* the Constitution it was, to a certainty, the first diplomatic triumph immediately ratified by the Constitution.

Gouverneur Morris, moreover, was a man inclined to polite ways and accustomed to dress in the best fashion of the period. He lived in a good house, the site of which is still known as Morrisania, and there is little doubt that had he been alive and a foreign minister or ambassador during the middle or toward the close of the nineteenth century, a certain type of newspaper and a large number of vociferous patriots would have found occasion bitterly to protest against those very qualities which placed the nation under peculiar obligation to him at a critical point in history. His natural impulse, as well as his training, must certainly have impelled him to conduct himself at a foreign court in a manner indicating that he was to the manner born, and to a certain extent in sympathy with those about him.

AN AMERICAN GRIEVANCE

But during this middle period of our history as a nation there had grown up a distinct difference of opinion between the popular American idea and the general European conception of ministerial or ambassadorial functions. Indeed, the ambassador, as a superior title, had been tabooed. In the United States the opinion most loudly prevailing was that the minister from this country was the direct representative of the people at the various courts and that it was his business to please the aforesaid people, individually and collectively, on pain of unbridled and unstinted condemnation

by all concerned. A goodly proportion of the public press stood ready at all times to make "copy" out of the complaints of any and every citizen and citizeness who had a grievance against his or her representative in any foreign country.

If Mrs. Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey, whose husband had been left at home to keep the wolf from dogging too closely at Mrs. Jones's heels, happened to reach London in the height of the season, she was apt to take a penny bus or a shilling cab down Victoria Street to the American Embassy. Arriving at that dingy headquarters of the great American Republic, she entered, modestly, of course, and informed the first person she met that she was Mrs. James Hodgson Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey; told him just exactly what Paterson and Mrs. Jones thought of the existing administration, and—by that time, the person first addressed generally managed to make her understand that he was not the son of the ambassador. Indeed, deeply as he regretted it, he was merely a clerk. She did not, as a rule, notice that he pronounced the word "clerk," because she was busy collecting breath for a second onslaught, which ran something like this:

"Ah, to be sure. But then you are a citizen of our glorious land of the free, where no man ever bowed the knee save in homage to his countrywomen, who are acknowledged by all the world to be—

"What? Not American! Well, of all the impudence— Is this the American Embassy?

"Oh, it is! And the young gentleman over there is the third secretary? Why didn't you say so? Glad to meet you, sir. So you are the third secretary. The minister not at home? Well, I'm sorry. You see, I hated to go through London without calling on our own representative. I've brought a flag with me all the way from home. You should have seen me wave it from the omnibus when that conductor refused to take my American money for fare. I told him how

'shamed he ought to be, living at the beck and call of a king and a lot of lords. I don't see how you stand their ways over here, but I suppose you go mostly with Americans, and the others may be a good study. I'm very fond of studies myself, and, and—"

During all this interesting conversation, the third secretary had been making a mental estimate of the lady, putting in an occasional "yes, indeed," or other politely meaningless response, but really coming to a decision as to the exact degree of attention due her. Apparently, she was without one of those formidable-looking documents signed by the Secretary of State, requesting that she receive every possible purely social courtesy from United States officers abroad. The possession of such a paper would have indicated that in some way, possibly remote, she had a connection with a Congressman or Senator, who had been asked to provide credentials. In this event, she might have received an invitation to sit in the gallery of a big hotel banquet-hall and listen to the speeches at a Fourth of July celebration, or something equally delicate and instructive. She might even have secured a pass to the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons. But as her only means of identification were her Jersey intonation and a card containing her husband's full name, and as the room was even now rapidly filling with other Mrs. Joneses, some with evidences of political or social influence which could not be ignored, the third secretary, with perfect manner, expressed his joy at the possibility of Mr. Jones changing his politics and supporting the President, if he "runs again," and while pressing upon her some tickets to an agricultural show or a parade in Hyde Park, gently, but firmly, got her headed toward the door. There the long-suffering Englishman tactfully assisted in her eviction as far as the vestibule, at which point the well-trained "commissionaire," of any possible nationality excepting American or English, helped her into a cab or bus, with instructions as to her destination.

Some time later Mrs. Jones recovered from her bewilderment with something of a shock. She did not like the agricultural show, or the parade in Hyde Park, because it transpired that, although she was near many of the hated aristocrats, she was not placed with them, which was absurd. She felt herself entitled to such a place, and knew it was only a scheme of those horrid embassy folks to keep her from asserting herself among her equals. It was pretty hard for a perfectly democratic person of her social position to be obliged to stand among the common people, and she let Mr. Jones, of Paterson, know it by the first post. She harped upon the subject, enlarging upon the enormities of a snobbish minister and his minions, who had grown so devoted to English life that they had no time for nice, cordial, patriotic ladies from home. An accumulation of Mesdames Jones caused a series of bitter letters to local newspapers. Metropolitan papers, having the additional grievance that the minister had grown somewhat complimentary to his hosts at public dinners, carried the various embassy outrages into large headlines, and at least one man ceased to be popular in the national and local politics of his own country.

Yet the chances are that had the poor man been able to discharge his daily routine, attend necessary social functions, look after the interests of all who came with political influence, which included getting a considerable number of women presented at court, and at the same time have found time personally to meet and entertain all of his fellow-countrymen and women, he would have done so with pleasure. But the volume of travel from America, increasing enormously with every year, without in the least increasing the income, the staff, or the space allotted the embassies, had far outstripped the capacity of the minister to be a personal representative of each of his masters.

In this rush of travellers, the women predominated, as did their demands, and this it was which caused the late king

of Italy, on one occasion, to exclaim, when the names of a lot of American women had been offered for presentation at his court, "Great Heavens! have these women no husbands? How can it be that respectable women make these important arrangements without their natural escort?"

THE ENVOY'S REAL STATUS

Thus the real status, the *raison d'être*, of the envoy frequently was quite lost to sight. The fact is, an ambassador or minister plenipotentiary is the direct medium of communication between the heads of two governments. He is an officer sent by one sovereign power to treat with another on affairs of state. His credentials are directly from one sovereign to another, or, in the case of a republic, from the chief executive of that republic to the King, or Emperor, of the country to which he is accredited. He represents not only the affairs, but the power and dignity of his master. By the law of nations he has many special privileges, chief of which is exemption from control of municipal laws, and this exemption extends to his entire suite, as well as his wife, his chaplain and his household generally. To all intents and purposes his house is territory of the country he represents. The dignity is so great that the most distinguished noblemen are proud to enter the service, and in Europe, at least, the career of diplomacy is one for which families of importance select their young men with great care.

The practice generally adopted provides that a youth entering the service must be possessed of an income sufficient to enable him to live well and pay his debts, as any scandal arising from unpaid embassy obligations is considered the offence of the sovereign and the nation from which he comes. From the position of minor secretary, the youth is expected by slow degrees to progress through various stages toward a first secretaryship, and thence to the title of minister to a small court, from which

he may go as high as his talents, tact, and personality can carry him. The gift of popularity is an important factor. Not popularity with the crowd, but with the sovereign to whom he is accredited, and with that sovereign's government.

Many years of training teach the aspiring diplomat the value of a knowledge of form, of custom, and of tradition, without which qualities the most learned and well meaning of men is certain frequently to cause annoyance or to give actual offence.

Mr. Godkin, some twenty years ago, in the *North American Review*, expressed our own situation rather bitterly when he said:

"The unorganised and untrained character of our diplomatists has not resulted in much mischief hitherto, because of our geographical isolation from the other great powers, and because, therefore, the other great powers have generally agreed to treat us as mere amateurs who were not to be held accountable for our language. The American minister is nowhere abroad considered a real member of the diplomatic corps. His mistakes, therefore, do not count. His indiscretions excite amusement or sympathy. He is understood to be a politician, with home interests which are much more important than his diplomatic interests."

Mr. Godkin then cited a case where Mr. William C. Whitney saw in the Mediterranean something of an international character which he gave to the public as having "made his blood boil" against a power friendly to the United States.

THE DIPLOMACY OF FRANKLIN

Now had the expression come from a recent cabinet minister and intimate of the chief executive of any other great power, Europe would have been found for some days in an excited state of mind. The statement would have been taken as representing some definite policy or feeling on the part of the government involved.

As it was, Europe laughed. Mr. Whitney, personally, was respected and liked in several capitals, but Mr. Whitney, ex-cabinet minister, etc., was not expected to observe the amenities of international intercourse.

Politicians opposing the idea of a trained diplomatic service, generally point to the success of Franklin in support of their claims. It is true that Franklin went to France without knowledge or experience of court forms, and it is equally true that Franklin remains a tradition recognised by all the world as the highest and best, as well as the most successful. But so is it true that Adams, also without diplomatic training, joined Franklin in Paris, and came uncomfortably close to upsetting much of the latter's great work.

Franklin went to France at a time when a blasé court and public sought eagerly for something new and diverting. He represented a new and strange nation, a democracy which was making the hated English uncomfortable. His appearance corresponded with the Parisian ideal of an apostle of freedom and democracy, but had he lacked other qualifications he soon must have gone the way of all nine days wonders. Franklin was a scientist, a publicist, a philosopher, a poet, and, probably above all things for the good of his country at that moment, a phrase-maker. He charmed the French with his wit, giving them something to repeat and something to look forward to. And Franklin was no prude. He had no noticeable puritanism. He was fond of the ladies, knew how to please them, recognised their influence, and used them for his own entertainment and his nation's welfare.

Franklin could breakfast easily with Madame at one o'clock, in her boudoir; could dine splendidly with mesdames and messieurs in the evening, and at night could charm the salon, at the same time quietly working to make the influential about him realise how fine a thing it would be for France to help the struggling people across the seas;

France, the friend of the oppressed; France, the beneficent.

Then came Adams—just as good a man and patriot as Franklin, but narrow, insular, puritanical, without finesse, incapable of understanding French mental processes. Adams wanted France to see that to help America was to injure England, and therefore to help France. The chivalrous side was to be submerged.

The bare intimation of such a thing created a chilling atmosphere, requiring all of the astute and charming Franklin's subtleties to thaw. No, if France were to help, it must be done with every art of what Mr. Peter McArthur called that "high and mendacious courtesy," which could hide any ulterior motive under a spangled cloak of noble philanthropy.

FORMS AND CEREMONIALS

The French, like their neighbours, had grown formal with the centuries. When our Republic came into being, more than two thousand years had elapsed since one C. Flavius had stolen from his employer, Appius, a list of the forms employed in Roman law, and published them for the good of his fellow-citizens. Since that day "forms, formulas and formalities" have multiplied beyond the realising powers of the most arithmetically organised mind. During those twenty centuries "a great part of the inventive genius of man had been directed, in every land, among every tribe, to the discovery and framing of new special shapes of rules, wordings, documents, reports and regulations, all rendered obligatory, at some time or other, by edict or by usage. More books have been written about forms than on any other subject that the world has known. Forms have been created for every act of life—Greek fire, dinner, troubadours, women's rights, gladiators, salvation, chemistry, single combat, cricket, cockfighting and revolutions. Only the fractiousness of nature has prevented legislators from affixing strict formalities to earthquakes,

avalanches, meteors and typhoons. Everything is controlled by form. Passports, quarantines, rights of local jurisdiction, naturalisation, domicile and the length of a court train, all the thousand and one complicated observances between people, are but international formalities, just as are treaties."

All may be broken, treaties, trains and quarantines, but each break carries with it a certain amount of disorganisation and discomfort, besides bringing the offender into disfavour. Most conventions are the outgrowth of a desire for order, for comfort in the management of the affairs of life. To be unconventional only too frequently is to conduct one's self in a manner inconvenient, if not positively harmful, to others.

One of the earliest Anglo-Saxon forms, or conventions, was an edict to the effect that "no noble shall give the queen a blow or snatch anything with violence from her, under penalty of incurring her majesty's displeasure."

Imagine the situation of the royal lady in question if she had been forced constantly to live in a court where an envoy from some Welsh king might, at dinner, have adopted the ruse of dealing her a blow in the face to detract her attention while he snatched a tit-bit from her majesty's trencher! Yet when Tennyson, in his ignorance or perversity, stood before the fireplace upon the mat kept sacred to Queen Victoria, he is said to have disturbed her royal composure quite as seriously as did the rude courtiers of her more robust predecessor.

"What," says an old writer, "what, we may ask, would be a court *without* ceremony, and what the dignity of a sovereign if divested of all forms, ill understood by, and consequently awful, to the vulgar?"

Ceremonies, originally, were few in number, simply because there were few officers of state to stand between sovereign and subject, and to enforce an observance of them. But royalty grew exclusive as the nobility grew rich and powerful.

To the possession of the landed es-

tates conferred by the Conqueror upon his Norman followers, many before unheard-of services connected with the king's person and dwelling were attached, and thus, almost imperceptibly, the number of royal officers increased, until the sovereign came to be surrounded by an assemblage of officials who showed the nation at large their own grandeur by exacting profound reverence both toward themselves and their royal masters.

Thus began the modern era of puppet kings, sovereigns who reign, but do not rule. Elizabeth was a maiden lady of so fierce a will and so cunning a mind that she kept a fairly sharp check upon the foreign envoy, as well as upon her own ministers, but her successor, James, on his arrival from Scotland, faced a different problem. Ambassadors from nearly every court awaited him, prepared to offer congratulations on his new dignities, to exalt his sacred person in the eyes of the public, but at the same time to force from king, noble and commoner, the recognition due themselves as personal representatives of their respective royal masters.

At this date, ambassadors were ready to fight and die for the principle that they were entitled to the same degree of attention as in their own countries was given their king.

The Spanish and French envoys were the most troublesome, each scrupulously careful to prevent the other from securing any especial favour. They maintained quite royal establishments, and drove about with splendid escorts, demanding precedence over all but the king himself. Indeed, the prerogatives of ambassadors became in many cases almost greater than those of the sovereigns they represented. For a long time they exercised the direct right of judgment, and consequently of life and death, over the members of their suites. Their houses, and even their carriages, were recognised asylums from all local justice, and often served as such for criminals of any nationality. They kept guards for the defence of these rights,

often carrying their pretensions to ridiculous extremes.

When Rosney came to London as special envoy to greet James, a brawl occurred between some of his suite and a crowd of Englishmen, in which one of the latter was killed. Rosney instituted an inquiry, discovered the murderer, sentenced him to death, and notified the lord mayor that he might at any time proceed with the execution.

But after he had been given into the lord mayor's custody, the poor man managed to get a hearing before the resident French ambassador, who, on his plea of justification, laid the matter before King James. The latter granted a pardon.

When Rosney heard what had occurred, he lodged a protest with the French king, who demanded to know by what right the British sovereign had interfered with what was purely a private affair of Rosney's. A serious crisis finally was averted by complete surrender to Rosney.

Under such conditions it may be imagined that each capital came to maintain as many sovereigns as there were ambassadors. In Venice, Madrid, Rome and Frankfort each ambassador marked out a portion of territory surrounding his residence, wherein he exercised the *franchise de quartier*, maintaining discipline therein, to the exclusion of all local officers of justice. Prowlers were hanged by order of the ambassador.

In 1680 the King of Spain, exasperated by many excesses of the envoys, made a vigorous attempt to resume sway over his own territory, but the French ambassador, de Villiers, whose lawless conduct had caused most of the trouble, made such threats of reprisals that the question was dropped.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

We have had experiences in this country of secretaries to foreign embassies refusing to submit to arrest at the hands of constables who accused them of driving motor cars beyond the speed limit.

Some of our newspapers were inclined to censure the gentlemen for what they deemed a breach of good manners. Some even went so far as to give an impression that the affair was the entering wedge to a class distinction, forgetting, or, owing to the general courtesy of European papers, not knowing that secretaries of American embassies abroad frequently have exercised privileges denied to the most powerful of nobles not protected by international custom.

A number of years ago, a genial American, distinguished in the foreign service, was dining in London with another American, also in the diplomatic field. After dinner, the night being fine, they set out for a motor ride to Windsor. At 8:30 o'clock, there seemed to be sufficient daylight to complete the run of four or five miles into town without lighting the lamps.

A few minutes later, however, when they were running at full speed, the sky became rapidly overcast, and a constable ordered them to halt.

"Name and address, please," said the man of the law, the custom being to send a summons to the offender notifying him when and where to appear.

Knowing all this, and being somewhat annoyed with themselves for a carelessness which might bring them into unpleasant prominence, both gentlemen promptly handed the officer their cards, explained that darkness had come more suddenly than they had expected, and, after lighting their lamps, proceeded on their way. In these latter preparations the constable had willingly assisted, explaining that he had no desire to seem officious, but was there to perform his duty.

They were just getting under way, when a second halt was called. This time the constable, carrying their cards in his hand, approached the car with great deference.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but I had not looked at the addresses on your cards. Am I to understand that you are in the foreign service?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but what of it?"

"Well, sirs," said the constable diffidently, "I am afraid you are making sport of me. You must know that I have no authority over you."

A great light broke upon them. They had forgotten that they were exempt from the law. It was a happy thought, for rain was threatening. With a hearty good night, and with many thanks for the courtesy, they ordered their driver to make the best speed the engine could stand, and at the rate of something like forty miles an hour pounded through the village streets, leaving consternation in their path, but happy in their superiority to the law. Yet for a similar offence the Prime Minister of England recently had been obliged to pay a fine, while a prince of the blood royal, visiting England for the coronation, had been arrested in the street like any common offender, charged with disorderly conduct, in that he had set out from the palace to see London from the point of view of a man of the people, and, falling in with a gang of toughs, had drunk indiscreetly with them.

But there have been disputes among legal writers as to whether this exemption extends to all crimes, or whether it is limited so as not to include murder, arson, etc. "Practice," as Villefort says, "has always tended to exaggerate the law, which is not surprising when it is considered that privileges are precisely the sort of rights which are always trying to grow bigger."

During Cromwell's protectorate it was held that the restricted sense must obtain, and when the Portuguese ambassador was convicted of an atrocious murder he was executed. Now, however, it is generally conceded that the absolute inviolability of the person and household of an ambassador conducting the intercourse of nations is of greater importance than the punishment of a particular crime. For this reason there have been few examples of punishment of ambassadors in modern times.

Sir Edward Coke once held that an

Ambassador to the Court of St. James was answerable "for any contract which was good according to the law of nations," but during the reign of Queen Anne it was decided otherwise. It happened that the Russian ambassador of Peter the Great was arrested in London for a debt of about fifty pounds, dragged from his coach, and forced to appear before a magistrate. For some reason never clearly explained, instead of demanding to be released because of his rank, he gave bail and then appealed directly to the Queen. Anne promptly summoned the Privy Council, before whom some seventeen persons concerned in the arrest were called and committed to prison.

At their trial before the lord chief justice, the jury declared them guilty as to the facts alleged, but left it to the judges to decide just how far their acts were criminal. The judges could not agree, and the problem remains unsolved to this day; but Peter, regarding the Ambassador as being practically himself, deeply resented the affront, and demanded that the Sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned in the arrest be put to death.

Queen Anne, however, amazed the despotic court of the Czar by causing it to be explained that she was so situated as to be unable to punish even the meanest of her subjects, except after due process of law, and she therefore felt certain that he would not insist upon the impossible.

The matter might have been allowed to drag on until it was recorded among the forgotten incidents, but that the entire body of foreign representatives in London entered into the controversy, making common cause with Peter, and threatening serious international complications. To avert this, a bill was introduced and hurried through Parliament providing for the punishment in future of any "who might be guilty of such outrageous insolence."

Anne sent a special envoy to St. Petersburg to assure Peter that "though her majesty was unable to inflict such

a punishment as was desired, because of its defect, in that particular, of the former established constitutions of her kingdom, yet, with the unanimous consent of Parliament, she had caused a new law to be passed, to serve as a law for the future."

"This humiliating step," says Blackstone, "was accepted as full satisfaction by the Czar, and the offenders, at his request, were discharged from all further prosecution."

THE CASE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

It was because of this law that when some years ago the splendid French embassy in London was remodelled, and a new addition erected, it was possible for red tape in Paris to delay payment to British workmen and contractors until they were in despair.

It was impossible to attach the building itself, because it ranked as French territory; the ambassador could not be proceeded against, for even had a court been found to grant judgment, he could not have been forced to pay, and it was, obviously, equally out of the question to sue the French nation in a British court.

As the months passed, and men in a small way of business grew more and more cramped for need of money which they actually had put into that bit of France situated in the heart of London, they reached a point where they were willing to adopt any expedient which ingenuity might devise.

The ambassador and his suite, it should be understood, felt the position keenly, and were willing to help in any way within their power, but appeal after appeal to the various departments in Paris failed of result, until the creditors, as a final resort, determined to ascertain what virtue there might be in publicity. They would ask the newspapers to air their grievances.

At that moment, however, the two countries were in the first labour of the new *entente cordiale*; the French and the British were friends, and no paper cared to risk responsibility for fresh mis-

understandings by publishing matter which might be construed as unfriendly. "But," it was argued, "the French themselves would feel most annoyed if they knew that their creditors were being held up in this manner."

"Then why not ask the French press to interest itself?" was the response.

The idea seemed good, and the writer of this was asked diplomatically to approach the London correspondent of a great French daily. The matter was broached one night over coffee and cigars, when the air was filled with music and all things seemed favourable for a quiet talk over intimate affairs. It has been said that any subject may be freely discussed if time, place and opportunity synchronise, but it is to be doubted that the man who first gave voice to that sentiment ever approached a patriotic French journalist on a matter inimical to the policy of his political party. The coffee seemed to grow rank, the cigar stale, and the music to degenerate into jangling discord, as the gentleman of France gave vent to his opinion of any man who would not prefer the loss of a few paltry thousands to the possible interruption of an international good fellowship, while the newspaper man, who, merely to gain an exclusive sensation for his employers, would put his country in an unfair light, was given a reputation unspeakable. No, let the aggrieved parties journey to Paris, and there personally lay their troubles before the proper authorities.

The journey was made, but nothing came of it but polite regrets that the accounts had still to be endorsed by some department, while the writer found himself regarded with suspicion by the never-to-be-too-greatly admired correspondent.

Furious at this, one of the creditors, more influential than the others, attempted to have the matter brought up in Parliament, but, although one or two opposition members agreed to make the attempt, they seem later to have come so far under the influence of the new friendship that the question was

dropped, and the creditors were obliged to wait as best they could until, in the fullness of time, the proper department got a new appropriation, or a new approval, or found a way to utilise an old one. The last the writer knew of the situation the accounts were about two years old.

On the same principle, an American ambassador, paying in rent and fixed household expense more than his salary, and being obliged, in addition, to spend at least double the amount in keeping up anything like the dignity to which the United States is entitled by its position as a world power, might, by sudden reversal of fortune, become unable to pay his debts to foreign creditors, but unless the Government was willing to assume the responsibility, the scandal might go unpunished, and the creditors might whistle for their money.

A troublesome case arose in 1839, when Mr. Wheaton, then United States Minister to Prussia, attempted to move from one house to another. His former landlord, claiming that some stains on the walls had not been settled for, according to the terms of the lease, at the last moment seized the carpets and curtains as security for the alleged debt. Mr. Wheaton, claiming privilege, appealed to the Prussian Foreign Office, where it was asserted that as he had signed a lease like any other resident, he was in duty bound to submit to the regular process of law.

The immediate question, as to possession of the carpets and curtains, was, of course, instantly arranged, but the dispute continued until 1844, and then was left to die unsettled, while to the world at large was presented the anomaly of the most progressive of republics fighting for feudal prerogatives against the attempts of a monarchy to bring its customs into line with modern procedure.

The whole question is vague and individual. The "law of nations" is an empty phrase, and must remain so until a way is found to enforce it. Writers at best can only reproduce the argu-

ments of their predecessors, with personal variation, so that at best one can only generalise.

Yet, although custom admits that an ambassador is not amenable to any tribunal of the country in which he resides, he cannot misconduct himself with impunity. Should he persistently offend the laws and the customs of the country in which he resides, he may be complained of to his home government, or, if the offence is very serious, his recall may be demanded, or the sovereign to whom he has given offence may dismiss him peremptorily, and further, may insist that he be brought to trial in his own country. Among inferior privileges generally allowed ambassadors and ministers are exemption from general taxation, and freedom from import duty, although this, on account of abuses, has sometimes been limited.

The permanent ambassador of to-day is comparatively a modern institution, the original form being to send envoys extraordinary when occasion required, as when Mr. Reid was sent to the British coronation, and Mr. Whitridge to Spain.

PRINCE HENRY AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Since the Peace of Westphalia the title of "Excellency" has been given to all diplomatic agents of the first class, this including ministers plenipotentiary. Monarchies at first refused this title to republics, but Venice secured it by intrigue in 1636, since when its use has been general. Second and third class ministers cannot claim quite the honours accorded those of the first class, who may demand the same ceremonial that would be shown the sovereign himself were he present. This class included papal nuncios. The ambassador can at any reasonable time demand personal audience with the sovereign, while diplomats of the second and third class must deal through officers of state. For this reason the Ministry to Turkey has been raised to the rank of ambassadorship, and in future Abdul Hamid will

be forced to see the United States representative, whose troubles with the Porte, in the past, have added greatly to the gaiety of nations. This ambassadorial right leads to some interesting situations, as may be shown by an encounter between Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser, and a British ambassador. The two were old friends, but both were momentarily on official duty when they met at the grand entrance to an oriental audience chamber. Each wished to impress the observant strangers with the power of his own sovereign, but neither felt quite certain of his exact status. One was the brother of an emperor, the other the personal representative of a king. The Englishman might claim precedence if the prince was unofficial, but he did not know just how far the prince ranked as actual representative of the emperor. They stood for a moment after shaking hands, each waiting for the other to move. The delicacy of the situation doubtless impressed them both, and one of them later stated that while he saw the danger of being slighted, he was at the same time keenly alive to the complications which might arise if he administered a slight. However, with a smile, the prince solved the problem by taking the arm of the Englishman, and together, quite in step, they squeezed through the doorway.

SALARIES AND EXPENSES

With the increasing power and wealth of the United States, as well as with the growth of a national pride in the fact that not only are we "in society," as a nation, but that everywhere a man or a nation is judged largely by appearances, has come a demand for the highest class of men for the foreign embassies, and eight ambassadorships have been created. The salaries of \$17,500 a year to those in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Mexico, and now to those in Turkey, and \$12,000 to those at the Austro-Hungarian and Italian courts, have made it necessary that these

men of the highest class also be men of wealth. The mere expense of moving back and forth is considerable, while the rent of a house suitable to the office runs into figures which make the available balance of salary dwindle almost to the vanishing point. With Whitelaw Reid, practically for the first time, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain was housed in a manner to place him on a par, if not a little above, the representatives of the other great powers. If Mr. Reid did not pay more rent than twice the sum total of his salary, the owner was not receiving three per cent. on the value of his property. Indeed, it was said that the owner never cared to live in the house because its vast size called for an expenditure in mere light, heat, service and general upkeep scarcely warranted except by one in an official position. For years the building had been used largely for the entertainment of foreign visitors of note, and many are the stories of the woes of the owner arising from the peculiar habits and customs of a certain eastern potentate, whose great retinue was unaccustomed to the amenities of modern household life.

Mr. Choate had a fine house in aristocratic Carlton House Terrace, but toward the close of his term was forced to move because the owner, Lord Curzon, had returned to England. To the French, it must seem somewhat out of keeping with official dignity to find each succeeding United States ambassador house-hunting, and selecting a headquarters suited, not to the dignity of his position, but to the size of his income.

NAPOLÉON III AND HIS NEW ENGLAND PIE

But the French long since learned to smile politely at the oddities of their sister Republic. The wife of one United States representative, so tradition has it, once horrified the French court by sending her servants to occupy the imperial box at the theatre, when the monarch, as a token of respect and

friendship, had placed it at her disposal for the occasion. Needless to say, the act of courtesy was almost a command that the embassy party attend the theatre, and when it was found that they would be unable to do so, the fact should have been communicated to the sovereign through the proper channels. The scandal, still according to tradition, was hushed only because of the lady's rare charm and the court's sense of the ridiculous. On another occasion the Emperor and Empress are reported to have expressed a desire to taste genuine American pie, of the New England variety. The minister's wife therefore arranged a dinner at her house, where the *piece de resistance* was to be a pie. All went well until the time arrived for the pie. It was brought on with some ceremony, those present displaying as much interest and curiosity as etiquette permitted. Imagine, then, the horror which filled the breast of the poor minister when he saw that the pie had been raped of one small piece. Looking sadly toward his wife, who sat at the right of the Emperor, he was met by a guilty smile, and the hurried explanation that she had gone to the kitchen just before dinner, to see that all was as it should be, when the sight of the pie had proved too tempting for her, and impulsively she had cut and eaten of it.

To the minds of most of her hearers, it is hard to say which offence had the worst effect, the visit of a *grande dame* to the kitchen, or the mutilation of the pie. Again, however, the politeness of the French in general, and the bourgeoisie origin of the Emperor in particular, saved the fate of the lady, and all ended in a laugh.

Less fortunate was the fate of the man who drove through the streets of Berlin with his feet hanging outside the carriage, while the man who wore a Knight Templar's full regalia to court because he was so weary of appearing in evening dress in the daytime, is reported to have caused a query to the state department at Washington, as to

just what the imposing array meant, and how much honour was due to it. The reply, to the effect that it was one of the oldest and most to be respected in the world, hardly cleared matters, and the politically appointed minister was instructed that for the future he was not to risk a collision with the custodian of the traditions.

Perhaps one of the most interesting tales of an underpaid minister is in the diary of a man who went to Great Britain in the early Victorian era. The documents will be published after the lapse of a few more years has eliminated several persons, whose susceptibilities might be affected by a recital of how such and such a royal lady was noticeably indifferent to the condition of her finger nails, and how another such lady slapped her daughter's face in public. The minister in question was old and pious. His days had been spent, for the most part, in simple living and high thinking, but he felt quite at home when invited to spend the night at Windsor Castle.

"The Queen," he wrote, "received me with a cordiality very touching to one of my modest station, while her graceful dignity did not a little to inspire respect for her royal person. All at the court were most courteous and considerate, so that when I came to depart early the following morning, it seemed quite natural and in keeping that there should be many servants and lackeys lining my pathway with smiling faces. But my secretary whispered to me that they expected gifts of money. This at first occasioned me sad embarrassment, but a happy thought coming to me, I walked slowly past them, saying to each in turn, 'God be with you, my son, God be with you.' It seemed to me then that perhaps an old man's blessing might be of as much value to them as any other gifts, particularly as they all were well placed and comfortable looking. Nevertheless, on explaining to my secretary, what he very well knew, that I had barely sufficient money for our most urgent necessities, I was made to feel

that as I left the castle, the faces of those who waited had lost something of their kindness."

THE DRESS OF AN ENVOY

During the height of ambassadorial glory the matter of dress played an important part. Gold braid, costly lace, silks, satins and jewels were used with utter disregard of cost. The envoy himself wore a costume, generally of his own invention, which by its splendour forced kings into wild, extravagant competition. Secretaries and other *attachés* of legation were provided with finery copied from their masters', only lessening in glitter from grade to grade, until the junior members were found with less lace, narrower braid, plainer hats, and wearing swords whose jewels were less likely than their chief's to require constant military protection for the bearer.

Into a company of such brilliant plumage came Franklin, with his woollen stockings and thick shoes. But Franklin was picturesque, and the French liked his assumption of simplicity. The word "assumption" is used with intent, for it is not to be doubted that many at Versailles looked upon his garb as anything more than a clever pose to catch the popular fancy.

During these early days there seems to have been little or no attempt at anything uniform in the dress of the American diplomatic service, but in 1817 we find that in some vague way a costume had been devised, and was being worn, as follows:

"Blue coat, lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single breasted; straight or round buttonholes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerist's eagle stamped upon them, i.e., an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons. Cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings, and gold or gilt shoe buckles. A three-cornered chapeau bras, not so

large as those used by the French, nor so small as those used by the English. A black cockade, to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding."

When Andrew Jackson became President, however, he came to the conclusion that the costume was rather too gorgeous and he prescribed and rather strongly recommended the following as being cheaper and better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions."

"A black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the underclothes to be black or white at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with gold scabbard." This falling off in splendour left the minister still respectably dressed, and not conspicuous.

Things so continued, some ministers wearing one costume and some the other, until 1853, when Marcy launched a circular recommending ministers when appearing at court to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen." This might mean anything from shirt sleeves and homespun pantaloons to evening dress, but the circular was accepted merely as a recommendation, leaving ministers free to exercise their own discretion.

In Europe, we are told, it "produced a terrible uproar."

Mr. Sanford wrote from Paris that immediately on receipt of the news, he had determined to attend court in "citizen's dress"; that he had made representations to the French Government explaining the whole theory of the change, and had been assured that "it would not affect injuriously the relations of the two countries." Mr. Seibels sent his thanks and rejoicings from Brussels, and Mr. Daniel found the court of Turin "prepared to accept the blow with perfect composure."

The King of Prussia, however, took the matter as a reflection upon himself and his court, and Mr. Vroom was obliged to "procure something plain and

simple," but still "dress." Mr. Schroeder, too, at Stockholm, was forced to consider the prejudices of the king.

At The Hague, one of the most formal of courts, Mr. Belmont nobly stood his ground and won his point. The court chamberlain and the masters of ceremonies generally, were shocked at the thought of a man appearing at dress functions in undress costume. It was to them, as indeed it was to the rest of Europe, exactly as though the captain of one lone company had persisted in attending a review of the troops in civilian's attire. But the king liked Mr. Belmont, knew something of his position, and courteously received him in street dress. Having done so much, his majesty still had doubts as to the attitude of the queen mother, who was a stickler for the proprieties, and had been known to show great rudeness to those who transgressed the rules. Again Mr. Belmont rose to the occasion. Politely, but with dignity, he faced her and met—nothing but dignified politeness in return. Indeed, from a letter written by him about this time, we learn that:

"I, as well as my family, have been treated with the utmost courtesy, on all occasions, by every member of the royal family, and at the last ball at the Casino, one of a series of entertainments similar to the Washington Assembly Ball, which are attended by the whole court, I was honoured by an invitation of the Queen to dance a quadrille with her, which was not the less gratifying for happening on a more public occasion than the ordinary court balls, and for my being the only member of the diplomatic corps so honoured that evening."

At Paris things did not go smoothly after Mr. Mason's arrival in 1854. Mr. Sanford, as *chargé d'affaires*, had been a fanatical champion of plain clothes, but Mason took kindly to court dress. This so disgusted Sanford, who took it as a slur upon himself and as a national disgrace, that he resigned, on the ground that Mr. Mason was going to court in "a coat embroidered with gilt

tinsel, a sword and a cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of Europe." Mr. Mason defended himself in a lengthy despatch in which he called his clothes a "simple uniform dress."

In London, Mr. Buchanan was placed in a most embarrassing position. He had several interviews with Sir Edward Cust, Master of the Ceremonies, who urged him to appear at court in some sort of attire which could be dignified by the name of "costume," and not to present himself in the clothes he wore in the street.

"After due deliberation," Mr. Buchanan "determined neither to wear gold lace nor embroidery." On any other point he was ready to yield so much as was necessary to please the queen, so long as it left him wearing "something in character with our democratic institutions." While puzzling his brains over this knotty question in diplomacy, a solution was offered of which he says:

"It was then suggested to me, from a quarter which I do not feel at liberty to mention, that I might assume the civil dress worn by General Washington, but after examining Stuart's portrait at the house of a friend, I came to the conclusion that it would not be proper for me to adopt the costume. I observed 'fashions have so changed since the days of Washington, that if I were to put on his dress and appear in it before the chief magistrate of my own country at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be considered presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country.'"

It was in this unsettled state of the question, and before he had adopted any style of dress, that Parliament was opened. Presumably, Mr. Buchanan did not attend the opening.

Sumner was a bitter and persistent agitator against any conformity on the part of ministers, with the customs of

the countries to which they were accredited. In 1868 he secured the passing of a regulation prohibiting court dress of any kind, and Adams was obliged to absent himself from the British court, where the rule was that all guests must appear either in military uniform or in court dress, "the wearing of which," said the nation, at the time, "has the advantage of preventing guests from seeming singular, and from being mistaken for waiters and valets." "We hope," continues the indignant writer, "that the effect of this republican protest against monarchical follies will be as deep and lasting as Congress intended it to be, and will hasten the day when the United States will prescribe to the whole of this continent the cut of its clothes."

The London *Times* said that Mr. Adams had been absent through "unavoidable circumstances," but it was a source of general amusement that like the proud wife of the man in the story book, he had stayed at home because he "had nothing fit to wear." No one who has not seen a United States representative drive down the Mall toward Buckingham Palace or to St. James's on a state occasion, can realise how shabby a figure he cuts. Ordinary evening dress, often called "full" in provincial descriptive articles, never looks other than funereal beside a military or other attractive uniform, which perhaps accounts for the fact that most Frenchmen never appear in such garb except at burials. But in broad daylight, out of doors, beside the glitter and pomp of all the embassies of all the world, the black evening coat, the black trousers, the stiff white shirt front of an American representative, render him conspicuously *de trop* in appearance, and subject him to many of the petty annoyances of one who knows he is entitled to honours, but who looks not so much to the mode, even, as a well-paid doorkeeper, butler, or coachman, but rather like the combination house servant of a poor but respectable dowager, who expects him to serve lunch and afterward in the

same clothes to take his place on the carriage seat beside the driver, to give the appearance of a well-kept establishment, and to walk behind and carry parcels when her ladyship shops.

THE LANGUAGES OF DIPLOMACY

Much has been written and said about French as the language of diplomacy, and certain it is that one of the greatest drawbacks of United States diplomats has been their general inability fluently to speak any language other than their own, but it is a fact that in treaty making and in correspondence between heads of states, Latin has played an important part. This is particularly true of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when French is imagined to have been almost the universal tongue.

The treaties of Nimeguen, Ryswick, Utrecht (1713) and Vienna (1725-1738) were all in Latin. In 1752 the Austrian minister at Naples spoke Latin officially to the king, and when Louis XIV. wrote in French to Leopold II. of Austria, the latter complained that this was contrary to the usages of the court, which specified that communications be in Latin; and noting that although the treaty of Lunéville (1801) was written in French alone, its ratification by the German emperor was given in Latin.

In 1800 the English foreign office began using English to ambassadors resident in London, and the German diet in 1817 decided to employ German, with translations in French or Latin, for all foreign communications. This has become the general custom, largely because it leads to fewer chances of misunderstandings.

Constitutional monarchies, with ministers responsible to the public; telegraph, newspapers, and the general advance of education, all have tended during recent years to place the ambassador relatively in the same position as the king—i. e., his glory remains, but his power declines. Nations are beginning to understand each other; foreign offices (departments of state) are able to keep

in fairly close touch, and the ambassador is growing to be more and more of a social functionary, whose duties, always vague and indefinable, increase in haziness. No one doubts the necessity of the ambassador, but one must search in vain for anything like an exact description of his work.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SERVICE

With ourselves, diplomacy not being a profession, and our men rarely trained for the work, the very fact that foreign governments know that all kinds of men, for all sorts of reasons, are sent to them, forces them to begin without that social status which is found ready made for him by the smallest of European envoys.

The best suffers at the start from the fact that he is not a member of the calling, and that his fitness for the work may have had nothing to do with his appointment, besides which he was forced for many years to bear the brunt of that good old "democratic" period when our representatives got drunk at this court, neglected their debts at another, had street brawls at another, and even lived in an attic and did their own cooking. The good people of one little capital still tell how dreadful the Americans are, since one of their chosen representatives sat at table with his wife in a public restaurant, and after having satisfied his appetite, lounged back comfortably in his chair, plucked a pin from the lady's toilette, and proceeded serenely to perform an operation in dentistry.

To Europeans the *business* of the embassies is only a minor part of the duties, a special envoy being sent for special purposes. The main object is to keep informed of the feelings, tendencies and tempers of the ruling classes, so that when difficulties arise they know the people, how to influence them, etc., what to ask and what to yield. The duty, in short, of supplying their home governments with facts rather than making bargains.

The qualifications for such a task are

good manners, eligibility, by temperament and experience, to good society in any country, social experience, conversational ability, knowledge of the language of the country, besides French.

The ambassador must be civil to those of his own people of *his own rank* who happen to be where he is stationed. He must mingle freely in foreign society, with eyes and ears open, and report what he sees and hears. Mostly his work is done at dinners, parties, clubs, and in private chit-chat.

Treatises, protocols, et cetera, rarely contain anything not settled in advance, or shadowed forth, over the wine and nuts in town and country houses. Hospitality is protected by freedom from those *not of the court circle* in his own country.

We, on the contrary, have not been accustomed to expecting business success from social affairs, and are apt to see progress only in what meets the eye and ear, such as speech-making, article-writing, and interviews in the press, so that it is only lately that the United States public has received with anything but derision the idea of selecting diplomats for their social qualifications, and within the month we have had the spectacle in Congress of Members bitterly attacking, in the best form of twenty-five years ago, the suggestion of making for our foreign representatives financial provision suitable to the interests they represent.

Owing to these objections, the United States minister, unless rich, still will be obliged to stop at an hotel while he goes house-hunting, and still, if in England, will drive up to St. James's Palace in a hired cab, or walk if the weather is good, and there make his bow and present his credentials to a monarch who, extremely democratic in his unofficial habits, still clings, officially, to the old customs. If the United States minister be not rich, he will have no proper home in which to return the courtesies of the large diplomatic society of Paris, Rome, Vienna, London and Berlin.

He will, in fact, begin his work, even

if suited by training or by nature to the task, without the tools of the profession, without the weapons which await his confrères.

PRESENTING AMERICANS AT COURT

The late Mr. Mason, in Paris, knew so little of the ordinary social amenities of Europe that he presented at court any person who claimed United States citizenship, with the result that when some gossip told what many of the persons were, and that one of the latest had been a German barber, there was something of a storm. The result was that after Mr. Dayton arrived and had prepared a list of people whom he desired to present at court, the list was returned with a request that he append after each name the "*qualité*" (calling or condition) of the owner. This he refused to do, and several women who had spent much time and money on gowns seemed doomed to bitter disappointment. At the last moment, however, some kindly court official put his approval on the list and the presentation occurred.

Mr. Seward was indignant, and freely voiced his opinion of people who were so indecent and of so little pride as to go begging for imperial invitations when their country was in the throes of civil war.

This matter of presentation has caused so many scandals that even the British court has at length taken steps to restrict the list of Americans "to those whose names occur on a list authorised by the president."

Why an American woman should be so anxious, regardless of cost in money, time, fatigue, often humiliation, to get herself presented to a foreign sovereign, is one of the unanswerable questions of modern society. In money, she is fortunate if she gets through on an expenditure of less than five hundred dollars for actual necessities of the day, to say nothing of the cost of a previous social campaign, with, possibly, the tipping of some needy aristocrat who presents her, but who hates herself and her protégée for what she is driven to do.

Then there are the weeks of preparation before the final day, after which comes the necessity of being cooped up in a carriage which may stand in line for hours before finally taking its turn to stop at the palace door. From here the woman is shown into a waiting-room, where she may stand for an hour or two longer, herded among a lot of others, all in terror lest their trains be torn or their jewels lost; hot, cross, excited, often trembling. The terror of slipping or falling over backward while making curtsy before the king is not the least of worries.

Finally comes the supreme moment: the candidate's train, of a length fixed by rule, is straightened out, and, following some other candidate, at a distance also fixed by rule, she struts across an open space until, before the throne, she makes her little bow, sinking nearly to the ground, rises, backs out, always facing the sovereign, and, if she does not fall over her train, is out in fairly good order.

The king and queen have stared at her, bowed slightly, and without a smile, unless they know her. She has been presented, and—she is no more a member of smart society than she was before. No one but the "society" reporter has noticed her, unless, perhaps, she has been so indiscreet as to wear more diamonds and a bigger crown than the Queen, in which case the sisters and cousins and aunts of royalty, who stand about the throne, nudge each other, and later indulge in a good laugh.

With the men, it is easier. They are presented to the king alone, and can hire a court costume for the occasion, drive to the palace in a hired cab, and be back in the street in a short time.

An ambassador from the United States generally has a special first audience, driving to the palace by arrangement with the chamberlain. There he is met and escorted directly to the audience chamber, where, surrounded by civil, military and naval officials, the sovereign awaits him. The presentation

is brief and formal, but is given a show of cordiality. The ambassador presents his credentials, which the sovereign hands unread to an official; there is a brief speech of welcome, with assurances of good will on both sides, and it is over.

All envoys are expected to attend levees and courts, taking precedence according to the length of their service at the particular court, so that the representative of a South American republic, if he has been longer than any other at one court, may walk ahead of ambassadors of the great powers.

The service of an ambassador, technically speaking, ends with the death or removal of his sovereign or president, but custom permits him nominally to continue until a successor is appointed or other arrangement made.

Something of the terrors of court life on ceremonial occasions may be gathered from the writings of Miss Burney during her term as lady in waiting to Queen Charlotte of England.

"When before royalty," she says, "you must not cough. If you feel a tickling in the throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the effort, you must choke, but not cough. So, if you feel impelled to sneeze, you may burst a blood-vessel, but you *must not* sneeze. If a black pin runs into your head, bleed, suffer, bite your cheek, but do nothing. If you bite so hard that you take out a piece, let it go down your throat, but do not seem to swallow."

It might well be asked why, under such circumstances, any sane person should care to be connected with a court, but the answer, probably, is that ceremonial lasts only part of the time, and the love of glory is great.

"No decent Englishman," says an old writer, "could possibly be impolite to glory," and the aphorism doubtless applies to all nations. Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted," which seems a better answer, and is more in accord with La Fontaine's "*Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire.*"

IN TIME OF WAR

The ambassador's position in time of war is one of extreme delicacy. If a war is imminent between his own country and the one to which he is accredited, much depends upon his tact, firmness, and discretion. He must go about socially, and to court, with all of his usual cordiality, showing no possible ill-feeling. If mobs attack his residence, he is expected to remember that he is vice-royal, and to conduct himself with the *sang froid* shown by monarchs who are supposed to be accustomed to bombs and hostile demonstrations.

If he is somewhat cold-shouldered by a few of his confrères, he is not to notice it.

When war is declared, or begun, he is handed his passports by direction of the sovereign, and is, in civilised countries, bid adieu with every possible show of personal sympathy and esteem, and his personal safety is a matter of honour to the country he is leaving.

The position of members of an embassy whose country is about to war with a nation closely allied with the one in which they are resident, often is one of extreme discomfort.

The writer happened, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, to call upon one of the Russian attachés just after King Edward had held a levee at St. James's Palace.

The attaché, a handsome young fellow, with a degree from a British University, and well acquainted with English life, entered smilingly, but once the door was closed, sank into a chair and silently lit a cigarette. On his splendid white uniform glittered a diamond-studded order, pinned there by his Emperor.

"Well?" queried a close friend who also had been waiting for him.

"Oh, they were polite. Certainly they were most polite, all of them—when they couldn't help seeing me," he said bitterly. "Everybody courted the little Japs, and nearly everybody forgot how they had loved me just the other

day. Only the Japanese were very polite, which was small comfort, although one respects them for it."

In the early days of organised diplomacy, political prisoners, in time of revolution, were supposed to find safe asylum at the foreign embassies, but it is doubtful if that would be permitted to-day.

During the French Revolution the Marquis de Chausenets, governor of the king's palace at the Tuileries, fled to the British embassy, wounded, bleeding, hungry, his clothes in rags, sought by a mob thirsting for his blood. But the envoy, fearful of consequences, dared only to feed and dress him, and then turned him adrift into the night.

London, to the American diplomat, possibly offers the greatest attraction, but the favourite posts to the general service are, in the order named: Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Washington, St. Petersburg, Madrid.

Secretaries of legation from the United States are appointed from the State Department, but form part of the official family of the envoy, and are of late years much petted in foreign society, where the fact that they really are not henpecked husbands, or mere inferior males, comes as a delightful surprise to that large proportion of Europeans, who, from observation, had supposed that all American men were small, sallow, furrow-faced persons, whose knack of making money made them serviceable to the assertive females whom they occasionally, only occasionally, were permitted to escort, but who always patronised them, apologised for them, and shut them up in the middle of anything they tried to say.

To the American man whom fate sometimes sends into foreign parts, this leavening work of the embassy eventually must be a boon. It really marks the beginning of something like conformity with the European idea of a diplomatic mission.

These young men are giving us a good reputation.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Vocational Psychology: Its Problems and Methods. By H. L. Hollingworth; with a chapter on "The Vocational Aptitude of Women" by Leta Stetter Hollingworth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.00 net.

Presenting the result of the author's experimental and comparative studies of the various methods now used in selecting a vocation.

Religion and Philosophy

Christian Certainties of Belief. The Christ, The Bible, Salvation, Immortality. By Julian K. Smith. New York: The New-Church Press, Inc.

Four addresses on religious topics, with a preface and an afterword.

The Church Enchained. By William A. R. Goodwin. With an Introduction by David H. Greer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

A discussion of the limitations of the modern Christian Church.

The German Soul In Its Attitude Toward Ethics and Christianity, The State and War. Two Studies. By Friedrich von Hugel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

The Ultimate Belief. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Essays on "The Need of Philosophy for All," "The Philosophy of the Spirit," "The Moral Activity," "The Intellectual Activity," "The Aesthetic Activity."

Economics

International Finance. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

A description of the machinery and methods of money-dealing between countries, covering such questions as how foreign loans are floated, the connection of finance with foreign trade, diplomacy and war, the good influences and the bad which international finance exercises, the relation of finance to nationalism, etc.

Political Economy

Democracy or Despotism. By Walter Thomas Mills. Berkeley, California: The International School of Social Economy. Frontispiece. \$1.25.

A brief discussion of the great prob-

lems of political organisation and management.

Principles of Constitutional Government. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

In *Harper's Citizen's Series*. A general discussion of the whole subject, with appendices containing the constitutions of the United States, France, Germany, Belgium, and Japan.

The War

Nationalism, War and Society. A Study of Nationalism and Its Concomitant, War, in Their Relation to Civilisation; and of the Fundamentals and the Progress of the Opposition to War. By Edward Krehbiel. With an Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The New Europe. Some Essays in Reconstruction. By Arnold Toynbee. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

Seven essays attempting to analyse the forces that have influenced Europe in the past and which are likely to influence her future. The titles are "Two Ideals of Nationality," "Historical Sentiment," "Politics and Economics," "Natural Frontiers and Economic Rights of Way," "Culture and the Mother Tongue," "Anarchy and Internationalism," "The Ukraine—A Problem in Nationality."

The War for the World. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A collection of articles on various phases of the war. Some of the subjects discussed are: "The War and the Drama," "The War and the Women," "The War and the Jews," "Russia and the Jews," "Some Apologists for Germany," etc.

Education

Good English in Good Form. By Dora Knowlton Ranous. With an Introduction by Rossiter Johnson. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. \$1.00 net.

A text-book for writers.

Medieval and Modern Times. An introduction to the History of Western Europe from the Dissolution of the Roman Empire to the Opening of the Great War of 1914. By James Harvey

Robinson. Boston: Ginn & Company. Illustrated. \$1.60.

A revision and expansion of the author's *Introduction to the History of Western Europe* which first appeared in 1902. The work has been simplified to adapt it for use in high schools and preparatory schools.

The Phonographic Amanuensis. A Presentation of Pitman Phonography, More Especially Adapted to the Use of Business and Other Schools Devoted to the Instruction and Training of Shorthand Amanuenses. By Jerome H. Howard. With a Prefatory Note by Benn Pitman. Revised Edition. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. \$1.00.

Technique of the Photoplay. By Epes Winthrop Sargent. New York: The Moving Picture World.

The third edition of a text-book first brought out in 1913.

Philology

Holland's Influence on English Language and Literature. By T. de Vries. Chicago: C. Grentzbeach. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

An attempt to give a concise outline of the influence of Holland on English language and literature. The work is treated under the headings: "Holland's Influence on the Development of Comparative Philology," "Holland's Influence on the English Language," and "Holland's Influence on English Literature."

Hygiene

Hay-Fever: Its Prevention and Cure. By W. C. Hollopeter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A study of the cause and cure of hay-fever. The work includes a bibliography and an index.

Domestic Economy

The One Maid Cookery Book. By Mistress A. E. Congreve. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents net.

General culinary advice and recipes.

Business

Retail Selling. A Guide to the Best Modern Practice. By James W. Fisk. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00 net.

In Harper's *Retail Business Series*. The work presents the various phases of selling, and aims to be of use to those in retail business, as well as students of the subject.

Games

Expert Auction. A Clear Exposition of the Game as Actually Played by Experts,

with Numerous Suggestions for Improvement. By E. V. Shepard. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Poetry

The Crystal Gazer and Other Poems. By Minnie Bond Garner Ranney. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Plantation Songs and Other Verse. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

Interpretations of negro life. Also miscellaneous poems grouped under the headings "Songs of Life and Love," and "Just for Fun."

Fiction

Blow the Man Down: A Romance of the Coast. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A novel of the sea and the Maine coast.

Casco Bay Yarns. By William Haynes. New York: D. O. Haynes & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Sketches and stories of the Maine Coast.

Davenport. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.

A novel based on the theme of dual personality. The hero is a sensitive youth, subject to fits of abstraction, whose former self, disowned by him, pursues an independent form of existence.

David Blaize. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.

A story of English schoolboy life.

The Gold Trail: A Romance of the South Seas. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30 net.

A tale of a search for hidden treasure on the coast of New Guinea.

In Brief Authority. By F. Anstey. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.

A fantasy centring about an English family living in a London suburb.

Magdalen. Authorised translation from the Bohemian of J. S. Machar by Leo Wiener. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

The first in a series to be known as *The Slavic Translations* by Leo Wiener.

A novel by one of Bohemia's foremost authors.

Miss Pandora. By M. E. Norman. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A romance with scenes laid in England and Spain.

The Neutrals' Portion. A Romance of the Middle West. By Elwin Lorraine.

New York: The Jackson Press, Inc. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A love story with scenes laid in the Middle West and in war-stricken Europe. **Old Glory.** By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. 50 cents net. Three short stories, patriotism being the theme of each. The titles are: "The Colours," "The Stranger Within the Gates," "The Star Spangled Banner."

Prudence Says So. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A sequel to *Prudence of the Parsonage*.

The Purple Land: Being the Narrative of one Richard Lamb's Adventures in the Banda Oriental, in South America, as told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.

A story of adventure in South America. A new edition of a book first published in England in 1885.

Sandhills Sketches. By William Haynes. New York: D. O. Haynes & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Sketches from life in the Piedmont Country of North Carolina.

Ten Beautiful Years and Other Stories. By Mary Knight Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories, a number of them reprinted from various magazines. The titles are: "The Beautiful Years," "The Making of a Prima Donna," "Ultimately," "The Wife," "The Mother," "Socialism at the Larks," "The Triumph of Failure," "In Payment Thereof," "The Gift Supreme," "Those Taught," "John Gorking's Graft," "Needs Must," "The Scale," "The Greater Call."

Testore. The Romance of an Italian Fiddle-Maker. By Pat Candler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.

The life-story of Carlo Giuseppe Testore, fiddle-maker of Milan. The story is set in the eighteenth century.

These Lynnekers. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.

The story of Dick Lynneker, the son of an English provincial curate, from boyhood through youth to manhood.

The Thirteenth Commandment. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.40 net.

A novel of metropolitan life picturing the conflict between finance and romance.

Tish. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston:

Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Five tales recording the extraordinary and amusing adventures of Letitia Carberry, spinster.

The Unspeakable Perk. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A tale of romance and adventure with scenes laid in the neighbourhood of the Caribbean Sea. The heroine is the charming daughter of a rich American cruising on his yacht, and the hero a young man answering to the name of Perkins, disguised behind goggles, and supposed to be engaged in entomological pursuits.

You Know Me Al. A Busher's Letters. By Ring W. Lardner. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A humorous story of the adventures of a "busher" with a Big League team.

Youth Unconquerable. By Percy Ross. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

The story of a wealthy girl left penniless at the death of her father, her love affairs, and her struggles as stenographer, charity worker and nurse.

Juvenile Books

Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A Boy Scout story.

Struggling Upward. By Sherwood Dowling. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The story of a boy's ambition and success in a wholesale dry goods house.

History

Early Days in Old Oregon. By Katharine Berry Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. With maps and illustrations. \$1.00 net.

A history of Oregon arranged in a series of narratives in chronological order. An appendix contains "A Brief History from Original Sources," a bibliography and an index.

French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.00 net.

A general history of the alliance, supplemented by a bibliographical note, appendices and an index.

Travel and Description

Potential Russia. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.

A study of Russia written as the result

of the author's journey through the country.
Through Russian Central Asia. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.25 net.
 The record of a journey and an interpretation of the country and people.

The Voyages of the *Morning*. By Gerald S. Doorly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A narrative of the voyages of the *Morning* as relief expedition to the *Discovery* in the South Polar Regions in 1902-1904. The author was one of the junior officers.

Biography

Potsdam Princes. By Ethel Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The reminiscences of an English governess at the German Court.

Revelations of a German Attaché. Ten Years of German-American Diplomacy. By Emil Witte. Translated from the German. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

An account of the experiences and observations of the author with the German Embassy at Washington and the Foreign Office at Berlin, 1898-1907.

Shakespeare and His Fellows: An Attempt to Decipher the Man and His Nature. By D. H. Madden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00 net.

A study of Shakespeare and of his contemporaries, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe.

Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences. By James Marchant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$5.00 net.

The life and work of the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of Natural Selection. The complete correspondence between Darwin and Wallace is given.

Miscellaneous, General Works

Apotheosis and After Life: Three Lectures on Certain Phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire. By Mrs. Arthur Strong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

Fore-Armed. How to Build a Citizen Army. By Granville Fortescue. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$1.00 net.

A description and analysis of the German, French, Swiss and Australian military systems, and a plan for the building up of an efficient army for the United States.

Napoleon in His Own Words. From the French of Jules Bertaut. Translated by Herbert Edward Law and Charles Lincoln Rhodes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00 net.

A collection of Napoleonic aphorisms, with a chapter on the character of Napoleon, and notes.

Straight America. A Call to National Service. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Essays in which the author seeks to show how America may secure a more united nationalism. Contents are: "What is the matter with America?" "Americanism," "The Native American," "America-made Citizens," "The Popular Vote," "National Unity."

Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera. A Naturalist's Account of the Modern Shore-Whaling Industry, of Whales and Their Habits, and of Hunting Experiences in Various Parts of the World. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

An account of the whaling industry as it is carried on to-day, by the Assistant Curator of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of July and the first of August:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Seventeen	The Fall of a Nation
Albany, N. Y.....	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Loot
Atlanta, Ga.....	Bars of Iron	The Fifth Wheel
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Border Legion	Seventeen
Boston, Mass.....	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Blow the Man Down
Boston, Mass.....	Seventeen	The Border Legion
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Seventeen	The Yellow Dove
Chicago, Ill.....	Three Sons and a Mother	The Prisoner
Chicago, Ill.....	Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Seventeen	The Girl Philippa
Dallas, Texas.....	Just David	Seventeen
Denver, Colo.....	Just David	Seventeen
Des Moines, Ia.....	Just David	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.....	The Hidden Spring	Seventeen
Houston, Tex.....	The Finding of Jasper Holt	The Fall of a Nation
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Proof of the Pudding	Seventeen
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Seventeen	The Finding of Jasper Holt
Kansas City, Mo.....	Held to Answer	Dear Enemy
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Proof of the Pudding	Green Mansions
Louisville, Ky.....	Just David	Seven Miles to Arden
New Haven, Conn.....	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen
New Orleans, La.....	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
Norfolk, Va.....	Just David	Seventeen
Omaha, Neb.....	Cappy Ricks	The Border Legion
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Just David	Bars of Iron
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Portland, Me.....	Blow the Man Down	Bars of Iron
Portland, Ore.....	Seventeen	The Bent Twig
Providence, R. I.....	The Prisoner	Blow the Man Down
Richmond, Va.....	The Proof of the Pudding	The Girl Philippa
Rochester, N. Y.....	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Prisoner	Come Out of the Kitchen
St. Paul, Minn.....	Just David	Seventeen
San Antonio, Tex.....	Seventeen	The Seed of the Righteous
San Francisco, Cal.....	Green Mansions	The Dark Forest
San Francisco, Cal.....	Go Forth and Find	The Real Adventure
Seattle, Wash.....	Seventeen	Just David
Spokane, Wash.....	Seventeen	Just David
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Fall of a Nation	Happy Valley
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Bent Twig	Seventeen
Toronto, Can.....	The First Hundred Thousand	Just David
Utica, N. Y.....	The Prisoner	Seventeen
Waco, Tex.....	Loot	The Border Legion
Washington, D. C.....	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Worcester, Mass.....	The Girl Philippa	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Gold Trail The Border Legion	The Girl Philippa Come Out of the Kitchen	The Master Detective Good Old Anna	Viviette The Fall of a Nation
The Dark Forest Just David Seventeen	Green Mansions Loot The Border Legion	Come Out of the Kitchen Behold the Woman! The Prisoner	Curved Blades Held to Answer Come Out of the Kitchen
The Prisoner	The Girl Philippa	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Bars of Iron
The Bent Twig The Dark Forest Cappy Ricks	The Border Legion The Bent Twig The Thirteenth Com- mandment	Just David Just David The Girl Philippa	Bars of Iron Proof of the Pudding Bars of Iron
Loot The Fall of a Nation	The Prisoner The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Cappy Ricks Within the Tide	The Daredevil Seed of the Righteous
Bars of Iron Proof of the Pudding	The Fall of a Nation The Border Legion	Under the Country Sky Nan of Music Mountain	The Dark Forest The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
The Daredevil The Border Legion The Prisoner The Fall of a Nation The Harbour Private Gaspard	Proof of the Pudding Come Out of the Kitchen Green Mansions Nan of Music Mountain Mrs. Balfame Three Sons and a Mother	The Blind Man's Eyes The Cathedral Singer The Bent Twig Behold the Woman! A Hilltop on the Marne Nan of Music Mountain	Just David Seventeen The Belfry Dear Enemy Seventeen The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Seventeen The Thirteenth Com- mandment	Bars of Iron The Prisoner	Proof of the Pudding The Unspeakable Perk	Her Husband's Purse The Bent Twig
Life and Gabriella The Fall of a Nation Seed of the Righteous The Border Legion	Come Out of the Kitchen Eltham House The Real Adventure The Dark Forest	Nan of Music Mountain Behold the Woman!	Under the Country Sky Patience Worth
Seventeen The Prisoner The Prisoner	The Prisoner Nan of Music Mountain The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America The Grasp of the Sultan Green Mansions Seventeen	Finding of Jasper Holt Proof of the Pudding The Border Legion Proof of the Pudding
The Border Legion Nan of Music Mountain Seventeen Seventeen Fulfillment	The Real Adventure Bars of Iron The Daredevil Under the Country Sky The Thirteenth Com- mandment	Nan of Music Mountain Just David People Like That Bars of Iron Bars of Iron	The Prisoner Under the Country Sky Just David The Prisoner Seventeen
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America Behold the Woman! The Bent Twig	Nan of Music Mountain	The Bent Twig	Loot
Cappy Ricks The Abyss Nan of Music Mountain A Western Warwick The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	People Like That Seventeen	The Border Legion The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Under the Country Sky Nan of Music Mountain
Bars of Iron The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	First Hundred Thousand Nan of Music Mountain The Border Legion Nan of Music Mountain Under the Country Sky	The Fall of a Nation The Dark Forest Under the Country Sky Just David Come Out of the Kitchen	Behold the Woman! Loot Bars of Iron Held to Answer Just David
The Real Adventure The Dark Forest The Border Legion	The Real Adventure Under the Country Sky Just David The Prisoner Just David	Seventeen Betty Grier Life and Gabriella Just David Proof of the Pudding	The Shadow Riders The Girl Philippa Seventeen The Cathedral Singer The Bent Twig

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. O'Shaughnessy.	England's Effort. Ward.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.	The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.	We. Lee.
How to Live. Fisher and Fiske.	Counter Currents. Repplier.
Kitchener's Mob. Hall.	A Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
On Being Human. Wilson.	My Home in the Field of Honour. Huard.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any lists receives 10

"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.)	
\$1.35	289
2. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.)	
\$1.25	158
3. Bars of Iron. Dell. (Putnam.)	
\$1.50	114
4. The Prisoner. Brown. (Macmillan.)	
\$1.50	103
5. The Border Legion. Grey. (Harper.)	
\$1.35	102
6. Nan of Music Mountain. Spearman. (Scribner.)	
\$1.35	88

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1916

THE BEAUX ARTS AT THE FRONT

BY LOUIS BAURY

IT is not the silence that surprises you. You are prepared, as you follow the leisured turnings of the Seine up to the little book-stall over which the Beaux Arts gazes to the Louvre, for the colossal hush that hangs over all this quarter. You know to a day how long it is since dwellers in the Rue Bonaparte ceased to be disturbed by the mad rattle of charettes along their thoroughfare, since shouts ceased along the quay, and the noon-time tables at *Les Deux Magots* and the *Brasserie Lipp* were abandoned to itinerant *cochers*.—Pained?—yes, to be sure; but you are scarcely surprised. You fully understand that war likewise is an artist in its fashion, and has a pretty fancy for youth.

And then suddenly there comes a cry—the sound of a voice unabashed. It is this which does take you by surprise. It is rather as if a stricken child, through the coma of a sleep, had smiled at you tenderly, reassuringly when, after you have walked with bowed head through the shadows of the outer garden and among the resounding corridors of the famous old institution, you come at length, in the inmost citadel, upon this tingling evidence of life undaunted, triumphant.

Men are rushing, bustling, scurrying, even laughing sometimes here. Bundles

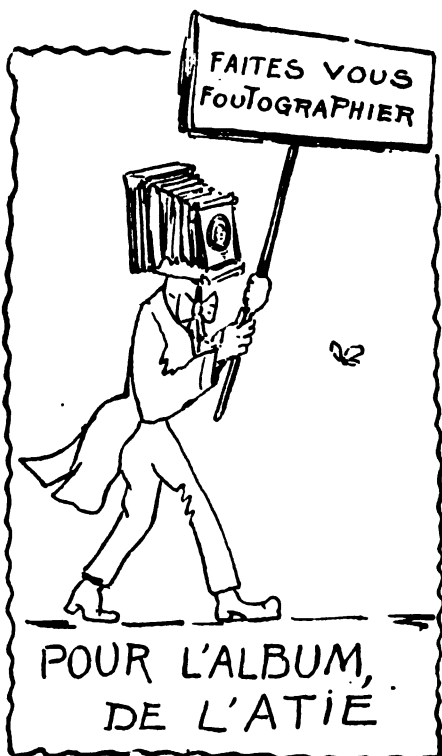
are wrapping, pens scratching, typewriters clacking, voices calling. In spite of all and through all, the heart of the Beaux Arts is beating—and over in a far corner, two young men with pipes in their mouths, bent over mimeographing machines, are flinging forth in



WHEN THE BOYS OF THE BEAUX ARTS, TWO THOUSAND STRONG, WENT FORTH WITH THE DAWN IN THEIR EYES TO "BECOME MEN"

mounting piles those little violet-tinted leaflets which are the evidence in the case.

There are scores and scores of tiny weekly magazines run by, of, and for the soldiers of both the French and British armies—trenchant literature as one man who has still contrived to



IN FRANCE TO-DAY THERE ARE THREE CHIEF INDUSTRIES: FIGHTING THE BOCHE, SHOWING YOUR PAPERS, AND HAVING YOUR PICTURE TAKEN. ONLY SOMETIMES THERE IS NO CHANCE TO FIGHT OR SHOW PAPERS

escape death classified them. Indeed, what with the multiplying numbers of these, and the activities of all the poets and essayists at home and all the theorists and commentators abroad and all the innocent bystanders with impressions to record in between, the professors, who used to be accused of having started this War, may be fairly said to have been beaten at their own game. If

they have given over the fight, it is simply from sheer hopelessness at the mass of amateur *littérateurs* arrayed against them. Ultimately history will record this as the war of machines and excess rush copy. But these little magazines of the Beaux Arts, which circulate up and down the front-line trenches in twenty-four different editions each month, are something quite distinct from all the rest—even from the other soldier publications.

Le Poilu, *le Chéchia*, and all the various *Echoes* of the different French regiments, with their gala, piquant mines of material for future commentators and psychologists; the uproarious journals of the Canadian and Australian troops; the devil-may-care periodicals that Sandy and Thomas Atkins, Esq., D.S.O., produce to the music of shrapnel, and that really extraordinarily lively publication which bears the imprint of His Majesty's aeronautic service—all these have their beginning and end in the business at hand. They neither look before nor after, nor pine for what is not; and their sincerest pain wears the talisman of an unforced guffaw. They are bounded by the sand-bag parapets in front and the base hospitals behind, by the dug-outs beneath and the height negotiable by a B2E biplane above. It is this which gives them their greatest interest and value, and will make of them imperishable "documents." But the outstanding quality of the *Gazettes of the Beaux Arts* is their effort to link yesterday with to-morrow.

J— (through telephone): Hello! Is that you, B—? Well, listen, old chap; can you keep this dark? I've got to get hold of twenty francs right away.

B—: My dear fellow, don't worry! It is as if I had heard nothing!

That is a joke which appeared in one of the numbers this summer. It has always been a tolerably acceptable joke as jokes go; but when you know J—, and when you know B—, the thing becomes positively excruciating. And when in addition to this you read it



En tête pour la partie récréative

THE GAZETTE ARRIVES

somewhere along that embattled line that stretches its jagged profile from the mountains to the sea, it becomes also a singularly tender souvenir. The metal shield before you is suddenly transformed into a drawing-board. The bayonet in your hand dwindles to a pair of compasses. The dark defile of the trench on either side is the passageway of your old studio in Montparnasse, and down it come trooping Jean and Pierre and Henri, and big Ivan from Petrograd and Billy the irrepressible from Chicago; and there is to be a party over at Suzette's place in Montmartre, but

they must wait until you work up the detail on this Hotel de Ville a bit more; and they will wait, because there is no particular urgency save the purchase of the wine,—there are no shells nor death nor perils greater than approaching rent-day, and friends are many and songs are free and the rainbow's gold is yours for the scattering. That is what one not overly brilliant joke can do under a given set of circumstances in this year of our Lord 1916 and of the travail of civilisation the third.

Not a letter finds its way from the trenches back to the old school in Paris



IN WHICH THE PRACTICAL GERMAN ADMITS THE FORCE OF AN ARGUMENT, AND THE STAFF OF LIFE IS VINDICATED

but has some expression of the joy and appreciation of the spells thus wrought. For throughout Europe to-day people are learning the magician's art of building greatly upon very tiny things, and every homely little mole-hill in a kitchen garden is a mountain whose ascent leads straight to the stars. The accompanying pen-and-ink reminiscence of the sort of treatment with which a *nouveau* used to be favoured is but one of a hun-



*Les belles années de jeunesse
passées à l'atelier.*

"THE SWEET DAYS OF YOUTH." A MEMORY
OF PIPING TIMES

dred examples that show how fondly, through the smoke and the stress of it all "out there," the minds of the Beaux Arts students dwell about even the most trivial incidents of the order that was.

"I am delighted," wrote one of them recently in commenting on this, "to see from the extracts of the letters you publish that the old camaraderie of the ateliers resists all counter-attacks. And I know now that nothing will be changed after the War—nothing save the atrocities of Boche architecture. These will pass away; but the old comrades, the nights of hurrying charettes, the spirit of the studios, illumined by those blessed old lamps that so outrageously smoke and smell, and enlivened by the lusty peals of American laughter—these will remain."

Which does not, however, in the least mean that these Gazettes are simply an equivalent in sketch and quip and story to a midnight party from the Café Rotonde. Obviously, in the nature of things, that would be quite impossible. As one who, long associated with the school, has remained at his post throughout the War, and so had unusual opportunities for observation, has put it: "They went away boys, and they are coming back men."

In these flimsy little pamphlets which are their public confessional, this transition is very clearly set forth. It is apparent not only in what is said, but even more clearly in what is left unsaid. But they are men who are vividly conscious of the wonder of their boyhood. That is the point. That is what the mere existence of these Gazettes has never permitted them to lose sight of. All the songs that were dashed so untimely from their lips live on unmuffled in their hearts. And so it comes about that though there is usually a deeper tone in even their most casual and trifling utterances, the note sounded is the same with which the halls of the storied old building on the Seine echoed before the Cloth Hall at Ypres was in any need of restoration or the flaming gargoyles of Rheims had demonstrated their impotence to ward off the evil that knows no soul.

Americans have been privileged to save so many bodies since this War started that it is good to reflect that here at least they have been also the means of keeping alive a spirit. For although, as is the case with so many important things, the actual beginning of the Gazettes was a quite casual and unpremeditated affair, it is the existence and zeal of the Committee of American Students which has made them possible.

The story of that committee is a splendid and thrilling romance all by itself. It was organised during the first days of the War, when all was panic and chaos and stark unsettlement, by Mr. Whitney Warren, the American architect, in an effort to forestall the suffer-

ing he knew would ordinarily be the portion of those connected with the school. Too many people are accustomed to thinking of the Beaux Arts student only in the terms which he himself so delights to emphasise—the terms of the Quatz Arts Ball and burning floats and flowing bowls and slim grisettes dancing in renaissance fountains. They forget how prodigiously one must work to have any real spirit for such fantastically abandoned play; and they are generally unaware that the great majority of these same riotous students are paying their own way through the school and working, scores of them, outside while still keeping up with their studies. Yet such is the situation. They are the Gallic counterpart of those earnest young Americans who get laudatory editorials written about them because they are stoking furnaces for the sake of a college education. Also, in numberless instances they have others besides themselves to provide for.

There is, for example, the case of one of the most brilliant pupils in any of the ateliers who, with his diploma in sight, had managed to start an architect's



LA NOTE OU L'ADDITION?

office of his own. He had used all his available funds to do it. His wife had also contributed her mite toward the project. Even so, he was still slightly in debt when that notorious assemblage of grey-clad men crossed the German frontier into Belgium one summer's afternoon, and his country sent him a very urgent call to knock off business and come and save it. His wife disposed of her own trinkets and rings first. But they were not many. She was selling the architect's instruments of that brilliant pupil when Whitney Warren's committee found her and set her to work at a living wage in the *ouvroir* they had started upstairs in the Beaux Arts. That is one instance of the sort of thing which waited doing up innumerable pairs of dingy stairs around the Luxembourg Gardens.

To-day there are forty women employed in that *ouvroir*, besides fifty others of whom the committee is taking care outside; and behind every one of them is a vivid little story that would not do at all for a magazine of cheerfulness or "uplift." Perhaps it may be permissible, though, to suggest that even in France there are few "charities" more worthy of support—or few more urgently in need of funds just now. For the work of these women has to be paid for entirely from voluntary contribu-



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF E. BIDET, ARTIST EXTRAORDINARY TO THE GAZETTE DEGLANE

tions. Theirs are not paying customers—the diminishing clientele that is scattered along the line from the mountains to the sea. But what packets are those that they send out to them!

Of course every woman in the country to-day is, in one way or another, working for the army which is saving France. But these women are doing more than that. Theirs is the blessed privilege of working specifically for those members of it who are Beaux Arts pupils—their own sons and husbands

so that the entire hand would no longer have to be exposed when he was using his gun. And it was here at a somewhat later period, when the Government was gravely trying to discover the best form of protector against poison-gas, and designers were succeeding one another in long streams into the War Office—and out again—and grim-faced agents were talking not wisely but too long, that a little group of frivolous maidens, who might have been plucked from the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*,

SYSTEME D.....



*Comment ça réformé?...
Mais... Monsieur le Major..... la Graisse reste neutre!...*

IN THE SERGEANT'S OFFICE: "WHY IS THIS THING EXEMPT?" "WHY—
MONSIEUR LE MAJOR, GREECE IS STAYING NEUTRAL!"

and brothers and lovers; and every bundle that leaves their hands is beautified by the artist's seal, which is the emblem of labour done for love alone. Besides the regulation socks and shirts and cigarettes that go in all such packages, there is unfailingly some other extra little token, some intimate little touch which is the measure of difference between charity and consideration; and many of the most practical gifts of the entire War have emanated thus from the Beaux Arts Ouvroir.

When the cold, hard rains of the first winter campaign came beating in from over the Channel, it was a soft-eyed little French girl in this work-room who bethought her of cutting a hole in right-hand mittens just large enough to give access to a soldier's trigger finger,

got together and out of rubber-sheeting and the shellac used for aeroplane wings, somehow, some way, produced temporary protectors and dispatched them post haste to the front. They were not nearly so good as the model the War Office ultimately accepted. Neither was the army that turned back Von Kluck nearly so well caparisoned as that which is now advancing along the Somme. But both served very well at the time.

And how the men appreciated it! What letters they sent back in futile attempts to tell those little girls in Paris that they were really very much obliged to them for having saved their lives, and shouldn't forget it—nor them, God bless 'em forever and keep them safe! Nobody remembers now just who it was



THIS IS A DECORATION FOR A LONG POEM ABOUT A BLOODTHIRSTY BOCHE

who first suggested combining extracts from these letters in the little pamphlets that have developed into the present series of Gazettes. Perhaps it doesn't make very much difference. They were probably inevitable in any event. Anyhow, that is the way they actually started. No, nothing is changed. *Toujours, toujours, cherchez la femme!*

To-day each atelier has its own separate Gazette, with a tender and poignant little foreword from its *patron* and contributions from every member who can hold a pen—or dictate a sentence. It goes without saying that there are not so many of these as there were in August, 1914, when two thousand strong the boys of the Beaux Arts went forth with the dawn in their eyes to answer the call and "become men." The little laurel-encased Roll of Honour in each issue tells its own story. Yet on the whole, the Beaux Arts contingent has fared rather well, as such things go in war-time. They have no complaints to make; and you will find none in these Gazettes. On the con-

trary, you will find them—as you will find everyone in the French army—accepting the grimmest hardships with the gayest possible gestures.

"They have just been sewing up my face," one correspondent, for instance—and one who had been horribly mutilated—writes in from the hospital. "I am told that the doctor who did the job is a very famous man, but he has bungled the work so atrociously that I cannot manage to wink at the prettiest nurse in the world; and so she lives on, totally unaware, as far as I can see, of my existence. This, if you like, is genuine suffering."

It is not particularly witty, is it? But you must own that it is rather brave.

Earlier in the game the Gazettes used to be uncensored, but for some months now gaps have been appearing in their columns for all the world as if they were full-fledged Parisian newspapers, and more and more towns are coming to be mentioned by initials only. In a way this is out of rather superfluous deference to the American and, more



THE MEN AT THE FRONT HAVE THE KINDEST FEELINGS IMAGINABLE FOR THE "NEUTRALS"—AND YET SOMEHOW THEY JUST CAN'T HELP FINDING SOMETHING A BIT RIDICULOUS IN THE INEFFECTUALITY OF THEIR POSITION

particularly, the Swiss students who, of course, are on the subscription lists no less than the Frenchmen; although the thing which really brought the Censor's supervision to a stringent head was a letter that came in last fall from the front-line trenches. It was written by a *poilu* who had over him a sergeant who a few months before had been a not particularly popular school-fellow in Paris. The French of this communication is rather difficult to render fairly, but it went something like this:

"Say! You remember S——, that poor prune who didn't know a capital from a flying buttress? Well, s'help me, the French army's done gone made that miserable simp a sergeant—and I'm the goat! What's the matter with Joffre and the War Office and all the rest of 'em, anyway? Are they trying to promote mutiny in this here army? You know what a cheery little, helpful soul S—— was around the studio when there was any work to do? Well, listen, out here——" followed a long catalogue of said sergeant's various iniquities, with a robust running comment which is really altogether untranslatable, until finally the author brandishes a concluding fist with: "But just wait! Some day this War is going to be over. Some day all these uniforms are going to



THIS IS NOT A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN A MOTORMEN'S STRIKE

be packed up in camphor; and then there's going to be a dark night along the Rue d'Assas, without a cop around and with a horse-bucket or a pail of whitewash or something handy, and then—O *then*—why, I'll just simply have to *get* this guy—that's all!"

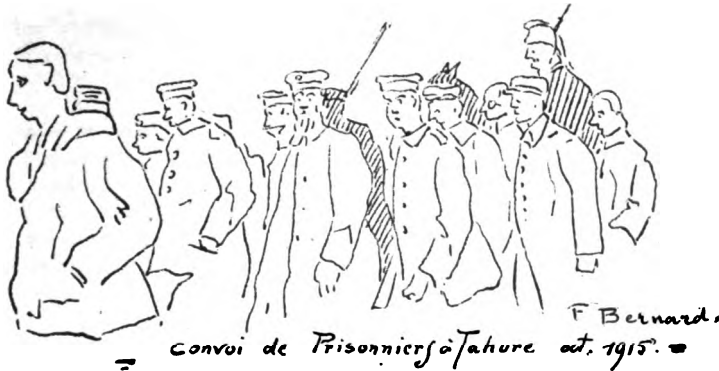
Somehow the authorities felt that such epistles did not tend to promote military discipline and that respect for superior officers upon which the efficiency of armies is builded. There is such a thing as carrying the comradeship of the trenches too far. The ascendancy of the blue pencil has dated from that time.

II

The censorship of the French War Office, however, is not so rigorous as that of English-speaking conventions. It is possible to give the anecdote which is published of the fussy civilian who is questioning a soldier back on leave. "And have you water in the trenches?" he asks. "Ah, *mon dieu*!" returns the *poilu*, "up higher than our knees sometimes." "No, no," explains the other. "I mean have you water to drink?" "Oh, monsieur, suffering in the trenches is great, I admit; but we have not yet come to that pass." Yes, it is possible to give this; but it is not possible to give



"COMME POMMES FRITES," BEING BY WAY OF AN EARNEST DESIRE THAT THEIR GOOSE IS COOKED



A CONVOY OF GERMAN PRISONERS. A FIRST HAND IMPRESSION

the infinitely more sparkling and characteristic joke which appears just above it.

The French have their little pruderies and artificial silences like the rest of us, but they are not the same pruderies which we foster; and thereby is established a gulf which no translator ever can ford with impunity until some other and remoter kind of world-war can be arranged and staged. In the case of the *Gazettes* of the Beaux Arts the number of local allusions with which nearly all the best things are impregnated makes it still more difficult to impart the true tang and flavour of them. Take, for instance, the story of *Tout du Ballot*.

This is a serial to which some member of the Atelier Laloux contributes a chapter each month—the most elaborate effort any of the *Gazettes* have attempted. It recounts the adventures of the last *nouveau* to enter the atelier before the War. The son of a Chinaman and an Italian lady, "born at sea in the course of a long voyage," he immediately becomes engaged in Paris to the daughter of the man who supplies coal to the Atelier Laloux—the same to whom, upon his intimation that he would like something useful for his birthday, the considerable *nouveau* presents a cake of soap. With the outbreak of the War, Tout du Ballot enlists in the French army. After deeds of perfectly fabulous valour, he receives the

Croix de Guerre. He returns in triumph to Paris to show this insignia of his glory to his fiancée. But alas! she has married in his absence one of those marvellously panoplied members of the *Garde Republicain*. What is a mere *Croix de Guerre* compared with the magnificence of the uniform of the *Garde Republicain*! Spurned, disheartened, Tout du Ballot paces the streets in a wild frenzy, until the sheer lunacy of his conduct lands him in jail, charged with being a German spy.

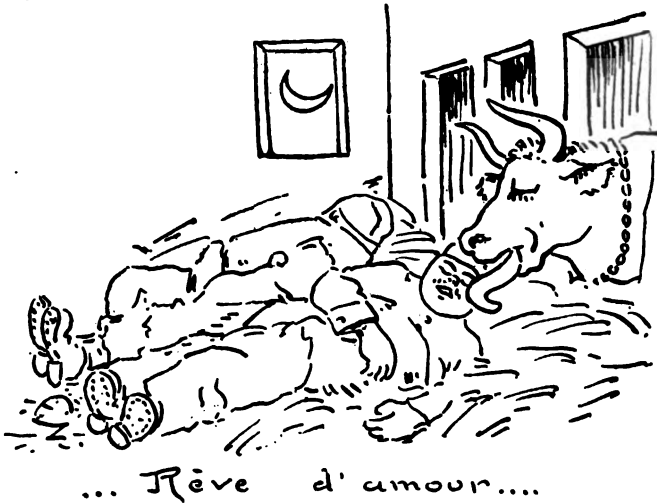
How, after that, the heart of his lady is suddenly softened; how she accordingly sets out for America in quest of a "very influential old comrade"; how in the meantime Tout du Ballot disguises himself in an ancient costume from the Quatz Arts Ball and effects a miraculous escape from jail; and how, appearing thus at the front, he is mistaken by the Germans for a minister from regions infernal (the Wilhelmstrasse, possibly) and so turns the tide of battle—all this, together with much other mad, tumultuous, extravagant, gorgeously impossible matter, is duly set forth in the various numbers. But how can one convey all the impetuous abandon of the thing, the side-splitting interludes, the stark-crazy similes, the excruciating incidents by the wayside? One simply cannot. And though he had the facility of a Dumas and the effrontery of a Cyrano and the gestures of a Charlie

Chaplin, the thing would somehow still miss fire unless you knew the coal-merchant with whom the Atelier Laloux does business and were very familiar with the inner history of certain cafés along the Boul' Mich' and understood a hundred little standing jokes that have grown up around the day-to-day life of that atelier.

In fact, this is the great obstacle throughout. One goes through stack

hears singing, but can see no one; and he is vastly puzzled until a voice informs him that the men are wearing the new "invisible" uniforms.

The uniforms we wear—
Khaki, if you please,
Khaki, if you please—
From tootsies to our hair
Habit us like trees,
Habit us like trees.



after stack of the magazines in growing despair of finding anything admissible in English that will still retain the vivid flair of the original slang and yet be sufficiently free of local allusions to remain intelligible. And yet this very untranslatability is the surest proof of authenticity—the best guarantee that the Beaux Arts is still the Beaux Arts.

Here is a little advertisement for specially fitted helpers that has been thoughtfully inserted on behalf of a youth who, instead of joining the army, remained at home to open an *ouvroir*. Oh, quite impossibly "shockeeng!" Here is a revue, *Au Clair de la Dune*, that begins with a journalist visiting an encampment of Zouaves at the front. He

Hence the Boche's plight
Since he has to fight
Soldiers who are quite—
Get me?—out of sight!

Then a trio of cooks appears, singing of the bravery requisite to men who are perpetually "facing fire"; the Zouaves suddenly take on tangible form, boisterously demanding food—and drink; the conversation becomes animated and general. But somehow at the same time one begins to feel that perhaps it would be just as well to pass over this conversation in discreet silence.

Here is a little fantasy set down amid those regrets for fallen mates, those yearning recollections of the old school, which are present to lend ballast to

every page. It introduces two *poilus* in a dug-out. "Outside it is dark; the wind howls; it is misty; four hands are warming themselves over a meagre candle-flame." They are discussing, in quite Baudelarian metaphors, what they will have and what they will do as soon as the War ceases. Oh, heavens! This won't do at all! Let us look at the pictures instead.

After all, this is fairer ground on which to meet the Beaux Arts. When the Beaux Arts sets down things in line it is really more at home than when it deals in words. A draughtsman turning to literature invariably astonishes one in two ways: First because he is so good and then because he is so bad. And when all's said, the text of these Gazettes—the stories and parodies and dialogues and skits and poems—of which there are hundreds, poems gay and sad, poems sentimental and burlesque, poems heroic and patriotic (French verse is so viciously easy to do)—all these are scarcely consonant with the great gusts of mirth and enthusiasm they do succeed in exciting. As Dr. Johnson said of the dog walking on his hind-legs, the remarkable thing is not that it is not done particularly well, but that under the circumstances it should be done at all. In the case of the pictures, though, no such conscientious amendment is necessary.

In a sense, the pictures *are* the Beaux



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Arts Gazettes. Here in its appointed *métier* the spirit of the school cuts loose and holds unfettered holiday, chucking a Kaiser under the chin as glibly as it flings a kiss to a passing flower-girl and running a Boche through vital sections as sincerely as it lays wreaths on the graves of comrades departed. Every grade and shade and nuance of young-French war-time psychology is expressed, usually in draughtsmanship of the soundest, sometimes in compositions touched with real inspiration. From the fierce, trance-like courage one feels in a drawing like this which shows a motor-cycle corps starting action-wards, through the wistfulness and vague longing, the curious quasi-comprehension of his own situation suggested in the accompanying sketch of a young soldier seated on a chair somewhere amid the ruins, on down to the frank extravaganza of the *Rève d'Amour*, all is here. One could write a thousand-word essay on each one, and still not have told half. In making selections for reproduction here, the effort has been not necessarily to secure the best possible examples, but rather to take them more or less as they came, to bring together a collection that should be fairly representative of all grades.

Some day, after the last shell has exploded and the men come up from the bowels of the earth once more into the light of day, it is planned to gather all these Gazettes into a monster memorial volume. One can picture the Beaux



LE PORC ÉPIQUE
DE BERLIN

COMPLIMENTS TO VON HINDENBURG

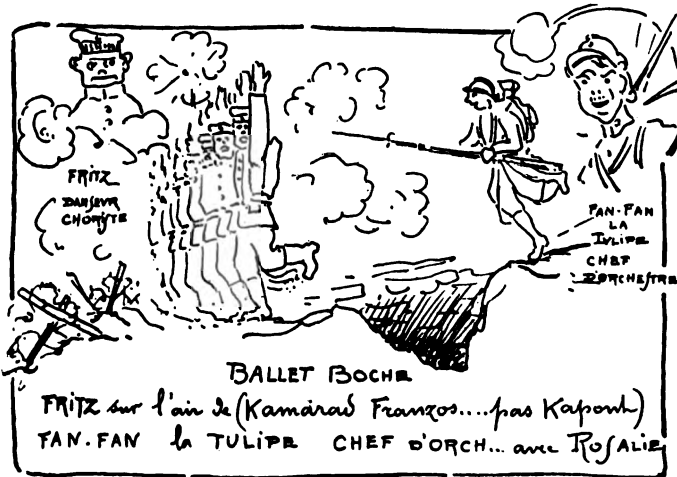


BE IT EVER SO HOME-LIKE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE FRONT

Arts men of the future poring over these reverently, with a little catch at their throats perhaps as they try to envisage these insuperable boys who went forth to found a new world that the generations of students who come after may enrich it with more stately mansions. And they will marvel over these magazines and sigh over them, and maybe shake their heads here and there over the technique and opine that standards have made wonderful progress since those dark ages when all the world a-fighting went, precisely as if it were young. But

will they ever really understand? Will they ever quite realise how great a share these frantic little pamphlets have borne in keeping a-light the torch for them during that distressful time when the life of civilisation swung in the balance and the dust lay thick on the architects' instruments at Chapron's, while in the clustered ateliers roundabout spiders were sketching the *projects* of the interlude? Will they?

Perhaps, though, it doesn't matter. For they have finished their work, these bizarre compilations, out in the little



THE MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT NOW RUNNING ANYWHERE THIS SIDE OF BERLIN

hunchbacked villages of which naught remains but a few cracked roofs and an initial—the villages to which all the essence of the songs that were left unsung, the toasts that could never be drunk, the embraces that were wrenched

asunder, has been transported through their agency to shower forth its ineffable stores

. *du courage*
A ceux qui en ont déjà beaucoup!

AFTER READING "A HARVEST OF GERMAN VERSE"

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

OLD songs, old tunes, old records of old days!
 Goethe and Schiller travelling old ways,
 And then—new fires, new harvests, and young dreams—
 Ah! how each page with passionate loving teems!

New voices that my heart had never heard—
 The wonder of a Rilke's flaming word;
 A schoolboy's love of country; Hesse's "Fog,"
 A nation's song—and War its epilogue.

O singers! you have thrilled my heart to-day!
 There still abides the old, kind, loving way.
 Deep in my soul I feel your country wrong—
 But O this harvest of immortal song!

LYRICS OF THE FATHERLAND*

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

MISS MÜNSTERBERG has done a great service for German literature by collecting the best of the old and new lyrics of the Fatherland, and, in happy translation, making an anthology of them for American readers. Here are Goethe and Schiller, Vogelweide, Luther, Uhland, Heine, Storm and Dehmel, with most of which we were long since familiar—even we who could not, unfortunately, read them in the original.

*A Harvest of German Verse. Selected and Translated by Margarete Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

But under the heading, "Our Time," one finds a veritable "golden treasury," as the jacket says, of the poems of this hour—songs as heartbreaking and joyful, as piercingly beautiful as the best of Christina Rossetti and Ernest Dowson, or our own Edith Thomas.

It is this younger and present group of German lyricists that holds the reader most. And curiously enough, perhaps through some divine accident, the English rendering here is far more satisfying, far more remarkable. We do not see, for instance, how the brief

piece, called "Autumn Day," by Rainer Maria Rilke, could be more beautiful in the original. To transfer to another language such shades of meaning, such exquisite intangible phrases is nothing short of a miracle, and serves to make some of the translations of the older poets rather grotesque and ridiculous. On another page this lovely lyric is quoted in its entirety; likewise the same author's "Glimpse of Childhood" and "The Last Supper."

Miss Rilke—or is it Frau Rilke?—was born in Prague in 1875, and is still living. Her poignant songs will long be remembered, and perhaps when the Great War is over and done she will sing again. One cannot imagine so sensitive a spirit chanting any War poetry, any grim "Hymn of Hate"—Lissauer, by the way, is strangely absent from this volume—and one wonders what the present strife has done to her heart and soul.

Almost equally important is the work of Hermann Hesse, Freiherr von Münchhausen and, of course, Ludwig Fulda. The latter's "In the Express Train" rushes on to its fine climax with the speed and splendour of the train

itself, but it is not lost in the engulfing darkness.

The ancient folk-songs are important for many reasons. They reveal that kindliness, that childlike heart which are so characteristic of the German people; and to read them at this time is to make us mindful once more of the underlying nobility and simplicity of the German at his best. Love of country runs through the book like a golden thread; and particularly interesting is the last lyric of all, "For Us!" written by "Reinhold S.," who, we are informed, is a schoolboy only thirteen years of age. His spirited lines were composed during the second year of the War, and gallop along magnificently. Here is a poet who, because of his youth, will not be lost in the present cataclysm, as was poor Alfred Walter von Heymel. After all, if we must go to battle, we should have brave songs to cheer us on; and no nation has ever had nobler lines written to quicken them as they followed the great god Thor. Other harvests may stand ungathered; but this burgeoning is for all time, and is not, thanks to Miss Münsterberg, for Germany alone.

THE LAST SUPPER

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

HERE they are gathered, wondering and deranged,
Round Him, who wisely doth Himself inclose,
And who now takes Himself away, estranged,
From those who owned Him once, and past them flows.
He feels the ancient loneliness to-day
That taught Him all His deepest acts of love;
Now in the olive groves He soon will rove,
And these who love Him all will flee away.

To the last supper table He hath led.
As birds are frightened from a garden-bed
By shots, so He their hands forth from the bread
Doth frighten by His word: to Him they flee;
Then flutter round the table in their fright
And seek a passage from the hall. But He
Is everywhere, like dusk at fall of night.

IN THE EXPRESS TRAIN

BY LUDWIG FULDA

I HASTEN by a city lightning-fast
 Here in the rattling train: I see
 Streets, houses, people shooting past,
 Wagons, lanterns, signs in flight,
 Overlapping in my sight;
 Blotted, dim they seem to me.
 Here I lived once long ago,
 Lived for years
 In youth's impassioned sacred glow,
 In love and hate, in hopes and fears.
 Round the corner there—
 To the left, by the square—
 Lives my one-time worshipped fate;
 Behind the walls there, flitting past,
 I could almost hold it fast—
 No: too late—too late!
 The last few houses—the empty plain:
 The long-lost world is fled again,
 With joys and sorrows great
 Of storm-blessed youthful strife.—
 I feel as if this moment I
 Had like a stranger hurried by
 My own forgotten life!

FOR US!

BY REINHOLD S., A SCHOOLBOY

FAR, far in the east is a gaping grave,
 There they bury thousands of soldiers brave
 For us!

In the west the humble crosses show
 Where they lie dumb in many a row
 For us!

Where storms are blowing over the sea,
 They gave their lives so willingly
 For us!

They gave their blood, their life's desire,
 They gave it all with sacred fire
 For us!

And we? We can but weep and pray
 For those who bloody and trodden lay
 For us!

There is no word, no way to thank
 All those who suffered, those who sank
 For us!

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

VII. MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

BY EDNA KENTON

I. "THE HIDDEN HAND"

. . . Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every sound appals
me?

. . . I hear a knocking,
In the south entry! Hark!—more knocking!
SHAKESPEARE.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion built of dark-red sandstone in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain ranges of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep grey rocks spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called from its horseshoe form the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually ascends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wild mountain gorges and the terrific raging of the torrent, over its rocky course gave to this savage locality its ill-omened names of Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run, and Hurricane Hall.

THUS begins *The Hidden Hand*, one of the famous old thrillers of the fifties, the most popular serial, bar none, that ever raced through the breathless pages of the old *New York Ledger*. The setting indicated above for the adventures of Capitola, the Madcap, is characteristically Southworthian in topography, nomenclature and virginity, and Chapter II: *The Masks*, bends straight to the heart of a situation that Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth thrilled to from her earliest days of authorship. It is a chapter of mountain robbers and Granny Grewell, the midwife; of a blindfolded journey through forests and winding hills and mysterious passages to an attic where lay a girl whose right

hand, head and face were swathed and sewn in black crêpe; of the birth of two babes that stormy night, and the death of one; of the Machiavellian rescue of the living child—Capitola!—by Granny Grewell.

Then pass thirteen years, with the turning of a page, and Capitola is a newsboy—"Her sex a page's dress belied, obscured her charms, but could not hide.—Scott"—on the streets of New York. Here she tells Major Warfield, Old Hurricane of Hurricane Hall, in her artless, girlish way, of her rearing in Rag Alley by Granny Grewell, and Old Hurricane intones, "Ah-h!", recognising in her Capitola Le Noir, heiress to a vast Virginian estate, Hidden House, now in possession of the girl's more than wicked uncle, Colonel Le Noir. Old Hurricane declares himself her guardian, and, though the adventures of Capitola may well be said to have begun before her birth, there is a progressive intensity about them from now on that ranks Mrs. Southworth's imagination high indeed.

When Capitola, for instance, reaches Hurricane Hall, Mrs. Condiment, the housekeeper (note the Southworthian tendency in names), gives her "the room with the trap-door." A verbal diagram of the room follows, and in a parenthesis Mrs. Southworth explains her particularity here. "The furniture of this room I am particular in describing," she says, "as upon the simple accident of its arrangement depended on two occasions the life and honour of its occupant." Capitola demanded a look at the theatrical property that gave her room its name, and Mrs. Condiment obliged her by lifting a rug and revealing a large drop four feet square, kept in place "by a short iron bolt." "Now, my dear, take

care of yourself," cautioned the careful housekeeper, "for this bolt slides very easily, and if while you happened to be walking across this place you were to push the bolt back, the trap-door would drop and you would fall down—Heaven knows where! If that horrible pit has any bottom, it is strewn with human skeletons."

Before she retired that night, Capitola lowered the trap and gazed into the awful black void, "without boundaries or sound except a deep roaring as of subterraneous waters!"

Comes now Black Donald into the next instalment, and the Outlaws' Rendezvous! The latter is a secret cavern in the side of the Demon's Punch Bowl, and the path leading to it is indicated by frayed saplings of cedar, by which one may descend the inside of "the horrible abyss" to "the fathomless cavern." A large, natural platform of rock served the robber-band as a table; about it were stone seats; along the walls were heaps of bear-skins; and within are the clan: Demon Dick, Headlong Hal, Stealthy Steve, and other brave men and tried. Black Donald might have been "a giant walked out of the age of fable into the middle of the nineteenth century." He stood six feet eight in his stockings, or is it his boots, and was stout and muscular in proportion. He had decidedly "the air noble and distinguished"; a well-formed, stately head, fine, aquiline features, strong, steady, dark eyes, and an abundance of long curling black hair and beard.

None the less, despite his outlawry and his six feet eight, Black Donald contrives to dupe the country side by means of various cunning disguises; either dressed as a Quaker, with his broad-skirted grey coat making him look "twelve inches shorter and broader," and his black beard buried in the folds of a drab neck cloth; or as a jolly tar, in a wide pea-jacket, duck trousers and a tarpaulin hat, his chin sunk in a red comforter, he deceives magistrates and countryside alike. Only once was he hard put to for a disguise. On that occasion,

for the sake of his brave men, he put himself on a month's régime of vegetables, and kept himself in a cavern till he became thin and pale; he shaved off his hair and beard, moustache and eyebrows; he put on a grey wig, a black suit, assumed a feeble voice, a stooping gait and a devout manner, and became a popular preacher at a camp meeting. Mrs. Southworth says he got away with it.

But Black Donald, terror of a countryside, and outlaw of a State, sworn by the altogether devilish Colonel Le Noir to kill Capitola, meets at last, at her girlish hands, a merited defeat. There comes a night when, determined "to make the girl his" before he kills her, he slips into the Hall, and makes a stealthy way to her room. (Do not forget the trap-door.)

For Capitola, face to face with Black Donald, though pale with the surprise of the midnight meeting, murmurs to herself: "Now, Cap, my dear, if you don't look sharp, your hour has come. Nothing on earth will save you, Cap, but your own wits. Now, Cap, my little man, be a woman, and don't stick at trifles. Think of Jael and Sisera! Think of Judith and Holofernes! And the Devil and Dr. Faustus, if necessary, and don't you blench!"

So she plays coolly with the black-hearted and bearded Donald, and by feigned retreats of a well-known coquettish nature, incites him to edge his chair more and more to the centre of the room—even upon the trap-door. Then, standing behind him, with that final spurt of true womanliness for which the Southworthian heroines are noted, she begs him, apropos of nothing seen, to think upon his mother, which he wrathfully refuses to do, and perhaps justly, for we do not know what manner of woman his mother was. Then:

"Black Donald, will you leave my room?" cried Capitola in an agony of prayer.

"No," answered the outlaw, "and the five minutes of grace are quite up."

"Stop, don't move yet. Before you stir,



MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

say 'Lord, have mercy on my soul,' " said Capitola solemnly. "I would not send you prayerless into the presence of your Creator! For, Black Donald, within a few seconds your body will be hurled to swift destruction, and your soul will stand before the bar of God!"

Her foot was on the bar of the concealed trap.

He laughed aloud and stretched forth his arms to clasp her.

She pressed the spring.

The drop fell with a tremendous crash!

The outlaw shot downward.

There was an instant's vision of a white and panic-stricken face, and wild, uplifted hands; then a square black opening was all that remained of where the terrible intruder had sat!

None the less, Black Donald was not killed, but was removed the next morning from the achievable bottom of this "fathomless pit," and was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Later, in all but as final an hour of his life, he was freed from jail by Capitola, aided desperately by the uttermost stretchings of Mrs. Southworth's imagination—who seems to have conceived a sort of fascinated literary passion for this particularly bad but brave son of her brain.

Capitola also saves an imprisoned maiden from a forced marriage to Craven Le Noir, the Colonel's son; for, braving the horrendous warning of Gaunt Harriet, the Seeress of Hidden Hollow, Capitola makes for Hidden House, discovers Clara Dal, Colonel Le Noir's

heiress-ward, and the two winsome maidens are fast becoming friends when a door opened, admitting "a gentleman of tall and thin figure, and white, emaciated face, shaded by a luxuriant growth of black hair and beard. He could not have been more than twenty-six, but, prematurely broken by vice, he seemed forty years of age."

This wreck of manhood is Craven Le Noir, who has an unpleasant habit of biting the nails of four fingers when deeply brooding. As matters turn out, Capitola effects Clara's escape in her own clothes, and herself dons the bridal robes—for the forced marriage is set for four that afternoon. She is carried to the church and up its aisle undetected, and listens interestedly to the marriage service down to the vital interrogation: "Wilt thou have this man—" To which Capitola, casting off her veil, remarks firmly: "No, not if he were the last man and I the last woman on the face of the earth, and the human race were about to become extinct, and the Angel Gabriel came down from above to ask it of me as a personal favour!" This strikes both the Le Noirs as fairly conclusive, but, as Mrs. Southworth comments: "The effect of this outburst, this revelation, this explosion, may be imagined, but can never be adequately described!" Craven Le Noir placed his nails again between his teeth, and plotted diabolical downfall for the Madcap. He would malign her character so that no honest man would ever wive her, but in such a manner, merely by sneers, innuendoes and jests, so that positive assertions against her could never be traced back to him. He would also govern himself so in his deportment toward her as to "win back" her confidence in him, and, as soon as he had married her, he "would start for life-residence in Paris, the home of the epicurean."

But these black plans miscarry, as they deserved, and Capitola weds another, so far unmentioned in this poor résumé, but who careers, hero-wise, through the tale. Herbert is his name.

II. "ISHMAEL"

Ishmael, or, In the Depths, and its sequel, *Self-raised, or, From the Depths*, are two other serials that our grandmothers wept over, and these two novels should not be left unread by their descendants, male or female. Through intrigue, poverty, plottings, misfortunes, and, for many, many pages, the undeserved stigma of illegitimate birth, Ishmael Worth moves, "a veritable prince among men." He loves Claudia, the proud and haughty daughter of Judge Merlin, of Washington. Claudia loves Ishmael, but can she, the fairest beauty of them all, stoop to wed the base-born son of Norah Worth! Ten times no! She makes her début—gowned in point lace, white satin, and diamonds—at "the President's" and bows before "the majestic old man, with his kingly grey head bared. Fit to be the chief magistrate of a great, free people was he!" "I am very glad to see you, my dear," he said to Claudia. That night Claudia met the Viscount Vincent, late of London. Lord Vincent is a fine specimen of manhood, with stately head, fair complexion, and light-brown curling hair and beard. "And his simple evening dress of speckless black became him well." The afternoon of Claudia's marriage to the English lord, Ishmael drank half a tumbler of the best old Otard brandy—"without an instant's hesitation. Lord, be pitiful! And, oh, Norah, fly down from heaven on wings of love and save your son lest he fall into deeper depths than those from which he has so nobly struggled forth!"

Now, Lord Vincent, immaculate as to complexion and dress, is as to soul of an antithetical state, and in defiance of Claudia's wishes "to make a tour of the continent, visit all the American Ministers, and see London, Holyrood Palace, and the Abbey," he rushes her to Castle Craig, situate upon a high promontory that, at full tide, is cut off from the coast. Its drawbridge and "its ghastly, iron-toothed portcullis" appall Lady Vincent.

Another surprise—to the bride and

reader—awaits in the hall beyond. Scotch dialect, in the persons of Cuthbert and Mrs. Murdoch, greets: Says Cuthbert: "Yes, me laird, tho' as ye ken, th' chieks at yon office hae ta sen' it by special messenger." And Mrs. Murdoch, not to be outdone, thickly utters: "Hech sairs, I'm e'en reddy ta haud me ain' wi' ainy lassie i' th' haus. I'll ga breng th' tea. . . . Me leddy, she hae nae ben seen, puir boddie, sin' las' e'en a' gloaming. She didna coom ta sup, an' she didna us' ta be that carelless anent her bit an' sup." The ringing of any servant's bell at Castle Craig brings inevitably in its wake this special brand of human speech.

On this first night at Castle Craig Claudia causes herself to be arrayed in maize moiré, and sweeps into the grand saloon in full consciousness that she is Viscountess Vincent and Lady of the Castle. On the threshold she pauses, however, in amazement: not for nothing was this particular chapter called FAUSTINA!

Upon a divan—crimson—she beheld reclining a transcendently beautiful woman—in white moiré-antique, asleep. One hand "supported a head that Rubens would have loved to paint." She was an Oriental beauty. The forehead was broad and low, the nose fine and straight, the lips plump and full, and the chin small and rounded. The eyebrows were black and arched, the eyelashes long and drooping, the eyes were jewels floating in liquid fire.

Claudia, doubting with the doubt of another beautiful woman that the creature really slept, none the less approached and looked her over, and the more she looked the more she hated. Lord Vincent approaching, his lady looked a thousand queries, but ignoring them all he bent low over the sleeper, and whispered "Faustina!"

Even Claudia admitted that the creature's awaking was beautiful:

The drooping, black-fringed lids slowly lifted from the eyes—two large, black orbs of soft fire—and the plump, crimson lips

opened and dropped two liquid notes of perfect music—the syllables of his baptismal name:

"Malcolm!"

"Faustina, you are dreaming! Awaken! Remember where you are!" he said in a low voice. . . . "Lady Vincent, this is Mrs. Dugald," said the viscount.

Claudia bent her head with an air of the most freezing hauteur. Mrs. Dugald also bent hers, but immediately threw it up and shook it back with a smile. So graceful was this motion that it can be compared to nothing but the bend and rebound of a lily.

But Claudia detected a strange glance of intelligence between Faustina and Malcolm, and saw the beauty's eyes flash from their sheath of softness—two living stilettos pointed with death! After dinner Faustina sings, and Claudia knows the woman has seen the stage. An engraving in a music book tells all: *La Faustina as Norma!*

In less than an hour the plot boils and thickens. Claudia enters what she holds to be her own boudoir. But the hangings are different. Hers were golden brown; these are "rosy-red!" Voices root her to the spot—Faustina's and the viscount's. "*How* can you make me your viscountess!" wails Faustina. "*She* is your viscountess!"

"*Yes, for a little while, and a little while only! Until she has served the purpose for which I married her! And no longer,*" said the viscount.

"*Ah, what do you mean!*"

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till you approve the dead," quoted Lord Vincent. . . . "She is unfaithful to me in thought, but I will make it appear that she is unfaithful in deed, and send her, dishonoured, from the castle."

"*Ciel!*" said Faustina.

Now, Frisbie, his lordship's valet, quite accidentally murders a housemaid, and the knowledgeable viscount is able to make Frisbie accessory to his own crimes. Claudia's retainers are *chloroformed*—chloroform was as new then to fiction as

the Great War is to-day—and thrust into the castle vaults, and Claudia is driven forth from Castle Craig. But at this unfortunate conjunction of her proud stars, Ishmael, “as the Angel Gabriel,” appears, fresh from shipwreck and heroism, to rescue her bedraggled name. To Faustina’s shrieks of “*Mon Dieu!*” he orders the arrest of the vis-

how dare you! *Ah! Ciel! Grande Ciel! Grande Dieu!*”

Frisbie is hanged, the viscount commits suicide, Faustina is sentenced to hard labour for many years, and all that Ishmael says to Claudia when they meet is: “I hope I find you well, Lady Vincent!” with eyes full of respectful sympathy. But hers—oh, hers! She did



PROSPECT COTTAGE. MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S POTOMAC HOME

count, and when Faustina is handcuffed the invocative resources of the French language are well nigh wrecked. “*Ah, ciel!*” she shrieks. “Let me go. *Alors!* but *mon Dieu!* What will become of me! Oh, *mon Dieu!* must I leave this beautiful place! *Grande Ciel! Grande Dieu!* Put me a lace cap in my night bag, and that last novel of Paul-du-Koch! *Tout les Diables!* I shall die in that horrible place! *Scelerate!* make this beast of a carriage closer! *Ah! coquinaille!* open the window again! it is *infame* to treat a lady so! *Thsche!* let me at him! *Quel horreur!* I will not stay here! *Imbecille, coquinaille,*

not mean to look at him so, but sometimes the soul in agony will burst all bounds, and:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: “It might have been.”

For Ishmael, laden with honours and honour, is betrothed to Bee, golden-haired, dutiful, devoted. Her he weds, and passes onward and upward to the highest eminence of statecraft and gentlemanhood, never to quaff old Otard brandy again. He becomes illustrious!

Besides these are other novels. Among them *The Bride's Ordeal* and its sequel, *Her Love or Her Life*.

III. "THE BRIDE'S ORDEAL"

The Bride's Ordeal, as portrayed by Mrs. Southworth, is a psychological one, and begins with the receipt of a heavy packing box, on her wedding morn. Erma, the bride, has it opened, and bends to look within. What was it she saw there? What turned her face so wild and white with horror? What caused her to throw herself across the open box, shrieking: "Cover it up! Cover it up! Oh, my soul! Cover it up from all human sight forever and ever!" Dear reader, unless your own horror forces you to skip to—approximately—page 329 of the sequel, you will not know until many hours have passed. Later on her bridal day, a daguerreotype in her new home tells Erma what she had not known before—that her husband's (supposedly) murdered stepfather had met his (supposed) death at *her father's hands*. "Oh, angels have pity on me!" breathed Erma. "Fate closes around me! Shall I go mad? My husband's murdered father—Gustav Perlemonte! The annals of civilised life do not record such an unnatural marriage!"

However, the marriage proceeds, though not without interruptions. Within a year the young husband, Rudolph Wolfsohn, goes forth to the Mexican war of 1846, and Erma receives news of her (supposedly hanged) father's escape from the gallows and jail, through a printed reward offered for the apprehension of Otho Herne, "fifty years of age, six feet in height, with gaunt form and stooping shoulders, fair complexion, light brown hair cut short, long, thin face, high forehead, light grey eyes, aquiline nose, and long, beardless chin."

Therefore, when Erma returns from a Northern journey with her new overseer: "... a tall, erect, handsome man, with dark olive complexion, fine features, large, luminous dark eyes, short, curling black hair, and long, flowing black beard, of about thirty-five years of age," we do not, unless bred to the scent of Southworthian disguises, perceive that the overseer and Otho

Herne are one. Erma had qualms of fear now and then, but her father reassures her as to the security of his "disguise." "The disguise," says he, "that changes a blond old gentleman into a brunette young man is too perfect. The padded chest and shoulder braces that give erect carriage to a stooping frame, the black wig and full black beard that cover the scant hair and smooth chin, and the belladonna that enlarges and darkens the light blue eyes—these are disguises that your simple country people could never see through."

Indeed they do not.

IV. "CRUEL AS THE GRAVE"

Sybil of *Cruel as the Grave* and *Tried for Her Life*, who has (supposedly) murdered a blonde lady house guest of whom she was (really) jealous, while fleeing for her life and swooning on the way, finds herself, on her recovery from her death-like swoon, being borne through a tortuous underground passage by the light of a gleaming red taper and the hands of mysterious, gigantic, masked forms, into (finally) a dazzling cavern, whose walls and roofs were completely covered with pure, pearl-like spar, pendent crystals and stalactites, that "as they caught stray sunbeams" glowed, burned, blazed, and sparkled like diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires! The floor was thickly carpeted with living moss "of the most brilliant hues of green, grey, rose, and cerulean blue!" "For into this enchanting palace of nature the light entered from many imperceptible crevices," and through it roared ever the fearful sound of subterranean waters!

Sybil is deposited at the feet of a red-cloaked, elfin-faced, malign-eyed, wild black-haired young girl with these terrible words: "Here she is, Princess, so work your will upon her!" Appeared almost forthwith another girl, "so bloodless her complexion was bluish white," and with her ashy hair and eyes she presented perforce an aspect that was "cold, damp, clammy, and corpse-like." She had also a "shrill, thin, reed-like voice."

She was yclept Prosperine, servant to old Hecate, cook of the cavern.

At supper appear the robber band, gifted evidently with knowledge of Christian and pagan myths. For their aliases are brief and terrifying: Moloch, Belial, and the like, with their coldly handsome captain (who murdered the blonde) known to them as *Satan*! By these brutal men Sybil is made Queen of the Outlaws! To be known as The Spirit of Fire!

Sybil's home is Black Hall, situate in Black Valley, near Blackville, upon Black River, reached through a black defile known as Devil's Descent, at whose end lives a black ferryman named Charon, guardian of Black Torrent. On the night of the blonde lady's murder Sybil is giving a masked ball, at which she appears as Fire: "Ah, Rosa Blondelle! take heed! Better that you should come between the lioness and her young than between Sybil Berners and her love! You had better walk the abyss of Hades than come between Sybil Berners and her husband!" For Sybil was still as a volcano before it bursts forth to bury cities under its burning lava flood! "Now smile, eyes! smile, lips! flatter, tongue! Be a siren among the sirens, Sybil! Be a serpent among the serpents!" she hissed, as she glided down the stairs.

But "*Satan*" Blondelle, baptised "*Horace*," was an uninvited guest at the masked ball, come hither as Death! He wore a tight-fitting suit of elastic material, and black, but upon it was painted, in strong white relief, the blanched bones of a skeleton. His skull cap was white with the skeleton features painted black, and he was indeed a ghastly figure. He it was who slew the dainty Rosa, but she, seeing her rescuer, Sybil, standing above her, accuses her with her dying breath, and Sybil, in her fiery masquerade dress, with pallid face and blazing eyes, her wild black hair streaming, her crimsoned hand grasping the blood-stained dagger, more effectually accuses herself. Hence her flight, her swoon, and the Outlaws' Cavern.

The confession of "*Satan*" Blondelle comes late, but not too late, nor too early, for Mrs. Southworth's purposes. It fully vindicates Sybil's honour!

V. "FAIR PLAY" AND ITS SEQUEL

Any essay at criticism of the Southworth novels were incomplete without mention at least of *Fair Play* and its sequel, *How He Won Her*. For these two thrillers dealt with two phases of life then comparatively new to fiction: the foreign missionary field, and the Civil War. Britomarte Conyers, heroine, is one of the early martial young women of fiction, with a "hatred" of men, a "deep mystery" in her life, and a vow to mission work in farther India. She refuses to wed Justin Rosenthal, and embarks; so, unknown to her till they are five days out, does Justin. Thus profoundly does he love her. There is an almighty storm at sea, and, after as many chapters as can be wrenched from the old *Ledger* space, Justin, Britomarte, and for propriety's dear sake, a serving woman, Judith, discover themselves upon a desert isle. Here are cocoanuts, a cave, sugar cane, little sweet-fleshed native pigs, and strange but appetising birds. Also, fixed fast to a lance-like rock, the ship, with its stores of cows, chickens, cats, china, and silver. Here, for two years they live purely and resignedly, while in America, with all the intensity of "thriller" patriotism, gather the clouds of the Civil War. Then, "on the edge of the horizon," appears a ship, the *Sea Scourge*, with a captain, one Spear, in whom Justin cannot feel full confidence, for his ship flies a strange flag—the flag, to be brief, of the new Confederate States. When Justin, two years behind the times, discovers all, he, as Ishmael Worth himself would have done, shakes "the rebel hound" by the throat, and thrusts him into fetters and cave. Another year and another storm brings another ship flying the Stars and Stripes, and Britomarte's rapture bursts forth in song. When she came to the chorus her island companions joined her in singing:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!

And the men in the coming boat re-
sponded:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long *shall*
it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!

The garb of man upon the limbs of woman is always a favourite expedient with Mrs. Southworth. Home again, Britomarte still refuses to marry Justin, who thereupon joins the Northern army. Then follows the tale of Justin and his devoted body servant, Wing, a scrubby little boy who is his aid, and whose darling is beyond the dreams of even a conscience-smitten coward! Also follow battles, guerrilla warfare, abductions of fiery Northern maids by impassioned Southrons, forced marriages, death-bed repentings of wounded Rebels, and the acknowledged discomforts of Libby prison. At last, as Justin lies all but dying on a battle field, his faithful Wing creeps out to find him. Wing asks for a final message to the "one best beloved." "Beyond this field of battle," says Justin solemnly, "there is none to whom I care to send a message." As Wing weeps convulsively, Justin murmurs:

"Britomarte!"

"Justin, Justin, my beloved!" exclaimed Britomarte, who we shall no longer call by her assumed name of Wing. . . . "Tell me, Justin, how it was you recognised me from the beginning. I thought I was well disguised, and I am a good actress with almost a Protean power of changing my face, and with a ventriloquist's gift of changing my voice!"

"Yes, you were well disguised. You had sacrificed your tresses, and had put on a skull cap—wig of stiff, short, bristling, flaxen hair, and drawn it tight and low over your forehead. You had shaved off your arched black eyebrows, quite altering the expression of your eyes. You had widened your mouth by two deep lines in the corner. You

had put yourself in the uniform of a United States soldier, and you always carried four or five pebbles in your mouth to make you speak thickly. And yet when I saw you in the ranks, in the ugly little raw recruit I recognised my beautiful Britomarte."

Thus spoke the (supposedly) dying man.

And so these thrilling old tales run on! *The Phantom Wedding, The Fatal Secret, The Spectre Lover, The Beautiful Fiend, The Lost Heiress, The Prince of Darkness, The Curse of Clifton, The Gypsy's Prophecy*, all bear tribute to the real power of Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth. Her pen, turned to the unfamiliar pastures of Scottish dialect, may have slipped on rolling stones, but set free to browse in the fertile fields of Virginia darkeydom and mountain ranges, it meets with not a single misstep. The tales are told with leisure and curious detail, but in the old *Ledger* days, before "efficiency" became the keynote of the publisher, authors were paid by the line. This is why long recountings are so often interrupted by single-hearted ejaculations, and why paragraphing is a simple matter of sentences, and those of the briefest—as the quoted account of Black Donald's (supposed) demise:

He laughed aloud.

She pressed the spring.

The drop fell.

The outlaw shot downward.

Awful descriptions are the order of the Southworth pages. Vast mountains and ravines abound. It was indeed an awful pass! A road roughly hewn through the bottom of a deep, tortuous cleft in the mountains, where at some remote period, by some tremendous convulsion of nature, the solid rocks had been rent apart, leaving the ragged edges of the wound hanging at a dizzy height between heaven and earth. It was a wild and beautiful ruin, this Gothic edifice, the Haunted Chapel, through whose graveyard ran a little rill, the offspring of the wild waterfall whose

roaring could be heard for miles, and whose foam boiled as if by fire of the gods! The Devil's Staircase, the Devil's Ladder, the Devil's Punch Bowl, the Demon's Drop, the Devil's Dripping Pan, are self-explanatory of the landscapes in which they figure. Disguises, beautiful fiends who murmur "*Ciel!*" or scream "*Tout les diables!*" the old

midwife, the changed children or the stolen darling, the real infant heir to Chateau Dubarry, the faithful negro slaves, and the outlawed band—all these abound, together with jealousies, impassioned love, counterplots, and *delicacy*, without which latter aid to life and love the still-enduring fame of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth could not be.

TWO BOOK HUNTERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY BELLE AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THE true bibliophile will always find time to exercise his calling no matter where he happens to be, or in what manner he is engaged in making his daily bread. In some South American cities, more particularly in Buenos Ayres, there is so little to do outside of one's office that were there more old bookstores it would be what Eugene Field would have called a bibliomaniac's paradise. To us wanderers on the face of the earth serendipity in its more direct application to book collecting is a most satisfactory pursuit; for it requires but little capital, and in our annual flittings to "somewhere else" our purchases necessitate but the minimum of travelling space. There are two classes of bibliophiles—those to whom the financial side is of little or no consequence, and those who, like the clerk of the East India House, must count their pennies, and save, and go without other things to counterbalance an extravagance in the purchase of a coveted edition. To the former class these notes may seem overworldly in their frequent allusion to prices; but to its authors the financial side must assume its relative importance.

BRAZIL'S NATIVE LITERATURE

Among the South American Republics, Brazil undeniably takes precedence from a literary standpoint. Most Brazilians, from Lauro Muller, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the postmaster

of the little frontier town, have at some period in their lives published, or at all events written, a volume of prose or verse. It comes to them from their natural surroundings, and by inheritance, for once you except Cervantes, the Portuguese have a greater literature than the Spaniards. There is therefore in Brazil an excellent and widely read native literature, and in almost every home there are to be found the works of such poets as Goncalves Diaz and Castro Alves, and historians, novelists, and essayists like Taunay, Couto de Magalhaens, Alencar, and Coelho Netto. Taunay's most famous novel, *Innocencia*, a tale of life in frontier state of Matto Grosso—"the great wilderness," has been translated into seven languages, including the Japanese and Polish. The literature of the mother country is also generally known; Camões is read in the schools, and a quotation from the *Lusiads* is readily capped by a casual acquaintance in the remotest wilderness town. Portuguese poets and playwrights like Almeida Garret, Bocage, Quental and Guerra Junquera; and historians and novelists such as Herculano, Eça de Queiroz or Castello Branco are widely read.

In Brazil, as throughout South America, French is almost universally read; cheap editions of the classics are found in most homes, and bookstores are filled with modern French writers of prose or

verse;—sometimes in translation, and as frequently in the original. Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo abound in old bookstores, which are to be found in fewer numbers in other of the larger towns, such as Manaus, Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Curytiba, or Porto Alegre. In the smaller towns of the interior one runs across only new books, although occasionally those who possess the "flaire" may chance upon some battered treasure.

TALES OF THE TRAIL BLAZERS

The line which is of most interest, and in South America presents the greatest latitude, is undoubtedly that of early voyages and discoveries. Probably it was because they were in a greater or less degree voyages or explorers themselves, that the Americans and English who came to South America seventy or eighty years ago brought with them books of exploration and travel, both contemporary and ancient. Many of these volumes, now rare in the mother country, are to be picked up for a song in the old bookstores of the New World.

The accounts of the Conquistadores and early explorers, now in the main inaccessible except in great private collections or museums, have frequently been reprinted, and if written in a foreign tongue, translated, in the country which they describe. Thus the account of Père Yveux was translated and printed in Moranhão in 1878, and this translation is now itself rare. We picked up a copy for fifty cents in a junk store in Bahia; but in São Paulo had to pay the market price for the less rare translation of Hans Stade's captivity. Ulrich Schmidel's entertaining account of the twenty years of his life spent in the first half of the sixteenth century in what is now Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil, has been excellently translated into Spanish by an Argentine of French descent, Lafoyne Quevedo, the head of the La Plata museum. We had never seen the book until one day at the judicial auction held by the heirs of a prominent

Argentine lawyer. Books published in Buenos Ayres are as a whole abominably printed, but this was really beautiful, so we determined to get it. The books were being sold in ill-assorted lots, and this one was with three other volumes; one was an odd volume of Italian poetry, one a religious treatise, and the third a medical book. Bidding had been low, and save for standard legal books, the lots had been going at two or three dollars apiece. Our lot quickly went to five dollars. There was soon only one man bidding against us. We could not understand what he wanted, but thought that perhaps the Schmidel was worth more than we had imagined. Our blood was up and we began trying to frighten our opponent by substantial raises; at fourteen he dropped out. The dealers in common with everyone else were much intrigued at the high bidding; and clearly felt that something had escaped them. The mystery was solved when our opponent hurried over to ask what we wanted for the odd volume of Italian verse;—it belonged to him and he had loaned it to the defunct lawyer shortly before his death. We halved the expenses and the lot; and as a curious sequel, later found that the medical book which had quite accidentally fallen to our share was worth between fifteen and twenty dollars.

COMPARATIVE PRICES

Prices in Brazil seemed very high in comparison with those of Portugal and Spain; but low when compared with Argentina. On the west coast we found books slightly less expensive than in Brazil, where, however, the prices have remained the same as before the war, though the drop in exchange has given the foreigner the benefit of a twenty-five per cent. reduction. There are a fair number of auctions, and old books are also sold through priced lists, published in the daily papers. We obtained our best results by search in the bookshops. It was in this way that we got for three dollars the first edition of Castelleux's *Voyage dans la Partie Sep-*

tentrionale de l'Amerique, in perfect condition, and for one dollar Jordan's *Guerra do Paraguay*, for which a bookseller in Buenos Ayres had asked, as a tremendous bargain, twelve dollars.

In São Paulo after much searching we found Santos Saraiva's paraphrase of the Psalms, a famous translation quite as beautiful as our own English version. The translator was born in Lisbon. His father was a Jewish rabbi, but he entered the Catholic Church, became a priest, and went to an inland parish in Southern Brazil. After some years he left the Church and settled down with a Brazilian woman in a small out-of-the-way fazenda, where he translated the Psalms, and also composed a Greek lexicon that is regarded as a masterpiece. He later became instructor in Greek in Mackenzie College in São Paulo, confining his versatile powers to that institution until he died.

TREASURE HUNTING IN BUENOS AYRES

The dearth of native literature in Buenos Ayres is not surprising, for nature has done little to stimulate it, and in its fertility much to create the commercialism that reigns supreme. The country is in large part rolling prairie land, and although there is an attraction about it in its wild state, which has called forth a gaucho literature that chiefly takes form in long and crude ballads, the magic of the prairie land is soon destroyed by houses, factories, dump-heaps and tin cans. At first sight it would appear hopeless ground for a bibliophile, but with time and patience we found a fair number of old bookstores; and there rarely passes a week without a book auction, or at any rate an auction where some books are put up.

Among the pleasantest memories of our life in Buenos Ayres are those of motoring in to a sale, from our house in Belgrano along the famous Avenida Alvear on starlit nights, with the Southern Cross high and brilliant. Occasionally when the books we were interested in were far between, we would slip out of the smoke-laden room for a cup of un-

rivalled coffee at the Café Paulista, or to watch Charlie Chaplin as "Carlitos" amuse the Argentine public.

The great percentage of the books one sees at auctions or in bookstores are strictly utilitarian; generally either on law or medicine. In the old bookstores there are, as in Boston, rows of religious books, on which the dust lies undisturbed. In Argentine literature there are two or three famous novels; most famous of these is probably Marmol's *Amalia*, a bloodthirsty and badly written story of the reign of Rosas—the gaucho Nero. Bunge's *Novela de la Sangre* is an excellently given but equally lurid account of the same period. *La Gloria de Don Ramiro*, by Rodriguez Larreta, is a well-written tale of the days of Philip the Second. The author, the present Argentine minister in Paris, spent some two years in Spain studying the local setting of his romance. Most Argentines, if they have not read these novels at least know the general plots and the more important characters. The literature of the mother country is little read and as a rule looked down upon by the Argentines, who are more apt to read French or even English. *La Nacion*, which is one of the two great morning papers, and owned by a son of Bartholome Mitre, publishes a cheap uniform edition, which is formed of some Argentine reprints and originals, but chiefly of French and English translations. The latest publication is advertised on the front page of the newspaper, and one often runs across "old friends" whose "new faces" cause a momentary check to the memory; such as *La Feria de Vanidades*, the identity of which is clear when one reads that the author is Thackeray. This "Biblioteca de la Nacion" is poorly got up and printed on wretched paper, but seems fairly widely read and will doubtless stimulate the scarcely existent literary side of the Argentine, and in due time bear fruit. Translations of Nick Carter and the "penny dreadfuls" are rife, but a native writer, Gutierrez, who wrote in the seventies and eighties, created a national

hero, Juan Moreira, who was a benevolent Billy the Kid, Gutierrez wrote many "dramas policiales," which are well worth reading for the light they throw in their side touches on "gaucho" life of those days.

THE LIBRARY IN ARGENTINA

Argentines are justifiably proud of Bartholome Mitre, their historian soldier, who was twice president; and of Sarmiento, essayist and orator, who was also president, and who introduced the educational reforms whose application he had studied in the United States. Mitre first published his history of General Belgrano, of revolutionary fame, in two volumes in 1859. It has run through many editions; the much enlarged one in four volumes is probably more universally seen in private houses than any other Argentine book. The first edition is now very rare and worth between forty and fifty dollars; but in a cheap Italian stationery store we found a copy in excellent condition, and paid for it only four dollars and fifty cents. The edition of 1887 brings anywhere from twenty to thirty dollars. Many copies were offered at sales, but we delayed in hopes of a better bargain, and one night our patience was rewarded. It was at the fag end of a private auction of endless rooms of cheap and tawdry furniture that the voluble auctioneer at length reached the contents of the solitary bookcase. Our coveted copy was knocked down to us at eight dollars.

In native houses one very rarely finds what we would even dignify by the name of library. Generally a fair-sized bookcase of ill-assorted volumes is regarded as such. There are, however, excellent legal and medical collections to be seen, and Dr. Moreno's colonial quinta, with its well-filled shelves, chiefly volumes of South American exploration and development from the earliest times, forms a marked exception—an oasis in the desert. We once went to stay in the country with some Argentines, who seeing us arrive with books in our hands, proudly offered the use of their library,

to which we had often heard their friends make reference. For some time we were greatly puzzled as to the location of this much talked of collection, and were fairly staggered on having a medium-sized bookcase, half of which was taken up by a set of excerpts from the "world's great thinkers and speakers," in French, pointed out as "the library."

As a rule the first thing a family will part with is its books. There are two sorts of auctions,—judicial and book-sellers'. The latter class are held by dealers who are having bad times and hope to liquidate some of their stock, but there are always cappers in the crowd who keep bidding until a book is as high, and often higher than its market price. The majority of the books are generally legal or medical; and there is always a good number of young students who hope to get reference books cheaply. Most of the books are in Spanish, but there is a good sprinkling of French, and often a number of English, German, and Portuguese, though these last are no more common in Argentina than are Spanish books in Brazil. At one auction there were a number of Portuguese lots which went for far more than they would have brought in Rio or São Paulo. Translations from the Portuguese are infrequent; the only ones we can recall were of Camões and Eça de Queiroz. In Brazil the only translation from Spanish we met with was of Don Quixote.

THE DEMAND FOR ENGLISH BOOKS

English books generally go reasonably at auctions. We got a copy of Page's *Paraguay and the River Plate* for twenty-five cents, but on another occasion had some very sharp bidding for Wilcox's *History of Our Colony in the River Plate*, London, 1807, written during the brief period when Buenos Ayres was an English possession. It was finally knocked down to us at twelve dollars; and after the auction our opponent offered us twice what he had let us have it for; we don't yet know what it is

worth. The question of values is a difficult one, for there is little or no data to go upon; in consequence the element of chance is very considerable. From several sources in the book world, we heard a wild and most improbable tale of how Quaritch and several other London houses had many years ago sent a consignment of books to be auctioned in the Argentine; and that the night of the auction was so cold and disagreeable that the exceedingly problematical buyers were still further reduced. The auction was held in spite of conditions and incanabula are reported to have gone at a dollar apiece.

There was one judicial auction that lasted for the best part of a week,—the entire stock of a large bookstore that had failed. They were mostly new books, and such old ones as were of any interest were interspersed in lots of ten or more of no value. The attendance was large and bidding was high. To get the few books we wanted we had also to buy a lot of waste material; but when we took this to a small and heretofore barren bookstore to exchange, we found a first edition of the three first volumes of *Kosmos*, for which, with a number in Portuguese and Spanish books thrown in, we made the exchange. We searched long and without success for the fourth volume, but as the volumes were published at long intervals it is probable that the former owner had only possessed the three.

A BYRON FIND

Our best finds were made not at auctions but in bookstores,—often in little combination book,—cigar,—and stationery shops. We happened upon one of these latter one Saturday noon on our way to lunch at a little Italian restaurant, where you watched your chicken being most deliciously roasted on a spit before you. Chickens were forgotten, and during two hours breathless hunting, we found many good things, among them a battered old copy of Byron's poems, which had long since lost its bindings. Pasted in it was the follow-

ing original letter of Byron's, which as far as we know has never before been published:

A MONSIEUR,
MONSIEUR GALIGNANI,
18 Rue Vivienne,
Paris.

SIR: In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled *The Vampire*, with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of *The Vampire*, with the addition of an account of my "residence in the Island of Mitylane," an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine—and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honours—and if stupid I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you—the imputation is of no great importance—and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports—I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided—is a little too much—particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one—nor the incidents of the other. I have besides a personal dislike to "vampires," and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about "my devotion" and "abandonment of society for the sake of religion"—which appeared in your *Messenger* during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact—but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader. . . .

You will oblige me by complying with

my request for contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question—and have the honour to be (as the correspondents to magazines say) “your constant reader” and very

obed

humble Servt,

BYRON.

To the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*.
Etc., etc., etc.

Venice, April 27, 1819.

Curiously enough the book itself had been published by Galignani in 1828. The cost of our total purchases, a goodly heap, amounted to but five dollars.

PALUMBO THE IRRITABLE

The balance in quantity if not in quality in old books is held in Buenos Ayres by three brothers named Palumbo,—Italians. The eldest is a surly old man who must be treated with severity from the very beginning. How he manages to support himself we do not know, for whenever we were in his store we were sure to hear him assail some customer most abusively. In a small subsidiary store of his, among a heap of old pamphlets, we came upon the original folios of Humboldt's account of the fauna and flora of South America. Upon asking the price the man said thirty-five apiece,—we thought he meant pesos, and our surprise was genuine when we found he meant centavos,—about fifteen cents. From him we got the first edition of Kendall's *Santa Fé Expedition*. One of his brothers was very pleasant and probably, in consequence, the most prosperous of the three. The third was reputed crazy, and certainly acted so, but after an initial encounter we became friends and got on famously. All three had a very fair idea of the value of Argentine books, but know little or nothing about English.

Another dealer who has probably a better stock than any of the Palumbos is a man named Realy Taylor. His grandmother was English, and his father spent his life dealing in books. At his death the store was closed and the son

started speculating in land with the money his father had left him. Prices soared and he bought, but when the crash came he was caught with many others. Bethinking himself of his father's books, he took them out of storage and opened a small booth. The stock was large and a good part of it has not yet been unpacked. Taylor has only a superficial knowledge of what he deals in. He shears folios, strips off original boards and old leathers to bind in new pasteboard, and raises the price five or ten dollars after the process. In this he is no different from the rest, for after a fairly comprehensive experience in Buenos Ayres we may give it as our opinion that there is not a single dealer who knows the “rules” as they are observed by scores of dealers in America and England. Taylor had only one idea, and that was that if anyone were interested in a book, that book must be of great value; he would name a ridiculous price, and it was a question of weeks and months before he would reduce it to anything within the bounds of reason. We never really got very much from him; the best things being several old French books of early voyages to South America and a first edition of Anson's *Voyage Around the World*. Just before we left he decided to auction off his stock, putting up five hundred lots a month. The first auction lasted three nights. The catalogue was amusing, giving a description of each book in bombastic fashion,—all were “unique in interest,” and about every third was the “only copy extant outside the museums.” He had put base prices on most, and for the rest had arranged with cappers. The attendance was very small and nearly everything was bid in. It was curious to see how to the last he held that any book that anyone was interested in must be of unusual worth. There was put up a French translation of Azara's *Quadrupeds of Paraguay*. The introduction was by Cuvier, but it was not of great interest to us, for a friend had given us the valuable original Spanish edition.

Taylor had asked fifteen dollars, which we had regarded as out of the question; he then took off the original binding, cut and coloured the pages and rebound it,—asking twenty dollars. At the auction we thought we would get it, if it went for very little; but when we bid Taylor got up and told the auctioneer to say that as it was a work of unique value he had put as base price fifteen dollars each for the two volumes. The auction was a failure, and as it had been widely and expensively advertised the loss must have been considerable.

RAMBLING ACQUISITIONS

As a whole we found the booksellers of a disagreeable temperament. In one case we almost came to blows; luckily not until we had looked over the store thoroughly and bought all we really wanted, among them a first edition of Howells's *Italian Journeys* in perfect condition, for twenty-five cents. There were, of course, agreeable exceptions, such as the old French-Italian, from whom, after many months' intermittent bargaining, we bought Le Vaillant's *Voyage en Afrique*, the first edition, with most delightful steel engravings. He at first told us he was selling it at a set price on commission, which is what we found they often said when they thought you wanted a book and wished to preclude bargaining. This old man had Amsterdam catalogues that he consulted in regard to prices when, as could not have been often the case, he found in them references to books he had in stock. We know of no Argentine old bookstore that prints a catalogue.

In the larger provincial cities of Argentina we met with singularly little success. In Cordoba the only reward of an eager search was a battered paper-covered copy of *All on the Irish Shore*, with which we were glad to renew an acquaintance that had lapsed for several years. We had had such high hopes of Cordoba, as being the old university town and early centre of learning! There was indeed one trail that seemed to promise well, and we diligently pur-

sued vague stories of a "viejo" who had trunks of old books in every language, but when we eventually found his rooms, opening off a dirty little patio, they were empty and bereft; and we learned from a grimy brood of children that he had gone to the hospital in Buenos Ayres and died there, and that his boxes had been taken away by they knew not whom.

IN SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO

As in Argentina, the best known Chilean writers are historians or lawyers; and in our book hunts in Santiago we encountered more or less the same conditions that held in Buenos Ayres—shelf upon shelf of legal or medical reference books and technical treatises. The works of certain well-known historians, such as Vicuña Mackenna and Amonategui, consistently command relatively high prices; but as a whole books are far cheaper on the west side of the Andes. One long afternoon in the Calle San Diego stands out. It was a rich find, but we feel that the possibilities of that store are still unexhausted. That afternoon's trove included the first edition of Mungo Park's *Travels* with the delightful original etchings; a *History of Guatemala*, written by the Dominican missionaries, published in 1619, an old leather-bound folio, in excellent shape; a first edition of Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and three of the eight volumes of *State Papers and Public Documents of the United States*. In these last there was James Monroe's bookplate, and it was curious to imagine how these volumes from his library had found their way to a country where his "doctrine" has been the subject of such bitter discussion and so much misinterpretation. The value of the original covers was no more understood in Chile than in Argentina, and we got a complete set of Vicuña Mackenna's *Campana de Tacna* in the original pamphlets, as published, for but half what was currently asked for bound and mutilated copies.

Valparaiso proved a barren field, and

although one of the chief delights in bookhunting lies in the fact that you can never feel that you have completely exhausted the possibilities of a place, we came nearer to feeling that way about Valparaíso than we ever had about a town before. We found but one store that gave any promise, and from it all we got were the first seven volumes of Dickens's *Household Words* in perfect condition, and the *Campaign of the Rapidan*.

The little coast towns of Chile and Peru are almost as barren as the desert rocks and sand hills that surround them; but even here we had occasional surprises, as when we picked up for fifty cents, at Antofagast, a desolate, thriving little mining port in the north of Chile, Vicuña Mackenna's *Life of O'Higgins*, for which the current price is from ten to fifteen dollars. Another time, in Coquimbo, we saw a man passing alone the street with a hammered copper bowl that we coveted; and following, we found him the owner of a junk shop filled with a heterogeneous collection of old clothes, broken and battered furniture, horse trappings, and a hundred and one odds and ends, among which were scattered some fifty or sixty books. One of these was a first edition of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* in the familiar old brown boards of Ticknor and Company.

THE PILGRIMS IN PERU

Our South American bookhunting ended in Lima, the entrancing old city of the Kings, once the capital of the New World, and not yet robbed by this commercial age of all its glamour and backwardness. We expected much, knowing that when the Chilians occupied the city in 1880 they sacked the national library of fifty thousand volumes that their own liberator, San Martín, had founded in 1822, and although many of the books were carried off to Chile, the greater part was scattered around Lima or sold by weight on the streets. We shall always feel that with more time, much patience, and good luck

we could have unearthed many treasures; although at first sight the field is not a promising one, and as elsewhere one's acquaintances assure one that there is nothing to be found. In spite of this, however, we came upon a store that appeared teeming with possibilities. Without the "flaire" or much luck it might be passed by many times without exciting interest. Over the dingy grated window of a dilapidated colonial house is the legend "Encuadernacion y Imprenta" — "Binding and Printing." Through the grimy window panes may be seen a row of dull law books; but if you open the big gate and cross the patio, with its ancient hand-well in the centre, on the opposite side are four or five rooms with shelves of books along the walls, and tottering and fallen piles of books scattered over the floor. Here we picked up among others an amusing little old vellum-covered edition of Horace, printed in England in 1606, which must have early found its way to South America, to judge from the Spanish scrawls on the title page. We also got many of the works of Ricardo Palma, Peru's most famous writer, who built up the ruined national library, which now possesses some sixty thousand volumes, of which a twelfth part were donated by our own Smithsonian Institution. One of the volumes we bought had been given by Palma to a friend, and had an autograph dedication which in other countries would have greatly enhanced its value, but which, curiously enough, seems to make no difference in South America. In Buenos Ayres we got a copy of the *Letters from Europe* of Campos Salles, Brazil's greatest president, which had been inscribed by him to the Argentine translator. Once in São Paulo we picked up an autographed copy of Gomes de Amorim, and in neither case did the autograph enter into the question of determining the price.

We had heard rumours of possibilities in store for us in Ecuador, Columbia, and Venezuela, but Lima was our "farthest north," for there our ramblings in South America were reluctantly brought



FOLLOWING THE TRAIL IN LIMA

to a close. We feel, however, that such as they were, and in spite of the fact that the names of many of the authors and places will be strange to our brethren who have confined their explorations

to the northern hemisphere, these notes may awaken interest in a little known field, which, if small in comparison with America or the Old World, offers at times unsuspected prizes and rewards.

GREAT HOUSES OF LETTERS

I. WHERE THACKERAY WROTE "THE NEWCOMES"



NO. 36 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON, WHERE THACKERAY LIVED FROM 1853 TO 1862, AND WROTE "THE NEWCOMES" AND "THE VIRGINIANS"



AN ARTISTIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN

QUICKENING AMERICA'S ARTISTIC CONSCIENCE

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

MUCH of the art adorning public places in America has been selected conveniently from hardware catalogues and purchased by the pound. Art dealers will submit conventional designs and guarantee that the cast-iron replicas, turned out in wholesale lots, are up to specifications. The municipality which is to be disfigured has only to decide upon the size of the statue and the appropriation and the order will be filled on schedule time. A famous French artist who recently toured America was especially impressed with the statues of soldiers at parade rest standing guard in hundreds of public squares. "Ah, at last," he remarked, "I now understand what is meant by the horrors of war."

The deplorably existing conditions have been due of course to the almost complete absence of artistic supervision or censorship. Now, however, active reform is in progress. To-day seventy-two cities and towns throughout the country have some form of art censorship. The number of communities which have organised improvement societies runs into the hundreds. The history of art censorship in America dates from 1890, so that the movement is

only some twenty-five years old. Within this period a voluminous literature has appeared on the general subject. The quickening of the artistic conscience is indicated by the demand for books both of a technical and popular appeal and the specialised magazines.

The first attempt to organise an art commission was made in Boston in 1890. The next step came five years later, when a similar board of censorship was appointed in Baltimore, while New York followed the example in 1898. The Art Commission of New York, as it is termed, has been the most active of these art censorships. During a single year it passed upon one hundred and sixty-eight plans and art objects submitted for its approval, having an approximate value of thirty-four million dollars. Its success has encouraged many other cities to pass laws for a similar art censorship, and its general methods of operating have been widely copied. It was first planned to have the Commission pass only upon "paintings, mural decorations, stained glass, statues, bas reliefs, or other sculptures, monuments, fountains, arches and other structures of a permanent character intended for orna-



EXAMPLE OF CAST-IRON STATUARY COMMON IN THE OLD DAYS



DESIGN FOR A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT APPROVED BY ART CENSOR

ment or commemoration." Later its jurisdiction was extended until to-day the Commission has legal authority to pass upon all works of art, and all public structures and private structures built wholly or in part on public land and upon the lines, grades and plotting of public ways and playgrounds.

The plan of submitting various art objects for consideration before the Art Commission in New York has been followed elsewhere with great success. When the designs are ready the applicant first fills out a form furnished upon application. This form is accompanied by plans of the structure, a map showing the proposed location, in many cases photographs of the locality, and whenever possible actual models in clay. The plans and papers are made out in duplicate, and after the commission has reached a decision one record is filed at the City Hall, the other going to the

person or official making the submission.

When the papers properly made out are submitted to the art commission with the drawings, photographs and plans or models a committee is appointed by the president to pass upon them. When the committee reports the president makes his decision. In some cases an adverse decision is received in a very poor spirit, but as a rule it has been found that the art commission has the hearty support of the public. It sometimes happens that a citizen will be very angry if a statue or fountain which he wishes to give to the city be refused. In the past it was customary for the city to accept any art object, however ugly or unsuitable it might be, providing it cost nothing, and as a result many of the parks and squares have been permanently disfigured.

It may seem a small matter to select



CAST-IRON ART BEFORE THE DAY OF THE ART CENSOR

a suitable position for a statue in a public square or park, but here again a display of sound taste and judgment is of the greatest importance. As a rule, a statue is set down with a total disregard of its setting. It may stand isolated in the midst of a lawn, when a little care would give it a natural amphitheatre, making it appear a part of the general composition.

The buildings which have risen along New York's water front of late years, as a result of this art censorship, have been worthy of the dignity and beauty of the great harbour. The Municipal Ferry Houses and many of the steamship docks have been selected after a number of designs have been submitted and passed upon by the art commission. Several bridges have been built to cross the streets whose designs have been made under the watchful eye of the censors. The gain for beauty has been unmistakable. Under the present laws the art censorship extends only to public buildings or those erected on public land. Although the buildings thus censored are a very small part of the whole, they serve

to illustrate admirably what may be accomplished and holds out a hope for the future, when an enlightened public opinion will extend its jurisdiction.

One of the most potent factors in the general movement to educate public taste and develop an artistic conscience throughout the country is the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. This organisation numbers three hundred members. As its name indicates, every member has been a student in the Beaux Arts School in Paris. The influence of so large a body of men who have profited by the best training and uphold high ideals in architecture is far reaching. The association offers regular scholarships which maintain students abroad. It constitutes a court of good taste, which exerts an increasing influence for good. It is generally acknowledged that while Europe may have the best schools for the study of art, some of the best architectural work in the world is now being done in America. It is obviously a very simple matter to engage the best talent at very



NEW FOUNTAIN DESIGN APPROVED BY THE ART CENSOR



THE WRONG WAY TO PLACE A STATUE. IT BEARS NO RELATION TO ITS SURROUNDINGS



A WELL-PLACED STATUE. THE STEPS AND LANDING COMPLETE THE PEDESTAL

reasonable rates to act in a supervisory capacity in censoring our art. Hundreds of the best trained minds in the country

will cheerfully act without compensation in the effort to make our cities and towns more beautiful.

JACK LONDON, FARMER

BY BAILEY MILLARD

Do you remember that when, after their strained and turbulent city life, the hero and heroine of *The Valley of the Moon* wandering through the woods and cañons north of the Bay of San Francisco, came down into a dreamy Edenic vale, shaded by manzanitas, madrones, live-oaks and laurels and backed by blue hills and tall wooded ridges, and that in that beautiful, peaceful place they found their haven?

Well, that is where the writer of that picturesque novel also found his haven, and it is where he lives and works today, both as an author and as an agriculturist. After looking over Jack London's thirteen-hundred-acre ranch and seeing how happy and complete is the life there under the golden Californian sun and the blue sky, you wonder that there are not more writers who also are farmers. But when you stop to think of it, all farmers are of the literary trade. It is true that they may not write with pen or pencil, but what have they not written out there on the hillsides or in the valleys with their ploughs and harrows and cultivators! Are the works of Dante or of Milton any greater? Those poets merely furnished food for the mind, while the farmer provides food for the whole being.

The Jack London ranch is two miles from Glen Ellen, a very small village among the live-oaks and orchards. Mr. London mails his stories to his New York publishers at the Glen Ellen post-office and he patronises the barber there. He is familiarly known as "Jack" to many of the rural folk in and about the village, which he has been accused of rifling as the British landlords rifled sweet Auburn. At least that is the impression one gains from the following item in a Sonoma local paper:

"Jack London has bought the Glen Ellen blacksmith shop and moved it up to his ranch. Good boy, Jack! Take a couple more loads and move the whole town up there!"

Jack London is as proud of his ranch as he is of any book he ever wrote. He raises the biggest and best crops of hay in Sonoma County. His live-stock are the best bred, the sleekest and the fattest. His seventy-five-acre vineyard produces good grapes. His prune orchard yields nearly twenty tons to its twelve acres and they are good, sweet prunes, too. His vegetable garden is a delight and a huge success.

California farming is largely of the makeshift sort, with little thought of permanence. Most of the ranchers are content with barbed wire fences and wooden structures for themselves and their animals. But where Jack London can use stone or concrete he does so, and he has no barbed wire. He built the first concrete silo erected in California, and it is a big one, too—forty-three feet high and eleven feet in diameter.



MR. AND MRS. LONDON AT THE RANCH HOUSE

He has two such silos now. Even the pig-pens are of stone and cement, and they are models of solidity, service and sanitation.

"I call this place 'the Ranch of Good Intentions,'" said the proprietor to me during a recent visit. "No, it doesn't pay yet, and is, in fact, rather an expensive luxury; but it is bound to bring in good returns in time. I had not much of an idea of farming when I first came here seven years ago. I was tired of cities and city people, and I was looking about for a home in the country when I discovered this hillside place in the Valley of the Moon. I observed that some of the professors at the University of California question that translation of Sonoma. But it is the Valley of the Moon to me."

"And it always will remain the Valley of the Moon," said Mrs. London, the gentle Charmian of his voyages. "They will not be able to make any other name stick to it."

"No, I was not looking for a place to till the soil," proceeded the author. "I was looking for beauty and for a place to work and to rest. I have been buying beauty ever since I came here. I started with one hundred and twenty-six acres, but I found that area too small. I wanted to be able to go all up and down those beautiful green ridges, and always to be upon my own land. In order to get the uplands I had to buy the lowlands. My ranch grew from year to year until now it contains two sections of land and is, I think, the most charming place in all this wonderful country."



THE CAMERA BATTERY IN ACTION



ONE OF THE STABLES

It is the back country that makes the picture on this Valley of the Moon ranch—the high, redwood-fringed ridges and the beautiful green rift in the hills down through which flows a clear cañon stream. One grows used to high green backgrounds in California, but that of the London ranch affords so many changes of light and shade, so many surprises and so much that is altogether beautiful that one does not wonder that the author-farmer coveted all this land and made it his own.

There are four miles of trails zigzagging up the green slopes, and a favourite pastime of Mr. London is to ride over them in all kinds of weather. The whole countryside is alive with game, but no shooting is permitted on the London ranch. Formerly its proprietor had no particular scruples about slaying a deer or a rabbit, but his forty years have brought to him a gentler nature.

"You may call it sport, if you please, to take out into the forest a machine and a beltful of cartridges and proceed to pump away at any animal you may happen to see," he said, "but to me it is no longer sport. I hate the idea of it. It would be all very well and perfectly fair to go out with a club and kill a jack rabbit for food, but it isn't fair to take along a hundred brass cartridges. To be sure, if the rabbits were a pest I would get rid of them, but I couldn't kill them for sport."

He said he was putting his ranch into first-class shape and laying the foundation for a good paying industry. Everything he builds is for the years to come. The stone walls along the roadways are



PIG-PENS ON THE LONDON RANCH

solid-looking and even the watering troughs for the horses, kine and swine are of concrete.

The swine department impresses the visitor with its cleanliness. Before you are permitted to pass the gate and go in to see the pigs you must step aside into a little pagoda and rub your feet upon a rug covered with a sticky, carbolised mixture, so that the soles of your shoes may be disinfected and you may not carry in to that precious, cleanly band any germs of cholera. Never but once has the dread disease been borne within the enclosure, and that was when somebody walked upon a butcher's floor and then into the pens. But now cholera is unknown among the London swine.

"I designed those hog houses and pens myself," said the author proudly. He pointed to a round central structure of rock and cement with a peaked concrete roof, surrounded by sheds of the same material. When the Childe Roland pig comes to that round tower he gets a good square meal of ground alfalfa and grain; for the tower is the feedhouse, down from the upper story of which the feed pours automatically through square galvanised iron leaders into a big cement basin, where it is mixed with water from a pipe and is then conveyed out to the surrounding troughs, where the big red hogs munch and grunt contentedly. The swine pens have concrete floors, but their occupants lie upon movable wooden planks at night. All around the central tower the pens are

ranged, making a solid enclosure. Surrounding the pens are six acres of corals, shaded by oaks and madrones.

In the swine department everything is spick and span, as the hose is played upon the floors at regular intervals, making them cleaner than the floors of many a squalid ranch house to be found elsewhere. As for the pigs they are all Duroc Jerseys and of high pedigree.

"I am not raising live stock for the butcher," said Mr. London, "but for the breeder or anybody that wants the best of thoroughbreds. Of course, the culls will be killed, but my idea is to raise only the stock that can be driven out on foot."

The horses on the London ranch are a noble lot. There is Neuadd Hillside, a twenty-five hundred dollar English shire stallion, who is about the most imposing of the string. Neuadd has won grand championships at the State fair and he and the other London horses and mares generally pick up most of the horse prizes at the Sonoma County fair, where some very fine stock is entered in competition. Neuadd won fifth prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and his friends think he would have received the gold medal but that California hospitality would not permit a California horse to take such honours. They had to go to outside steeds.

Mountain Lad, named for the horse hero in *The Little Lady of the Big House*, is another beautiful stallion.



MANAGER SHEPARD AND ONE OF THE PRIZE HORSES

Besides these there are five blood mares and four wonderful colts, with thirty-seven grade horses and colts coming on. These grade horses include seven work teams, which are kept busy about the ranch most of the time. Mrs. London, who is a daring rider, takes much interest in the horses.

There are some very fine Jersey cows among the cattle and one magnificent prize shorthorn bull. There is also a big herd of goats and a great flock of white Leghorn fowls.



THE TURN SIDES

Mrs. Alice Shepard, who is Mr. London's sister, is the manager of the ranch. She is not in the least afraid of the spirited thoroughbred horses or cattle, and can handle them when necessary, but for her assistants she has two of the best stockmen in California—Hazen Cowan, who won the world's championship at the big round-up at San José in July, and Thomas Harrison, who is also an expert.

Jack London is free to admit that he knows more about literature than he does about farming, but he has a voice in all the essential affairs that are going on about the place. His agricultural experience has taught him many things, particularly how to keep the moisture in the soil, which, in a semi-humid country like California, is a very important

thing. Both as to literary methods and as to farming he seems to have little respect for academic opinion. When he went to the State University to take a literary course, he found that he could write better without instruction by the professors, and so when the soil and irrigation experts of the State College of Agriculture try to tell him about humus or harrowing they find him rather an independent pupil. Not long ago he invited some of the agricultural professors to look at a soil condition resulting from the washing down of the hillside earth into the valley land. When he had received the opinion of the academicians he did not apply it, as it did not conform to his views of the matter, and he proceeded to work out the salvation of the soil in an entirely different manner from that which the learned men had proposed.

The great problem on the Ranch of Good Intentions has been how to make soil which had been practically worn out yield good crops without too great an expense in the way of fertilisers. In fact, this is the problem which a great many Western ranchers have had to meet. Jack London met it by intelligent tillage and not by resorting to artificial fertilisers, which he holds in contempt, as he has tried them and they have not proved successful.

"What I never have been able to understand," he told me, "was why they could keep on for forty centuries in China getting good crops out of the soil, while in this country it was regarded as exhausted in forty years. I made up my mind that it was all a matter of the way we handled our soil. I studied the problem pretty thoroughly. I had noticed the way the soil was washed down the hillsides by the rains, and I determined to prevent that, which I did by grading the land, making it over into rolling contours and abrupt terraces. It's the only way that such land should be cultivated anyway, as it gives a chance for good, long furrows along the hillside. But the big thing about it is that by these new contours I keep the

moisture in the soil and do not let it dissipate itself by seepage or evaporation."

He is working upon the Campbell system of tillage, including the turning under of rye and vetches to increase the humus. The Campbell system is said to be the last word in dry farming, but it must be upon some such plan that the Chinese work, for practically the same result is reached—the soil is permitted to retain its fertility.

There has been a great controversy in California as to the merits of the new spineless cactus produced by Luther Burbank. The academic crowd has been all against the cactus, maintaining that it does not provide good nourishing food for cattle or swine. The contention is that because the cactus slabs consist of about ninety per cent. water, they are of little value in feeding live stock. Jack London, nothing daunted by this report, is raising a lot of the cactus to feed to his animals. He says that those who contend that cactus is of no forage value should go down to Hawaii, where some of the finest, fattest cattle in the world live on cactus that is covered with spines, getting both food and water from it in dry seasons.

The ranch houses are not very pretentious, being merely one-story cottages for the most part. In one of these the Londons live and work. The chief room in the house is a good-sized library, opening down into a study, where both husband and wife have their desks. Mr. London writes just one thousand words a day, no more, no less, but when it is written and once revised it is finished and receives no further revision. Mrs. London copies the manuscript with a typewriter on legal-size sheets of paper. Although the author has a secretary, Mrs. London prefers to do this work for him. She is a writer of books herself, and one of them, *The Log of the Snark*, has had wide acceptance.

The library is decorated with deer and elk heads and trophies of their

voyagings in the South Seas. The Londons are very proud of one exhibit—their discharge papers from the ship in which they sailed around the Horn from Baltimore to San Francisco.

Pointing to a long row of books on one of the library shelves, the author said:

"These are all mine. There's more than forty of them, no two alike." Then he smiled. "No, I haven't been idle in spite of John Barleycorn. I



MR. LONDON RAISES SPINELESS CACTUS

hope you don't think that those big, heavy elk-head decorations represent our sense of proportion. The trouble is that we have no other place to put them. The new house they were intended for went up in smoke before we could move into it."

We went over to see the ruins of the big house in an automobile. The mansion cost sixty thousand dollars. One room in it was thirty by eighty feet in size. There was a fish pool on the lower floor and there was a tall tower in which was to be the author's study.

"Oh, it was a pitiful sight the next day after the fire," said Mrs. London as she looked over the place and up at the ragged remnants of the chimneys. "But you see it's pretty well grown over now with wild oats and things. Still it was too bad! I wanted to live in

this house—this very one—and no matter what we may build later on, it won't be this house which we planned so carefully and were going to be so happy in. Just think! It had seven fireplaces. And you should have seen my pretty rooms! But it's all gone now." She sighed and turned to look pensively

down the green vista into the Valley of the Moon.

And, indeed, it was a lamentable picture—that of the Little Lady dressed in her white riding costume of coat and knickers, standings in a broken archway and gazing so sadly out from the ruins of the Big House.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found Mr. Charles Hanson Towne's appreciation of Miss Margarete Münsterberg's *A*

Margarete *Harvest of German Verses.* Miss Münsterberg, a daughter of Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard, was born on the edge of the Black Forest of Germany, near the little city of Freiburg. The Black Forest, with its beautiful scenery and its weird, old-world legends, naturally influenced her childhood. She began to write at the age of seven.



MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG

"One of my greatest pleasures," she said in a recent interview, "has been the translation of the works of some of the great German writers into English so that they might be available for the Americans, who do not speak the language of my country, although I am as much American as German, and was graduated from Radcliffe, Class of 1909. Among English writers of verse Miss Münsterberg's particular preference is Francis Thompson. A year or two ago Miss Münsterberg's novel, *Red Poppies*, appeared. It was the story of a young artist searching for colour.

...

Once C. N. and A. M. Williamson, who wrote *The Lightning Conductor* and *Authors' Letter Boxes Again* and awoke to find themselves famous, received a letter from a young Dane. He wrote in English to say that he always read all their books, both in Danish and English. He felt, from reading them, that the authors must have kind and generous hearts. He was tired of his life in Denmark, and he would like to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, especially to travel with them. He would be to them as a brother in return for all his expenses, and without meaning to boast he was sure that his good looks and his delightful society would be all the reward that could be asked. Another curious letter came from a girl. She said she was an American, and wrote from Vienna sev-

eral years before the war. There was a marvellous and complicated crest on the paper, and the writer (who also "loved" their books) announced that she was engaged to marry the owner of this crest, a young count of very high family. She used the crested paper to prove the truth of what she said, and her object in writing was to have Mr. and Mrs. Williamson find an American heiress for an equally crested and high-born friend of her fiancé. She imagined that as the authors had a place on the Riviera, and evidently knew a great many rich people, they must be acquainted with girls who would like to become Austrian princesses and countesses. It was all the fashion in Vienna, she explained, for smart men to marry American girls; and added (tactfully), "Of course, you will get a good commission if the affair comes off." Another interesting letter which reached the Williamsons was from the English governess of the German Crown Prince's children. It was written about four years ago, and asked advice on the subject of short stories. The letter led to a correspondence and to an acquaintance that has been continued. When the war broke out, and the governess returned to England, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson advised her to do the obvious thing and write a book. At last, rather late in the day, she decided to do so. The book is to come out in England and America under the title *The Eyrie of the Hohenzollerns*.

...

In the early days of the great war Mr. James Barnes was in Belgium. One day in the street of one of the Belgian cities he witnessed a peculiar incident. The driver of a Belgian motor car put on full speed forward and rammed a German motor car with dire consequences to the latter. Unharmed the Belgian driver disentangled himself from the smashup. He caught sight of Mr. Barnes and his companions and grinned. "Hello, United States!" he called out. "You

know where I learned to do that? Used to drive a dollar-quarter taxicab in New York." A somewhat similar note is sounded in the account Mr. Wadsworth Camp, author of the recently published *The House of Fear*, gives of certain episodes in connection with his European trip of last spring. By the only channel passenger line now in operation, that between Southampton and Havre, he crossed, after a vast amount of red tape. Although his passport has been viséd by the American and



EDWARD H. SOTHERN AT SEA GATE. MR. SOTHERN'S "THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF ME" IS DISCUSSED IN THIS DEPARTMENT

French Consuls in London, and stamped by the Southampton police, three separate inquiries were necessary before he was allowed to set foot on the boat. Here is Mr. Camp's account of subsequent adventures.

We arrived at Havre on one of those violently hot mornings that France gets occasionally. Herded in a wooden shack, on whose roof the sun played with a vicious indifference, we awaited some more examinations of passports. Commendably the

women were passed into the presence of the inspectors first. Caught in the midst of the crowd of men, I waited through interminable moments. I carried a small typewriter, a raincoat, an overcoat, a stick, an umbrella. I was too closely surrounded to put my impedimenta down. I foresaw some hours of this. I feared that when my time came I should be more in need of a physician's certificate than one of entry.



F. TENNYSON JESSE, A NIECE OF THE POET TENNYSON, AND AUTHOR OF "BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK"

At last the women were through. The big sergeant of the military police at the gate raised a rumbling voice.

"Any one with diplomatic passports?"

Two men shouldered forward and went through. In desperation I called out over the heads of the crowd:

"Sergeant, I have a journalistic passport."

It meant nothing, and I knew it. Perhaps to scold my presumption and to send me to the extreme rear of the line he summoned me before him. He glanced at my passport. Sternly, he demanded:

"What do you mean? This isn't a diplomatic passport. I asked for them. Where's your office in London?"

"I haven't any office in London," I answered meekly. "I have a sort of an office in New York."

Miraculously, it seemed to me, his frown failed, was lost in an eager smile. He swung the gate open, stepping inside. His voice was suddenly soft and aimable.

"Come right through, my boy."

He slammed the gate after me, and turned his back on the disappointed crowd. He caught my arm.

"From New York!" he echoed. "I used to run an elevator in the Waldorf-Astoria. Tell me all about the old town."

...

One of the prettiest tributes to the memory of the late James Whitcomb Riley was that written by Miss Clara E.

A Riley Tribute Laughlin for the September issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Miss Laughlin's acquaintance with Mr. Riley began by correspondence. She was a young girl trying bravely to conduct a literary department of a religious weekly on an exceedingly small money allowance. She decided to have a Riley poem. So by rigid economy she amassed the staggering sum of twenty-five dollars, which she sent to the poet with a polite note entreating twenty-five dollars worth of his very best poetry. She had no idea of the audacity of the request. That twenty-five dollars looked big enough to her to buy "In Memoriam" or *Paradise Lost*. Nevertheless Miss Laughlin got the poem, which she presented to the readers of the weekly in the Christmas number.

...

The following June Miss Laughlin received from the poet an invitation to go down to Winona Lake, Indiana, to attend the annual sessions of the Western Writers' Association. Mr. Riley was expecting a much older woman, and his first question at the meeting was, "Where are your corkscrew curls?"

Then followed many pleasant days and evenings. Miss Laughlin tells of one, when Frank L. Stanton, the Southern poet, was present.

We were but four at table: Mr. Riley, Mr. Stanton, Mrs. Whipple—a little lady into whose chaperonage Mr. Riley had consigned me immediately upon his discovery of my disconcerting youth—and myself. Mr. Stanton's mind is an inexhaustible storehouse of great poetry, which he recites beautifully. Out under the trees that June night he had repeated, on Mr. Riley's continued urging, poem after poem. It was a rare treat he gave us. His memory is particularly rich in Shakespeare, and bit by bit, as the talk ran on, in the most informal way he gave snatches of this immortal scene and of that.

Just how the talk proceeded from Shakespeare to Mrs. Browning I do not know, but it was an easy progress. Mr. Riley, I know, considered Mrs. Browning's mind the most exquisite that had expressed itself in poetry since Shakespeare. At any rate, we were talking of her when we went indoors; and I, who had my thumbed and much-marked copy of her poems in my bag, went to my room and got it.

We had our bite to eat, still talking of her, and there came up the old, old subject of how much an artist must have lived and suffered in order to express himself with passion and authority. Mr. Riley said that it was a matter not of extensity but of intensity: that if one had gone to the depths of one great human emotion one had reached a point of understanding where all kindred emotions become comprehensible.

In illustration of this he began to read from my copy of Mrs. Browning. First he read "Bianca Among the Nightingales," and oh, how he read it! His was truly "a golden voice," comparable to none other that I have ever heard in man: it had extraordinary flexibility. As he read the ravings of poor, jealousy-mad Bianca there was such passion and such pain in his tones as made us who listened ache with almost unendurable anguish. Then he read "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point," and our tears flowed unrestrained.

"You see?" he said. "Having plumbed the

depths in one great experience, that little, bedridden Englishwoman was equally capable of comprehending the hot jealousy of a passionate Italian girl raving for her lost lover and the wild agony of a black mother torn from her child. Below a certain depth all suffering is sympathetic."

...

Miss Laughlin found Riley the most painstaking literary workman that she has ever known anything about.



SUGGESTING DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. WHICH IS THE REAL WADSWORTH CAMP?

Genius may not be a capacity for taking pains, but a genius always has that capacity in excess of most ordinary folks, and Riley had it in excess of most other geniuses. When he used dialect he used it with an absolute accuracy that was scientific. He kept exhaustive notes of the particular clipplings and elisions and distortions of many different kinds of persons. There was a subtle distinction in his mind between the child who said "thist" and the child who said "ist" for "just."



SCENES IN INDIANAPOLIS DURING THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY FESTIVITIES LAST AUTUMN

He had a passion for exactitude and a passion for simplicity. I recall his ardent championship of Longfellow, and his bitterness against those smart young persons who spoke contemptuously of Longfellow's fatal tendency to rhythm and rhyme, as if his thought must be less noble because it could be understood without a "key," and as if his poetry must have been effortless because it could be memorised so easily. "Nobody knows any better than I know," Mr. Riley used to say, "how hard it is to write such measures as 'The Psalm of Life.'"

He loved that in Longfellow which made Longfellow—scholar in many tongues that he was—put infinite pains in the perfect simplicity of his poems, so that they were easy to learn and hard to forget. He strove to do a like thing himself—strove and succeeded. Not Longfellow, however, but Robert Burns was the prime source of Riley's inspiration. I think Burns was closer to his heart than any other writer. But he had many lovely enthusiasms for writers both past and present. His letters to me are full of these enthusiasms.

He was a profound lover of Dickens, for whose understanding of human nature and skill in portraying it Mr. Riley had not less than veneration. In a postscript to one of his letters I find this: "Am just reading the primest, finest, most mellowest and juiciest of all novels ever writ! Wonder if you've run acrost it yet? It is called 'David Copperfield.' Ah, mountain-pine and stately Kentish spire! Ye have one tale to tell!"

...

The camp at Plattsburgh has not yet produced a young Kipling to chronicle its hardships and its **Songs of the** its hardships and its
Rookies frivolities; nor even a Botrel or a Yann Nibor. But the rookies have had their songs and their song writers, and a number of the more or less lyrical efforts have been gathered and issued in pamphlet form by the Davol Publishing Company of Taunton, Massachusetts. "These camp songs are impromptu productions," writes Mr. Ralph Davol in a foreword to the pamphlet, "for the most part hurriedly composed for immediate diversion

upon the march or around the evening camp-fire. The writers may not become as immortal as Francis Scott Key or Rouget de L'Isle. In the archives of military literary literature, these verses may not rank, for dignity of theme and purity of English, with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, or Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore';" "but," Mr. Davol goes on, "they will bring back to the veteran rookie a kaleidoscopic picture of his brief military career—the intimate domesticities of the jocose tent-squad; the unaccustomed view of the five o'clock sunrise; the suffocating clouds of dust on the hike; the cool, refreshing swim in the lake; the commanding officer bawling out some luckless private for rust in the rifle bore; the fragrance of the fir trees and the rough talk of the camp."

...

Naturally, most of these songs have been fitted to well-known airs; tunes of the Civil War, of the colleges, and of the music-hall. "Marching Through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body," of course, had their imitators. Then there are, among others, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Maryland, My Maryland," "I Love a Lassie," "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "The Souse Family," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Old Noah, He Built Himself an Ark," "The Son of a Gambolier," "Tammany," "The Infantry," and Billy Sunday's "Glory, Glory" song. Many of the refrains refer to personalities that are more or less vague to one himself not in touch with the humour of the camp. For example, the following, written by Evarts Tracy of Plainfield, New Jersey, to the Harry Lauder tune "I Love a Lassie":

We have a Sasse,
A stern and splendid Sasse,
He is built like a Viking from the sea,
If you want to hear him talking,
Mix your feet up when you're walking,
Sasse from Company E.

Not associated with any particular tune is the same author's "Inspection After Range Practice":

If seven men, with seven rods,
Cleaned it for half a year,
Do you suppose, the rookie said,
That they could get it clear?
I doubt it, said the captain,
And bit him on the ear.

...

There is a Rutgers College song entitled "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," which could probably be traced to some air that was sung before the first Rutgers undergraduate ever found his way to New Brunswick. F. T. Fabel, of New York, adapted the tune as follows for the amusement of the rookies:

Our conscience sent us here to Plattsburg
In response to our country's wild alarms,
So we started in to drill over valley, stream
and hill,
And were introduced to Manual of Arms.

CHORUS:

On the shores of old Champlain, my boys,
Where we started in to work with might
and main,
Oh, we thought we'd come for pleasure till
we met our Captain Leasure,
And the captain told us promptly, guess
again.

On Tuesday we'll be men of business,
Back at office, factory or shop,
Tho' we're sick and sore and lame,
Yet we're gol-darned glad we came
And we'll hike the next two days until
we drop.

Then, to the tune of "The Jolly Sophomore," is "Company M's Song":

Oh, Company M, oh, Company M, the best
of all the lot,
We swill the beers and rickys, too, until
we're all half shot,
We then pick up our guns and packs, and
after every spree,
Why, we advance and shoot the pants
From any company.

Several of the songs attest the presence at camp of a certain Captain Stewart. For example, "The Long Roll" of Company A, Sixth Regiment, sung to the tune of "Tipperary":

It's the long roll that's sci-en-tif-ic,
It's the long roll that fits
Right along your spinal column,
From your shoulder to your hips.
"Thirty-nine pounds," Stewart tells us,
And you've missed some damn good fun,
If you've never hiked along the highway,
With this scientific ton.

First you put in your old woollen blanket,
Then your shelter half and poncho, too.
Then they think that you are lazy
And have nothing else to do.
So they give you a pick and shovel,
Bolo and bayonet, too.
Then it's pike right along, you damned old
Rookie,
It's double time for you.

From other songs we learn that Captain Stewart was later promoted to be a major. That fact is brought out in a jingle by S. C. Rand, of Boston, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," and also in the following to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching":

Damn, damn, damn, I've got a blister,
And my feet are not so well,
And my shoulder blades are lame,
Major Stewart's all to blame,
After paying thirty dollars,
Ain't it hell!

...

"If a man is to die, it matters not whether it be in a border skirmish or at Waterloo," wrote Rudyard Kipling many years ago in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." There was a fine sweep then to that word "Waterloo." It was hard to foresee that a battle would come that would make Waterloo in comparison almost as insignificant as a conflict between a British brigade and

a few thousand Afghans. Yet such a battle was that fought two years ago on a front of one hundred and twenty miles—the battle of the Marne. The full story of that gigantic struggle is not likely to be told for many years to come. Yet of all the books that have already been written about it we have read none more clear than the volume which Hilaire Belloc has just published in his series, *The Elements of the Great War*. It is not a picture of the blare and turmoil of battle that Mr. Belloc presents. There are no descriptions of intrepid infantry charges or allusions to the bark and bite of the “seventy-fives.” It is simply the story of that vast encircling sweep of the German army through northern France and why and where the blow failed. The German effectives present upon the whole line stood to the French effectives as less than eight, but more than seven to five. Yet, despite this superiority of numbers, German strategy so blundered that the dangerous thinness in the centre constituted a “gap.” General Foch discovered this “gap” in the afternoon of the ninth of September, and through it he struck.

...

No matter how limited the selection, no list of the conspicuous books dealing with the Great War would be complete that did not include the recently published *America's Men* *Friends of France*. This book is a record of the services of those Americans who are driving ambulances along the fighting lines. In the cause of humanity they are daring bullet and shrapnel and high explosive. Few in number and limited in their activities, this little band of American ambulance drivers in France is repaying part of the debt owed to the tens of thousands of Frenchmen who crossed the ocean as soldiers and sailors to help America in 1777. The lives that are being offered in the service are not lives already half shattered. There is no flavour of the famous Foreign Legion, with its fugitives from

justice, its suggestion that it is better not to enquire too closely into the antecedents of your comrade. The men in the American Ambulance Service are mostly young men with life stretching bright before them. Most of them are university men. Trinity, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia, University of Virginia, Dartmouth, University of California,—these entries against the individual names in the list at the end of the book indicate the quality of the service that is being offered. There are



CHASSEVR ALPIN 1915

names that stand for definite achievement. A chapter is contributed by the talented author of *Queed*. Mr. Harrison writes of the war as he saw it about Dunkirk and Ypres. Mr. Emery Pottle has told of the service in verse in the following poem, entitled “Un Blessé à Montauville”:

“Un blessé à Montauville—urgent!”

Calls the sallow-faced téléphoniste.

The night is as black as hell's black pit,
There's snow on the wind in the East.

There's snow on the wind, there's rain on
the wind,

The cold's like a rat at your bones;
You crank your car till your soul caves in,
But the engine only moans.

The night is as black as hell's black pit;
 You feel your crawling way
 Along the shell-gutted, gun-washed road—
 How—only God can say.

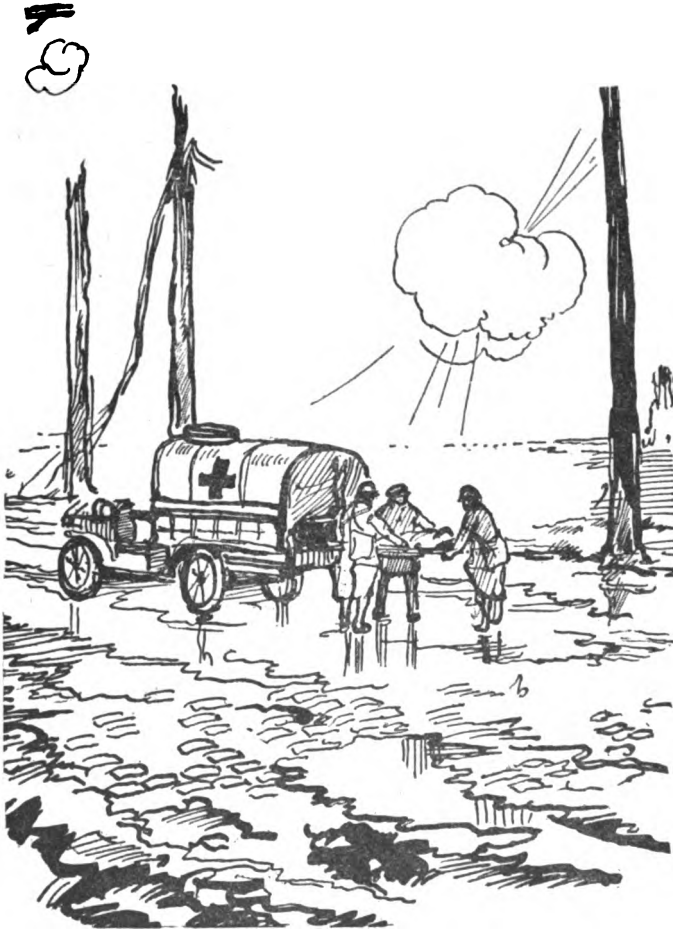
The 120's and 75's
 Are bellowing on the hill;
 They're playing at bowls with big trench-
 mines
 Down at the Devil's mill.

Christ! Do you hear that shrapnel tune
 Twang through the frightened air?
 The *Boches* are shelling on Montauville—
 They're waiting for you up there!

*"Un blessé—urgent? Hold your lantern up
 While I turn the damned machine!
 Easy, just lift him easy now!
 Why, the fellow's face is green!"*

*"Oui, ça ne dure pas longtemps, tu sais."
 "Here, cover him up—he's cold!
 Shove the stretcher—it's stuck! That's it—
 he's in!"
 Poor chap, not twenty years old.*

*"Bon-soir, messieurs—à tout à l'heure!"
 And you feel for the hell-struck road.
 It's ten miles off to the surgery,
 With Death and a boy for your load.*



CHARLES HUARD'S WRAPPER DESIGN FOR "FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

Praise God for that rocket in the trench,
 Green on the ghastly sky—
 That *camion* was dead ahead!
 Let the *ravitaillement* by!

"*Courage, mon brave!* We're almost there!"
 God, how the fellow groans—
 And you'd give your heart to ease the jolt
 Of the ambulance over the stones.

Go on, go on, through the dreadful night—
 How—only God He knows!
 But now he's still! Aye, it's terribly still
 On the way a dead man goes.

"Wake up, you swine asleep! Come out!
Un blessé—urgent—damned bad!"
 A lamp streams in on the blood-stained
 white
 And the mud-stained blue of the lad.

"*Il est mort, m'sieu!*" "So the poor chap's
 dead?"
 Just there, then, on the road
 You were driving a hearse in the hell-black
 night,
 With Death and a boy for your load.

O dump him down in that yawning shed,
 A man at his head and feet;
 Take off his ticket, his clothes, his kit,
 And give him his winding-sheet.

It's just another *poilu* that's dead;
 You've hauled them every day
 Till your soul has ceased to wonder and
 weep
 At war's wild, wanton play.

He died in the winter dark, alone,
 In a stinking ambulance,
 With God knows what upon his lips,—
 But on his heart was France!

Literary figures, as well as the personages of the stage, flit across the pages of H. G. Hibbert's *Fifty London Years of a Londoner's Memories*. For example, we meet the author of *Peter Pan* in the guise of an old-time journalist. One Sunday night there came a confident knocking at the door of the Nottingham *Daily Journal*. On the dark



A CHARLES HUARD DECORATION FOR
 "FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

landing stood a small delicate youth unmistakably from Scotland. "My name is Barrie. I am the new leader writer," he said. Then he went on to tell of his long journey from Edinburgh, during which he had taken the precaution of writing a leading article which he hoped would satisfy the occasion. And he would like to go home to bed. Barrie's connection with the paper began in this way. In response to an advertisement for a leader writer he had asked three pounds a week. "Yes," said the senior proprietor, "we pay monthly. That will be twelve pounds a month." Barrie was a Scot. This ingenious reduction of three pounds per week to two pounds seventeen and four pence first perplexed and then eternally angered him. Barrie's contract was to supply two columns of literary matter a day. One was to consist of a leading article, as to which general, but never particular, instructions were given in an eight-page letter from the senior proprietor. In addition he contributed a weekly column of gossip signed "Hippomenes"—many of these essays were reprinted in *My Lady Nicotine*, having in their early state been infinitely beyond the average reader of the journal—and book reviews, carefully measured with a tape, to make up the tale of twelve columns per week.

In those days, Mr. Hibbert tells us, Barrie fancied himself as an actor. He would on the slightest provocation give an imitation of Irving as Romeo and Modjeska as Juliet. His lonely rooms in a suburban terrace were curiously devoid of books. There was a Horace, and there was Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. He was shy, painfully shy. He drank nothing. He found smoking detestable. There was in Nottingham a curious little Bohemian club called The Kettle. Barrie went there once or twice but did not find the companionship to his liking. Walking was a joy to him. In company with Hibbert he covered hundreds of miles of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. In the office he was in constant conflict with the foreman printer, who was afterward immortalised in *When a Man's Single*. The foreman printer had been with the paper for thirty-nine years and was a good deal of an autocrat. He had two names for "copy." There was "noos," to which he attached importance according to its local application, and there was mere literary matter, which he called "tripe." Barrie's work, acutely literary, was always in peril. The autocrat had a soft spot, but Barrie refused to negotiate it. Hibbert was wiser, or at least more diplomatic. Once he procured the insertion of an historic speech on Protection by marking it the introduction to the Mansfield Flower Show. So it became "preference copy."

...

When Mr. Hibbert, an uncouth youth from the provinces, still dazed by the splendour of his appointment as acting editor of the *Sunday Times*, made his way to London, he found a domicile in Gray's Inn. His chambers were the very chambers which W. S. Gilbert occupied as a briefless barrister, where he wrote *The Bab Ballads*, and where he and Tom Hood and Clement Scott used to work on *Fun*. Mr. Hibbert has a good deal to say about Gilbert's stage caricatures. As early as 1873, in a burlesque of which Gilbert was part author,

there was a wild dance by three members of the Government, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Ayrton, which caused a terrible to-do. *Patience* gave the final *coup de grâce* to the "æsthetic craze" at which George du Maurier had been so steadily hammering pictorially in the pages of *Punch*. Bunthorne was clearly meant for Oscar Wilde. Then there was Gilbert's attack on the Kaiser in the dancing hussar episode in *The Grand Duke*. That passed without remark. But his *Mikado* caused diplomatic exchanges—after a respectable career of thirty years on the stage. In an earlier instance a line in *Ruddigore*, misinterpreted by the London correspondent of the *Figaro*, and telegraphed to Paris, roused considerable French indignation.

...

Mr. Hibbert recalls the Marquis of Queensbury's public denunciation of Lord Tennyson's play *The Promise of May*. It was the same Marquis of Queensbury who afterward brought about the downfall of Oscar Wilde. The Tennyson play was produced at the Globe Theatre in 1882. The Laureate's hero justified a very sordid act of seduction by the exposition of his views on marriage—he was an agnostic, so styled. "Marriage!" said he. "Well, when the great democratic deluge which is slowly coming upon us, and upon all Europe, shall have washed away thrones and churches, ranks, conditions and customs,—marriage, one of the most senseless, among the rest—why then the man and the woman, being free to follow their elective affinities, will each bid the old bond farewell, not with tears but with smiles, not with mutual recriminations, but with mutual good wishes, with no dread of the world's gossip and no necessity for concealment; and the children—well, the State will bring up the children." And again, addressing his prey: "Marriage! that feeble institution! Child, it will pass away with priestcraft from the pulpit into the crypt, into the abyss. For does not Na-

ture herself teach us that marriage is against nature? Look at the birds—they pair for the season and part; but how merrily they sing! While marrying is like chaining two dogs together by the collar. They snarl and bite each other because there is no hope of parting.” At the third performance of *The Promise of May* the Marquis of Queensbury rose in his stall and protested. At the end of the act he rose again, meaning to address the audience at greater length, but he was gently removed. So, in a little while, was *The Promise of May*.

• • •

An anecdote showing our own James McNeill Whistler characteristically beligerent. During an entr’acte of Pettit’s *A Million of Money*, at Drury Lane, in the autumn of 1890, there was a collision between Whistler and Augustus Moore, at that time editing the *Hawk*, which naturally got a page of vivacious paragraphs out of the incident. Moore declared that Whistler, whom he described with minute insolence, cried: “Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!” touched him with a tiny cane, and was promptly knocked down. Friends intervened. Moore returned to his stall and Whistler retired. So much for Moore’s version. Whistler made his way to the office of the *Sunday Times*, being an intimate of the staff of that day. He certainly bore no evidence of having been knocked down—nothing showed signs of damage but his stick. He declared that he had reproached Moore with an attack on the memory of his dead friend—Godwin, the architect, whose widow he married—and that he got in two smashing blows. “Indeed,” Mr. Hibbert comments, “I do not think either was a penny the worse.”

• • •

An interesting chapter in Mr. Hibbert’s book deals with the salaries of the theatrical celebrities. Probably the largest fee paid was to Sarah Bernhardt for her first appearance at the London Coliseum — namely, one thousand

pounds, for her personal services, apart from the salaries of her company and the other expenses. Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree had seven hundred and fifty pounds at the Palace. Miss Marie Tempest had five hundred pounds at the London Hippodrome. Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier demand from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds, in circumstances. Some dancers now receive very large salaries. At the Alhambra in the old days twenty-five pounds a week was considered a large fee to pay. Genée began at the Empire at fifteen pounds a week, and for a long time was contented with thirty; toward the end she had seventy. Then came the boom.



H. G. HIBBERT

Now the foremost prominent dancers of the day range from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and fifty pounds a week. In America Pavlova has soared away from the topmost figure. Harry Lauder’s demand is now for a minimum of five hundred pounds a week. He was offered eight hundred pounds a week for a special engagement at the Empire, and declined it. From the beginning music hall salaries have been comparatively large. Blondin, who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope, got one hundred pounds an ascent, but accepted a reduction when he appeared nightly in a music hall. It used to be a favourite amusement of the Guardsmen whom Ouida loved to idealise to travel pickaback with Blondin across his rope. An exception among the celebrities of the past was the “Great” Macdermott.

When he sang "We don't want to fight" at the London Pavilion, his salary was ten pounds a week, spontaneously increased to twenty pounds a week, which was his price for many years to come.

...

From Mr. Hibbert's book it is but a step to Edward H. Sothorn's *The Melancholy Tale of "Me."* But as the title implies, Mr. Sothorn's book is more a merely personal record. No story involving the Sothorn family would be complete that did not introduce the episode of the elder Sothorn's development of the character of Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*. As the play was first read to the company, Lord Dundreary was merely a second old man with a few lines. Sothorn was so disheartened that he had made up his mind that he would leave America and the stage, and return to England to enter his father's office in Liverpool. Joseph Jefferson, who was the leading comedian of the company, dissuaded him from this step by the promise that he would have liberty to build up the character. Day by day Dundreary was, as it were, superimposed upon the play. The success of the character was not so great at first, but it grew as the actor felt his way. "My father's genius was indeed the genius of infinite pains," records the younger Sothorn. "I have heard him relate that the little skip he used in his gait in Dundreary originated simply from his habit of trying to keep in step with my mother as they walked up and down at the back of the stage arranging their lines. The skip and the stutter and other business grew from performance to performance. As Jefferson says in his *Life* the character of Dundreary gradually pushed all the other characters out of the play."

...

Probably, to American playgoers, no theatre has been so intimately associated with Edward H. Sothorn's work as the old Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, in New York City. Mr. Sothorn himself feels that affiliation keenly.

"Where are they gone, the old familiar places?" he asks. "The Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, opposite the Ashland House, is now but a memory. For sixteen years it was my home actually, for I lived there constantly in spirit—even when I was away, ever contemplating what I could produce there on my return. For sixteen years I brought out there a new play each summer under the direction of my guide, philosopher, and friend, Daniel Frohman. I grew there from boyhood to manhood. There I made many of my closest friendships, and there most of the comedy, farce, and tragedy of my existence had its genesis in the real and in the mimic world." It was against the old Lyceum Theatre that he first saw his own name blazoned in letters six feet high as the name of a star. He stood before those giant letters and reflected upon the power of print and the bubble-like quality of reputation. Then he wended his way to Daniel Frohman and said: "The letters are too big; I can never live up to them." Managers are optimistic. "We will try," was the answer.

...

One of the greatest successes of the old Lyceum was *The Highest Bidder*. In telling the story of that play two dogs must not be forgotten. These dogs were Death, a bulldog, and Trap, a fox terrier, brought from Europe by Mr. Sothorn's brother. One day Mr. Sothorn took to his rooms in Twenty-third Street a box of old manuscripts that had belonged to his father. Suddenly Trap flew at the box, seized a printed book, and dashed from the room, out into the street and on to the Lyceum Theatre. He was followed by Mr. Sothorn and Death. When the actor finally collared the culprit the business manager of the theatre asked, "What has he got there?" "A play." "Does he want me to read it?" asked the business manager. "If you please." "Take it upstairs to Mr. Frohman." That was done. Frohman accepted it.

and produced it. The play had been written twenty years before for the elder Sothern by Madison Morton and Robert Reece. They called it *Trade*. The hero was an auctioneer who fell in love with the daughter of a haughty baronet; hence the conflict between trade and birth. Neither of the authors of the play, which had been sold by them twenty years before, had ever expected to hear from it again. Reece had become an old man, and was a pensioner at the Charter House in London, like Colonel "Tom" Newcome of glorious memory. The authors were informed of the success of the rechristened *Trade* through the medium of the American Messenger boy, Eugene B.

Sanger, who carried the letters across the Atlantic. At the time no London messenger service existed; any one who wished to send a message, sent it either by a cab or called for a commissionaire. In later years an interviewer asked Mr. Sothern for a record of his achievements. Said the actor: "Any distinction for which I may lay claim is not connected with the theatre. Acting is a side issue with me. My chief accomplishment in days to come will be admitted to lie in the realms of invention. I am an inventor." "What did you invent?" asked the surprised scribe. "The London messenger boy. It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

BY MARION FORSTER GILMORE

Out of the soul of the yearning night,
 Out of the heart of the joyous day,
 Won from old pain that has brought new sight,
 Born of the joys that have passed away,
 Out of the depths like a tender dawn,
 Beautiful, beautiful Love is born.

Echo low of the Love divine,
 Shining ray from the Source of Light,
 Singing forever, "The world is mine,"
 Clasp the firmament, Day and Night,
 Time, Eternity,—strong to move
 God's own Universe,—beautiful Love!

Who that is human,—O, glorious Beam,
 Who that glows with the heart's warm fire,
 Is not stirred by thy mystic dream,
 Caught on the wings of a god's desire!
 Strong, transcendent o'er Death and Time,
 Reign forever, O, Love sublime.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER—IMPRESSIONIST

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

AFTER the great war broke out, there was no fiercer critic of Germany than Ford Madox Hueffer—himself half German. He was not content with writing two books of savage pro-Ally patriotism, but by dint of much insistence and in spite of the fact that he was over age succeeded in obtaining a commission in the big British army which is undertaking the task of whipping the Kaiser's legions.

From his propaganda books we learn that he imbibed not only from his English grandfather, the painter, Ford Madox Brown, but from his German father, Dr. Francis Hueffer as well; a deep hatred of Prussianism and a great love for things French. Indeed he goes to the extreme of saying that in the whole world it is only France that uncontestably matters.

Had the war and its resultant hatreds and revelations not taken place, Hueffer would in all probability always have been put down as one who was drawn irresistibly by Germany and German arts, especially by German poetry. Prior to the war, he lived by choice for many months of every year in Germany. As for poetry, he could write in all seriousness: "I would very willingly cut off my right hand to have written the 'Wahlfart nach Kevelaar' of Heine, or 'Im Moos' by Annette von Droste. I would give almost anything to have written almost any modern German lyric or some of the ballads of my friend Levin Schücking."

And in spite of his eleventh-hour and war-inspired vituperation of Prussianism, it is plain that his German blood and his German reading have had a large part in forming his poetic art. From German sources there were derived in considerable measure his sing-

ing quality and his flair for free-and-easy verse.

II

But there were other influences, too, not the least being that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Hueffer was born right in the midst of that famous circle. It was his grandfather Brown who so largely influenced the Pre-Raphaelites and of whom his grandson could say that he was the first painter in England, if not in the world, who attempted "to render light exactly as it appeared to him." It was his aunt who married William Rossetti. Hueffer spent his childhood in the houses of the men who made the P. R. B. famous. But he acknowledges a debt to only one of the circle—Christina Rossetti. The rest seem to him to be more or less unworthy. What he admires in Christina is her directness of utterance, her fresh, clean-cut phrasing. He finds nothing at all comparable to it in her more famous compeers.

And finally—though half-grudgingly—he admits a debt to Browning.

If asked what kind of a poet he himself is, Hueffer would reply that he is an impressionist. He attempts in poetry the same kind of impressionism that Manet did in painting—something realistic in its ideals, something that strives to express character rather than beauty or æsthetic idealism. But with Hueffer, we encounter a peculiar kind of impressionism, of realism: "I don't really deal in facts; I have for facts a most profound contempt. I try to give you what I see to be the spirit of an age, of a town, of a movement. This cannot be done with facts."

It is difficult for him to expound his own theories of his poetic art because with him, as he has confessed, the writing of verse is not a conscious art. It is the expression of an emotion. A vague

rhythm sings in his brain and the lines just come. But if there is this accidental quality to his production, there is nothing accidental to the form it takes. He seeks to avoid all flub-dub. The cause of his admiration of German verse is that the writers are enabled to use the ordinary language of their own circle and their own time. These poets impart to their poetry some of the virtues of prose—direct march of phrasing, avoidance of inversions and of tortured constructions, scorn for the hackneyed literary coins that have been bequeathed by predecessors. The German poets, as Hueffer sees them, express life in the ordinary language employed by living men. In English poetry it is too often true that the poet seeks to express life in a language that is alien to life. So that we get from Hueffer this statement: "What is wanted of a poet is that he should express his own thoughts in the language of his own time."

We gather that he believes it is better for the poet to look about him and tell what he sees with his own eyes, using the words of the people he knows. And, above all, the poet must not be affected. It would be far better to be vulgar than affected. He will not even be shocked if the poet uses slang. This will at least have the savour of the poet's own era. He is a worshipper of Heine and explains his feeling by saying the poems "which are written in colloquial German and with absolute directness of phrase, are the most exquisite things in the world."

Colloquial language, directness of phrasing—these are Hueffer's desiderata. They are the goals for which he aims, not always successfully.

III

In his early work we find him differing not very greatly from the usual run of English poets who write with accomplishment, ease and power. At the most, it can be said he is already an impressionist. In one poem he succeeds in presenting to his reader a complete pic-

ture, and in eleven lines he shows traces of his Pre-Raphaelite upbringing. His heroine is one of the long-necked women Rossetti loved to paint and sing:

You make me think of lavender,
And that is why I love you so:
Your sloping shoulders, heavy hair,
And long swan's neck like snow,
Befit those gracious girls of long ago,
Who in closed gardens took the quiet air;
Who lived the ordered life gently to pass
From earth as from rose petals perfumes go,
Or shadows from that dial in the grass;
Whose fingers from the painted spinet keys
Drew small heart-clutching melodies.

And celebrating the same girl, we find this exquisite picture, painted in dim tints:

Come in the delicate stillness of dawn,
Your eyelids heavy with sleep;
When the faint moon slips to its line—
dim-drawn,
Grey and a shadow, the sea. And deep,
very deep,
The tremulous stillness ere day in the dawn.

Come, scarce stirring the dew on the lawn,
Your face still shadowed by dreams;
When the world's all shadow, and rabbit
and fawn—
Those timorous creatures of shadows and
gleams;
And twilight and dewlight, still people the
lawn.

Children, too, have a decided appeal for him. At least, his own children have. They inspire him with various tender strains, of which the following, with its German diminutive of endearment, is a fair sample:

We've wandered all about the upland
fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play;
But now, good-night, good-bye to soaring
swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last;

Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling.

Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at night;

Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

But the most effective of his early verses is "An End-Piece." In the lines already quoted, it will have been observed that, as compared with many poets, Hueffer is quite sparing in his use of adjectives. He begins to anticipate the Imagists in at least one thing—he tries for a noun-and-verb verse. He does not believe in burdening his stanzas by piling up the adjectives and especially those adjectives that so often seem as if thrown in more because of the exigencies of the metre than because they are needed to perfect the meaning of the line. In the following poem this Spartan saving of words is most marked. In a dozen lines there are but two adjectives. And note how beautiful the verses are, the last six especially challenging comparison with Stevenson's famous "Requiem":

Close the book and say good-bye to everything;

Pass up from the shore and pass by byre and stall,

—For the smacks shall sail home on the tail of the tides,

And the kine shall stand deep in the sweet water sides,

And they still shall go burying, still wedding brides,

But I must be gone in the morning.

One more look, and so farewell, sweet summering,

One moment more and then no more at all, For the skipper shall summon his hands to the sea,

And the shepherd still shepherd his sheep on the lea,

But it's over and done with the man that was me,

As over the hill comes the morning.

IV

Hueffer had his romantic phases, his moods common to most English poets

before he suddenly struck out in a real modern vein—colloquial, chatty, often humorous, often sounding almost like improvisation. At times it is hard to draw the distinction between the easy, careless music of a skilled craftsman and plain doggerel. But whether—after weighing it in the critical scale—it be declared that one or the other, there is one damning term that cannot be applied to it. It cannot be called dull. Hueffer succeeds almost invariably in being interesting.

One poem stands alone as a sort of half-way house between the verses of his first period and those of his more original and pioneer stage. Fittingly enough this poem is garnished and graced with all the music that is traditional of English songs when they are at their best. It seemingly celebrates old modes and moods. The sting is in the refrain, the pious declaration of a modern who is delighted with his own day and who will waste no time moaning and sighing over the good old times:

When in the prime and May Day time dead lovers went a-walking,

How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy poet's talking!

Here were green hills and daffodils, and copses to contain them;

Daisies for floors did front their doors agog for maids to chain them.

So when the ray of rising day did pierce the eastern heaven,

Maids did arise to make the skies seem brighter far by seven.

Now here's a street where 'bus routes meet, and 'twixt the wheels and paving

Standeth a lout that doth hold out flowers not worth the having.

But see, but see! The clock marks three above the Kilburn Station,

Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their generation.

In *High Germany*, many of whose verses are inspired by German sights and scenes, we get the real Hueffer, the innovator. We see also what it was that drew him to Germany. He was never

in love with the real Germany at all. For long he did not seem to realise that modern Germany existed. The empire of big industrial cities, of throbbing mills, of busy looms, of peaceful Armadas that took goods to all the ports of the world—the empire of mighty armies and battle cruisers and submarines and Zeppelins, was hidden from his purblind vision. Germany for him was the Germany seen in the pages of Jean Paul Richter and of Heine and in some of the old engravings. It was a Germany of little historic towns with their old, old gabled houses, their quaint churches, their narrow, winding, cobbled streets, their ancient watchman who tottered along proclaiming an invitation to all and sundry to attend the wedding of some peasant girl, or whose voice was faintly heard in the winter night-wind saying that all was well, but that a bitter storm was blowing. When he came to Germany, Hueffer went to the small towns off the beaten track and dreamed of a land and a people that had ceased to exist for at least a half century or more. But it was precisely that past and gone era that held him and that he pictured in some of these poems. He walked along a country road into just such a village as we have described. The voice of starlings was in the air and presently he saw signs of a peasant wedding, but he plodded on and, when he looked back, saw the starlings wheeling over the distant ranges. And suddenly he realised he was getting old. Years ago he would have remained in the village and taken part in the wedding feast, perhaps kissing the bride's pretty sister. But now he walked on toward the goal he had set for himself—just thinking of things. The whole impression is set down in three pages—faggots of irregular lines, as he calls them—but, somehow, we see this village, and we hear the starlings calling, and we realise the change in the man himself. The whole thing is done with such seeming ease. There is no sense of strain in the lines. They just murmur and ripple along:

And this little old place,
It's so quaint,
It's so pleasant;
And the watch bell rings, and the church
bell rings
And the wedding procession draws nigh,
Bullock carts, fiddlers and goods.
But I
Pass on my way to the woods
Thinking of things.

We get a second picture of a German town in "In the Little Old Market-Place"—conveying an impression of the moods a heavy rain induces:

It rains, it rains,
From gutters and drains
And gargoyles and gables:
It drips from the tables
That tell us the tolls upon grains,
Oxen, asses, sheep, turkeys, and fowls
Set into the rain-soaked wall
Of the old Town Hall.

But the most telling of these very modern poems are the dream fantasies "To All the Dead" and "On Heaven." In these one is inclined to say the rhythm and the manner and the mood belong to Hueffer with very little debt to any one else. He displays the cunning of an art that seizes upon the attention at the very beginning and does not let go its grip, "To All the Dead." You wonder what it will all be about and then you begin with these strikingly fantastic lines:

A Chinese Queen on a lacquered throne
With a dragon as big as the side of a
house,
All golden, and silent and sitting alone
In an empty house.

With the shadows above and the shadows
behind,
And the Queen with a paper white, rice
white face,
As still as a partridge, as still as a mouse,
With slanting eyes you would say were
blind—
In a dead white face.

And what does she think, and what does
 she see,
 With her face as still as a frozen pool is,
 And her air as old as the oldest sea,
 Where the oldest ice of the frozen Pole
 is?

V

But that is merely part of a prelude. The author swiftly takes you to Paris, where he sees some Chinese chiropodists looking out of the windows of their attic. Also he has a conversation with an American who, among other things, tells him about the graves of the ancient mound-builders. Then, hey presto, and the writer is in Germany, in a forest on the uplands. He falls asleep and dreams he sees a tryst. He says to himself it is merely the meeting of a cook and a soldier of one of the Uhlan regiments. But the memory of the Chinese and of the American mounds abides in his dreaming brain. Then it becomes clear to him that the two lovers are not modern Germans at all. They are from centuries before the time of the Huns, who swept into Europe from Asia. They are members of a race that knew China nine thousand years ago. Then follows a quite extraordinary passage which relates how the dead have an obscure life, a very slow life, where a mere whisper may last a hundred years and where it may take another thousand to understand the words that were murmured. These wraiths of long-dead lovers, whom he sees trysting, are living over again a passion of centuries ago. The dream is ended when the writer is awakened by the rustling of leaves caused by a boar and his mates. Put thus baldly, with nothing of its poetic lift, it is hard to realise how effective the poem is despite its slang, its cheap jokes, its lines that strike one as out of place and out of the picture. Read it over again and you become convinced that it could have been written only in the twentieth century. And, again, you do not begin to seek for sources of the poet's inspiration because it strikes you forcibly that he is

his own source. At last he is depicting the world as it appears to him, whether it be in his waking or his dreaming hours. The poem has the accent one begins to recognise as Hueffer's own:

For it's nothing but dead and dead and
 dying,
 Dead faiths, dead loves, lost friends and
 the flying,
 Fleet minutes that change and ruin our
 shows,
 And the dead leaves flitter and autumn goes,
 And the dead leaves flitter down thick to
 the ground,
 And poms go down and queens go down,
 And time flows on, and flows and flows.

What has been said of this poem applies with even more force to "On Heaven." Only in our time could such a poem have been written without causing a shocked outcry. For different people, the lines will have a different meaning. Hueffer seems to advance the theory that Heaven will be for each man that thing which is nearest his heart's desire. Thus here the lover and his loved one, who was the wife of another, meet without shame and without sorrow in a Heaven which is like France, with its tiny, quaint, charming villages inhabited by its kindly people. Existence goes on very much as it did in the France of this earth before the war in a France idealised by the poet:

So it is, so it goes, in this beloved place,
 There shall be never a grief but passes; no,
 not any;
 There shall be such bright light and no
 blindness;
 There shall be so little awe and so much
 loving-kindness;
 There shall be a little longing and enough
 care,
 There shall be a little labour and enough of
 toil
 To bring back the lost flavour of our human
 coil;
 Not enough to taint it;
 And all that we desire shall prove as fair
 as we can paint it.

The poem has no touch of ecclesiastical cant. There is nothing about streets of pearl and heavenly crowns. It is all about a twentieth century Heaven, where God Himself is conceived as the loving, kindly comrade:

For God is a good man; God is a kind man;

• • • • •

And God is our father and loves all good lovers.

He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner;

He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on sodden roads;

Such as bear heavy loads

He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter seas and frosty lands,

He takes care that they shall have good at his hands;

Well he takes note of a poor old cook,

Cooking your dinner;

And much he loves sweet joys in such as ever took

Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a kiss

Given in a shady nook.

Applying this method of writing to the incidents of the first months of the great war, in "Antwerp" he paid tribute to the Belgian heroes. He found in them a new glory. Theirs was a sacrifice that puzzled him. It would have been so easy to allow the German legions to pass through the country without resistance. And now their cities were sacked and their lands devastated, and the men were dying and their wives and children, white-faced, hungry and bereaved, were being received at Charing Cross Station in London. Then all is made clear to him. Theirs is a new kind of glory, the glory of those who wrought their fate out of certain doom, who invincibly faced awful odds and forever made the name "Belgian" an honourable name. Theirs was not the

glory of gay regiments. Theirs was the distinction attained by serried, stubborn ranks dying on the muddy globe they called their native land:

For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by upon their horses

Forever through our brains.

The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions;

And battalions and battalions and battalions—

The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of Minden and of Waterloo,

Pass, forever staunch,

Stand forever true;

And the small man with the large paunch,

And the greycoat, and the large hat, and the hands behind the back,

Watches them pass

In our minds forever . . .

But that clutter of sodden corpses

On the sodden Belgian grass—

That is a strange new beauty.

This gives a foretaste of what may be hoped from Hueffer if his life be spared to write of the martial scenes he is witnessing. We have already had poems about the great war, written in the old manner. But this epic contest is so big, so awful, so cataclysmic, it would seem almost impossible to capture the feel of it—the terror, the sweat, the blood, the agony—in the approved lyric style of past days. One looks for chants in this new manner Hueffer pounded out for himself—with its vivid impressionism, its straightforward march as of honest prose transfused with emotion, its irregular lines which nevertheless achieved a wild music, its often homely language of our own hour, its artful artlessness, its well-simulated and seemingly offhand carelessness, its deliberate casting away of the old, outmoded poetical counters whose brightness and beauty was long ago tarnished by use and wont.

RODS AND GUNNELS

BY JACK LONDON

HE who knows but one class of tramps can no more understand that class of tramps than he who knows but one language can understand that language. This is indisputable. And out of this non-misunderstanding, or partial understanding, much erroneous information is given forth to those who do not know tramps at all. And not only is this unjust to those who do not know, but it is unjust to the tramp. It is the intention of this brief article to correct some of this misinformation; and it is as an old-time tramp, a "comet," one who has served his "road-kid" and "gay-cat" apprenticeship, that I shall speak thus authoritatively.

When I say that the average tramp does not understand Trampland, it will be readily understood that the average sociologist, tentatively dabbling, does not and cannot understand Trampland. A single instance of this should suffice. Now it is notorious that Eastern tramps do not know how to "railroad." The tramp whose habitat has been confined to the East and South can no more "hold down" a train in spite of a "horstile" crew than can he step into Rockefeller's office and "hold down" Standard Oil. Conditions do not demand it. He is not trained to it. The crews are rarely "horstile." Speaking out of my own experience, I have been but twice put off trains between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean; while west of

the Mississippi I have been put off, and thrown off, and beaten off more times than I can recollect.

But the instance I have in mind. In professional Trampland the United States over, "riding the rods" has a specific meaning. It characterises, not various kinds of acts, but one particular act. Yet the average Eastern tramp and the average Eastern tramp-investigator do not know what this particular act is. The ordinary tramp hears the professional tramp, the comet, or the tramp-royal, speak of "riding the rods," and, utterly ignorant of what the rods are (because he has never had to ride them), he confuses them with the gunnels and concludes that he, too, has "ridden the rods." And not only this, for he describes the operation to the tramp-investigator, poses on the gunnels before a camera, and the erroneous picture is reproduced in our magazines, labelled "Riding the Rods."

Now, what are the gunnels? As correctly described but incorrectly named, they are "the truss rods which, after the fashion of bridge trusses, support the middle stretch of the car between trucks." They are heavy iron rods which run lengthwise with the car, and which differ in number and shape according to the make of the car. While they occur on passenger coaches, no one ever dreams of riding them except on freight cars. And by those who know

Mr. Bailey Millard's paper in the present number on "Jack London: Farmer" presents the author, come to forty year, in the enjoyment of his well-earned affluence. But there were other chapters in Mr. London's varied and adventurous life. There were the early days before the mast, the seal-hunting experiences in Behring Sea, and the arduous weeks of tramping throughout the United States and Canada in the pursuit of social and economic knowledge. To THE BOOKMAN for August, 1902, Mr. London contributed a paper entitled "Rods and Gunnels." It was a vivid picture of certain of his own adventures in Tramp Land. We are reprinting that paper here as a contrast to Mr. Millard's article.

and who set the pace in Trampland, they are named "gunnels." And be it remarked parenthetically that criteria are required in Trampland as well as any other land. Somebody must set the pace, give the law, sanction usage.

Anybody with arms and legs can ride the gunnels. It requires no special trick or nerve, and this in the face of the dictum of the ordinary tramp (the "gay-cat" and stew-bum), who swells pridefully and narrates valourously in the presence of the stray and passing sociologist.

But to "ride the rods" requires nerve, and skill, and daring. And, by the way, there is but one rod, and it occurs on passenger coaches. Idiomatically, it becomes "rods," just as idiomatically we speak of "riding trains." As a matter of fact, I have never yet met a man who made a practice of riding more than one train at a time. But to return. One never rides the gunnels on "passengers;" one never rides the rods on "freights." Also, between the rod on a "four-wheeler" and the rod on a "sixwheeler" there is the difference of life and death.

A four-wheel truck is oblong in shape, and is divided into halves by a cross-partition. What is true of one-half is true of the other half. Between this cross-partition and the axle is a small lateral rod, three to four feet in length, running parallel with both the partition and the axle. This is *the* rod. There is more often than not another rod, running longitudinally, the air-brake rod. These rods cross each other; but woe to the tyro who takes his seat on the brake-rod! It is not *the* rod, and the chance is large that the tyro's remains will worry and puzzle the county coroner.

Let me explain how such a rod is ridden. One may take his seat on it when the train is stationary. This is comparatively easy. But the "comet" and the "profesh," the men who ride despite "horstile" crews, are wont to take their seats while the train is under way. This is how it is done, and since I have done it often, for clearness let me describe it in the first person:

The train is pulling out and going as fast as a man can run, or even faster. Time, night or day; to one who is familiar it does not matter. I stand alongside the track. The train is approaching. With a quick eye I select the coach and truck—the forward truck, so that, sheltered by the cross-partition, I shall avoid "punching the wind." I begin to run gently in the direction the train is going. As "my" truck comes closer I hit up my pace, and just before it reaches me I make one swift spurt, so that when it is abreast of me the respective velocities of the train and myself are nearly equalised. At this moment (and it must be the moment of moments and neither the moment before nor the moment after), at this moment I suddenly stoop, reach under the car and seize hold of the first gunnel; and at this same instant I lift my feet from the ground, swing my body under the car and bring my feet to rest on the brake-beam. The posture is undignified and perilous. My feet are merely resting, my whole weight is supported by my arms, the car above me is rolling and jolting, and my back is toward the rails singing beneath.

But, hand over hand, I haul myself in till I am standing in a doubled position on the brake-beam. It will be noted that I am still *outside* the truck. Between the top of the truck and the bottom of the car is a narrow space, barely sufficient to admit a man's body. Through this I squeeze, in such manner that my feet still remain *outside* the truck on the brake-beam, my stomach is pressed against the *top* of the truck, and my head and shoulders, unsupported, are *inside* the truck. I say "unsupported," and I mean it, for beneath my chest is the rapidly revolving axle. This I dare not touch, but must thrust my head and trunk, snake fashion, over and past it and down till I can lay my hands on either the brake-rod or the cross-rod. This done, my head and shoulders are now lower than my hips (which are on top the truck), and I must draw my hips, legs and feet over and down across that moving axle without touching.

Squirming and twisting, this is accomplished, and I sit down on the cross-rod, back resting against the side of the truck, one shoulder against the cross-partition, the other shoulder within a couple of inches of the whirling wheel. My legs are disposed along the rod to where my feet rest on it at the opposite end within an inch or so of the other wheel. More than once I have had a wheel rasp against my shoe or whizz greasily on my shoulder. Six or eight inches beneath me are the ties, bounding along at thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, and all in the world between is a slender swaying rod as thick as a man's first finger. Dirt and gravel are flying, the car is bounding overhead, the earth flashing away beneath, there is clank and clash, and rumble and roar, and . . . this is "riding the rods."

As I write I have before me my "ticket." I have ridden countless miles on it. It is a piece of three-quarter-inch pine, well seasoned, four inches wide by five long. Across it a rude groove has been gashed with a jack-knife. Into this groove the rod fits, and on this piece of wood the man sits. It is a small affair. When not in use I carried it in my hip pocket. Yet I have seen the passing sociologist and tramp-investigator, in the course of mis-describing rod-riding, speak of "tickets" which were four-foot planks!

I remember being "ditched" on a little "jerk" road in the French country near Montreal. With me were two other "stiffs," Vancouver Ned and Chi Slim. Vancouver Ned was a tramp-royal. He was just back from across the pond and was returning to Vancouver. Chi Slim, as his "monica" denotes, hailed from Chicago. He thought of himself as a "blowed in-the-glass stiff," and so far as his experience went he was so blown, but his experience was quite limited. His seven years of tramp-ing had been narrowly confined. He was not a product of rigid selection. A certain repressed eagerness alternated with fits of timidity, and one could see at a glance that this was his first big

adventure. He had broken out of his habitat and was at last on the great "road." And as befitted one honoured by the companionship of a "comet" and a tramp-royal, he deemed it necessary to put on a wise "front." He was a bold, bad man, and the chests he threw amused Vancouver Ned and me. Since he was bound West, we knew he stood in need of education, and Vancouver Ned kindly proceeded to "put him wise" concerning the "railroading" he would have to do ere he achieved West. Vancouver Ned mentioned riding the rods as necessary for getting over the ground. Oh, he knew all about riding the rods, did Chi Slim; he was no "gay cat." I saw that he needed fetching down a peg or so, told him that I knew he did not know, and challenged him to go down to the railroad yards and show us the rods. He led the way confidently, and, as we had suspected, pointed in triumph to the gunnels!

Another current and widespread misconception is that the train crews (the "shacks"), if they wished, could prevent all tramps from riding. It is undeniable that if they tried they could prevent many tramps from riding, but it is undeniable that they could prevent all. There are probably some several thousand tramps in the United States who can successfully defy any such attempt, while the very attempt would develop many thousand more—the men who "hold down" trains in spite of the crews "horstile" or otherwise. I have forced an Overland Mail to stop five times, and then indulged the anxious-eyed passengers with a rough-and-tumble with the "shacks" before I was finally "ditched." But this was in broad daylight and I was handicapped. Had it been night-time, barring accidents, they could not have kept me off. But they were carrying the mails, and a policy of stopping five times for every tramp along the track is on the face of it absurd. As Josiah Flynt has pointed out, to completely rid a railroad of tramps a police service is necessary. The trainmen have other functions to perform. And as to

the brakemen being passively consenting parties to the free freighting of hoboes, well, and what of it? It's easier to than not to; and further, more than one over-zealous "shack" has been strewn in fragments along the right of way by tramps who elected to become "horstle."

The point of this article is: *that when the lesser local tramps are themselves ignorant of much of the real "road," the stray and passing sociologist, dealing only with the lesser local tramps, must stand in corresponding ignorance.* Such investigators do not deal with the genuine "profesh." The tramps they probe and dissect are mere creatures, without perspective, incapable of "sizing up" or understanding the Underworld in which they live. These are the *canaille* and *bourgeoisie*, these "gay cats," "bindle stiffs," "stake men," "shovel bums," "mushers," "fakirs" and "stew bums." As well might the Man from Mars get a lucid and philosophic exposition of twentieth-century sublunary society from a denizen of Mulberry Street as the stray and passing sociologist get a clear and searching exposition of the "road" from these men.

The "profesh" do not lend themselves to putting inquisitive "mugs" wise. They do not lend themselves to putting

any one wise save their own "prushuns." Nor can the superficial investigator come to know the "profesh" by merely "hitting the road." So far as they are concerned, he will be despised as a "gay cat," or, in more familiar parlance, as a short horn, a tenderfoot, a new chum. He cannot know the "profesh" until he has hobnobbed with them, and he cannot hobnob with them until he has qualified. And he may be so made that he can never qualify. Thousands of men on the "road" are unfit to be "profesh;" it is impossible for them to be "profesh." The "profesh" are the aristocracy of their Underworld. They are the lords and masters, the aggressive men, the primordial noble men, the *blond beasts* of Nietzsche, lustfully roving and conquering through sheer superiority and strength. Unwritten is the law they impose. They are the Law, the Law incarnate. And the Underworld looks up to them and obeys. They are not easy of access. They are conscious of their own nobility and treat only with equals. Unless the investigator qualify, as Josiah Flynt qualified ("The Cigarette"), he will never know them. And unless he be able to qualify and know them, he will be no fit exponent of the Underworld to the Upperworld.

AUTUMN DAY

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

LORD: it is time. The summer was so grand.
Upon sundials now Thy shadow lay,
Set free Thy winds and send them o'er the land.

Command to ripen those last fruits of Thine;
And give them two more southern days of grace
To reach their perfect fullness, and then chase
The final sweetness into heavy wine.

Who now is homeless, ne'er will build a home.
Who now is lonely, long alone will stay,
Will watch and read and write long letters grey,
And in the long lanes to and fro will roam
All restless, as the drifting fall-leaves stray.

From "A Harvest of German Verse." By Margarete Münsterberg. D. Appleton and Company.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

It is surprising how many novelists of marked ability England continues to produce, from year to year, as it were out of her sleeve. Often we do not hear of them till they have become well enough known at home. But American publishers grow less cautious about attempting to market English wares, as the American public becomes more familiar with them. There are now two or three houses which freely issue American editions (less commonly American printings, of course) of fiction that has hardly gone beyond a success of esteem in the land of its birth. Two such books, I suppose, are *Fondie* and *Casuals of the Sea*.

These are stories of remarkable quality but hardly (for a guess) of popular quality. They are not women's books, to begin with, though to me the chief figure in *Fondie* is a woman and not the title-person. They are not "pleasant," they do not "turn out right" for the sake of the old-fashioned "fair reader," nor are they concerned with the pretensions and freedoms of the female of the hour—for her own sake. They have little recognisable structure, or even action—none at all in the dramatic sense. Neither of them takes a very cheerful view of "civilised" life

with its conventions, its enslavements, and its hypocrisies. Both seem to look upon the world with a kind of smiling melancholy, a pondering acceptance of conditions hardly capable of radical improvement by such a creature as man in such a world as the present. And they take for their human types people of no exceptional surrounding or endowment, from the middle class or lower, and show them in process of living out their natures or their fates as best they may. The boy Fondie and the boy Hanny are as unlike any recognised type of romantic "hero" as they are unlike each other. But, on the other hand, they are unlike the chosen protagonists of most "grim realism," for the reason that they exist anatomically. Sinews move them, not strings from above; they breathe not as bellows, but out of sound ribs that expand within limits, like our own.

Fondie Bassiemoor is a queer figure, and I fancy that, when all is said, the story-teller admires him more than any of his auditors are likely to. On the whole, he deserves ranking among those studies in real character which I was citing last month. His strength is hidden under an odd mask—of a youth, personable enough, whose chief impulses, taking him superficially, are to deprecate, to concede, to conform, to knock under. He has the manners of an Uriah Heep and the soul of a Balahad—and fares accordingly. This incomprehensible son of roaring Joe Bassiemoor the wheelwright is labelled and done for from the outset by the whole village of Whivvle as Fondie—the foolish one. In time he proves himself a good workman and a useful citizen in various ways, but it is not until he knocks a man down that his manhood is proved, and that feat he robs of credit by the humbleness of his apologies. In

**Fondie*. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Casuals of the Sea. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Heart of Rachael. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Nest-BUILDER. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Woman Gives. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the end his strength hardly comes to more than the strength of unconquerable sweetness and self-abnegation. He might have won Blanche, he might even have saved her for some sort of happiness if he had possessed a grain less of meekness and a grain more of courage and of common-sense. We do somehow believe in him, even grow fond of him. But the girl Blanche is, as I have said, the really moving and tragic figure of the story. She is not the new girl whom we now have so much with us—the female in revolt against a special tradition or set of traditions. The Blanches have always been in revolt. That she is daughter of a country vicar throws a sharp and narrow light upon her, that is all. Hers is the revolt of warm and pleasure-loving youth against everything but warmth and pleasure. Her nature is unmoral, self-sufficing, “pagan.” She casts herself blithely in the way of peril, plays exultantly with fire until the moment when the flame catches and she is consumed. On the surface, it is the old plot of the young squire-Lothario and the village maiden, but with very different handling. For Blanche does not fall through innocence, she is not technically “betrayed,” though young Lothario is perfidious enough after the fact. The piteous thing is her awakening from her confused dream of youth and desire and joy without penalty, to a realisation of law as it governs the world in which she must actually live—if she lives at all. That there is a fineness in her is proved by her refusal of Fondie’s sacrificial offer. In the up-shot, she drowns herself; and her author, who will not be her judge, turns upon her his thoughtful, kindly gaze: “Who knows, Blanche, save you whose icy lips retain the secret safely locked behind them—who knows but that destiny led you well and wisely, and that her cruel hand was kindest after all? For now you never can grow old; age can haunt you with no terrors. Respectability can never claim you as her rightful lifelong prey, and write upon your face the careworn lines and characters

with which, too frequently, she signalises her elect. . . . And of the darkness never were you yet afraid.”

The author of *Casuals of the Sea* looks upon the world with like interest and like good-humoured skepticism. With all the seven years’ labour which, we are told, he put into this book, he failed (if he tried?) to give it anything like unity of structure. Perhaps it may best be taken as a brief trilogy—which might have been called “The Gooderiches”—rather than as a long and straggling “novel.” Gooderich the father is a North London mechanic who in middle life marries a poor, pretty Mary, a servant who has “got into trouble” and has a girl-baby to show for it. He himself is a dull and aimless plodder, Mary a feeble dabbler at life, yet the girl-baby and the two sons born to the Gooderiches proper grow up as considerable entities: with them we have to deal. With the older son, Bert, contrary to all signs, we have next to no concern after the first few chapters. It rather looks as if the author had started to make him a chief figure and had been diverted by his interest in the two other children. The first Book leads us to the forlorn end of Mr. Gooderich. The second Book concerns the cool egotist Minnie, and the third, the ineffective dreamer Hannibal. At the end of Book One, the chronicler gives his interpretation of what is to follow: “Had fate been propitious here we might have proceeded to record the history of a genius, an iconoclast, a seer, an artist. The materials were there, if you consider the boy’s crystal-clear vision of mind, his corporeal swimming and full brown eye. But the fuel was slow-burning, the flame wandered uselessly, and while the heat was to no purpose, there was no explosion, no power. The dreamer, the thoughtful ones, need this most of all. Without it they are peculiar, but ineffectual, sometimes also abominably sensual. You shall see. . . . Here therefore ends this part of the book. To what good purpose were it to proceed laboriously with the disintegration

of this family, having shown you the spiritual fact accomplished. That they emerge later, coagulated to a certain extent, disperse once more, and finally pass, making through Hannibal Gooderich 'a small tribute to the ascending efforts' of the world, will be manifest in the conclusion, if your patience will carry you so far. But that a promise may be redeemed, we may interpolate as an episode (at this time of day!) the love-story of the girl."

Minnie's story may be rated as a love-story only in a shallow sense. For this casual "child of love" is mysteriously equipped from birth with an egotism and self-sufficiency that leave room for no supreme demand upon any fellow-creature. She has her hour of passionate surrender to a brilliant man who quite frankly needs her for that hour. Thereafter for some years she coldly submits herself to other temporary relations, as a convenient means of the varied experience she craves. For all her technical frailty, there is something remote and inaccessible about her which attracts men. Eventually she wearies of her way of life and, being human enough to desire the experience of motherhood, permits one of her lovers to marry her. This is a middle-aged sea-captain, and it chanced to be his ship in which her brother Hanny makes good his own escape from the prison of the life he has been born to. Book Three, which takes up more than half the volume, records Hanny's adventures in the direction of true living. He is running away from a little cousin who has taken him over with the notion of remoulding him to her Cockney heart's desire; but before he has fairly left England he ties himself to a very different sort of a girl, a Welsh barmaid with whom the author is confessedly in love. For the sake of the money and manhood he owes her, Hanny gives up his easy steward's job for one of the most toilsome posts on board a steamship, that of trimmer. This introduces us to the setting of stokehold and engine-room in which, as a marine engineer, the

author's own daily experience has lain for many years. Nowhere, I think, has the fact been so clearly enforced that steam has not destroyed the magic of the sea, that a stoker as well as a man before the mast, may be a seaman. Poor Hanny does not altogether find himself upon the sea, his finale is inconclusive enough, but he does find at least glimpses of himself and of his true path such as he would never have found behind his tobacconist's counter. "Cast off, sealed orders," are his last words as he abandons life, not unwillingly, for another phase of adventure.

Mr. Snaith's *The Sailor* has several points of resemblance to this story. Here is another English boy of least promising origin who makes his journey upward by way of the sea. Hannibal Gooderich remains, after all his groping, nothing more than a genius who might have been. Henry Harper we are called upon to accept as the real thing. As often with Mr. Snaith, we have a surface of realism, or more properly naturalism, and a structure and spirit of romance. Henry Harper's father has murdered his mother (not without cause) and been hanged for it. Henry is foully used through childhood by a hag who passes as his aunt. Brutalised, dumb, and absolutely illiterate, he becomes cabin-boy on a sailing vessel, and in time goes before the mast. But for contact with a single wandering Englishman, who is adventuring in the fore-castle as elsewhere, he enters manhood quite unawakened, a helpless slave of circumstance. It is mere circumstance and not his own will that finally frees him from the bondage of the sea. So much for "realism." With his setting foot ashore the romantic part of his adventure begins. He has shown himself a genius at football before he has acquired any further literary accomplishment than the ability to write his name. Then he learns to read, and another sort of genius is aroused in him. While his speech remains illiterate, he writes a sea tale which is accepted with enthusiasm by the most exclusive of English maga-

zines, and from that time his standing as a writer is assured. Oh, these geniuses! I suspect there are more of them produced on paper by the novelists, year by year, than out of flesh and blood by the Creator. Apart from his inspired vein, which we must take on faith, our Henry Harper is a worthy and rather dull young man, who stupidly marries a woman of easy morals and consuming thirst. By virtue of that inspired vein he not only becomes famous, but in the end wins a lady of good birth to be his mate. The rather affectedly literary letter which is our last communication from him, in which he describes his blessedness and his ambitions, sounds, to tell the truth, more like the utterance of a woman's club orator than of a genius: "If this prayer is heard, on a day Ulysses may proclaim in native woodnotes wild the goodness of the living God, and hymn the glories of a universe that man, ill-starred as he may be, is powerless to defile." That kind of thing.

There is greater simplicity and sincerity in *Witte Arrives*, with its not dissimilar theme. Aaron Witkowski is a Jew who makes his way from the Russian Pale to America, and becomes Aaron Witte, and the founder of an American family. He is a man of learning who, but for his unworldly marriage, might have become a rabbi in his own land. In America he remains a peddler because he will not make the sacrifice of Jewish observances necessary to commercial success. The son Emil inherits his strength of mind and character, but there is no serious question that he will take the American road to recognition. He comes out of a Western university determined to be a writer. His first step, he thinks, is newspaper work, and he succeeds in it. But he finds the path from journalism to authorship unexpectedly difficult. A sudden marriage with a girl of his own race lessens his independence. Hard times follow. His brilliancy as a painter of life among the oppressed or the neglected of our cities is recognised;

but it is a perilous brilliancy in journalism. He comes to New York, leaving his young wife in Chicago, and assails the magazines with fiction and articles, to small purpose at first. But he gets his foothold and, in time, his assured place among interpretators of American life. Meanwhile the young wife has died. In the end we part with Witte at the moment when, despite all barriers of race, he has become betrothed to an American gentlewoman. In this as a climax there is, it seems to me, a note of strain—the only one in the book. Witte might quite well have stood on his own feet, without this sort of sentimental propping up. But the main picture of the ardent young alien becoming, in a brief score of years, a loyal and thorough-going American, is of a sort to stiffen our faith in the melting-pot. Professor Phelps has justly compared the book with Mary Antin's *The Promised Land*. The reactionary "native" American may suspect that the Wittes and the Antins take somewhat too rosy a view of the situation as a whole, since the Wittes and the Antins, of whatever race, are so much more clearly persons than types.

In none of these books does the question (or the condition) of Woman with a capital rear its head, but She is by no means ignored in several other stories on our list. Mrs. Norris, of course, holds no brief for woman as a detached or detachable article. She is, as it were, all for home and mother, for the importance and the interdependence of love and marriage and parenthood. The modern woman with her free view and conduct is represented in *The Heart of Rachael*, but only as a foil for the old-fashioned and, as Mrs. Norris believes, perennial woman. Rachael herself, with a will to be worldly, with her self-centred youth, her calculating, unhappy marriage, her divorce, her braving of Mrs. Grundy, is, at heart, that woman, and cannot be happy till she confesses and fulfills her nature. The social atmosphere of the story is of the rich American bridge-playing, heavy drink-

ing, country-clubbing sort which belonged to Mr. Nicholson's *Proof of the Pudding*. Rachael's first husband is a sot. Her second and, as we finally discover, true mate is a distinguished surgeon who, after achieving marriage and paternity, very nearly wrecks everything for the sake of a mere pretty girl by the wayside. His heart, however, is all the time true to Poll, and they are reunited in the end by the familiar motive of "the child." . . . "My life is going to be one long effort to keep you absolutely happy," declares the rescued husband, with honest optimism. We cannot wonder that Rachael's happiness is tinged with a certain condescension. "Rachael felt that he had never been so infinitely dear, so much hers to protect and save. The wonder of marriage came to her, the miracle of love rooted too deep for disturbance, of love fed on faults as well as virtues; so light a tie in the beginning, so powerful a bond as the years go by." Inasmuch as this miracle comes to Rachael in the course of a second experiment at marriage, it is a little hard to see how the story can justly be trumpeted (as it has been) as an arraignment of divorce. As for one episode—that of the surgeon operating upon his own mangled child without the use of anæsthetics—the description, in its attempt to wring our hearts with pity, is excruciatingly and unpardonably explicit. There are times when the sentimentalist is capable of a "frightfulness" with which the rawest naturalism can hardly vie.

The Nest-BUILDER is a good deal the same sort of story, less emotionally handled. Here we have another superb, Diana-like woman, another husband who adores, and wanders, and comes back to pitying and protective arms. Stefan Byrd is a painter and a genius, and the everlasting "artistic temperament" comes in as a consideration, but less offensively than is common, because he is represented as nothing worse than an irresponsible child—not a ranging animal, at least. As in the instance just cited, marriage palls and Stefan duly

succumbs to a youthful enchantress. Having lived with her in Paris for some time, he writes about it to his wife (who is about to have a second child) and owns up the whole thing in the following ingenuous terms: "I care for you, my dear, I believe you the noblest and most beautiful of women, but from F. I have had something which a woman of your kind could never give, and in spite of the pain I feel for your grief, I cannot say with truth that I regret it. . . I ask you to forgive me, Mary, for I love you still—better now than when I left you—and I hold you above all women. The cup is still at my lips, but if you will grant me forgiveness I will drink no more." There's a fair offer for you! Strangely enough, it is too much for Mary, the worm turns, and our precious Stefan presently finds himself thrown off by both of his women. He might have been quite at a loss, for a time, if the war hadn't broken out at that convenient moment, and enabled him to enlist in the Foreign Legion, and offer his life to France. He comes out of it all paralysed from the waist down, a broken and empty vessel for his once more devoted wife to set upon her domestic shelf and keep carefully dusted until its Master removes it for good. But that is a contingency not too far off, and we are not permitted to deplore a wasted life for the heroine. There are other men in her background—MacEwan the Scot, and Farraday, and Gunther, the big sculptor, who need only wait. The whole thing is summed up by "Mac," in a letter to Farraday: "Poor Byrd, so you say he'll not last many years. Well, life would have broken him anyway, and it's grand he's found himself before the end. He's not the lasting kind, there's too much in him, and too little. She wins, after all, James; life won't cheat her as it has him. She is here just to be true to her instincts—to choose the finest mate for her nest-building. She is an instrument." Another old-fashioned woman, portrayed, let us gratefully note, by a feminist and suffragist of no small promi-

nence. It is a good story as a story, and involves not a little genuine characterisation.

Nothing of the kind may justly be said of *The Woman Gives*, in which the author of *The Salamander* once more skilfully tickles the palate of the magazine public. Well he knows how little that public, as represented by the "best-paying" magazines, cares for a sincere interpretation of character in action. The comic sense, the sex thrill, the artificial punch, are all capably attended to here. Especially, of course, the sex thrill. And the setting is that quasi-Bohemia of the novelists in which curious youth finds an inexhaustible store of titillating romance. The heroine (save the mark!) is a species of solemn and deliberate Trilby who, abhorring marriage, regards it as her mission to give herself to this or that erring genius who may "need" her to jack him up to his loftiest plane of achievement. Dangerfield, her immediate sex-protégé, is a painter who, after a devastating marriage, has taken to drink. Inga appropriates him, against his will at first. But he presently falls in love with her and proposes marriage. She frankly prefers to be his mistress, so that she may be free for other missions later on, and consents to a marriage ceremony on the understanding that she is to be freed whenever she likes. Dangerfield is permanently reformed and becomes duly famous; whereupon Inga, as per schedule, withdraws for the purpose of going to another flagging genius who needs her expert services. Mr. Johnson evidently admires her greatly, and will doubtless have the triumph of inducing a large number of Sophomores and shop-girls to share his admiration. There is a growing tendency among moralists of Mr. Johnson's stamp to invest the oldest profession in the world with the status of a new occupation for women.

We turn with relief from this exhibit of facile pandering to Mrs. Deland's sincere study of youth rallying hot-footed to the doubtful standard of feminism. Her Freddy Payton, with her passionate defiance of convention and the tyrannous

sex, her boundless faith in the rights and powers of women, is a true portent of the hour. She is absurd, but she means something. Her insurgency is thrown into relief by the background of her domestic background—a hopelessly Victorian mother tied to the meniority of her servitude to a weak and dissolute husband, and to the presence of a half-witted son who is the fruit of that husband's vices. The Freddy who is all that she could never have been, who smokes, and swears, and asserts the superiority of her sex, and looks to the vote as a panacea—this young, alert, rebellious creature is almost a monster in her mother's eyes. Freddy will not pretend, will have no shams, and, alas, is ready to subscribe for the crudest notions of the present in her eagerness to show her contempt for the past. There is a young Howard in the girl's foreground, with whom Fred plays at friendship, and to whose masculine propinquity, for all her cool theories about love, the girl in her secretly succumbs. He admires her brains and energy, and is so ready to be with her, and above all to listen to her that she takes his return of feeling for granted. In accordance with her notions of equal freedom between the sexes, therefore, she presently proposes marriage, only to discover that he loves a sweet, feminine young creature whom she has always condescended to. She herself feels a purely feminine shame for the advances she has made. Yet she is not thereby suddenly converted from her beliefs, but is set on the way to become a woman instead of a mere protestant against man. As for marriage, her destined mate awaits her in the person of a middle-aged trustee of her father's estate, Arthur Weston. For him we foresee both trouble and happiness with her; she will not throw away her high spirit or her dreams, but she will learn to temper them and to make them fruitful. This difficult theme, which is wont to arouse voices so shrill or so gruff on one side or the other, Mrs. Deland has treated, after her wont, with infinite good sense and sound humour.

THE AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE*

BY H. G. DWIGHT

To speak of our Consular Service is to speak of things which to-day are and to-morrow are not. It is passing through a period of transition so searching that no contemporary account can have more than a general accuracy. And such an account will naturally be more at home with the phase not quite passed than with the phase not quite attained. For the moment, however, the Service remains one of the latest survivals of our Arcadian period, which may be said to have closed with the Spanish War. Our slowness to put it upon a reasonable basis represents a last stand—for the Asiatic seclusion of our fathers, against what they believed to be pernicious monarchical ideas. Strictly speaking, therefore, this characteristic institution of ours is no Service at all. For while it comprises some three hundred establishments in all parts of the world, employing over a thousand persons, it is organised upon so provisional and inadequate a system that we could scarcely have invented a more preposterous one if we had set out with the express purpose of doing so.

But the halcyon days of the theory that any American was by virtue of his enfranchised estate competent to discharge any duty which heaven might stoop to put upon him—provided he didn't get too familiar with it—are no more. Less and less does the conduct of our public affairs resemble nothing so much as the good old game of stage-coach, with presidential inaugurations to start the general scuffle for seats. No longer do ward heelers, poor relations, country editors, superannuated clergymen, young gentlemen ambitious to explore foreign lands at the least possible expense, or persons whose friends hope that a change of scene may prove beneficial—one of the reasons has been ex-

ploited in that amusing musical comedy *The Yankee Consul*—freely obtain forage at the consular end of the public crib. Moreover, it must be admitted that some such providence as the one reputed to watch over children and drunkards has kept a kindly eye upon us. Of course it would be idle to expect that men with no special equipment, and removed from office as soon as they had obtained that equipment, could do the work of highly trained officials like those of England, Germany, or Japan. But our system, or lack of system, has at least contrived to bring together a far better class of men than a bureaucracy with the same salaries could have done. The freshness they have brought to their work, too, has gone far toward discounting its disadvantages. And if there have been men among them who were a public disgrace, there have also been many who were a public honour.

Of these latter it is interesting, in a magazine like *THE BOOKMAN*, to recall that no small proportion have been men of letters. If that was another sign of an Arcadian period it was one of the most engaging. A country that would scorn so monarchical a proceeding as to lend official countenance to the arts could yet feel pride in bestowing, with the left hand as it were, an ephemeral government post upon a son who held commerce with the Muses! One may wonder a little how this policy was supposed to consort with the scriptural dictum as to serving God and Mammon; but it offers its testimony as to a state of society and a relation to the world at large. Hawthorne's name, in this connection, is the one that comes most readily to mind. His friend and classmate Franklin Pierce, whose ascent to the presidency he had in a manner forwarded, appointed him in 1853 to the

*Reprinted from May, 1906.

consulate at Liverpool. What he made of his double allegiance, in that dreary town, we know from *Our Old Home* and the English Notebooks. *The Marble Faun* and the Italian Notebooks are only less direct results of the experience, for unless Hawthorne had gone to England when he did he probably would never have seen Florence or Rome.

Another appointee of President Pierce was Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, better known and loved as Ik Marvel. He was sent to Venice, where his lines might seem to have been cast in pleasanter places than those of Hawthorne. But if Liverpool was at that time the most lucrative post in the service, Venice was probably the least. At all events Mr. Mitchell found it necessary to retire within the year, and his amusing paper "Some Account of a Consulate" (*Harper's*, 1855), throws light upon the left-handed generousities of an Arcadian period. His story "Count Pesaro" commemorates the quarters he occupied—the unfinished Palazzo Venier, with its one row of windows opening upon the Grand Canal and its cypresses rooted where the great *sala* should have been.

Mr. Howells, who went to Venice in wartime, fared more fortunately. He staid out his four years, and to them we owe *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, to say nothing of *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *A Fearful Responsibility*, and much else in his work that is less easy to isolate. In this case there was the happiest conjunction of Arcadian periods, for not only did Mr. Howell's years make him so susceptible to the enchantments of Venice that his young impressions remain true to the most protean of cities in spite of all the changes through which she since has passed—Maurice Hewlett, indeed, says that no one else in our day has written a readable book of travel—but Grand Canal rents were then of an idyllic conformity to the meagerest consular incomes. That he could have a balcony of the stately Palazzo Giustinian, with its magnificent outlook upon the first two links of the canal, and that certain of his successors

could inhabit such celebrated palaces as the Palazzo Dario and the Ca' d'Oro, is evidence enough of other times to the humbler gentlemen of to-day who plant what *pied à terre* they may in the side canals.

The next of our better known writers to go abroad with a consul's commission was Bret Harte, who went to Crefeld in 1878, and two years later to Glasgow. We have little from his pen to commemorate this part of his life; but his own estimate of its importance is evident enough from the fact that upon retiring from the Consular Service in 1883 he chose to end his days in England. After him there are many other names that one might mention. Albion W. Tourgée, author of *A Fool's Errand*, was consul at Bordeaux for six years, and at the time of his death had recently been transferred to Halifax. John J. Piatt, joint author with Mr. Howells of *Poems by Two Friends*, was sent by Mr. Arthur to Cork, where he remained as an example to all mankind until 1894. W. J. Stillman, so long the Roman correspondent of the *London Times*, attended to our consular affairs in Rome and later in Crete. The Honourable John Bigelow, editor of Franklin's works and author of many of his own, was so successful a Consul General at Paris during the war that he was promoted to the Legation. Mr. George Horton, of poetry and of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, went to Athens during Cleveland's second administration and is now there again. "Modern Athens" and "In Argolis" are records of his observations by the way, and very pleasing ones at that. Another gentleman now in the service who has contributed to its literature is Mr. Benjamin H. Ridgely, Consul General at Barcelona. His experiences have furnished some entertaining stories to the magazines. And in this connection we must not forget Professor Luigi Monti of Harvard, the original of Longfellow's Sicilian Student, who served us in Palermo for many years and whose book *The Adventures of an American Consul*

Abroad is the classic of the Arcadian period. Then, if one might branch out into the kindred arts, there was Hiram Powers, there was Thomas Nast, there was— But it is time that we proceeded to some account of the Service itself.

I

While it is possible to speak of the Consular Service as a homogeneous organisation, and to describe it as such, there are differences of grade and function within it which are not always understood by outsiders. Thus there are three principal classes of consular officers carrying on the same general work but differing between themselves in important particulars. A consul-general—there are fifty-nine in the Service—is the highest of these, ranking with a brigadier-general in the army, or a commandant in the navy. He is likely to be established at the capital and to exercise a certain amount of jurisdiction over the consulates in the same country. This is not always the case, however. In Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France and Great Britain, we have two consuls-general each, in Germany six, and in China seven. Next come the consulates, of which there are now 246. A consul ranks with a colonel in the army or a captain in the navy. He is not allowed, with certain exceptions, to communicate directly with the Department of State, with his own Embassy or Legation, or with the central government of the country in which he is situated, but must forward his despatches through the consul-general, who can withhold them if he sees fit. Otherwise, however, his functions do not differ from those of his superior officer. He is located in the principal city of his district and his jurisdiction extends over a region corresponding with local geographical divisions. A commercial agent is a consul of lower rank, appointed directly by the President, without bond. There are only twenty-six in the entire Service, stationed generally at places where the work is too great for a consular agency, but not of a nature to require a regular

consulate. A consular agency, it might be explained, is a small branch office dependent upon a superior consular establishment of one of the three preceding classes and carried on by a resident of the district who receives no salary but who is allowed to retain half the fees he collects.

The most important differences between consular establishments, in the eyes of those who occupy them, consist in the salaries. These at present range, in the case of consuls-general, from \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year. The pay of consuls and commercial agents varies from \$1,000 to \$5,000, those in receipt of the former sum being allowed to engage in business. There is also a class of consuls and commercial agents who receive no salary but who are allowed to engage in private business and to retain all fees. Thus the happy incumbent of Suva, in the Fiji Islands, reported \$12.50 as the sum collected by him one year, while the plutocratic commercial agent at Carlsbad took in \$5,202.90. In addition to their regular salaries consuls have hitherto been allowed to retain what are called the unofficial fees, and half the income of their dependent agencies. In Paris and London these fees have exceeded \$10,000 a year, and in perhaps twenty-five other posts they have amounted from \$1,000 to \$3,000. But in general they add little to a consul's revenues.

While our government is less liberal in money matters than almost any other it does not compel its foreign agents to depend altogether upon their slim stipends. A consul is allowed twenty per cent. of his salary for office hire, and the State Department pays the contingent expenses—when Congress happens to feel disposed to appropriate the necessary funds. And while contingent expenses are not understood to include service, most consulates are allowed from \$300 to \$600 a year for clerk hire. The sum varies of course according to the size and importance of the consulate.

We might speak, in this connection, of the subordinate officers of the Consular

Service. Each establishment has one vice-consular officer and at least one deputy-consular officer, appointed by the Secretary of State on recommendation from the chief of the office. As these positions are not paid they are usually held by the same person, a clerk or a messenger who draws his salary as such. Either or both of them, however, may be held by persons outside of the consulate. The difference between the two is that a vice-consul can act only during his superior's absence. In that case he is entitled to half the consul's pay while on leave, but not in addition to any salary which he may be drawing from the consulate. Such being the pecuniary inducements offered by these posts, they are not greatly sought after. As a matter of fact it is extremely rare to find an American in any subordinate capacity in our consulates.

There is, however, a small class of subordinate officers, thirteen in number, officially designated as Consular Clerks, who are appointed by the President and who are always Americans. This class was originally created with a view to training young men for the Service; but as its members happen to be the only persons in the entire Service who are not removable except for causes they have usually preferred their intermediate position with its safe salary of \$1,000 and \$1,200 to the uncertainties of a more exalted post. They are employed by the State Department for special details of various kinds, being ordinarily distributed among the more important offices in a vice-consular capacity.

The Interpreters and Marshals of consulates, enjoying extra-territorial rights, form another limited class of subordinate consular officers, less homogeneous and less permanent than that of the Consular Clerks, to whose special functions we shall have occasion to refer again.

II

Although the Secretary of State administers this great organisation—through the First Assistant Secretary, to

whom consular correspondence is addressed, and the Consular Bureau, which disposes of that correspondence—he has little more to do with the superior appointments than to provide candidates with the proper forms of application. The appointing power rests with the President, whose nomination must be confirmed by the Senate. But the President, naturally, can know little or nothing of the vast majority of candidates. He must therefore take advice, and those whose advice should be most trustworthy are the candidate's friends. So, since such of the candidate's friends as happen to be known to the President are likely to be the Congressmen from the candidate's State, it has come about that consular appointments are more than anything else a political matter. In the Register of the Diplomatic and Consular Service the names of officers are accompanied by the names of the States from which they were appointed, and it has always been held proper ground for refusal of a candidate's claims to tell him that there were already more men in the Service than his State was entitled to.

This is the chief peculiarity of the American system. Ours is the only civilised country which avows the theory that the best man for a consulate is the man who has the most influential friends. And the insecurity of a consul's tenure is a direct corollary of this system. For since appointments are personal with the Executive, and since the Executive himself enjoys but a brief period in office, a Pharaoh will frequently arise who knows not Joseph. It happens, however, as is sometimes the case in other departments of life, that our practice does not altogether correspond with our theory. President Cleveland and Secretary Olney were the first to set their faces against indiscriminate appointments and removals, and this policy has been amplified by their successors until we have to-day, thanks to the resolute occupants of the White House and the State Department, something very much like a real Consular Service. Not

only does it contain men who have served continuously for ten or fifteen years, or even longer, but in accordance with the Executive Order of November 10, 1905, extending the similar order issued by President Cleveland, vacancies in all consulates paying \$1,000 or more are filled by transfer, by the appointment of persons who have formerly served under the Department of State, or by persons who have passed a satisfactory examination. As these examinations are not competitive the important thing is to be designated for them by the President—wherein the old system finds its last stronghold. And of course no Executive Order is binding upon succeeding Presidents. But conditions are infinitely better than they were in the palmy days of the Arcadian period.

After a candidate is designated for examination he passes into the jurisdiction of the State Department. There he is examined as to his knowledge of languages, of the country to which he is going, of a consul's particular functions, as well as with regard to his general education; and there, if successful, he receives his instructions. He is also required to take an oath of office and to furnish bond in any amount between \$1,000 and \$10,000. Although his instructions are rarely very weighty the presentation of them does something for that *esprit de corps* which is so tenuous a factor of our Service. This period is chiefly valuable, however, as permitting a new consul to draw pay for thirty days between taking the oath of office and starting for his post. For it is another peculiarity of our system that a Congress so solicitous with regard to the "constructive recess" and the mileages appertaining thereto makes no direct provision for the travelling expenses of its foreign agents—unless they happen to die at their posts. It merely allows them in addition to their pay during the period of instruction a further allowance for the period of their journey. Under no circumstances may this be drawn in advance, however, and the consul is not permitted to exceed a fixed number of

days in reaching his post. As the sum thus received rarely suffices to cover the expenses of one person, it may be imagined to what embarrassment a man with a family is sometimes put.

His first duty upon arrival is to notify the consul-general of that fact—or if he himself happens to be the consul-general, the Embassy or Legation. He must then await his Exequatur, for until his commission has been recognised by the government of the country to which he goes he has no legal status as a consul. If he should happen to be *persona non grata* his Exequatur would be withheld, and he, for proper cause, would be withdrawn. Usually, however, there is no delay about this document, for which the State Department has previously applied through its diplomatic representative in the country in question. When it is transmitted to him, by the consul-general or by the local authorities, he is ready to take possession of his office. His first official act is to draw up with the retiring consul a joint inventory of the furniture of the consulate, and a joint account of whatever fees may be on hand. He must notify the Auditor of the State and other Departments of this fact, in order that he may begin to draw his salary. The inventory he sends to the First Assistant Secretary of State, with a full descriptive report of the office and those employed in it. And after taking over the seal, arms, flag, etc., he must send due notification thereof to his consul-general and to his fellow consuls in the same country.

It should perhaps be added that the retiring consul is not necessarily on hand to assist in these operations. It used often to happen, indeed that an out-going consul had no warning of the appointment of his successor until that gentleman appeared in the flesh brandishing a commission. But such incidents are now happily rare, and the incoming consul is likely to gain his first acquaintance with consular affairs from the subordinate in charge. He is not required to take over either subordinates or quarters from his predecessor—or al-

lowed, for that matter, to make a long lease. For this reason, and because American consuls are worse paid and less stable than most others, they are usually installed with considerably less dignity than their colleagues in the same town.

III

So much vagueness exists as to the nature of a consul's duties that tediousness would be a virtue if it made an account of them explicit. It is too often supposed by persons who should know better that he is a sort of diplomatic officer and that his chief end in life is to "protect" those of his fellow countrymen, who, in such formidable numbers, are wont to frequent foreign shores. This perhaps arises from the fact that there is a class of consulates to which we have alluded as enjoying extra-territorial rights. These include the majority of consulates in independent African and Asiatic countries—Japan is an exception—and they have certain resemblances to diplomatic establishments. Moreover they exercise judicial functions in addition to their commercial ones, having a part in all trials involving the citizens or the laws of the United States and being intrusted with the custody of Americans arrested by the courts in which they sit. Then a few other consulates happen, for convenience, to combine diplomatic functions with their own. And there is a certain amount of "protection" which a consul can afford to American seamen. He can only "protect" them from an American master, however, and he cannot even give help—officially—to the most deserving American seaman who has shipped under a foreign flag. The most he can do is to take charge of the effects of an American citizen dying in his district. For the rest there is no more reason why Americans should require protection abroad than at home—except under circumstances that would generally make a consul as unwilling as he would be powerless to help them. Any serious intervention between an American citi-

zen and the laws of a civilised country is a matter for diplomacy.

It cannot be strongly enough insisted upon that, with the exceptions we have noted, a consul has no representative function whatsoever. That function belongs to the senior branch of the foreign service. And the separation between the two is so complete that while a consular officer is greatly outranked by a diplomatic officer, he is in no way responsible to the latter. A consul is primarily and essentially a commercial scout. His chief duty is to familiarise himself with commercial conditions in his district, to learn what commercial relations exist or might exist between his district and his own country, and to give publicity to all such information. He is accordingly required to submit at least one annual report covering these facts very fully, with the latest statistics and any other intelligence or suggestions of pertinence. In addition to this long and formal paper, which covers much the same ground every year, he is expected to report on his own initiative any phase of the commercial situation of which prompt knowledge may be valuable to Americans. Then he is frequently called upon by the Department to report on given subjects. As this is not seldom done at the instance of some private interest it can be seen that the State Department maintains a bureau of information of an invaluable kind. These reports are published daily and monthly by the Department of Commerce and Labour and are distributed gratis.

While these are a consul's chief duties, there are others that go to fill up the routine of his office hours. The most important of them is the certification of invoices. Every shipment to the United States of merchandise worth \$100 or more must be invoiced in triplicate—or in quadruplicate if sent in bond—on forms provided by the consul and certified by him and by the sender. Since of course he cannot inspect the shipments in person, and since the invoices are often very numerous, this

means that he has to keep a sharp eye on current prices in order to protest an invoice which he suspects of being undervalued. He may refuse to certify it altogether or he may communicate privately with the Collector of Customs at the port of entry to which the merchandise is bound. Undoubtedly a great deal of undervaluation escapes detection—there is occasion enough for the trick to be tried, with duties at fifty and sixty per cent. *ad valorem*—but consuls nevertheless save considerable money to the country. Mr. Francis B. Loomis, in an article in *The North American Review*, estimated the figure at \$2,500,000 a year.

While this work is common to all consulates, seaport consulates have certain additional functions. Services to shipping and seamen were once a consul's most important duty, but with the extinction of our merchant marine there are comparatively few ports where much remains to be done in the way of swearing in and paying off crews, looking after stranded seamen, attending to wrecks, etc. Almost every seaport consulate, however, has more or less occasion to issue original or supplementary bills of health, and landing certificates. Any ship sailing for the United States must obtain from the American consul at the port of departure a bill of health, stating the exact number of persons on board and whether any cases of infectious or contagious disease exists among them. The consul is not expected to verify this declaration. He merely witnesses the master's oath, to whose interest it is to tell the truth.

For these and other official services, such as viséing a passport or issuing a marriage certificate, a consul collects fees of different amounts from one to five dollars. The registry of these according to their several categories involves no little bookkeeping. The money is held until the end of the quarter, when a general account of salaries, expenses, and fees must be promptly sent to Washington. The sum in hand is then applied toward the sum required

for disbursement, and the consul draws for or remits the balance, as the case may be. In all the larger consulates he remits. The fees go far toward paying for the Service—chiefly in dribblets of \$2.50 for certifying invoices. One year, according to Mr. Loomis, consular officers took in over a million dollars, while the government was obliged to spend for their maintenance only \$144,152. With these accounts the consul is obliged to submit sworn statements as to the number of days he may have been absent from his post, and with regard to the accuracy of such of his accounts as cannot be accompanied by vouchers. As certain of the accounts and returns go to the State Department, while others go to the Treasury Department, and as all bills have to be reduced to American gold and accompanied by vouchers in duplicate, the quarterly accounts of a consulate are often complicated out of all proportion to the sums involved.

IV

In addition to his strictly official duties a consul has others that occupy perhaps even more of his time. There is for instance a class of services, of a notarial or semi-legal nature, which have hitherto been regarded as so foreign to a consul's regular work that their performance, and the collection of fees for them, has remained optional with him. While he retains these so-called unofficial fees, however, he is obliged to account for them as strictly as for the others. But it is merely a matter of time before the distinction between the two classes of fees will be abolished. The witnessing of signatures and the certification of manifests of emigrants are the more frequent services of this nature.

Then a consul carries on a considerable correspondence, part of which relates to the routine affairs of his office and part of which it would be more difficult to classify. He receives many requests for information of various kinds, which it is incumbent upon him to answer. In case the information relates

to commerce, however, and it is of an important kind, he replies through the State Department. He is also frequently called upon for information or advice by local merchants and by travellers, commercial and otherwise. It thus lies in his power to do a good deal toward bringing importers and exporters into touch with each other. But while he does what he can toward investigating dishonesties—as often in the one country as in the other—he is expressly prohibited from making himself in any way responsible for any person of any nationality. A class of Americans upon whom this prohibition falls most heavily is that of persons intending matrimony. A consul is not empowered to perform marriage himself. He may only witness it, and issue the proper certificate. When, therefore, in European countries Americans are required to furnish birth certificates and evidence that there is no legal impediment to their marriage, they are often surprised, in the lack of such documents, to learn that a consul cannot help them out even though he may happen to have personal knowledge of the facts.

Work of this kind, while not of a consul's regular routine, belongs more or less directly to it. It naturally tends, however, to become a matter of personal relation. And perhaps even more vagueness exists as to what may be expected of a consul in informal ways than with regard to strictly official affairs. This vagueness is rather fostered than otherwise by Congressmen, who have a habit of commending their travelling constituents to diplomatic and consular officers. The Secretary of State, too, sometimes issues such a letter at the request of an office-holder. But these missives are so numerous that no consul can take them very seriously. Moreover the Consular Regulations expressly limit their use as follows: "An official letter of introduction, when given to a citizen of the United States, is valuable to the holder for prompt identification in case he needs the intervention of a consular officer in his behalf. But in no case must the let-

ter be understood or taken as implying any claim upon the consul for hospitality or personal courtesies beyond the politeness always due to citizens of the United States when they have legitimate business with a consul."

What constitutes legitimate business with a consul seems to admit, especially in the travelling mind, of the widest possible interpretation. Many look upon a social call as such, and make it a point to "pay respects" to their "representative" in each town they visit. Others look upon a consulate as a tourist agency, applying to it for information with regard to local attractions and using it as a depot for mail and baggage. Some even expect a consul to offer them personal entertainment; and murmurs are not infrequently heard against the patriotism of the consular officer who fails to give a public Fourth of July reception or Thanksgiving dinner. While all consular officers would doubtless be happy to do so if they could, the fact that they have no representative function, and that far from receiving any allowance for entertainment their salaries in most cases barely suffice for the most economical personal needs, sternly limits their social relations. These may be confined to the local authorities and to his colleagues of other countries upon whom a consul is expected to call immediately after receiving his Exequatur. The consular corps, which is informally organised with the consul longest resident as dean, has a recognised social standing in any large town and is invited to all functions of a public nature. In this way very pleasant acquaintances are sometimes formed. Then seaboard consulates have a prescribed etiquette for the arrival of American men-of-war, the commanding officer either calling first upon the consul or sending a boat for him, as their relative rank may determine. This is often a great pleasure to a consul in a distant port. He is received with ceremony as well as with cordiality, being entitled to a salute of five, seven, or nine guns, according as he happens to be a commer-

cial agent, a consul, or a consul general. The traditional freedom of sailors ashore, however, sometimes makes such an occasion—particularly when an entire squadron comes to port—rather to be dreaded. Some of the men are sure to get into trouble, and while the trouble is generally of the milder kinds it devolves upon the consul to be their intermediary, at the most untoward hours, between the local police and the officers of the day.

Although this prevalent vagueness as to a consul's duties is the source of no little annoyance, the incumbent usually recognises that the spirit of the law must be considerably more elastic than the letter. Then of course he is often genuinely glad to meet people from his own country. And if he happen to be interested in human nature he enjoys excellent opportunities for observing some of its manifestations. The private annals of almost any consulate would furnish copy of the most interesting kind. That it does not oftener get into print is evidence of an admirable regard for professional confidence—unless it be that Hawthorne's charming paper in *Our Old Home* is the despair of his successors. No one who did not know the facts would believe what demands are constantly made upon consulates. Relief in time of trouble is only the most frequent of them. No sailor who has shipped on a foreign vessel and has deserted because he didn't like the fare, no wanderer of vague antecedents whose remittance fails to arrive, no weeping lady who has mislaid her pocketbook, can be made to understand why so rich and genial a gentleman as Uncle Sam can refuse to provide transportation to any quarter of the globe or to advance sums of varying size in return for elegantly executed notes of hand. As a matter of fact the desired aid is often forthcoming, but Uncle Sam does not sign the cheque.

A consul is also considered legitimate prey by young persons at home who collect stamps, postcards, souvenir spoons, and other unconsidered trifles whose

value they consider it insulting to remit. Others conceive that a consul has nothing to do but match ribbons or discharge similar commissions for a distant well-wisher. Not a few come to him for counsel—that indeed is the way they frequently pronounce his title—in affairs of the heart, or in affairs yet more surprising. The writer happened once to hear of two ladies who presented at one of our Italian consulates a request that they be procured admittance—temporary!—to a neighbouring insane asylum, from which they had been debarred on account of their sex and their unprofessional status. Discreet inquiries as to their motive elicited the fact that their consciences troubled them on account of the wanton delights of the tour they were enjoying, and that they accordingly hoped to turn it to the advantage of mankind by investigating the connection between pellagra and *polenta*, and thus eventually to bring about a concerted action of the Powers which should prohibit the overconsumption in Italy of the delicacy last named! An equally useful inquiry was once presented under somewhat different circumstances to a consul in the same country. Happening to be away on business at a minor city of his district he was urgently telegraphed for to meet a gentleman who demanded to see the consul in person. He accordingly dropped everything in order to keep an appointment for the following day. As much, however, could not be said for the visitor. In fact he kept the consul waiting as much as an hour. Having then, with the circumstances befitting his urgency, been ushered into the consular presence, he proceeded to set forth his business. "I have been informed," he said, "that Cardinal Sarto is to be the next Pope. Will you kindly tell me whether this is true?" Cardinal Sarto, as it happened, did become the next Pope—to the credit of the gentleman's information, if somewhat to the surprise of the world at large. But as this incident took place several years before the death of Leo XIII, and as no one then—not even the

Vicar of Christ upon earth—happened to be in the confidence of the Most High, the interview was not particularly satisfactory to caller or consul.

V

The medal has, of course, its reverse. A fair account of the Service could not ignore the fact that there are cases in which the occupant of the consulate figures less advantageously than his visitor. It can at least be said, however, that they are less common than in the days when shirt-sleeved gentlemen of the frontier, whose chief qualification for advancing the commerce of their country was expertness in getting votes and expectorating tobacco juice, afforded the most enlivening contrast to their colleagues of more sophisticated climes. One would hardly expect, for instance, to find in a consulate-general of to-day the gentleman who a generation or two ago adorned the cosmopolitan society of Rome. His taste for strong waters being commensurate with his leisure for gratifying the same, the consequences were not always conducive to the expedition of international commerce. When in a convivial mood, indeed, he was rather given to abandoning his official chair; and it became quite a habit of the Papal police to deposit his person, after such an absence, at his own door—taking from his gratified subordinates, with a true Latin appreciation of law and order, a receipt for one American consul-general. Nor is it likely that there will take place again such an incident as once made the incumbent of an insalubrious African post *persona non grata*. This gentleman, being native to a locality where the human form divine is less subject to casual exposure than is likely to be the case in equatorial regions, was much annoyed by the persistence of certain ladies of the country in using the beach in front of his consulate for bathing—particularly as they did not happen to share the northern prejudice in favour of a costume for such rites of lustration.

Having failed to arouse their slumbering susceptibilities by such means as might suggest themselves to a gentleman of delicacy, he resorted to those of increasing persuasiveness, until a counsel of desperation at last suggested the expediency of a shotgun. His aim was only too good. For it transpired that the erring dames whom he had so copiously peppered with bird-shot belonged to the household of the local potentate. And far from interrupting their pastimes, he found it necessary to transfer his own energies to lands where they would be more highly appreciated.

The failure of a consul to adapt himself to his surroundings has latterly become of a less picturesque nature, and such unpleasant words as incompetence and dishonesty must nowadays be used in describing the inadequacies of the Service. One reason, for instance, why our South American trade is so far behind that of certain other countries is that our consuls have been inferior in number and in quality to theirs. Then there are various little ways by which consuls occasionally increase their revenues. Although the majority of them are expressly prohibited from engaging in business, they sometimes find it impossible to resist their opportunities. An actually dishonest man, too, may very well find it worth while to wink at the undervaluation of invoices, to profit in the keeping of his accounts by the general lack of inspection, or to allow the government to shoulder contingent expenses that do not properly devolve upon it.

The wonder, however, is that such dishonesties are not more, rather than less, frequent. The system under which they occur is alone sufficient to produce them. The method of a consul's appointment, his insecurity of tenure, the meagreness of his salary, the humiliation to which he is so often put before his colleagues of other countries, are little calculated to attract the most desirable class of candidates or to fortify either their pride in the service or their sense of responsibility thereto. And if this

be true of the principals how much more is it true of their wretchedly paid subordinates, who being generally natives of the country can scarcely be expected to have American interests very deeply at heart. While this may not seem of much importance, it must be remembered that consuls are nominally entitled to an annual leave of two months, which, in case they visit the United States, is increased by the time required for the journey. Thus important consulates are periodically left for several months in the hands of young foreign clerks. Or disadvantages of a more serious kind are suggested by a case which comes to the writer's mind—of our former vice-consul at a by no means obscure European port, who was not only a German but the consul of his own country as well. As that country happens to be one of our most powerful commercial rivals it may be imagined that American commerce with the district in question did not receive its strongest impetus when this gentleman had charge of our affairs.

Of course the system has yet to be devised which will keep knaves and fools out of public places. And the besetting danger of highly organised systems is from strangulation by red tape. For which reason the present régime is in many ways a highly effective one. Under such men as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root the Service combines the better elements of the merit and party systems. But we have as yet nothing in law to assure their policy any permanence. A chance personal equation is all that saves our system from its face value as one which gives a bad consul an equal chance with a good consul and which dismisses the latter as promptly as the former. And the salaries we pay are preposterously inadequate to the kind and quality of work we require.

It would naturally be too much to expect a complete or immediate *volte-face*. Our vice-consuls, for instance, will probably wait some time before they fare like their English colleagues, who receive \$1,750 a year, with annual incre-

ments of \$75 up to \$2,250, and are eventually promoted to consulates of their own. And there are questions of principle involved in certain details of the continental systems, such as the pensioning of retired officers, which we have yet to settle. But such improvements as are most pressing have been embodied in Senator Lodge's bill for the reorganisation of the Consular Service, now before Congress (March). This bill provides for the classification of the Service, for a small but general increase of salaries, for the suppression of unofficial fees for frequent and regular inspection, and for a system of appointment by examination and promotion. The first of these features is probably the only one that will require any explanation. Under its provisions a candidate would be appointed not to a particular post of his choosing, as is now the case, but to a class of posts drawing the same salary. In this way the Department would be free to employ its men to the best advantage. If such a system had been in force ten or fifteen years ago we might now have a different story to tell with regard to our South American trade.

The experience of this bill in Congress discloses what obstacles lie in the way of any change. Its most important provision—that for taking the Service out of politics—met with short shrift at the hands of our Conscript Fathers. They would naturally be loth to give up any of their prerogatives, and the prerogative so long established as the one of supplying men for the foreign service happens to be the one which most invests them with outward and visible power in the eyes of their constituents. If this touch of nature give one to suspect, however, that the authors and protectors of our liberties are not so completely wrapped up in the loftier problems of statecraft as might conceivably be the case, one must nevertheless acknowledge that the greater enemies of the Consular Service are the aforementioned constituents. For what they insist upon Congress has to accord. And

they do not, as yet, insist upon a competent Consular Service. They do not realise what that Service is or might become. Many of them look vaguely upon it as a curious institution whose origin is veiled in obscurity, but which, since it unaccountably exists, may be exploited for the most fantastic ends. Even the business men for whom primarily this great organisation is maintained are extraordinarily slow to take in its possibilities. They are often the last to see that there are sound practical reasons why all other civilised countries,

and several which we are pleased not to consider as such, train men to become scouts of commerce, pay them on the same scale as their higher public servants, retain their services as long as possible, and pension them upon retirement. So it is that our Consular Service is one of the last survivals of our Arcadian period. We have become a great nation without knowing it. We are like those who carry the customs of the village into the life of the town. We have a first-rate country, but our imaginations are still fifth-rate.

GLIMPSE OF A CHILDHOOD

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

THE darkness in the room is pregnant, seeming
To fold about the boy who hides himself;
And when his mother enters, as if dreaming,
A glass is trembling on the quiet shelf.
She feels that now her entrance is betrayed,
And kisses her small boy: "Oh, you are there!" . . .
They glance at the piano where she played
On many evenings the beloved air
That strangely on the child its magic laid.

He sits quite still. With wondering eyes he sees
Her hand, weighed down beneath the ring, and slow,
As if it walked against a gale through snow,
Move on the snow-white keys.

SURPRISE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN recent years, our native playwrights have devoted a great deal of attention to technical experiment. It might be argued that they would have fared better if they had thought more about life and less about the theatre; but, though they have discovered comparatively little to say, they have at least devised many means of saying things ingeniously. This is, perhaps, the necessary mark of a drama that is still so young as ours. Youth cares more for cleverness than it

cares for the more sedentary quality of insight. When Mr. George M. Cohan is ninety years of age—and our theatre has grown hoary in the interval—he will have more to tell us about life, but he will no longer make a pattern so astonishingly dexterous as that of *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

Mr. Reizenstein's *On Trial* is typical of the current aspect of our growing drama. In subject-matter, it is "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable"; for it tells

us nothing about life that has not been told—and often told more wisely—in innumerable antecedent melodramas. But in method, it is novel and exceedingly ingenious. By choosing to break his story down instead of building it up; by exhibiting his narrative in a pattern of reverted time, the author has established a technical achievement which not only has resulted in the success of this single play but also has made possible the composition of many other plays in accordance with this hitherto unprecedented pattern.

Not all of the adventurous experiments of our American playwrights have been so signally successful; but all of them are worthy of theoretical consideration. In the present article, it may be profitable to examine the concerted assault which has recently been made against the time-honoured tradition of the theatre that a dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience.

Concerning this tradition, Mr. William Archer said in 1912, "So far as I can see, the strongest reason against keeping a secret is that, try as you may, you cannot do it. . . . From only one audience can a secret be really hidden, a considerable percentage of any subsequent audience being certain to know all about it in advance. The more striking and successful is the first-night effect of surprise, the more certainly and rapidly will the report of it circulate through all strata of the theatrical public." This statement, which seems sound enough in theory, has failed to prove itself in practice; and the fact of the matter seems to be that the "theatrical public" is far less cohesive than Mr. Archer has assumed. News does not travel, either rapidly or readily, through all its very different strata. This fact was indicated by the career of Mr. Roi Cooper Magrue's surprise-play, *Under Cover*. Although the piece had previously run a year in Boston, the vast majority of those who saw it on the first night in New York were completely taken in by the dramatist's deception; and, even after the play had run for many months in the me-

tropolis, and had been analysed repeatedly in the press, it was still observable that the majority of those who came to see it were still ignorant of the precise nature of the trick that was to be played upon them. They came to the theatre with a vague notion that the plot would be surprising, but they did not know the story in advance.

Mr. Max Marcin, the author of the latest surprise-play, *Cheating Cheaters*, complained, after the first night, that it was unfair for the newspapers to print summaries of his plot, thereby revealing in advance to future audiences the nature of the trap the dramatist had set for them. This protest, perhaps, was justified in theory; but, in fact, the author had no reason for complaint. Even that minority of the theatre-going public who habitually read the first-night notices in the newspapers do not long recall specifically what is said in them. All that they carry away from the reading is a vague impression that the play was praised or damned: it is only the few people who do not pay for tickets to the theatre who read these notices more deeply and remember the details.

The reports of current plays that circulate by word of mouth among the ticket-buying public are nearly always very vague. A man will tell his friends that a certain piece is "a good show"; but, rarely if ever, would he be able to pass on in conversation a coherent statement of the plot. Though *Cheating Cheaters* has now been playing to large audiences for a couple of months, the big surprise of the plot remains a mystery to three-fourths of all the people who attend it. Those of us who go professionally to the theatre do not always realise how little the general public knows in advance about current plays with which we ourselves are thoroughly familiar.

Despite, then, what Mr. Archer said in 1912, it has been subsequently proved by several experiments that it is entirely possible to keep a secret in the theatre. But the question still remains whether it is worth while to do so. The success of a surprise-play proves nothing; for

it does not prove that the same play would not have been equally successful if the surprise had been eliminated from the plot.

Consider *Under Cover*, for example. The hero was introduced to the audience as a smuggler, engaged in the perilous enterprise of sneaking a valuable necklace through the customs. For two acts he was pursued by customs-house officials; and, when ultimately captured, he bought them off with a bribe. Then, in the last moments of the play, the dramatist revealed the hidden fact that the hero was not a smuggler after all, but an official of the United States secret service engaged in tracking down corruption in the customs-house.

It cannot be denied that the suspense of the melodrama was increased by the retention of this secret till the final moment; but, on the other hand, several other elements of interest were sacrificed. For instance, the love-story was imperilled by the fact that the audience had to watch the heroine fall in love with a man who, by every evidence, appeared to be a criminal. Furthermore, the author had to tell lies to his audience in those passages in which the hero was left alone on the stage with his confederate; and telling lies, even in a melodrama, is a hazardous proceeding. The play was a great success; but what evidence is there to prove that it might not have been equally successful if the author had taken the audience into his confidence from the start and permitted the public to watch, from the standpoint of superior knowledge, the corrupt customs-house officials walking ignorantly into the trap which had been set for them? I do not state that this is so; but I do state that the only way to prove that it is not so would be to build the plot the other way and try it on the public.

Of course the strongest argument against keeping a secret from the audience is that this procedure, in the admirable phrase of Mr. Archer, "deprives the audience of that superior knowledge in which lies the irony of drama." The

audience likes to know more about the people in a play than they know about themselves; for this superior knowledge places the spectators in the comfortable attitude of gods upon Olympus, looking down upon the destinies of man. It is not nearly so amusing to be fooled as it is to watch other people being fooled; and this would seem to be a fundamental fact of psychology. Against this fundamental fact, the success of a dozen or a hundred surprise-plays can scarcely be regarded as weighing down the balance. The audience, for instance, would feel much more sympathetic toward the heroine in *Under Cover* if, all the while that she was falling in love with a person who appeared to be a criminal, the audience knew that he was really an honest man.

But another argument against keeping a secret from the audience is that, in order to do so, it is nearly always necessary to tell deliberate lies to lead the audience astray. There is an instance of this in a very interesting recent play by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, entitled *The Man Who Came Back*. This play leads us around the world and back again, following the fortunes of a prodigal son who has been cast adrift by his father. On the way, we meet another person drifting without anchor,—a certain Captain Trevelan. This British idler marries a girl whom he has run across in a cabaret in San Francisco; and, encountering the couple later on in Honolulu, we are shown at considerable length that their marriage has turned out unhappily. In the last act, we are told suddenly that Trevelan is not a British captain at all, but merely a New York detective who has been employed by the hero's father to travel round the world and keep watch upon the movements of his prodigal son. This statement comes, indeed, as a surprise; but nothing is ever said to explain away the wife that Trevelan has left behind in Honolulu. Was she also a detective, or did Trevelan really marry and desert her, for the purpose of preventing the audience from guessing his identity?

The play as a whole is not imperilled by this jugglery, since the mysterious detective is merely an incidental figure in the plot; but we feel that the author has severely compromised himself for the sake of a single effect of sharp surprise in the course of his concluding act.

Another important point to be considered is that, when the appeal of a play is dependent mainly on surprise, the author is impeded from drawing characters consistently. It is impossible to draw the sort of person that the hero really is, and at the same time to persuade the audience, until the final revelation of the secret, that the hero is another sort of person altogether. Deception of this kind can, therefore, never be accomplished in a play that is sufficiently serious in subject-matter to demand reality in characterisation. The pattern of surprise is available only for farces and for melodramas, in which the incidents are all that count and the characters are secondary. To deceive the audience successfully in high comedy or in tragedy would require a falsification that would consign the play to ruin. The public consciously will swallow lies only in regard to stories that do not seriously matter.

All these points are illustrated clearly by Mr. Max Marcin's *Cheating Cheaters*. It should be said at once that this piece is an exceedingly diverting farce, and that its great success has been achieved entirely by its deft manipulation of the pattern of surprise. Yet—inconsistent as this statement, considered superficially, might seem—the piece must also be considered as a sign-post to warn other authors against following in Mr. Marcin's footsteps.

At the outset of this interesting technical experiment, we are introduced to a gang of criminals who have rented the home of one George Brockton and are masquerading as the wealthy Brockton family. Here is an initial secret, concerning which the author immediately takes the audience into his confidence. The supposed Brocktons are trying to become socially acquainted with the

wealthy Palmer family, who live five miles away, in order ultimately to gain easy access to the Palmer house and steal the Palmer jewels. In the first act, the Palmers come to call; and, after a pleasant passage over the tea-table, they invite the supposed Nell Brockton—the leader of the crooks—to visit them.

The second act is set in the home of the Palmers. Nell is now an inmate of their household, and she has successfully introduced a couple of her fellow-conspirators to the premises. She ferrets out from the unsuspecting Palmers the combination of the safe in which they keep their jewels; and her plan of robbery seems almost certain to succeed. Then she and her confederates leave the stage, to dress for dinner; and the audience is left alone with the four members of the Palmer family. At once the manner of the Palmers changes; and the audience discovers, with a gasp of surprise that is clearly audible throughout the theatre, that these apparent Palmers are not Palmers after all, but only another gang of crooks engaged in a parallel endeavour to become socially acquainted with the Brockton family in order to steal the Brockton jewels.

This big moment of surprise is attained by means that are legitimate; for Mr. Marcin has not been forced to tell lies in order to retain his secret until the revelation comes. But the subsequent conduct of the plot leads the author into deeper waters of deception. For a time, possessed of "that superior knowledge in which," according to Mr. Archer, "lies the irony of drama," we watch the two gangs of cheaters endeavouring, at cross purposes, to cheat each other, until, in a climatic moment of mutual discovery, they decide to pool their destinies and to combine their talents in a sort of trust. In union they expect to find a strength that will stand against all counter-plots of organised society; but, in the very moment of this undertaking, a small army of detectives bursts in upon them and arrests them all at the points of many pistols.

In the last act, the members of both

the gangs of criminals are led to the office of the National Detective Agency. The head of this agency is a mysterious person named Ferris, whose name has frequently been mentioned in the earlier acts. It has been repeatedly impressed upon the audience that all the crooks are terribly afraid of Ferris, but that none of them has ever seen this clever and elusive criminologist. Now, at last, the revelation comes that Ferris is no other than the clever girl who has been masquerading all along as the criminal who has been masquerading as Nell Brockton.

This final revelation of a secret sedulously kept achieves also a flutter of surprise; but, in this case, it may be stated confidently that the game was hardly worth the candle, since the keeping of this secret prevented Mr. Marcin from drawing his central character consistently. As a matter of fact, he has given his heroine no character at all; for how would it be possible to depict truthfully the character of a detective who pretends to be a crook who pretends to be a wealthy scion of society?

Even more futile is Mr. Marcin's attempt to assign a consistent character to the crook who is masquerading as Tom Palmer. The author has endeavoured to develop a love-story between this man and the detective-heroine who hunts him down and finally forgives him; but no love-story can enlist the serious sympathy of the audience unless the audience knows the characters sufficiently to be able to determine whether or not it would be a good thing for the characters to get married.

Even so excellent an actor as Mr. Cyril Keightley seems at a loss to know how to act the part of Tom Palmer. The reason is that the author has not clearly drawn the sort of person that Tom Palmer is presumed to be; since any positive characterisation of the part would interfere with that deception of the audience on which the pattern of the play is founded.

The task imposed upon Miss Marjorie Rambeau, who acts the part of the heroine, is no less difficult; for, even when she is left alone upon the stage with her immediate confederates in this or that of the many involutions of the plot, she is required to pretend that she is not at all the sort of person that, in the final moments of the play, she is destined to become. The trouble with this sort of pattern is that it forces not only the author, but the actors also, to falsify the truth in order to deceive the audience; and this falsification, whatever its success, is contrary to the interests of art, whose purpose always was, and is, to hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature.

To sum the matter up, the sort of surprise which must be regarded absolutely as unacceptable in any play is the sort which depends for its success upon a clear negation of what has gone before. Nothing can be gained by the procedure of telling the public one thing for two hours and a half and then telling the public in two minutes that it has merely been deceived. Such jugglery is easy to encompass, and is sometimes entertaining in effect; but it leads away from that interpretation of the underlying truth of life which is the end of art.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

It is one of bloody, bedraggled Mexico's many misfortunes that so few of those who have written about her have made the least effort or have been in the least interested to get below the surface and study the heart and soul of that which makes a nation, its people. An appalling array of books has come forth and is constantly receiving additions that babble much about the land whose banner bears what some people consider the balefully significant device of an eagle and a serpent. They tell with enthusiasm of the beauty and picturesqueness of the mountains and valleys and the spectacular quaintness of the life—as seen from a car window—or they prose unendingly about the material facts of the country, its history, and its life, or they greedily dilate upon its wonderful riches. But few of them give a thought to the patient, pitiable, exploited millions of Mexico who for decade after decade and century after century have been, in the modern slang but most applicable term, "the goat" of whatever happens in Mexico, or seek to discover why, with all their overwhelming poverty and ignorance, they so frequently rise in revolution. And those who do turn their attention to these things too often are so hasty and superficial in their survey that their work merits little notice.

**Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras.* By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Benighted Mexico. By Randolph Wellford Smith. New York: John Lane Company.

Plain Facts About Mexico. By George J. Hagar. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It speaks ill for American writers that, with Mexico looming big before the eyes of every citizen of the country for the last four years, so little of more than temporary value and superficial interest about that country has come from their pens. The collection of recent books reviewed below, although it contains two contributions to this subject of considerable consequence, show how meagre is the fare given to us by writers upon Mexico. And yet surely the opportunity is rich for a big, thoughtful work upon that country that would paint her, her history, her people and her sufferings with a brush graphic and true and searching, whose author would not write with both eyes fixed on the possibilities for loot offered to foreign capital and whose heart would be capable of sympathetic understanding of her exploited millions. It would be a thrilling, saddening, horrifying, inspiring book and some American ought to write it in expiation of the sin of the contemptuous attitude of his fellow-Americans toward their Mexican neighbours.

"TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO"

It is a great pity that Mr. Franck cannot, *amœba* fashion, make twins of himself and so double the number of his always delightful and informing books about phases of life in other countries that are a sealed volume to most travellers. His method of going on foot and fraternising with all he meets along the way, working a week or so now and then and making friends of his fellow-toilers, studying the country and its people at intimate first hand, gives him a knowledge of the very heart of its heart to be gained in no other way. And he has a most happy and fortunate faculty of enabling his readers to see whatever he sees with his own clear and honest and

unprejudiced vision. He does not go on his vagabond journeys for the purpose of proving a theory or gathering arguments to bolster up anybody's case. He goes to see the country and its people in their daily life and habit and he describes them just as they are without the slightest reference to the effect of his narrative upon any reader's beliefs. If you do not want the absolute truth about a country, as nearly as it can be seen by an honest man and told by a sincere writer, Harry Franck's books will be caviare to your taste.

This new volume records the incidents and observations of a journey he made, largely on foot but partly by train, southward through Mexico in the autumn of 1911. Therefore it was shortly after the end of the long rule of Porfirio Diaz, and the reader must bear in mind that what the author saw was the result of what most Americans believe to have been his strong and beneficent administration of Mexico's affairs. Those who say, as nearly all Americans do say, parrot fashion, that Mexico needs the Diaz kind of a ruler are bound, if they read this book with honest thought, to revise either that opinion or their American ideas of the basic rights of humanity. Mr. Franck himself does no philosophising or drawing of inferences. He leaves all that to his readers. He is concerned only with making mental photographs of what he sees and transmitting them, clear and true, to his readers.

Mr. Franck went south from Nuevo Laredo, tramped about, worked for a time in mines in the Guanajuato region, slept in the huts of peons by the roadside, made friends with fellow-travellers in village inns, talked with men, women and children as they journeyed together along highway or trail, fraternised with any and all of friendly disposition in the day coaches, wherein he sometimes travelled by rail. And the sum total of the impressions he gives the reader is that of a land of wonderful richness, still undeveloped, whose resources ought to support a large population in plenty

and content, but nearly all of whose people are sunk so deeply in poverty, ignorance and squalour so appalling that one shudders even to read of it. It would be good for the soul of any American who thinks this country ought to send an army of intervention and conquest into Mexico to read Mr. Franck's description of the market in San Luis Potosi—"Such a surging of pauperous humanity, dirt and uncomplaining misery," he says, "I had never before seen in the Western Hemisphere,"—and then ask himself soberly, "Do we want to fight that?"

Mr. Franck visited a school here and there, and his account of what he saw and heard in the school-rooms is a grotesque travesty upon any modern system of education. And almost everywhere he found a depth of poverty well nigh beyond the conception of any American. But the book is not all so sombre as that might imply. There are many charming bits descriptive of interesting adventures and fraternisings along the road and many of the people whom he meets are delightful in their simplicity and sweetness of nature. Moreover, Mr. Franck tells his stories well, with a sense of genial humour that rarely fails him even when his experiences are highly unpleasant, an eye for the picturesque and a human sympathy that vitalises his every page. His book is a contribution of the greatest value to the very slender list of works that make any attempt to get below the obvious in Mexican affairs and conditions and to write the truth about them. It is copiously illustrated from photographs by the author and has a map of his itinerary.

"A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO"

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book consists of letters written to her mother while her husband was American Chargé at Mexico City during the dramatic period from October 8, 1913, to April 23, 1914, with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz, where they remained for the following week. They are intimate, chatty missives, wherein information and

observation concerning the progress of affairs of state are sandwiched in between accounts of her own daily doings, personal impressions of people, and diplomatic gossip. It is very much as if one stood in the American Embassy and watched and talked with the representatives of other nations, and the prominent men of Mexico, saw the progress of affairs and the constant coming and going of all manner of men, and shared with the author the social functions and details of her daily life. She is always keenly interested in the people she meets and in the relations between the two countries, and her sympathy with the people of distracted Mexico is ready and warm. But, after all, it is evident that she really knows very little about Mexico outside of the diplomatic circle in its capital city and such portions of its life as can be seen by a foreigner from a car window. Her book is of value only in the intimate view it gives of the progress of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries at what every one thought then was a crucial time, but whose importance has diminished the farther it recedes into the past and also because of the close and sometimes acute characterisation of some of the men who were then prominent in Mexican affairs among both the Mexicans themselves and the foreign diplomats. She saw much of Huerta, and apparently liked and admired him, believed in him and was sure that if he had been recognised by the United States he would have proved the saviour of Mexico. She does not think that he was responsible for the murder of Madero. She thinks also that the United States should have intervened in Mexico to the point of full-fledged war. There is much about John Lind, of whom and whose mission to Mexico she, quite naturally, disapproves, although she evidently endeavoured to keep out of her correspondence all personal feeling. But she nowhere reveals appreciation or understanding of the big problems and the appalling needs of Mexico, nor sympathetic realisation

of Mexican national character. The point of view is the narrow one of the diplomatic circle and, while her book will have its uses in the colour, life and vivacity with which it backgrounds the progress of national and diplomatic affairs in Mexico at a poignant period of its history, those who want information about the country, its people and its problems will have to seek for them elsewhere.

"BENIGHTED MEXICO"

The publishers of Mr. Smith's book announce on the paper jacket that his viewpoint is "absolutely impartial." If they consider his mind an exemplar of cool, judicial quality, one wonders what degree of sizzling mental temperature they would recognise as indicating ardent and tempestuous feeling. His work is merely another instance of those many fountains of red-hot ink that serve to distort and conceal the sources of Mexico's long standing troubles. It is very soon evident in Mr. Smith's pages that he knows little or nothing about the Mexican people and that his interests and sympathies, his only intellectual conceptions, discern no need in Mexico of anything but a tyrannous rule that would exploit Mexico's wealth for the benefit of a few and keep its poverty-stricken millions ground down with so firm a hand that they would have neither the strength nor the spirit nor the opportunity to complain. He is wildly and hotly indignant that this government did not recognise Huerta, because he thinks Huerta would have been just that kind of a ruler.

With the exception of now and then a brief excursion into the history of the country, Mr. Smith's book is concerned almost entirely with the personalities and incidents of the last six years connected with the revolutionary disturbances. Particular attention is devoted to those of recent date, since President Wilson has been in the White House, which have tended to embroil this country. The irresponsibility of the workings of his mind and his inability to see things

straight in their true aspect—to describe it by no severer term—are shown by the picture he draws of what the United States ought to have done and what would have happened in consequence after the Parral incident. "There would have been no war—it would have been a lovely little picnic," he declares. "There would have been a call for half a million volunteers over night and within a fortnight or less they would have been, half of them, promenading up and down . . . in that most picturesque of capitals." It is difficult to consider seriously a book written by any one who is capable of making such baldly childish and frivolous statements.

To say that Mr. Smith's opinion of General Carranza is virulent is expressing it very mildly indeed. "Coxcomb," "insolent brigand," "bargain-counter despot and brute," are only a few of the epithets he hurls at the figure of the "First Chief." General Carranza may be all that Mr. Smith calls him, but such a white heat of invective incessantly kept up does not inspire, in the judicially minded reader, entire confidence in the disinterestedness of the writer. Of more consequence, however, is Mr. Smith's constant insistence upon what he alleges to be General Carranza's intriguing with Germany. Through many pages he discourses upon the money he asserts Carranza is drawing from German sources and the aid he is receiving from them. But he forgets to mention that General Huerta, proved to be acting in the interests of Germany, was caught by the United States with German money in his pockets on his way to overthrow that same Carranza.

There is an interesting paper by E. N. Iturbide, filling several chapters, that narrates his own experiences as Governor of the Federal District during and after Huerta's presidency that is worth while. And there are some figures concerning Mexican financial affairs and some long narratives dealing with the excesses of the Constitutionalist troops. But Mr. Smith's manner of writing, a

combination of sneer, invective, reckless statement and boiling indignation, does not inspire confidence in his trustworthiness. His book does not illumine the Mexican situation.

"PLAIN FACTS ABOUT MEXICO"

If one has read many books dealing with Mexico it is with a marked feeling of restfulness that one takes up such a solid bit of materialism and actuality as this unpretentious little handbook of facts which Mr. Hagar has put together. So much reckless statement overlying concealed and sinister interests, so much theorising and romancing on imaginary bases have been put into print and masqueraded as the truth about Mexico that it is reassuring to find anything about that distracted country in book form which is manifestly true. Mr. Hagar's little book of less than a hundred pages is as simple and straightforward as the multiplication table. It deals with the conformation of the country, the racial qualities of its population, its resources of all kinds, its industries, commerce and finance, its public service methods, its form of government and its foreign investments. About each subject only the barest information is given, set forth in simple terms. Another chapter names and describes briefly all of the constituent states. One section is devoted to the wonderful oil field of Mexico, with a map of the oil zone. Mr. Smith, in his book reviewed above, declares that American investments in Mexico total "fully two billions of dollars." In a chapter on "American Investments" Mr. Hagar goes into the matter with some detail, giving two classified statements. One of these, for which he does not give his authority, totals these investments at \$450,000,000. The other statement, compiled by Marion Letcher, United States Consul at Chihuahua, sets the combined amount at \$1,057,770,000. The discrepancy between these two is partly accounted for, Mr. Hagar points out, by the fact that Consul Letcher in his compilation used the par value instead of the market value of securities.

Reckless imagination appears to be the only basis for Mr. Smith's figures.

"OUR FIRST WAR IN MEXICO"

Whoever wants to understand the Mexico of the present must know something about the Mexico of the past, and particularly about the relations between that country and our own. And Mr. Bishop's very readable and impartial account of one section of the long story of difficulties between the two nations deserves the attention of those who care to have some real knowledge and do some thinking of their own before they form opinions. The spirit of Mr. Bishop's book is admirable, for he has tried to look upon the passions and deeds of that long ago time with a judicial mind, to tell what led up to the war with fairness to both sides and to make Americans of the present time realise how the invasion of their country seemed to the Mexicans of those days. The author explains in a brief preface that it was his expectation two years ago of another war with Mexico that revived his interest in the war of 1846-48 and led him to make a study of that period. As he very well says, most of the American histories of that war have either "painted everything red, white and blue and chanted songs of glory" or "painted everything coal

black and passed by on the other side." As his model in method and spirit he took Mr. George L. Rives's work on "The Relations Between the United States and Mexico, 1821-1848," which, if it isn't already so considered, ought to be and some time will be recognised as a classic contribution to American history. In the same spirit of scientific, open-minded investigation he has endeavoured to present an impartial account of a period that meant much for our subsequent development and undoubtedly left suspicion of us and our sentiments toward them in the breasts of succeeding generations to the south of the Rio Grande. Those who do not care for the detail of Mr. Rives's two-volume work will find in Mr. Bishop's two-hundred-page book an excellent, unprejudiced and unvarnished account that aims not only to narrate the facts as they were but also to interpret them, when they seem puzzling, to make understandable the psychology of the Mexican people and to reveal causes and results. Without making any parade about it and often leaving inferences to be drawn by the reader's intelligence, the author's brief account of the preceding history of Mexico, and especially of the governmental developments following its war of independence, throws much light on the Mexico of to-day.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Movement and Mental Imagery. Outlines of a Motor Theory of the Complexer Mental Processes. By Margaret Floy Washburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

In the *Vassar Semi-Centennial Series*, published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the college. An attempt to work out to some of its conclusions the hypothesis that all memory may be motor memory, and the "association of ideas" the association of movements.

The War

Adventures of a Despatch Rider. By Captain W. H. L. Watson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With maps. \$1.25 net.

Captain Watson of the British Army served as a despatch rider in the retreat through northern France, at the battle of Mons and in the pursuit that led to the Aisne, and his book tells of his experiences during that part of the great conflict.

The Church in the Fighting Line. With

General Smith-Dorrien at the Front. Being the Experiences of a Chaplain in Charge of an Infantry Brigade. By Douglas P. Winniffrith, with a Foreword by the Lord Bishop of London. New York: George H. Doran & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

An account of the achievement of the Royal Army Medical Corps during the early part of the war.

The Great Push: An Episode of the Great War. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

An account of the battle of Loos and the author's experiences in it.

Religion in Europe and the World Crisis. By Charles Edward Osborne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.50 net.

Deals primarily with the religious issues of the war—with the religious life of England, Russia, and Germany, and with the future of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Orthodoxy.

Waitful Watching or Uncle Sam and the Fight in Dame Europa's School. By James L. Ford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

A satire on the war and the part of the United States in it.

War the Creator. By Gelett Burgess. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

The story of a French youth's experiences in the Battle of the Marne.

With Serbia Into Exile. An American's Adventures with the Army That Cannot Die. By Fortier Jones. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.60 net.

An intimate account of the retreat of the Serbian army from the Danube to the Adriatic. The author was a member of one of the relief expeditions.

Education

America and the Orient. Outlines of a Constructive Policy. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Missionary Education Movement. 25 cents net.

A discussion of the problems in the relations of East and West, and a suggested outline for the control of those relations.

Ancient Times: A History of the Early World. An Introduction to the Study of Ancient History and the Career of Early Man. By James Henry Breasted. Boston: Ginn & Company.

A text-book adapted for use in high schools.

Arms and the Boy. Military Training in Schools and Colleges; Its Value in Peace and Its Importance in War. With Many Practical Suggestions for the Course of Training and With Brief Descriptions of the Most Successful Systems Now in Operation. By L. R. Gignilliat. With an Introduction by Newton D. Baker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

An Essay on Metaphor in Poetry. With an Appendix on the Use of Metaphor in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. By J. G. Jennings. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. \$1.00.

Discusses the use of metaphor in the work of Virgil, Dante, Euripides, Coleridge, Pater, Shelley, Arnold, Keats and others.

Talks on Business Correspondence. By William Cushing Bamburgh. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.

A text-book of business correspondence written from practical experience by the advertising manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Applied Science, Engineering

Model Aeroplanes and Their Motors. A Practical Book for Beginners. By George A. Cavanagh. With Drawings of Harry G. Schultz, and An Introduction by Henry Woodhouse. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A study of the fundamentals of heavier-than-air machines and their construction. The work contains a chapter on "The History of Model Aviation" and a dictionary of aeronautical terms.

Medicine, Hygiene

Abnormal Children. (Nervous, Mischievous, Precocious, and Backward.) A Book for Parents, Teachers and Medical Officers of Schools. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

The work deals with "the nervous de-

fects of children, and the various forms and degrees of mental and moral deficiency that may occur from infancy up to the age of twenty-one."

Nervous Disorders of Women. The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

Nervous Disorders of Men. The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

Companion volumes dealing with the numerous nervous illnesses of women and of men.

The Treatment of Infantile Paralysis. By Robert W. Lovett. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

In the preface the author explains that his aim is "to present a practical, plain and perhaps rather elementary statement of the various therapeutic measures" which he believed to be soundest and best in the treatment of the disease.

General Literature, Essays

Elisabethan Translations from the Italian. By Mary Augusta Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

In the *Vassar Semi-Centennial Series*, published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the college.

The Free Man and The Soldier: Essays on the Reconciliation of Liberty and Discipline. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.40 net.

Essays revealing the abstract principles underlying such questions as those of preparedness, the righteousness of war, the duties implied by patriotism, etc.

From Nature Forward. By Harriet Doan Prentiss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00 net.

Essays and verses designed to inspire to "a return to buoyant physical health, release of mental tension, and enlarged and happy outlook on life."

Shakespeare and Precious Stones. Treating of the Known References of Precious Stones in Shakespeare's Works, with Comments as to the Origin of His

Material, the Knowledge of the Poet Concerning Precious Stones, and References as to Where the Precious Stones of His Time Came From. By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

Poetry and Drama

Ballads and Lyrics. By Eldredge Denison. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of verses on a variety of subjects.

Duty and Other Irish Comedies. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

Five one-act comedies. The titles are: "Duty," "Jurisprudence," "Magnanimity," "Matchmakers," and "Retribution."

The Fruit of Toil and Other One-Act Plays. By Lillian P. Wilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 75 cents net.

One-act plays on modern themes. The titles are: "The Fruit of Toil," "An Episode," "Being the Fly," "A Voice on the Stair," "The Empty Shrine," "The Weight of Wings," "This is Law," "Living."

Heart Songs and Home Songs. By Dennis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of the author's later verses, most of which have appeared in various magazines.

The House on the Hill and Other Poems. By Frederick A. Wright. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of lyrics.

Layla-Majnu: A Musical Play in Three Acts. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company.

A play reflecting the life and atmosphere of India.

Life and Living. A Book of Verse by Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

Miscellaneous verses, many of them being reprinted from various magazines.

The Locust Flower and The Celibate. Two Plays by Pauline Brooks Quinton. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.

A fantasy in one act and a drama in three acts, designed for reading rather than acting.

Lundy's Lane and Other Poems. By Duncan Campbell Scott. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

Narrative and descriptive poems distinctive of northern North America.

Representative English Plays from the Middle Ages to the End of the Nineteenth Century. Edited with Introductions and Notes by John S. P. Tatlock and Robert G. Martin. \$2.50 net.

A one-volume collection of dramas including representative plays of the Middle Ages, the Elizabethan and Restoration periods, and the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The work aims to be of interest both to the student and the general reader.

Romantic Indiana: A Dramatic Pageant. Seven Episodes with Prologue and Tableaux. By Augusta Stevenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.00 net.

A play in three acts depicting some of the most important and picturesque events in the early history of Indiana.

Rhymes of Our Valley. By Anthony Euwer. New York: James B. Pond. Frontispiece. \$1.00 net.

A volume of verses picturing life in the Northwest, its calls, its hardships and its rewards.

The Shepherd Wind and Other Verses. By Osman Castle Hooper. Columbus, Ohio: The Champlin Press. 75 cents.

A collection of verse.

Fiction

Bonnie May. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The story of a precocious child of the theatre, thrown by chance into the midst of a conservative and aristocratic family, with amusing results.

Big Timber. A Story of the Northwest. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.

A love story with scenes set in the logging camps of British Columbia.

The Bride of a Moment. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A mystery story built about the shooting of a young bride as she is about to leave the altar.

The Brook Kerith. By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

The life of Christ written in fiction form. Starting out with the assumption that Christ did not die on the cross, the author builds up a narrative based on legends which had currency in the early centuries.

The Chief Legatee. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35 net.

The disappearance of a bride ten minutes after her wedding and the solution of the mystery form the theme of the tale. The book is a new edition of one of the author's earlier stories.

Chloe Malone. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A romance of New Orleans, set in an atmosphere of old French aristocracy.

The Chorus: A Tale of Love and Folly. By Sylvia Lynd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.35 net.

The love story of a young girl and a wealthy artist.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. By Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A story of love and mystery set in New York society circles, and moving about a famous murder and the theft of a royal necklace.

Enoch Crane. A Novel Planned and Begun by F. Hopkinson Smith, and Completed by F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A romance of old Greenwich Village.

Fondie. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.40 net.

A romance of Yorkshire, picturing the tragedies and comedies in the life of the village folk.

The Girl at Big Loon Post. By George Van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A story of life at a Hudson's Bay trading-post.

Great Snakes. A Variation on a Classical Theme. By William Caine. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00 net.

A humorous narrative of the conversion of an inebriate by means of a practical joke and a series of accidents, with a love story interwoven through it.

The Hausfrau Rampant. By E. V. Lucas, from the German of Julius Stinde. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.30 net.

A translation and condensation of *The Buckholz Family*, a German humorous classic.

The Heart of Rachael. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.

A story of modern New York society life, dealing with the problem of divorce.

The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. By David Lisle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.30 net.

A romance with Monte Carlo for a setting and a young widow whose escapades had branded her as "impossible" for the heroine.

In Another Girl's Shoes. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A story telling of the humorous difficulties and complications that arise when Vera Vayne, the "movie" actress forces demure, well-bred Rose Whitelands into her place as war widow of Captain Meredith. Scenes are laid in England and Paris.

Johnstone of the Border. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.

Another of the author's adventure stories, this time with the setting in the North Sea off the coast of Scotland. The interest centres about Andrew Johnstone, a Scotchman, and his American comrade Whitney.

The Little Hunchback Zia. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A short story of the birth of the Christ-child and of the restoration of the little hunchback Zia to his birthright.

Michael Cassidy, Sergeant. By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

Short tales of the trenches.

The Nest-Builders. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.

A story of love-at-first-sight, a speedy marriage and its consequences.

Petey Simmons at Siwash. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

More breezy sketches of life at Siwash College.

The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. By Grace King. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.40 net.

A story of New Orleans just after the Civil War.

The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.40 net.

A romance of the growth and struggles of a boy from squalour and ignorance to education and fame through his association with the sea.

The Social Gangster. Adventures of Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Heart's International Library Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

A volume of short detective stories.

Tumbleweed. By Alice M. Colter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The romance of a young girl nicknamed Tumbleweed because of her gay and airy disposition.

The Van Haavens. By C. Hilton-Turvey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The story of the Van Haaven family and especially of young Willoughby Van Haaven upon whom fell the burden of sustaining the family in its struggle with the world.

Windy McPherson's Sons. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40 net.

The story of a youth of the Middle West who fights his way ruthlessly to material success, and after attaining it and realising its emptiness, seeks things of greater spiritual worth.

Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A romantic tale of Paris in the days following the close of the Napoleonic wars, in which a young officer of the English army falls in love with and marries a pretty French flower girl despite the protests of his family.

Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

The story of a family of Jewish immigrants in America, picturing their life and their adoption of American ideals.

The Woman Gives. A Story of Regeneration. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.40 net.

A story of Bohemian life in New York, telling of the sacrifice of a woman for the regeneration of a man.

Juvenile Books

The Adventures of Prickly Porky. The Adventures of Old Man Coyote. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. Each 50 cents net.

Two new volumes in the Bedtime Story-Books series for little children. Each volume in the series deals with the adventures and pranks of some one animal.

Chandra in India. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

The fourteenth volume in the *Little People Everywhere* series, describing in story form the life and customs of India.

John Ginger and Johnny's Peregrinations in Canineland. By Josephine E. Reed. Kansas City: Midwest Publishing Company.

The adventures of two small boys.

The Land of the Golden Man. By Anita B. Ferris. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Illustrated.

Stories of the people of South America and the missionary work done among them. Arranged for use in mission study classes and Sunday Schools.

Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends. By Roy J. Snell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Nature stories of the North.

Lucile Triumphant. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A sequel to *Lucile the Torch Bearer*. The story takes Lucile and her friends to Europe where they meet with adventure and romance.

Merry Animal Tales. A Book of Old Fables in New Dresses. By Madge A. Bigham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Some of the fables of La Fontaine adapted for young children.

Mother West Wind "How" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Short animal stories for little children telling "How Mr. Frog Learned to Sing," "How Old Mr. Squirrel Became Thrifty," "How It Happens Johnny Chuck Sleeps All Winter," etc.

Once Upon a Time in Indiana. Edited by Charity Dye. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Historical sketches, legends and verses of Indiana.

Pilgrims of To-day. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Biographical sketches of John Muir, Jacob Riis, Mary Antin, Edward Alfred Steiner, Carl Schurz, Nathan Strauss, and Joseph Pulitzer.

Wonder Tales Retold. Written and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.35 net.

Translations from the folklore of various nations.

History

History of the Jews in Russia and Poland From the Earliest Times Until the Present Day. By S. M. Dubnow. Translated from the Russian by I. Friedlander. Volume I.

The work will be complete in two volumes. The first volume covers the history of the Jews in Russia and Poland from its beginnings until the death of Alexander I, in 1825.

Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With illustrations and map. \$1.25 net.

A brief history of our first war with Mexico over the question of Texas in 1846 to 1848.

A Political History of Japan During the Meiji Era—1867-1912. By Walter Wallace McLaren. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 net.

A modern political history of Japan, describing her system of government, and explaining her national ambitions. The author lived for a number of years in Japan.

Young India. An Interpretation and a History of The Nationalist Movement from Within. By Lajpat Rai. Foreword by J. T. Sunderland. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A study of India's struggle for self-government and of the men who are leading the Nationalist movement. There is a bibliography.

Travel and Description

Benighted Mexico. By Randolph Wellford Smith. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.50 net.

An analytical study of conditions in Mexico from the time of Madero's assassination to the midsummer of the present year.

Plain Facts About Mexico. The Country, States and Cities, The People, The Resources, Government and Statistics. By George J. Hagar. New York: Harper & Brothers. With Maps. 50 cents net.

A brief summary of the natural, racial, economic, industrial and institutional conditions of Mexico.

The Self-Discovery of Russia. By J. Y. Simpson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A discussion of the Russia of to-day, including an exposition of the vodka problem and the good effects of its prohibition. Some chapters deal with the wisdom of maintaining the England-Russia alliance, the right of Russia to a Mediterranean port, etc.

Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Being the Random Notes of

an Incurable Vagabond. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The story of the author's leisurely journey through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras.

Biography

William Newton Clarke. A Biography. With Additional Sketches by His Friends and Colleagues. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

An intimate biography of a well-known preacher, teacher and author.

Joseph Fels: His Life-Work. By Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A biography of an American manufacturer, dealing largely with his connection with Single Tax, vacant land cultivation, intensive agriculture, educational and other experiments in America and England.

Charles E. Hughes. The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist. By William L. Ransom. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.

A study of Mr. Hughes and his work in the Supreme Court.

A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson By Charlotte Eaton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A short sketch of Stevenson and his visit to the home of the author in Manasquan just before he left the United States.

The Melancholy Tale of "Me." My Remembrances. By E. H. Sothern. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A personal record of the life and career of the well-known actor.

My Days and Dreams. Being Autobiographical Notes. By Edward Carpenter. Illustrated. \$2.25.

An account of the life, work and associations of the English writer and socialist.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Advent Songs. A Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs. By Simon N. Patten. \$1.00 net.

A collection of old familiar hymn tunes with new words. The work also includes an essay by the author on "Modernising the Song."

Aunt Phebe, Uncle Tom and Others. Character Studies Among the Old Slaves of the South Fifty Years After. By Essie Collins Matthews. Columbus, Ohio: The Champlin Press. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Sketches of some old slave characters still living in the South.

Camping and Woodcraft. A Handbook for Vacation Campers and for Travelers in the Wilderness. By Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Volume I. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

An expansion of the author's work, *The Book of Camping and Woodcraft*, first brought out in one volume in 1906. It includes information on tents and conditions under which any special design of tent should be used, camp outfits, clothing, personal kits, pests of the woods and how to overcome them, provision lists, etc.

The Federal Farm Loan System. New Method of Farm Mortgage Finance, Under National Supervision. A Practical Manual upon Organising and Conducting National Farm Loan Associations, also Joint Stock Land Banks. Showing How Farmers, Investors, Bankers and the Public May Obtain the Fullest Benefit of the System. By Herbert Myrick. Including Full Text of the Federal Farm Loan Act. New York: Orange Judd Company. \$1.00 net.

Games and Parties for Children. By Grace Lee Davison. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.

Suggestions for the entertainment of children.

Our Eastern Question. America's Contact with the Orient and the Trend of Relations with China and Japan. By Thomas F. Millard. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A discussion of the Far Eastern situation, with especial reference to Japan and China, in its most recent developments, political, sociological, economic and moral.

The President of the United States. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

An analysis of the historical evolution of the presidential office, written in 1908 when the author was President of Princeton University.

Reflections of a Cornfield Philosopher. By E. W. Helms. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 50 cents net.

A book of epigrams.

The Truth About the Theatre. By One of the Best Known Theatrical Men in New York. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.00 net.

A statement of existing theatrical conditions, aimed to be of service to those who wish to go on the stage, to write plays, or to become associated in any way with the theatre.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of August and the first of September:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Dark Forest	Seventeen
Albany, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Atlanta, Ga.....	When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron
Baltimore, Md.....	Seventeen	The Dark Forest
Birmingham, Ala.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Boston, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The Girl Philippa
Boston, Mass.....	Tish	The Heart of Rachael
Buffalo, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Nan of Music Mountain
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Heart of Rachael	Tish
Cleveland, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	The Best Short Stories of 1915
Dallas, Texas.....	When a Man's a Man	The Bent Twig
Denver, Colo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Des Moines, Ia.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Houston, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Indianapolis, Ind....	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
Jacksonville, Fla.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Kansas City, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Los Angeles, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Los Angeles, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	Loot
Louisville, Ky.....	The Bent Twig	The Real Motive
Milwaukee, Wis.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Minneapolis, Minn....	The Prisoner	The Bent Twig
New Haven, Conn.....	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
New Orleans, La.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Norfolk, Va.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Omaha, Neb.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Just David	When a Man's a Man
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Seventeen	When a Man's a Man
Portland, Me.....	When a Man's a Man	The Prisoner
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Happy Valley
Providence, R. I.....	Big Timber	When a Man's a Man
Richmond, Va.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
St. Louis, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
St. Louis, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Girl Philippa
San Antonio, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
San Francisco, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
San Francisco, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	The Dark Forest
Seattle, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Big Timber
Tacoma, Wash... ..	When a Man's a Man	The Fall of a Nation
Utica, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The Sailor
Waco, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Washington, D. C.....	Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Prisoner The Rising Tide	The Sailor The Thirteenth Com- mandment	Private Gaspard The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Three Sons and a Mother Big Timber
The Fifth Wheel The Sailor Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael Tish The Heart of Rachael	Finding of Jasper Holt When a Man's a Man The Thirteenth Com- mandment	Seventeen The Unspeakable Perk The Prisoner
Tish	The Prisoner	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Blow the Man Down
The Dark Forest The Girl Philippa Three Sons and a Mother	The Sailor The Heart of Rachael The Rising Tide	Seventeen Just David The Heart of Rachael	The Girl Philippa The Dark Forest The Thirteenth Com- mandment
The Heart of Rachael	Seventeen	The Girl Philippa	The Thirteenth Com- mandment
Seventeen The Prisoner The Heart of Rachael The Girl Philippa Proof of the Pudding Just David Come Out of the Kitchen Proof of the Pudding Loot Dear Enemy Tish Green Mansions When a Man's a Man	Cappy Ricks The Heart of Rachael Seed of the Righteous Just David Just David Fulfillment A Cathedral Singer The Dark Forest The Girl Philippa Seventeen Proof of the Pudding The Heart of Rachael Seventeen	Green Mansions The Girl Philippa Loot Ramona Under the Country Sky Bars of Iron Tish The Prisoner Seventeen The Harbour Just David Tish The Thirteenth Com- mandment	When a Man's a Man Seventeen Bars of Iron Seventeen Her Husband's Purse The Border Legion Under the Country Sky Green Mansions Finding of Jasper Holt Life and Gabriella Nan of Music Mountain The Prisoner Bars of Iron
Cappy Ricks When a Man's a Man The Rising Tide Bars of Iron The Fall of a Nation Just David Big Timber Seventeen The Girl Philippa	The Bent Twig The Belfry In Another Girl's Shoes Behold the Woman! Tish Loot Tish Big Timber The Prisoner	Seventeen The Heart of Rachael Under the Country Sky The Bent Twig The Sailor Nan of Music Mountain Seventeen The Heart of Rachael The Heart of Rachael	The Heart of Rachael The Rudder Big Timber Seventeen The Girl Philippa The Real Adventure The Wind's Will The Prisoner The Thirteenth Com- mandment
Tish Seventeen Just David The Thirteenth Com- mandment Behold the Woman! Tish	Blow the Man Down The Bent Twig Tish The Girl Philippa	Big Timber John Bogardus The Rising Tide Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael The Girl Philippa The Unspeakable Perk
The Heart of Rachael The Girl Philippa Three Sons and a Mother The Heart of Rachael	The Girl Philippa The Heart of Rachael	The Bent Twig The Thirteenth Com- mandment The Border Legion Seventeen Cappy Ricks The Harbour	Viviette Bars of Iron
Happy Valley	The Fall of a Nation The Dark Forest Blow the Man Down Seventeen	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America Blow the Man Down The Real Adventure The Dark Forest	The Unspeakable Perk Green Mansions The Real Adventure The Thirteenth Com- mandment Old Judge Priest
Come Out of the Kitchen Tish When a Man's a Man	Nan of Music Mountain Seventeen Loot Bars of Iron		The Prisoner The Border Legion The Prisoner

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 England's Effort. Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
 Tramping Through Mexico. Harry A. Franck.
 How to Live. I. Fisher and E. L. Fisk.

The Pentecost of Calamity. Owen Wister.
 On Being Human. Woodrow Wilson.
 The Red Horizon. Patrick MacGill.
 Counter Currents. Agnes Repplier.
 Efficient Living. E. E. Purinton.
 My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 214 and 215) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any lists receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35.....	410
2. The Heart of Rachael. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	226
3. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.35	174
4. Tish. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50	103
5. The Girl Philippa. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40	84
6. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.....	77

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
 The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
 Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
 The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
 The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
 Private Gaspard. Rene Benjamin.
 Three Sons and a Mother. Gilbert Cannan.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
 The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
 The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes.
 The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
 Big Timber. Bertrand W. Sinclair.
 Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
 The Fifth Wheel. Olive Higgins Prouty.
 The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
 The Finding of Jasper Holt. Grace L. H. Lutz.
 The Unspeakable Perk. Samuel Hopkins Adams.
 Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
 The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
 Blow the Man Down. Holman Day.
 Nan of Music Mountain. Frank Spearman.
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
 Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
 The Best Short Stories of 1915. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien.

The Seed of the Righteous. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
 Loot. A. S. Roche.
 Ramona. Helen Hunt Jackson.
 The Proof of the Pudding. Meredith Nicholson.
 Under the Country Sky. Grace S. Richmond.
 Her Husband's Purse. Helen R. Martin.
 Fulfillment. Emma Wolf.
 The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
 Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice Duer Miller.
 A Cathedral Singer. James Lane Allen.
 Dear Enemy. Jean Webster.
 The Harbour. Ernest Poole.
 Life and Gabriella. Ellen Glasgow.
 The Belfry. May Sinclair.
 The Rudder. Mary S. Watts.
 In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
 Behold the Woman! T. Everett Harré.
 The Fall of a Nation. Thomas Dixon.
 The Real Adventure. Henry Kitchell Webster.
 The Wind's Will. Agnes and Egerton Castle.
 Happy Valley. A. S. Monroe.
 John Bogardus. George Agnew Chamberlain.
 Viviette. W. J. Locke.
 Old Judge Priest. Irvin Cobb.

THE BOOKMAN

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THE ILLUSTRATOR'S APOLOGY

TO HIS CRITIC

BY OLIVER HERFORD

CRITIC behold a Pigmy, shod
In Giant's shoes—yet spare the rod!
How could I know the Fates would choose
My feet to wear John Tenniel's shoes?

John Tenniel, in his art supreme,
Envisioned Alice from a dream;
And now must I with pen profane
Presume to picture her again.

When Wonderland received the news
That I had donned the Master's shoes
The creatures all were so distressed
They held a meeting to protest.

The Gryphon groaned, the Turtle roared,
The Rabbit raved, the Dormouse snored,
"Who is this Herford?" screamed the Red
Queen angrily, "Off with his head!"

The Cheshire Cat flew in a fit
And disappeared when asked to sit,
And everyone I sought to draw
Vanished like snow when comes a thaw.

Mr. Herford, having made the illustrations for a new edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," thus attempts to forestall criticism.

Vol. XLIV. No. 3.

"Because we sat for Tenniel, pray
 Why should we sit for you?" said they.
 And though I thought them impolite,
 I had to own that they were right!

Wherefore as I a Pigmy shod,
 In giant's shoes, laborious plod.
 Chide not, oh critic, should I lose
 My footing—in John Tenniel's shoes.

WHAT IS AMERICAN LITERATURE?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

It was in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century that a British historian of the expansion of the English race proclaimed boldly the permanent unity of the several peoples who have English for their mother tongue. When John Richard Green came to record the revolt of the American colonies from British rule and the establishment of the independence of the United States he asserted that since 1776 "the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little sign of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother-country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel, not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi."

If an American had penned this eloquent paragraph, he would have laid himself open to the charge of boastfulness; and even when an American merely quotes it, he has the uneasy feeling that he may be indulging in a specimen of that vainglorious "tall talk" which was once unduly prevalent in the

juvenile United States. Yet it is well that the facts in the case should be stated thus clearly by a British author of high authority, for these facts are often forgotten or at least overlooked by other men of letters, both British and American. It is useful, and indeed it is needful, for us all on both sides of the Atlantic to be reminded now and again that the people of the British Isles and the people of the United States come of the same stock, speak the same language and possess in common the same literature.

By the aid of an association of scholars, mainly British and only infrequently American, the long story of the development of English literature in the British Isles has been narrated in detail in the fourteen volumes of the Cambridge History; and there are soon to be added two volumes setting forth the far briefer story of its development in the United States. These two additional volumes will deal exclusively with that subdivision of English literature which is naturally and necessarily known as American literature, but which in spite of its separatist name is none the less an integral part of English literature not to be omitted from any attempt at a comprehensive survey of the whole.

Unfortunately more than one American historian of the later literature which

has come into being in the United States and more than one British historian of the earlier literature which was born in the British Isles, has chosen to deal with these unequal portions of English literature as though they were each of them self-contained entities in no wise related to one another, thus apparently setting what must be termed American literature in opposition to English literature, of which it is in fact only a subdivision. The writers who thus detach American literature from English literature are inadvertently denying the essential unity of the literature of our language.

II

It ought to be obvious that the literature of any language is one and indivisible. It ought therefore to be indisputable that no book of recognised literary merit, no book in which we discover the twin qualities of style and of substance, can fairly be omitted from any complete consideration of the literature of the language in which it was composed, regardless of the nativity or the citizenship of its author or of any political separation which may have taken place between the several peoples who possess that language in common. It is an unfortunate fact, however, that now and again we do find American books and American authors omitted from histories of English literature, although we fail to find any corresponding exclusion in the histories of any other literature, even when the circumstances seem to be similar, not to say identical.

For example, no historian of Greek literature has ever ventured to pass over Theocritus, although that Alexandrian idyllist owed no allegiance to any Greek state and although he may never have set foot on the soil of Greece; no historian of German literature has omitted to deal with Hebbel, who was a native of Denmark and who was in receipt of a travel-stipend from its king; and no historian of French literature has ever hesitated to consider the work and the influence of Madame de Staël, who was

Swiss by birth, who was Scandinavian by marriage, and who was long exiled from France. For these historians of Greek, of German and of French literature it was sufficient that Theocritus wrote in Greek, that Hebbel wrote in German, and that Madame de Staël wrote in French. The alien Theocritus may be as solitary in Greek literature as the alien Hebbel is in German, but the alien Madame de Staël had a host of parallels in French literature.

Every historian of the development of literary art in France discusses in turn Saint Francis de Sales, who was a subject of Savoy and who refused to become a Frenchman, the Scot Antony Hamilton and the Swiss Rousseau, the German Grimm and the Italian Galiani. When the author of a manual of French literature comes to the nineteenth century he pays attention, proportionate to their individual importance, to both of the brothers de Maistre, who were born in Savoy, to M. Maurice Maeterlinck who was born in Belgium, to Louis Fréchette who was born in Canada and to M. Viélé-Griffin who was born in the United States. Moreover, both Petit de Julleville and Ferdinand Brunetière were led logically by this necessary inclusion of alien authors who wrote French to the rigid exclusion of French authors who wrote only in Latin,—Abelard and Saint Bernard, de Thou, Scaliger and Casaubon. It is perhaps even more significant that the new *Library of Spanish Authors* comprehends only writers of Castillian "including, of course, those born in the Spanish-American republics," and yet excluding the native Spaniards who wrote in Catalan.

In spite of the admirable example thus set by these foreign scholars who recognise the essential unity of the literature of any language, it is not unusual to find British historians of English who bestow ample space upon the French poems of Chaucer and the Latin poems of Milton and yet who deny any consideration to the essays of Emerson, the romances of Hawthorne, and the poetry of Poe and Whitman, composed in the English lan-

guage, the mother tongue of Whitman and Poe, of Hawthorne and Emerson as it was the mother tongue of Milton and of Chaucer.

Probably the explanation of these occasional departures from the precedent accepted as imperative by the historians of every other literature, must be sought in the unprecedented relation of the United States to Great Britain. For the first time in the world's history, a group of colonies having achieved its independence of the mother country and having organised itself into a separate nation, has gone on its own way and followed its own destiny until at last its population has come to outnumber that of the parent islands two to one. And this immense increase of population in the United States has not been derived exclusively from the British Isles or even from the kindred stocks out of which the British population had been originally recruited. As a result of this development and of this divergence the Americans and the British are at once alike and unlike; and perhaps both parties are more acutely conscious of the points of dissimilarity than of the points of similarity. The inhabitants of Great Britain and the inhabitants of the United States know themselves to be the same and yet not the same. They are the same in that the Americans have inherited the language, the laws and the political ideals which the British had earlier evolved. They are not the same in that the Americans, having governed themselves for now nearly a century and a half, have had to solve their own problems in their own fashion in their own continent, while the British in their group of islands have acquired a mighty empire and have had to confront difficulties very different from those which rose before their former colonists.

As a result of these dissimilar necessities the British and the Americans have developed each in their own direction and they have grown apart in spite of their retention of a common language and of the common law. They are two great nations, rivals in discovery and in-

vention, rivals in the arts, rivals in commerce and in finance. They are friendly rivals, no doubt, and they do not feel that latent hostility toward each other which they may be inclined to feel toward those who speak foreign tongues. There have been a hundred years of peace between them; and another war is unthinkable. None the less is each of them acutely conscious of its own independent nationality and jealous of its own individuality. Small wonder is it then that occasional writers on one side of the Atlantic or on the other, lacking in insight into fundamental facts, should sometimes be tempted to segregate American literature and to set it apart by itself. We may even doubt whether the historians of French literature would have been so unhesitatingly cordial to the Swiss and to the Belgian authors who had French for their sole means of communicating with the rest of the world, if Switzerland now surpassed France in population and if Belgium now exceeded it in power.

While the Americans of to-day are still English in many ways they are in no wise British; and even the original immigrants, cavaliers in Virginia and Pilgrims in Massachusetts, right Elizabethans as they were, suffered a sea change speedily and became subdued to what they lived in. Nevertheless from the very beginning they have held fast to their birthright in the English law, in the English language and in English literature. To these traditions they were ever loyal; and even though they rose against the agents of the British King they held themselves children of Chaucer, subjects of Shakespeare, heirs of Milton. Even though they dwelt under alien skies with the thousand leagues of the Western Ocean between their broad new land and the old island home of the race, they claimed Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton as theirs by heritage, denying any assertion of primogeniture which might disinherit them. They had a stalwart pride in their ownership of English literature as a whole; and their descendants of to-day

refusé sturdily to be put off with a younger brother's portion.

III

Though the Americans have ever gloried in their inheritance of English literature they have also had a natural pride in their own authors and in the native literature which began tentatively in the eighteenth century, which revealed itself more amply in the nineteenth and which now possesses unknown possibilities of expansion in the twentieth. When Matthew Arnold suggested to Sainte-Beuve that Lamartine was not an important poet, the wise French critic replied, "He is important to us." Certain American poets and certain American prosemasters are important to us Americans, even if we are well aware that they may be less important to our kin across the sea. Though they may fail to prove their ultimate significance when measured by the universal and permanent standards, none the less they have special significance for us, whose struggles they have recorded and whose hopes they have shared. "Every race," said Brunetière in his history of French literature, "is the judge,—and must be the only judge,—of its own poets." Thus it is that Racine and Lamartine, for example, are justifiably rated far higher by their own countrymen than would be warranted by a truly cosmopolitan examination of their works.

To hold the scales even and to weigh the American men of letters, one after another, with the weights which have international validity, is a task as delicate as it is difficult. Yet it is a little less difficult to-day—even if it is not less delicate—than it was a century ago, when Sidney Smith was asking "Who reads an American book?" This question was put in 1820 and it was not possible then to make any satisfactory reply, since it was only in that year and in the years immediately following that Irving and Cooper came forward with a swift succession of volumes, which

would have made it absurd to repeat the damning query in 1830. Previous to the appearance of the *Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon* and of *The Spy*, the accepted belief that a great nation ought to have great poets, and that the United States ought to be endowed at once with a literature commensurate with the expanse of the country, had lured more than one native bard, possessed of aspiration rather than inspiration, into the concoction of ponderous epics, to be read by title only.

This was a manifestation of provincialism, of the desire of a locality on the circumference to demand equality with the spot in the centre of things. Provincialism may be defined as an uneasy self-assertion, supported by faith but not justified by works. It was painfully prevalent in the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century; and it was sharply satirised by Lowell in an often quoted passage of the "Fable for Critics":

Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts
and shanties
That has not brought forth its Miltons and
Dantes:
I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge,
three Shelleys,
Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think), one
Apelles.
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens;
One (but that one is plenty) American
Dickens,
A whole pack of Lambs, any number of
Tennysons;
In short, if a man has the luck to have any
sons
He may feel pretty certain that one out of
twain
Will be some very great person over again.

And in these same earlier decades of the last century there was to be observed by the side of the self-assertion of provincialism the self-abasing attitude of colonialism, of the inability to see our own except through the spectacles belonging to British critics. Colonialism may be defined as a timid deference to

the opinion of the mother country and as a blank disbelief that anything good can come out of our own. Lowell, though he did not call it by name, could not fail to perceive this colonialism as clearly as he saw the provincialism; and he hit at it and hit it off in his contemptuous dismissal of the writing that

suits each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the
ocean.

IV

Now, in this second decade of the twentieth century it is possible for native historians of the American branch of English literature to discuss it, if not with absolute detachment, at least dispassionately, avoiding alike the arrogance of provincialism and the humility of colonialism. The task is not easy even now, since the expansion of literature is relatively so recent in the United States, that we shall lack yet awhile the perspective of time, which is unerring in assigning the prominent positions to the authors of most importance and of most significance. Perhaps it is possible here to find help in the smart saying of a long forgotten journalist that "foreign nations are a contemporaneous posterity." By holding fast to cosmopolitan standards we may save ourselves any temptation to take our own native geese for swans of Avon and to equal our mocking-bird to the alien nightingale. There is not likely to be any lamentable failure of justice, if the critics who attempt to record the development of English literature here in the United States strive honestly to ascertain the exact position of our leading authors, first of all in American literature itself, second in English literature as a whole, and thirdly and finally in the larger literature of the world, present and past.

Thirty years ago the distinguished Spanish scholar who had been representing his native land at Washington, paused in New York on his way home and wrote a prefatory note to the

American translation of his delightful novel, *Pepita Ximenez*. In this suggestive and stimulating letter of introduction to the American reading public, the Spanish author-diplomat took occasion to insist upon the essential unity of the literature of any language and to dwell upon the necessary recognition of American literature as an integral part of English literature. Yet he paid us the compliment of remarking that we Americans had brought to the common fund of the English-speaking peoples and to the culture of the race "rich elements, fine traits of character, and perhaps even higher qualities." He hoped for a favourable reception of his translated tale, because he had observed in "this American literature, of English origin and language, a certain largeness of view, a certain cosmopolitanism and affectionate comprehension of what is foreign, which is as broad as the continent that the Americans inhabit and which forms a contrast to the narrow exclusiveness of the insular British."

It must be noted that Don Juan Valera had earlier warned us that it was a delusion of national vanity to believe that there is or ever will be, "anything that with legitimate and candid independence may be called American literature." And then he made clear his precise meaning: "Greece diffused herself throughout the world in flourishing colonies, founded powerful states in Egypt, in Syria, and even in Bactriana, among peoples who, unlike the American Indians, possessed a high civilisation of their own. But, notwithstanding this dispersion and this political severance from the mother-country, the literature of Syracuse, of Antioch and of Alexandria, was as much Greek literature as was the literature of Athens. For the same reason the literature of New York and Boston will continue to be as much English literature as the literature of London and Edinburgh; the literature of Mexico and Buenos Ayres will continue to be as much Spanish literature as the literature of Madrid; the literature of Rio Janeiro will be as much Portu-

guese literature as the literature of Lisbon. Political union may be severed, but, between peoples of the same tongue and of the same race, the ties of spiritual fraternity are indissoluble, so long as their common civilisation lasts. There are immortal kings or emperors

who reign and rule in America by true divine right and against whom no Washington or Bolivar shall prevail and from whom no Franklin can snatch the sceptre. These tyrants are named Cervantes, Shakespeare and Camoens."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in the London *Sphere* extends his sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fielding Dickens on the loss of their son, Major Cedric Dickens, who was recently killed on the western front. Henry Fielding Dickens is Charles Dickens's youngest son. Cedric Dickens was a choir boy at Brompton Oratory, and at the beginning of the war he did some very energetic recruiting, with the result that nearly all his companions in the choir at the famous church joined the army with him. Another son of Henry Fielding Dickens, Phillip, always known in the family as Pip, after the Pip of his grandfather's novel, has been wounded, as have also the three sons—Max, Alfred, and Harold, of the novelist, Max Pemberton.

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Mr. Shorter also discusses H. G. Wells's war book, *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. While he concedes that Mr. Wells is a great critic of life, vigorous and independent, he sees certain limitations.

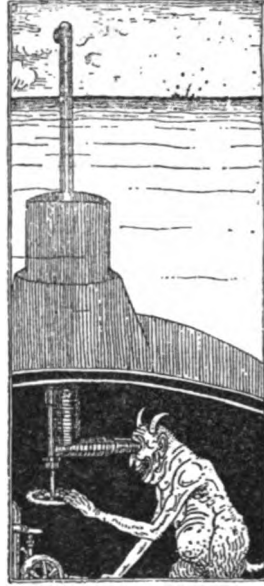
Mr. Wells, although I believe he calls himself a Socialist, is thoroughly a Prussian at heart. Idealism and sentiment play but little part in his scheme of the universe. He would be quite unable to understand national aspiration independently of a well-ordered world. Had he lived in George III.'s time he would, I think, have wished to hang

George Washington as passionately as did that monarch—the ally of the arch-Prussian, Friedrich II.

• • •

Several years ago there ran in THE BOOKMAN a series of papers dealing with "The History of Cartoons of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature."

The first paper in that series naturally dealt with the cartoons inspired by the various aspects of the Napoleonic struggle. Caricature in the first and second decades of the last century was in full swing, yet the paucity of cartoons dealing with the fight against the Corsican compared with the enormous mass of cartoons reflecting the great war of one hundred years later is an illuminating illustration of the advance of human activity. Now and then in the rush of events some one has stopped to collect and publish in book form those caricatures which have seemed most significant. Such a book, now before us, is *International Cartoons of the War* (E. P. Dutton and Company), with an introduction by H. Pearl Adam. The selections are made from English, Italian, Japanese, Dutch, Russian, Polish, French, German, and North and South American sources. The material of the cartoonist, Mr. Adam tells us, is drawn from sources useless to the writer, or at best, of only ephemeral utility. A chance heard remark, the expression of a face seen in the street, the glances turned on a wounded man as he hobbles by on his stick, the ineptitude of a comment on



IN THE SUBMARINE
A DUTCH CARTOON

the day's news—these are the media by which the cartoonist conveys his views of what his country feels.

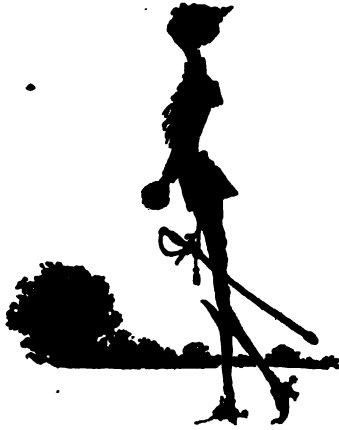
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Being pro-ally Mr. Adam takes the stand that the good cause has always produced the good cartoonist. On that ground he dismisses German caricature dealing with the war as being intended to rouse hatred, scorn, and anger. But he is just a little bit unfortunate in his allusions to the work of James Gillray in the Napoleonic struggle. Certainly no German cartoonist has surpassed the vindictiveness, the bitterness, of that man over whom the shadows of madness were gathering. On the other hand he is perfectly justified when he points out the dignity and self-restraint which has marked the best English caricature dealing with the war. For example, the cartoons which have appeared in London *Punch* have been hard blows, but invariably they have been blows above the belt. "Germany reads *Punch* with stupefaction," says Mr. Adam.

"What, we not only laugh at Germans, we laugh more at the English! Extraordinary, sinister, effete, degenerate race! It is true, we laugh at ourselves far more than at anybody else—and very often it is for that painful but cogent reason, that we may not weep. Perhaps at the front they laugh wholeheartedly at *Punch*; at home it is a different laugh that greets Tommy in his imperturbable good humour. In the midst of a hell of fire, Tommy's say that what with the beastly Belgian tobacco and the blooming French matches, this'll be the death of him. Sitting on the edge of a trench which consists of nothing but blood and water, in a fearful down-pour, he remarks that he pities the poor fellows at home—the London streets must be something awful."

...

In the French trenches Tommy's point of view is that of Jean, as is shown by a cartoon by Forain, one of the greatest cartoons that the war has yet inspired. It was produced at a time



GERMAN OFFICER SCHEMING KIND ACTIONS.
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

when the first excitement had died away, when the victory of the Marne had for months been followed by stagnation,—stagnation and victory, progress and casualty—a time when no news ever came, when Paris was left in a kind of twilight of suspense and endurance, when bereaved wives and mothers were told in the morning that their loved ones “were gloriously dead for their country,” and read at night that “there is nothing to report on the front; the night was calm.” Just for a moment there was a feeling that the war was long and the task of endurance hard. Forain swept that feeling away by a dose of strong tonic. He drew two French privates in a trench, snow and hail and shrapnel raining about them. And one private says: “If only they hold out!” “Who?” the other asks with a look of great surprise. “Why, those civilians!” is the answer. In a week that drawing was historic and civilian France, with a blush and a laugh, had pulled herself together.

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Naturally, Mr. Adam has something to say about the Dutch cartoonist, Louis Raemakers. Only a neutral could have done what he has done; but it might not have been done at all had it not been

for Raemakers’s accusing pencil. In his work the war is a spiritual conflict, more deadly, more earnest, more vital, than any revolution, or reformation, or war since that struggle in which proud Lucifer fell. This is everyman’s war, the world’s war, the war of God and devil. “And, taking this heroic view of it, Raemakers has stepped into the rôle of Tragedy, which is ‘to arouse pity and terror, and the noble movements of the soul.’ There are many of his drawings which are too dreadful to be contemplated for long—‘Slow Gas Poisoning,’ the German thief trampling in blood that drops from his heavy sack, the professor and the devil leering delightedly into each other’s eyes. But after such horrors one comes always back to the exquisite tenderness which is the real distinguishing characteristic of Raemakers. The young German soldier who writes home that ‘Our cemeteries now stretch nearly to the sea,’ is as tenderly drawn as are the widows of Belgium. The tenderness of strength is the heart of the tragic spirit, the heart that bleeds for suffering and weakness, the heart that grows hot for injustice and wrong. It is this spirit, with its heart of tenderness, that has made the fame of Raemakers.”



— N'ait pas peur, tue-la, j'la tiens.

"DON'T BE AFRAID, KILL HER. I AM HOLDING HER." A FRENCH CARTOON BY POULBOT
IN "L'ANTI-BOCHE." POULBOT IS THE INTERPRETER OF FRENCH CHILDHOOD

Mr. Adam pays a tribute to the clever work of Mr. Heath Robinson, and a number of that artist's fantastic inventions have been brought together in a little volume with the dreadfully British title of *Hunlikely*. Here we see whimsicality at its wildest. The master minds of Krupp have turned out nothing like the inventions of Mr. Robinson's pencil. There is the armoured bayonet curler for spoiling the temper of the enemy's steel; the Pilsener pump for tapping the enemy's supper beer; the armoured corn-presser for crushing the enemy's boot; the hot-bottle for warming Highlanders' legs after a night in the trenches; the blow bomb for extinguishing the fuses of Zeppelin bombs; the shell diverter for returning the enemy's fire; the protected mine-finder for use in sounding for enemy mines; the screw stopper for plugging the muzzles of the enemy's

rifles. All these the artist offers freely to the War Inventions Board. Prussian thoroughness is shown in the cartoon entitled "At Count Zeppelin's Evening Classes for Bomb Dropping;" while a series of sketches, under the general heading of "Wangling War Films," give practical suggestions for the making of moving pictures that will be popular with audiences in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd.

...

Here is a glimpse of Finley Peter Dunne in the days before the philosophies of Mr. Martin Dooley of the Archey Road made his name known in every corner of the United States. It appears in the course of James B. Corrothers's *In Spite of the Handicap*, the autobiog-



APACHES IN THE TRENCHES, A GERMAN CARTOON. "PARIS WITHOUT LIGHT AND WITHOUT POLICE. THAT DOES MAKE A MAN HOMESICK!"

raphy of a northern negro who has been engaged in many sorts of work, from blacking boots to preaching the gospel--and writing poetry. In the later 'nineties Mr. Corrothers found his way to Chicago and there engaged in newspaper work.

When I began to "do space" on the *Chicago Journal*, Finley Peter Dunne, afterward author of the "Dooley" stories, was a "space writer" there. I remember him well. A middle-sized, well-set man of perhaps thirty, quiet, smooth-shaven and modest, he was quite friendly toward me. He was a thorough newspaper man. He was permitted usually to sign his name to whatever he had in the *Journal*. The *Journal* paid but five dollars a column, deducted for pictures, head-lines and subheads; but Dunne's weekly checks were usually pretty fair-sized ones. He was not a regular man, merely a "space writer," and the editors sometimes

complained that his "stuff" was "too long." Though a good newspaper man and a fine fellow, there was nothing about him in those days to indicate the brilliant future which so soon was to be his. He began his "Dooley" stories in the *Journal*, selling them at the usual space rates. It was not long before there was a demand for them in the leading magazines, and the droll philosopher of the "Archey Road" became a household favourite.

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An intimate of Mr. Corrothers was the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet. The two first met when Corrothers was beginning to do newspaper work, and the acquaintance ripened into a friendship which lasted until Dunbar's death. At the time the acquaintance began Dunbar was not in any sense famous, though he had attracted some little attention in certain parts of the Middle West through his



THE HAND OF GOD. BY NELSON GREENE. ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AMERICAN CARTOONS OF THE WAR. FROM "PUCK"

two books of poems, *Oaks and Ivy*, and *Majors and Minors*, the first of which was printed at his own expense in his home town, Dayton, Ohio; and the second, through the assistance of two white friends, in Toledo. "In the eyes of many personal friends," Mr. Corrothers writes, "Dunbar was at this time the most gifted young man of his race; but to the general public he was unknown. The great majority of his own race had never heard of him, and the few negroes who had heard of him in any sense appreciated his worth to his race or could have been persuaded that so remarkable a literary career as was his awaited him. William Dean Howells, himself an Ohioan by birth, who later introduced Dunbar to the world, had not at that

time even heard of the struggling negro poet whose literary sponsor he was ere long to become."

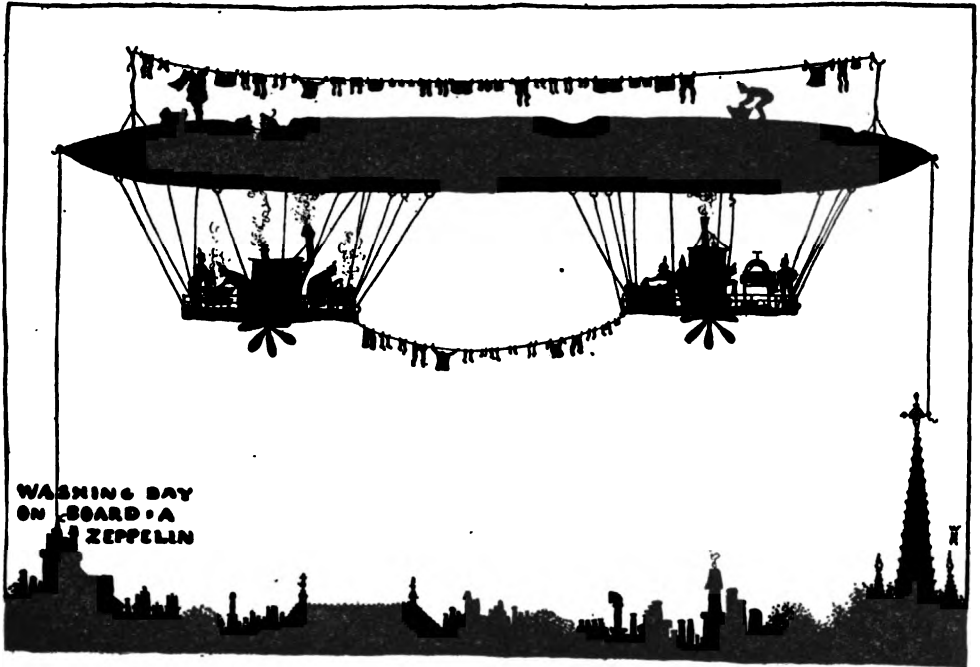
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It is France and the French influence that has done most to mould the work of W. J. Locke, says

France and
Mr. Locke

F. G. Bettany in the
course of an article in
the pages of the Eng-

lish *Bookman*. "How came about his precocious mastery of the language, his early fondness for things Gallic, I must have forgotten. Or are they to be connected in some way with his West Indian birth and schooling? This much I seem to recall that he was pretty soon familiar with the Paris of the students



TITLE PAGE DESIGN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON FOR "HUNLIKELY"

and the cafés, and he has always read largely in French literature. Especially the novelists, from George Sand and Balzac onward. His first holiday journeys, too, appear to have gravitated inevitably toward France, and soon he knew its byways and unfrequented nooks. The atmosphere reacted on him like an intoxicant. It does so still, despite his much wider range of travel. A lightness gets into his stories the moment he touches French soil in them—a rise of spirits, a gaiety of heart and speech which is the more notable for being probably unconscious. France helped him to his best descriptions even in his prentice novel, and it is the scene of all that is brightest and quaintest and most humorous, yes and idyllic in his master work, the fantasy of Paragot—the beloved vagabond. Beauty, we are told, is in the eye that sees it, and so too is romance, so are the elements of the grotesque and the fantastic. Other men, even Frenchmen, tramping or motoring

along French lanes might see in the inns and their frequenters the ordinary matter of fact, but into the air that he finds so tonic Mr. Locke brings his own wizardry with him, and hey presto! adventures, situations, startling, affecting, comic, abound."

...

"When O. Henry left Houston, never to return, he left because he was summoned to come im-

The Released Story

mediately to Austin and stand trial for alleged embezzlement of funds while acting as paying and receiving teller of the First National Bank of Austin. The indictments charged that on October 10, 1894, he misappropriated \$554.48; on November 12, 1894, \$299.60; and on November 12, 1895, \$299.60." Thus Professor C. Alphonso Smith begins the sixth chapter, "The Shadowed Years," of his *Biography of O. Henry*. This is the story which has

been so long generally known, so often hinted at, and which explains so much. Knowing it, it is easy to read between the lines of certain of the tales. O. Henry was always somewhat evasive in the matter of his age. He was inclined to subtract a few years. These were the years he wished to forget; the period from April 25, 1898 to July 24, 1901, when he was serving his sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. He protested his innocence to the end, yet the memory of the prison term naturally darkened and tinged his subsequent life. Almost six and one-half years have passed since that June Sunday morning when Sidney Porter passed away. "Pull up the shades; I don't want to go home in the dark," were his last words just before the end. It is time that the story should be told, fully and frankly. In his case above all the old saying holds: "To understand everything is to pardon everything."

• • •

In the past we have heard a great deal on the subject of whether Sidney Porter was guilty or innocent. Professor Smith expresses the general view when he says that had Porter responded immediately to the summons from Austin he would certainly have been acquitted. "A victim of circumstances" was the verdict of the people in Austin who followed the trial most closely. Not one of them believed Porter guilty of wrong doing. It was notorious that the First National Bank was wretchedly managed. Its patrons, following an old custom, used to enter, go behind the counter, take out one hundred or two hundred dollars, and say a week later: "Porter, I took out two hundred dollars last week. See if I left a memorandum of it. I meant to." Long before the crash came, Porter had protested to his friends that it was impossible to make the books balance. His predecessor in the position was driven to retirement, his successor to attempted suicide. The supposition is that when Porter left Houston it was with the intention of going to Austin. But when

the train reached Hempstead, about a third of the way to Austin, O. Henry had had time to pass in review the scenes of the trial, to picture himself a prisoner, to look upon the future and see himself marked with the stigma of suspicion. His imagination outran his reason, and when the night train passed Hempstead on the way to New Orleans, Porter was on it.

• • •

He made the mistake that many other men have made. He was going to save himself and his family from a public humiliation, and to start life over again in a new place. His knowledge of Spanish and his ignorance of Honduras made the little Central American republic seem just the haven in which to cast anchor. How long he remained in New Orleans on the way is not known. Perhaps he merely passed through the city, taking the first available through steamer for the Honduran coast. At any rate he was in Trujillo and was standing on the wharf when he saw a man in a tattered dress suit step from a newly arrived fruit steamer. "Why did you leave so hurriedly?" asked O. Henry. "Perhaps for the same reason as yourself," replied the stranger. "What is your destination?" enquired O. Henry. "I left America to keep away from my destination," was the reply. "I'm just drifting. How about yourself?" "I can't drift," said O. Henry; "I'm anchored." The stranger was Al Jennings, the leader of one of the most notorious gangs of train robbers that ever infested the Southwest. Eighteen years later, in *Beating Back*, Mr. Jennings was to tell the story of his life and its regeneration. But when he and Porter met in Honduras he was still frankly a fugitive outlaw. With the idea of putting distance between them and United States justice Al Jennings and his brother Frank had chartered a tramp steamer at Galveston. Porter joined them and the three circled the entire coast of South America. When the money was exhausted the Jennings brothers decided to rob a Ger-

man trading store and bank in northern Texas, and asked Porter to share in the venture. But Porter refused. He would not even volunteer to hold the horses.

• • •

In his hurried flight Sidney Porter had left a wife and daughter behind him. His thoughts in Honduras were of them always. He had chosen a school for the daughter in Honduras and was doing everything he could to have a little home ready for them. But the news reached him that his wife was stricken with a mortal illness. That changed everything. He gave up all hope of a Latin American home and started for Austin determined to take his punishment. He passed again through New Orleans, and, according to the trial reports, arrived in Austin February 5, 1897. On bail he went free till the next meeting of the Federal Court, and all his time and thought were given to his dying wife. Gradually, through the spring and early summer she faded, growing steadily weaker. It was a man who apparently did not care very much what happened who faced trial the following February. He begged his friends to keep away from the court room and gave his lawyers little or no assistance in the case. One error in the indictment was so patent that it is hard to understand how it could have gone unchallenged. He was charged with having embezzled \$299.60 on November 12, 1895, "the said W. S. Porter being then and there the teller and agent of a certain National Banking Association, then and there known and designated as the First National Bank of Austin." As a matter of fact on November 12, 1895, Porter was living in Houston, having resigned his position at the Austin bank almost eleven months before. But it was not the evidence in the case that convicted him. It was his unfortunate flight to Honduras. The verdict of guilty, rendered February 17, 1898, carried with it a sentence of five years' imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. William Sidney Porter began his prison term on March 25, 1898.

What a picture it is, that of O. Henry wearing convict stripes! Yet to the bitter months that brought the prison pallor to his face the world probably owes those two hundred and seventy odd stories that have delighted so many tens of thousands of readers. The inefficient bank clerk entered the institution; the story-teller emerged. When he passed within the walls of the prison he was asked, "What is your occupation?" "I am a newspaper reporter," he replied. There was little opportunity for that profession in that place, but the next question may be said to have saved his life. "What else can you do?" "I am a registered pharmacist," was the answer, almost as an after thought. The profession which he had loathed in the early days in Greensboro because it meant confinement was now to prove the stepping-stone to comparative freedom. More than that his career as prison drug clerk enabled him to gather the material which he was later to use in the stories incorporated in *The Gentle Gaffer*. That book portrays the tales told him on his night rounds. Within the walls were unfortunates from the east and from the west. One of them was Al Jennings, who had shared Porter's Central and South American experiences. Another was Jimmy Considine, one time proprietor of the old Hotel Metropole in New York City. Considine spent all of his time painting. Out of this came a falling out with O. Henry. Considine painted a cow with its tail touching the ground. Porter gave a Texas cowman's explanation of the absurdity of such a thing and won Considine's undying hatred. Porter was an unusually good pharmacist and for this reason was permitted to look after the minor ills of the prisoners at night. He would spend two or three hours on the range or tiers of cells every night and knew most of the prisoners and their life stories.

• • •

The chief physician of the prison was Dr. John M. Thomas. The night doc-

tor was George M. Williard. Both were good friends of Porter, who was in every sense a model prisoner. Dr. Williard was the first to recognise the original of Jimmy Valentine, of the story "A Retrieved Reformation," and the subsequent play *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. In a letter to Professor Smith Dr. Williard writes:

The moment I read O. Henry's description and character delineation of Jimmy Valentine in "A Retrieved Reformation," I said, "That's Jimmy Connors through and through." Connors was in for blowing a postoffice safe. He was day drug clerk in the prison hospital at the same time Porter was night clerk. The men were friendly and often, early in the evening, before Connors went to bed, he would come and talk to Porter and tell him of his experiences.

Although Connors admitted himself guilty of many other jobs he claimed not to be guilty of the one for which he was serving time. Another man who resembled Connors had blown a safe and Connors was arrested and sent to prison for it. Because of fear of implicating himself in other jobs of which he was guilty, he said, he never told on the other man, but went to prison innocent. This statement was borne out early in his term in the penitentiary by the arrival of the sheriff who had sent him up and who, in the meantime, had arrested the real culprit and secured from him a confession. To right his wrong the sheriff went to Washington, but the inspectors knew Jimmy Connors and said he doubtless was guilty of some other jobs and had best stay in prison for safe-keeping. He did stay, giving O. Henry the chance to meet him and find inspiration for "A Retrieved Reformation."

...

From five o'clock at night until five in the morning were Porter's prison working hours. At 7 P.M. he took a medicine case and made the rounds with the night physician to see those who had become sick during the day. At ten o'clock the doctor went to bed and from then on during the night Porter himself prescribed for the patients and looked

after them. These were of course the minor cases. Any prisoner found to be seriously ill was transferred to the hospital. By midnight most of the work was finished and there was a light supper. Then the drug clerk became the story teller. J. B. Rumer, a night guard at the penitentiary, has told of Porter's working hours from midnight till dawn.

He always wrote with pen and ink and would often work for two hours continuously without rising. He seemed oblivious to the world of sleeping convicts about him, hearing not even the occasional sigh or groan from the beds which were stretched before him in the hospital ward or the tramp of the passing guards. After he had written for perhaps two hours he would rise, make a round of the hospital, and then come back to his work again. He got checks at different times and once told me that he had only two stories rejected while he was in prison.

...

In the Columbus Penitentiary Sidney Porter lived in constant expectation of a pardon. It never came. He entered the prison March 25, 1898; he left it July 24, 1901. Making allowance for the time to which he was entitled for good behaviour he served his full sentence. His daughter Margaret was living in Pittsburgh. She did not know where her father was; and from the moment of his sentence it was his chief concern that she should never know. But he was writing her letters, beautiful, whimsical letters. Here, for example, is one of the early days dated July 8, 1898:

HELLO, MARGARET:

Don't you remember me? I'm a Brownie, and my name is Aldibirontiphostiphornikophokos. If you see a star shoot and say my name seventeen times before it goes out, you will find a diamond ring in the track of the first blue cow's foot you see go down the road in a snowstorm while the red roses are blooming on the tomato vines. Try it some time. I know all about Anna and Arthur Dudley, but they don't see me. I was riding

by on a squirrel the other day and saw you and Arthur Dudley give some fruit to some trainmen. Anna wouldn't come out. Well good-bye, I've got to take a ride on a grass-hopper. I'll just sign my first letter—"A."

On the same day he is writing her another letter, the purpose of which is obviously to allay any wondering uneasiness she may be feeling over his absence.

MY DEAR MARGARET:

You don't know how glad I was to get your nice little letter to-day. I am so sorry I couldn't come to tell you good-bye when I left Austin. You know I would have done so if I could have.

Well, I think it's a shame some men folks have to go away from home to work and stay away so long—don't you? But I tell you



C. ALPHONSO SMITH WHOSE "BIOGRAPHY OF O. HENRY" IS THE FIRST BOOK DEALING WITH W. S. PORTER TO DISCUSS FRANKLY CERTAIN YEARS OF THE STORY TELLER'S LIFE

what's a fact. When I come home next time I'm going to ~~stay~~ ~~there~~. You bet your boots I'm getting tired of ~~staying away so long~~.

I'm so glad you and Munny are going to Nashville. I know you'll have a fine ride on the cars and a good time when you get to Uncle Bud's. Now you must have just the finest time you can with Anna and the boys and tumble around in the woods and go fishing and have lots of fun. Now, Margaret, don't you worry any about me, for I'm well and fat as a pig and I'll have to be away from home a while yet and while I'm away you can just run up to Nashville and see the folks there.

And not long after you come back home I'll be ready to come and I won't ever have to leave again.

So you be just as happy as you can, and it won't be long till we'll be reading Uncle Remus again of nights.

I'll see if I can find another one of Uncle Remus's books when I come back. You didn't tell me in your letter about your going to Nashville. When you get there you must write me a long letter and tell me what you saw on the cars and how you like Uncle Bud's stock farm.



MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES, AUTHOR OF "GOOD OLD ANNA," WHICH IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE



MILDRED ALDRICH, AUTHOR OF "THE HILL TOP ON THE MARNE"

When you get there I'll write you a letter every week, for you will be much nearer to the town I am in than Austin is.

I do hope you will have a nice visit and a good time. Look out pretty soon for another letter from me.

I think about you every day and wonder what you are doing. Well, I will see you again before very long.

Your loving

PAPA.

The stories that had been written in the prison in Columbus had gone first to New Orleans and been remailed there. After July 24, 1901, they were sent direct from Pittsburgh, for to that city Sidney Porter went directly after his release. Margaret was there, living with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Roach. Of how O. Henry went to New York in the spring of 1902 at the invitation of Mr. Gilman Hall, at that time an associate editor of *Ainslie's* THE BOOKMAN has already told in the

series of papers "Little Pictures of O. Henry," which appeared three years ago. New York needed Porter and Porter needed New York. Very soon he found that he could not work outside of his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway," his "City of Too Many Caliphs." "I could look at these mountains a hundred years," he once said in Asheville, "and never get an idea, but just one block downtown and I catch a sentence, see something in a face—and I have got my story." He spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. He used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with any one who would hold converse with him. The hand to mouth existence led by the New York working girls was of particular interest to him. "An Unfinished Story" and "The Third Ingredient" were taken straight from life. His chief quest was for "What's around



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S "LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL" WILL BE REVIEWED LATER



STACY AUMONIER, AUTHOR OF "OLGA BARDEL," WHICH IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

the corner," his underlying purpose was to get first-hand material for his tales. Consciously he never borrowed a plot or accepted one that was offered to him. But hints he would take and from all conceivable sources. "Once at a dinner," says Mrs. Porter (O. Henry's second wife, née Miss Sallie Coleman of Asheville, North Carolina), "my brother told him of a man who hated the particular locality in which he lived so bitterly that he had gone far away, but at death his body had been brought back to the very spot he disliked for burial." O. Henry was seen to jot down the idea on his cuff, but it does not reappear in any of his stories. Nor does an earlier incident of which he made at least a mental note at the time. A prisoner convicted of murder had been electrocuted in Columbus and his last words were, "A curse upon the warden and all of his." Two weeks later the warden dropped dead. But no O. Henry story turns upon the fulfillment of a malediction.

Porter's favourite coign of vantage was the restaurant. From his seat there, as from his window in the Caledonia in West Twenty-sixth Street, and his window in the Irving Place house, he gazed at his peep show with unflagging relish. The more individual hotels, restaurants, and cabarets of New York were ticketed and classified in his mind as men classify bugs or books. Their patrons were divided into two classes: those who knew and those who thought they knew, the real thing and those who wanted to be considered the real thing. If the "has beens" had free access to O. Henry's pockets, Professor Smith comments, the "would bes" occupy almost an equal space in his pages; and among the "would bes" the would be Bohemians come first. Though Porter's studies of New York life began as soon as he arrived in the city, it was not till 1904 that his stories reflected in a marked degree his new environment. The intervening tales dealt with the West or Southwest and with Central or South America. 1904 and 1905 were the most prolific years of his life. For 1904, omitting the stories published in *Cabbages and Kings* and counting only those that have since appeared in book form, the total is sixty-five; the total for 1905 is fifty. Of these one hundred and fifteen stories all but sixteen deal directly or indirectly with New York City.

...

There are glimpses of the Americans of yesterday in Edward Carpenter's *My Days and Dreams* (Charles Scribner's Sons). In 1877 Carpenter visited America, carrying letters of introduction to Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Norton and others. Emerson he found very charming and friendly. He stayed one night at his house and dined with him and his wife and his daughter Ellen. Emerson's failure of memory for names was considerable, and at times painful, and

there was a fixed look of age often in his eye; but otherwise he was active in body and full of fun and enjoyment of intellectual life. To Carpenter Emerson expressed his admiration for Carlyle and Tennyson; his want of the same for Matthew Arnold; and his plain contempt of Lewes's *Life of Goethe*.

His conversation generally seemed very literary in character, and I could not get him to express any views or ideas about America's place and progress. When I spoke of Walt Whitman he made an odd whinnying sound; "Well, I thought he had some merit at one time; there was a good deal of promise in the first edition—but he is a wayward fanciful man. I saw him in New York and asked him to dine at my hotel. He shouted for a 'tin mug' for his beer. Then he had a noisy fire engine society. And he took me there and was like a boy over it, as if there had never been such a thing before." Emerson also took exception to Whitman's metre.

...

Mr. Carpenter was not so pleased with Oliver Wendell Holmes. He calls him—"a good-natured little spiteful creature, one might say, with shovel under lip and bright grey blue eyes under a low brow, a dapper active man of seventy—his vanity qualified by geniality and humour. No ideas whatever about America." In New York the Englishman met William Cullen Bryant. "It was at his editorial office. Though eighty-four years old he was walking down there daily and getting through much work. He was infirm and aged looking of course, but still wonderfully active; forehead narrowing above and high like a sort of promontory, straight brow and eyes sunken but opening out on you occasionally. Straight nose inclined to a hook, and high bridge, white hair like a thin fall of spray over neck, ears and mouth, a very literary person—and manners extremely demonstrative, even unsympathetic."

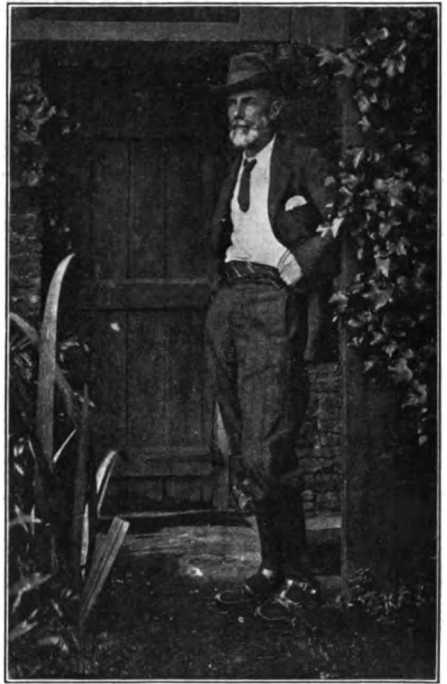
There is a vivid portrait of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in one of the chapters of the Right Honourable G. W. Russell's *The Unpleasant Tennyson* *Portraits of the Seventies*.

But from it the reader will be likely to agree with those who maintain that if Tennyson was to be one of the chief divinities of the poetical heaven, the safest course was to worship him at a distance. In the seventies Tennyson was still the most commanding figure in English poetry although some rivals had appeared to dispute the universal sway which he exercised in the sixties. Although he spent his time between his homes in Sussex and the Isle of Wight he was occasionally seen in London. There he certainly looked the poet to perfection. "His long dark hair, mingled with the untrimmed luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and moustache, his soft hat, of Spanish mode, his loose cloak, and his clay pipe, all combined to give the world assurance of a 'Bard'; for so 'twas the mode in Tennysonian circles to style him. His manner was abrupt, his voice gruff, his vocabularies borrowed from the eighteenth century, and his whole demeanour that of a man who expected, and was accustomed, to be worshipped. Once a lady who profoundly admired his genius, ventured to remonstrate with him on what she thought his undue eagerness for a peerage. He replied in a document called 'My Wrath.' The entreaties of his friends prevented him from despatching it; but he kept it handy in a draw, and, if a visitor chanced to mention the lady's name, he would rejoin: 'Oh, do you know that woman? Then you shall hear what I think of her,' and would read the document, 'mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,' with much 'deep-chested music,' while his hearers listened and trembled."

...

Mr. Russell found Browning in pleasing contrast. Browning was thoroughly at home in society; he enjoyed his dinner; was bright, cheerful, and quite un-

affected. No slouch hats or conspirator's cloaks for Browning. He might have passed for a politician, or a financier, or a diplomat, or, indeed, for anything except a poet. Mr. Russell tells two Browning stories. They are not absolutely unfamiliar, but they are worth repeating. Once, when Browning was dining with Mr. Russell, the latter had collected a group of disciples to meet him. After dinner one of these



EDWARD CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "MY DAYS AND DREAMS"

enthusiasts led the great man into a corner, and began cross-examining him about such topics as the identity of the "Lost Leader" and the meaning of the one hundred and fifth line of a "Death in the Desert." Browning, who had never meant the "Lost Leader" for any one in particular, and had forgotten all about Theotypas, was bored to the last extremity. When his patience was utterly exhausted he laid his hand on the

questioner's shoulder, saying, "But, my dear fellow, this is too bad. I am monopolising you," and skipped out of the room. When everyone was talking of *Robert Elsmere* an eager admirer asked: "Have you read *Robert Elsmere*, Mr.

Browning?" "No, I haven't," was the reply, "and what's more, I don't mean to. I like religion to be treated seriously; and I don't want to hear what *this* curate thought about it or what *that* curate thought about it."

GREAT HOUSES OF LETTERS

II. MAX GATE, DORCHESTER, WHERE THOMAS HARDY WROTE HIS WESSEX NOVELS

MAX GATE, Dorchester, the home of Thomas Hardy, is almost in the heart of the country Hardy has made his own in his novels. From Dorchester the scenes of the various stories may be said to radiate. In the days of the Roman occupation the town was a military base, known as Duronvaria. When the Danes held sway in Britain the vicissitudes which overtook it were numerous and disastrous. Early in the eleventh century, the town, then flourishing, and one of the chief places in the West of England, was totally destroyed by fire. After the Norman Conquest its advance was at first slow. But eventually a rich priory was established, a castle erected, and the town walls enlarged, repaired, and strengthened.

Its misfortunes, however, were not at an end. Toward the close of the sixteenth century it was stricken with the plague, and the population of the town reduced by one-half. Soon after there was a great fire which laid two-thirds of Dorchester in ruins. Loyal to the Roundhead cause in the Civil War, it

was captured by the King's forces under the Earl of Carnarvon. In 1685 it was at Dorchester that Jeffreys held his "Bloody Assizes." Jeffreys's chair is still shown at the Town Hall. Three hundred and twenty prisoners, more or less implicated in the Monmouth Rebellion, were tried; and two hundred and ninety-two received sentences of death. As Thomas Hardy knew it and described it as the Casterbridge of the Wessex Novels, it was a typical West Country town of about eight thousand inhabitants. Max Gate lies about three-quarters of a mile outside the town, and is approached by a drive from the Wareham road. From the upper windows the house commands a view of the valley of the river Frome. To the south, six or seven miles distant, lies the Channel Coast. Outwardly Max Gate is simple and unpretentious. But the interior, with the originals of many of the illustrations made for the stories that have appeared serially, reflects the atmosphere of the Wessex Tales.



MAX GATE, DORCHESTER. THOMAS HARDY'S HOME



Courtesy of Keppel and Company

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, NANTUCKET

SOME ETCHINGS BY EARL HORTER

BY AMOS STOTE

"... the etcher's needle, on its point,
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create."

A MAN who finds as much artistic attraction in Brooklyn backyards, Harlem flats and skyscraper excavations as he does in mediæval architecture and quaint groupings of old world buildings is likely to be a man whose work is worth considering. And such a man is Earl Horter, etcher. To him etching is the scientific development of a fine art, the art of thinking and composing in line rather than in tone; and the sense that makes for subject selection must be cultivated after the manner of cultivating fine books.

In "The old Curiosity Shop, Nantucket," Horter has etched a faithful portrait of a true Colonial building given over to a subdued and sleepy traffic in old wares. The charming litter

of antiques cluttering sidewalk and hanging from clapboard walls displays the technique of etching to a remarkable degree; while the art of suggestion and composition is shown in the tiny Colonial figures placed in the foreground. There is no modern, jarring note. In "Balconies, New Orleans," Horter has exhibited another phase of architectural portraiture to which etching is peculiarly adapted. Here it was not the buildings, but the ornate grill work, that attracted. In the hands of a painter such a subject would have inclined toward tiresomeness through the demand for detail; but the reserve of the copper plate gives an enduring charm to the graceful curves and flowing design of these old Creole structures.

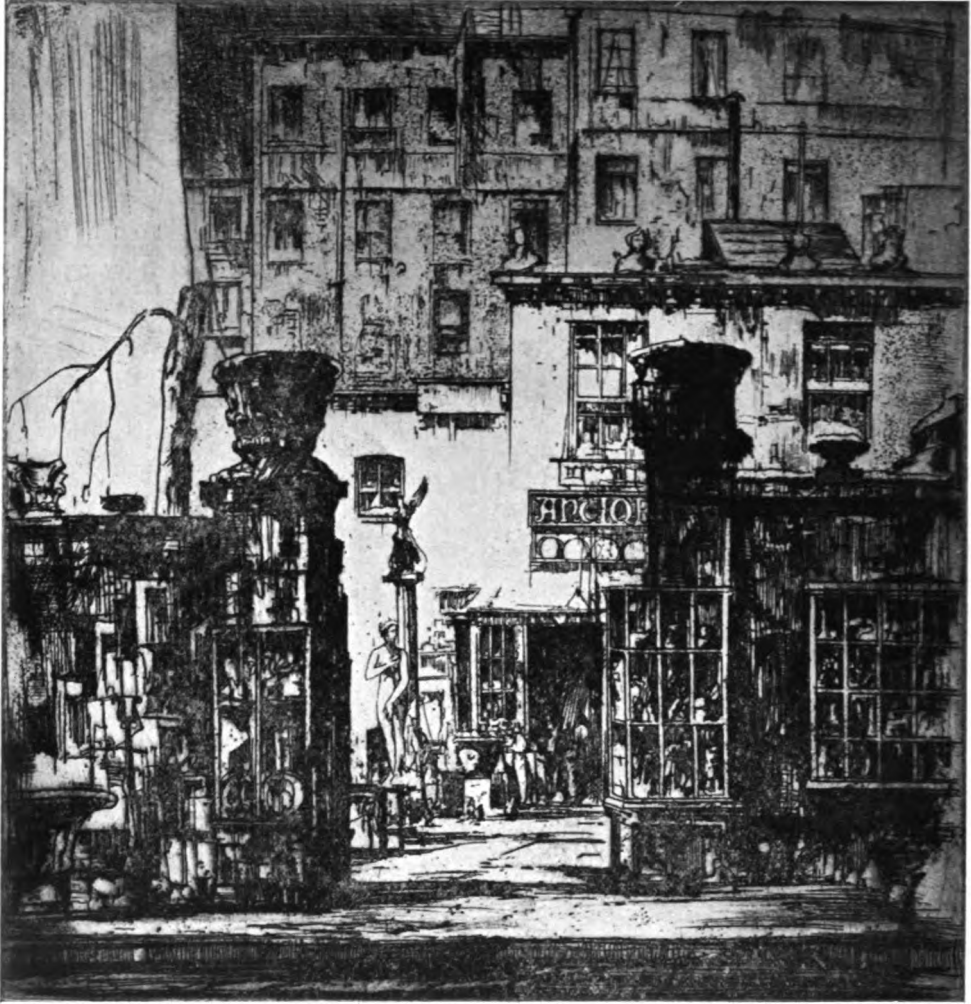
A like fine sympathy with ornamentation is to be found in his "Courtyard, 28th Street, New York." The subject

is as un-New York as "Balconies" is typical of the romantic Louisiana city, yet the print carries the same subtle appreciation of the beautiful. There is no attempt to create a dramatic contrast, to suggest the modern city or to tell a story of change and development. Wherever Horter etches he confines himself to the isolated view of his choice and holds strictly to the charm of the scene before him, unmindful and uncaring so far as extraneous effects are concerned.

You and I and the rest of humanity have no part to play on his plates other than as spots of colour or items of composition. Any sentiment read into Horter figures are entirely without his wish or will. If a water-front requires a note at some particular place to bring his drawing into balance, or to add rhythm to the scene, he may draw in a post, or he may draw in a person. If a solitary figure will emphasise the loneliness of some chosen view a half dozen hasty strokes do the work; and sex,



Courtesy of Keppel and Company
BALCONIES, NEW ORLEANS



Courtesy of Keppel and Company

COURTYARD, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK

age or social position have nothing to do with the matter. Take, for example, his figures in "The Wheelwright Shop." The idea of a brawny smith, the suggestion of simple pleasure or the indication of black drudgery, none of these thoughts entered the artist's head. The plate needed a touch of life to complete the composition. Horter put it in. He frankly was not concerned with the manner of men presented; neither as to what they were, nor as to what they

were to be. In his "A Naples Quarter," the plate as originally etched was without life, but as the work progressed one figure after another was added to meet his composition requirements. The child on the outskirts of the central group has no meaning beyond rhythmic composition.

It is because of this submergence of human emotions, in fact indifference to all such emotions, a quality common to most of the world's greatest etchings

that has made this art the aristocracy of all art. Not a snob, not cold or aloof, accusations reasonably lodged against certain types of over-nice paintings; but essentially a work of rank, is the true etching. And so, logically, it comes to pass that a love of good etchings parallels a love of good books. In substantiation of this claim we need but review a few well-established facts. Paintings have two classes of lovers. The sentimental majority who worship melodramatic art, pictures that tell a story; and the artist who is enamoured of technical qualities, who thrills at brush strokes and colour schemes. In contrast a real love of etchings requires no intelligent understanding of the painter's art; but rather calls for that cultural quality derived from friendship with fine books.

The attitude of the artist-etcher toward his work is evident in every plate in the Horter exhibition. All the creative thinking has been done in line rather than in colour and though a wide variety of subjects are included they were always chosen from the viewpoint of the etcher rather than from that of the painter. An intellectual quality that is seldom found in paint is manifest in these etchings. Their fine appeal, avoiding all boldness, touch the sensitive mind as does a literary achievement. They are far too aristocratic ever to become the darnings of the populace or to so much as attract the unlettered mind. Their bookishness may be somewhat attributed to their method of reproduction, to their display of printers' ink. Yet,

because etchings are printed and so, in a sense, belong to the graphic arts, are even subject to certain mechanics of craftsmanship, the creative effort demanded of the artist makes etching one of the most delicate of sciences.

When Whistler etched, and Whistler was never more of an artist than when working on copper, all the carefully defined rules of his painting were laid aside. The delicacy of Rembrandt's line, even when his subjects smacked of the same fleshly character as delineated in his paintings, is totally different from the hot, sensuous strokes of his brush. and the marvelous Meryon, who strove with the steel needle as Poe did with the pen, who is one of the few etchers who endeavoured to depict the tragedy of life, even then wrought more of art than of humanity.

And so of Horter, whether drawing industrial America or ancient Europe, his real accomplishment in each instance is essentially artistic, fundamentally cultural. It is because of this indisputable fact, that true etchings are sensitively aristocratic, that we are able to live with them, that they never intrude, never offend or jar or become tiresome. It was this intellectual quality of the Horter exhibition that produced a thrill of satisfaction rather than a burst of applause; and the intelligently appreciative came away with the feeling more firmly grounded that etching is by no means the fiery expression of genius, but rather the creation of thoughtfully directed intelligence.

ON FINISHING A WONDERFUL BOOK

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

How I shall miss you, friend of the Autumn rains!
 Friend of most quiet nights and candle gleams;
 Yet why should I say good-bye, when your joy remains,
 And into my heart you have poured the sun of your dreams?

RABINDRANATH TAGORE DISCOVERS AMERICA

BY BAILEY MILLARD

I

It is one proof, among many others, of the poetic greatness of Rabindranath Tagore that he has not been dazzled by the manifestations of our Occidental science nor of our flamboyant commercialism. A night or two after his arrival from his native India in the new, bright San Francisco the wonderful Path of Gold lights were turned on for the first time, but it was difficult for the proud San Franciscans to induce Tagore to leave his room and go out and glance at the electric refugence. The Bengali poet, who has written so disparagingly of Calcutta and of urban life generally, did not see in the most brilliantly lighted city in the world so much of wonder as he would have seen in a lotus bud.

In fact it was plain from the day of his arrival in this country that our turbulent nation, with its headlong step-liveliness, its Occidental arrogance and its self-assured greatness, had in Tagore not only an unappreciative observer but an unsparring critic. In his mild, ascetic way, but with deep conviction, he charges us with blind indifference to spiritual things. He accuses us of bowing down before the false god of "that dominant intellectual abstraction which you call a nation," and stigmatises our political system as inherently vicious. When in reply a critic pointed to India, a defeated and conquered nation, as proof of the fallacy of his preachment, he answered that the dust in which India's people have been bowed is sacred, while the bricks with which we of the Western world build the palaces of our temporal pride are accursed.

When he walked the streets of San Francisco or looked in upon Paul Elder's books or those of the Mechanics' Library his picturesque figure, one of the

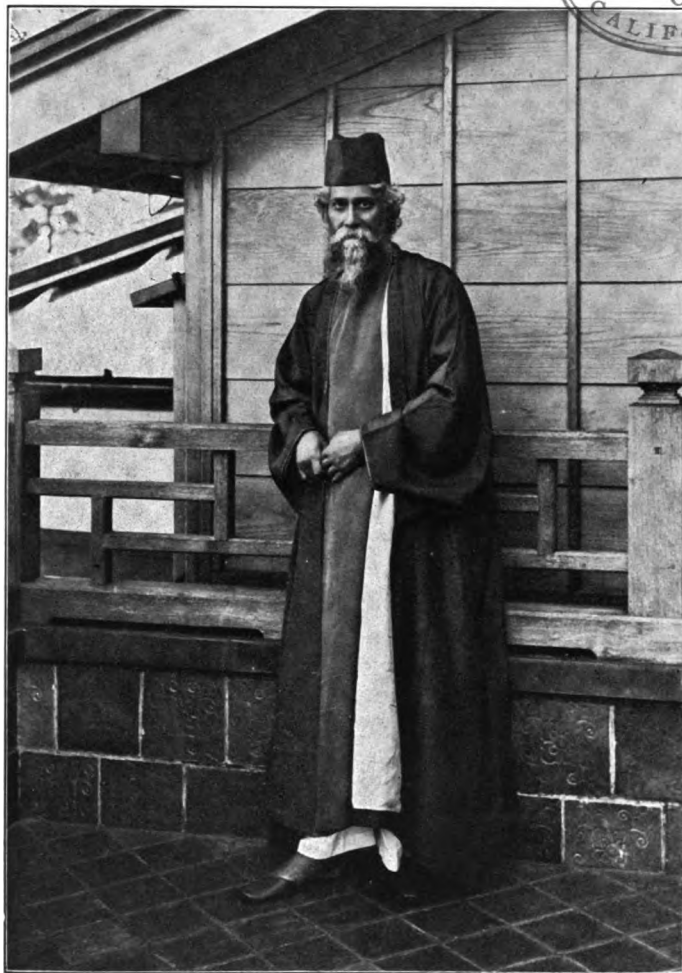
most striking ever seen in that cosmopolitan city, was followed by many curious eyes. The people saw in Tagore a slim man over six feet in height, with a high turban and long grey robe that made him look still taller, a full brow, deep brown eyes, a long greyish beard, flowing hair and features that reminded one of the Christ as he is seen in Da Vinci's pictures.

So that while his platform attacks upon Occidental materialism have been a magnificent advertisement, his own figure and dress and the mystic air that goes with them have also made their appeal to American imagination. And yet he is shy of the camera and of the interviewers and would have you believe that publicity is alien to his temperament. He could have made a fortune by lending himself to the films, but the idea was abhorrent to him.

II

When Kipling, coming to America for the first time from that same India, landed in the town by the Golden Gate, he wrote that San Francisco was "a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly mad people." But Tagore was on the whole rather kind to San Francisco and praised some Californian institutions, among them the Lick Observatory. In fact the first inquiry he made upon his arrival was how he might reach that famous place of star-gazing. He gave the impression that to him it was the greatest thing in the West.

"Your Lick Institution," he said to a member of the faculty of the University of California with which it is affiliated, "has by its discoveries broadened the world's ideas of our universe, thus adding dignity to our life. Education along any line is alone valuable for giving em-



TAGORE IN JAPAN

phasis to the dignity of living and enabling each one of us to accomplish the most good for ourselves and our fellow-beings."

Ushered into the presence of Tagore and meeting the mild gaze of his great spiritual brown eyes—eyes that have looked deep into life and its meaning—the American who does not feel his own Occidental crudity and lack of suitable means of communication with such a being must be, indeed, a very self-sufficient person. Nor does the fact that "Gitanjali" and "The Crescent Moon"

are dear to his heart, help him in the least in finding a common meeting ground with the poet. For not only will Tagore not talk about his own work to you on his own volition, but when you speak of any of his songs his silence and the passive, waiting look in those superb orbs make you feel that you have committed an awkward transgression. But after all this is not purely an Oriental literary characteristic—it is a trait of the true poet the world over. It reminded the present writer of a similar experience with William Watson,



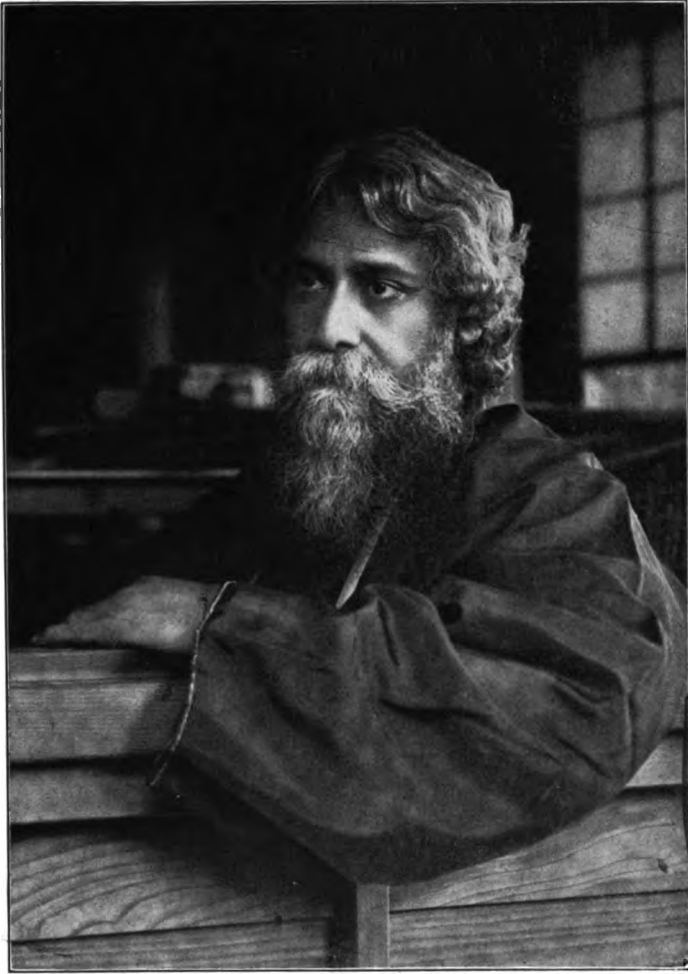
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TAGORE IN HIS READING COSTUME

who is in fact more shy on first acquaintance than Tagore. The great Indian reads in public, but he reads his plays and stories, rarely his verse.

There is a universality in supreme culture, whether it be of India or of England, and gentleness is its leading attribute. A gentler soul than that of Tagore one might search the world over and fail to find and yet one feels, even at a first meeting, that here is a potential force and one does not wonder that it has swayed all India and has reached

across the seas to us who are less mystic but perhaps after all not less responsive to the beautiful.

To walk up to such a man and say, "Good morning, Mr. Tagore! How do you like America?" as one of our interviewers did, seemed as brusque a crudity as anything that could be committed, and yet my own greeting sounded hardly less abrupt, though just what it was need not be repeated. But it is well to warn New Yorkers and others who intrude upon the privacy of



RABINDRANATH TAGORE. PORTRAIT TAKEN IN YOKOHAMA ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA

this strange, ascetic being not to offer to shake hands with him nor to blurt out something about his books. For Tagore does not shake hands either physically or poetically, though he is cordial enough and will talk all day about other people's poetry.

"I love your Emerson," he said in a high, soft, liquid voice, full of an Anglicized accent. "In his work one finds much that is of India. In truth he made the teachings of our spiritual leaders and philosophers a part of his life. Both in his work and that of Thoreau there is

an occasional thought from the Bagavat Vida. Emerson seems to have been particularly inspired by it.

"And his 'Brahma'—does that strike a true note in your Eastern ear?" was asked of him.

Tagore rested his slim hand upon his chin meditatively and repeated the lines beginning,

"If the red slayer think he slays."

Yes; that poem had in it the Brahmin concept which Emerson seemed to have gained as few other Western thinkers had done, but with all his erudition



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AS TAGORE APPEARED ON LANDING AT SAN FRANCISCO FROM INDIA

Emerson did not appeal to him as strongly as Whitman. He voiced the view of the French academicians, perhaps in an imitative or unconsciously adaptive spirit, when he declared:

"Whitman is your greatest poet. To me his is the highest name. In poetry one must have originality and spontaneity and that breadth of thought which tells you that the poet has seen deeply and knows humanity. Whitman gives me pictures—pictures. Through his work I know your country and I catch its heart-beat. You say that your

present-day critics consider him crude—that they laugh at him? What matter? His is the great voice of your nation—the greatest it ever has had. I see nothing in the more carefully written recent verse that gives me more than mere echoes. His was a voice—not an echo. I like those poems of the States and that one of your Lincoln,

"O Captain, my Captain!"

"Do not tell me that your critics call him crude. Whitman speaks to me—that is enough."

"But Lanier called his verse 'raw collops from the rump of poetry.'"

The poet smiled indifferently.

"Who is Lanier?" he asked. And there was no chance to tell him of the work of the great Southron nor to say that he was dead, for he rippled placidly on about the man whose poetry he loved:

"Emerson in his verse and in his prose speaks to me, too," he said; "but not like Whitman. Emerson was an idealist and he gave your countrymen some grand lessons—lessons which, by the way, they have not heeded."

III

He branched off upon American traditions, as he viewed them, and incidentally upon that sore spot with the Oriental—our exclusion of Asiatic immigrants. He declared that America was not living up to its highest ideals when it evinced such a strong disposition to bar out some people because of the place of their birth and others because they lacked an ordinary culture of the mind. This he held was very wrong, for if men had good moral and industrial qualifications they should be received into the "melting pot," and time would make valuable material of them. The brotherhood of men must be recognised.

Going back to our poets, he spoke with some warmth of Poe, whose "Raven" had appealed to him, probably because of its mystic touch, but he took the strange view of Poe that he was artificial.

"He glitters—yes; but he does not breathe very deeply," he observed. And it came to his visitor that Emerson would have valued this judgment from out his beloved India in support of his characterisation of Poe as "the jingle man." "Poe was an artist," added Tagore. "In reading him I can never lose sight of that. He was an artist—only that and nothing more." And he smiled again, probably over the Ravenesque aptness of his remark.

Naturally he had pleasant things to say of Yeats. Here was a true poet—a

man who was the friend of the whole world and particularly the poet's friend. He could not be drawn into any discussion of the poetry of Kipling, but it was evident that he had no great taste for it. When asked if he ever had met Kipling or heard of him during the Briton's residence in India he said "No." Nor was this in the least remarkable, for there were many Englishmen there who had shared his ignorance of the great Rudyard during his Indian life.

His enthusiasm over Browning seemed greater than that over any other British poet, save perhaps, Keats.

"Browning was a great teacher," he said to me. "He was a tonic force and was full of love for humanity. Many of his poems are dear to me. And his plays—they are wonderful."

He did not share Carlyle's caustic view of "Sordello." It was a grand poem. And "Luria," with its deep appreciation of the East was fine—fine—all fine. He had been teaching it in his school just before he left India, and had come to see a broader significance in it than ever before. This school, which is an open-air institution at Shanti Nikelin, is Tagore's great pride. He calls it the main-spring of his life and he loves to talk of it. All of the forty thousand dollars represented by his Nobel prize has been spent upon it. All the money he receives from his lectures and readings and the sale of his autographed pictures in this country is to go to it. The economies practised at Shanti Nikelin are such that \$150 pays the way of a student through his course of study there. There are at present over one hundred and fifty students and twenty teachers, two being English. One of the Bengali teachers has attended the University of Illinois. Special attention is given to exercise and health. Music, the languages, poetry and general literature are taught, and upon his return to India Tagore will add a technical department.

The poet had a critical word to say of Western music. But he said that while at first Albani and other Western singers had jarred upon him, he liked

them better on further acquaintance. He had heard Paderewski in San Francisco and he had enjoyed his rendition of Beethoven's sonata opus 3 and of some Bach fugues.

Although he is an English knight he was not very warm in his praise of British institutions, but he leaned toward the idea that they were more desirable than ours, and if one had to be subject to Western rule it were better British than any other. The parochial and even personal rule that survives in India's villages despite all of England's dominance means more to Sir Rabindranath, as nobody ever calls him, than that of India's conquerors.

Of Europe in its present ferment he would have little to say, but that little was uttered in terms of contempt. Science! efficiency! wealth! What had been the use of them all on that unhappy continent save to enable its nations to depopulate each other? As with every true poet, the idea of the brotherhood of man—empty words to the most of us—is a religion with Tagore, and he voices it with all the zeal of his intense nature. He shows a Shelley-like impatience with plutocratic oppression, and in his plays and other writings he is constantly denouncing it. Like the Christian Tolstoy he would share his all with the poor, even with the unregenerate, and the bulk of the returns from his writings is spent in advancing their welfare.

In his criticisms of this country he made pointed inquiry as to what it was accomplishing in a spiritual way, and he shook his head with a sad smile when no attempt was made to answer him. It was clear that Christian Science, which has been termed "a compound of Theosophy and therapeutics," interested him more than any other present-day religious movement in this country, and he remarked that he was going to study it more closely. His admiration of mediæval Europe, when the soul was warring against the flesh, is marked; but the strife of these days means to him nothing but rampant materialism and

has no spiritual significance whatever.

To hear Tagore read as he has read to his large audiences in the West is to listen to some remarkable but, to our Occidental ears, not very satisfactory literature. Still his high-keyed, almost womanish utterance is so musically clear and articulate and his personality so vividly Oriental and strangely spiritual that one feels that it is distinctly worth while to sit before him for a couple of hours and feel the wafts of this Bengali fragrance; and one well might wish that to have Thoreau, always so hungry for Brahministic thought, by his side.

The reading in San Francisco was of two unpublished works—a play, *The King and the Queen*, in two acts, and a short story, "The Blind Wife." What his auditors, accustomed to a wholly different sort of movement and climactic working-up, got out of the play was its wealth of Oriental colour and its novel pictures. The strange little drama is Ibsen-like in the tragic abruptness of its finale. One felt that the listeners applauded the dramatist's oddly effective delivery, never impassioned, yet never dull, rather than the simple story of the king who goes to battle with his wife's brother because she rebels against his treatment of his impoverished and oppressed people, and the brother who is the prince of another country, aids the revolutionists against the oppressor. The death of the brother and sister, who are conquered by the king is rather dramatically told. The reading was accompanied by infrequent yet graceful gestures and dignified movements of the turbaned head. But, taken altogether it was distinctly not what we thrill-seeking Occidentals would call a "hit."

"The Blind Wife" went a shade better. This is the story of an unskilled Indian doctor who bunglingly treats his wife's weak eyes and causes their blindness. The wife's torture of mind when the doctor, because of her infirmity, proposes to marry another woman, is the chief element of interest in the tale, which, despite the prolonged spiritual tragedy, is given a "happy ending," for

the triangulated affair is squared by the marriage of the "other woman" to another man.

Perhaps there would have been a keener appreciation and heartier applause had the audience known that the theatre in which they were sitting and the man to whom they were listening were being guarded by a score of plain clothes men. It had been rumoured that there was a plot on the part of a local Hindustani clique to slay the poet. This plot, it seems, grew out of the intense enmity of many Hindus for Tagore, who represents the old school of Indian thought, but has adapted it to British ideas. In other words he is a "stand-patter" and an upholder of British rule, to which the clique is opposed. Ram Chandra, the editor of the *Hindustani Gadar*, a newspaper published in San Francisco, declares that Tagore is a turn-coat—that while formerly opposed to English ascendancy in India, he was bought over by the government with a knighthood. Ram Chandra is crying

against Tagore as Browning cried against Wordsworth, in his "Lost Leader,"

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

So during Tagore's stay in San Francisco he was a storm centre, but the storm was not visible to Caucasians until after the day of his quitting town. His hotel was besieged by Hindus, one of whom tore the white turban from the head of his friend Bishen Singh Mattu, and the faction so threatened the poet that he departed very abruptly for Santa Barbara.

Of course this meant more publicity and more gilders for Tagore and his beloved school, and this was apparently appreciated as much by the poet as by his press agent.

But it takes nothing from the songs of *Gitanjali* nor of *The Crescent Moon* nor from the love of them that is in the hearts of Tagore's many American readers.

INDIAN SUMMER'

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

INDIAN only in this:
Your sudden way
Of stealing on us—but to kiss
With peace, not slay!

And in that melting calm
The summer seems
To breathe once more her mellow psalm
Of golden dreams.

But, oh, for him with ears
Your heart's depths sing
Loudly: "I am the unborn year's
Earnest of spring!"

THE PUBLIC AND THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A STUDY of the public is an indispensable detail of the study of the drama; for the public, in conjunction with the actors and the author, constitutes a corner of that eternal triangle upon which, as a fundamental basis, the edifice of the drama must be reared. If some Mæcenas, endowed with an exacting taste and an all-commanding pocketbook, should desire to enjoy a better drama than is ordinarily offered in the theatre of to-day, he might spend his time and money in the search for finer actors or for nobler authors, but he could accomplish his intention much more easily and quickly by collecting and delivering to the theatre a finer and a nobler audience. It has frequently been stated that the public always gets as good a drama as it deserves, since the managers, in order to make money, must give the public what the public wants; and this somewhat cynical theory is true to this extent,—that the public never gets a better drama than it concertedly requests. To improve the quality of the supply, it is necessary, first of all, to improve the quality of the demand. Though the drama is an art, the theatre is a business; and it does not pay to cast pearls before people who are lacking in intelligence and taste.

The main trouble with the theatre in America to-day is that it suffers tragically from a lack of patronage by people of intelligence and taste. Our supply of plays is not determined by the demand of our most cultured public, but only by the demand of a public that is by no means representative of the best that is thought and felt in this country at the present time. Any study of this problem must begin and end in the city of New York; for it is an unfortunate fact that our theatre is so constituted that the rest of the country is allowed to

see only those plays which have previously made money in the metropolis. The exceptions to this statement are of the kind that only prove the rule. Attempts have been made, in recent years, to institute "producing centres" in certain other cities—Chicago, Los Angeles, and Boston, for example—but even plays produced originally in these cities have seldom been sent on tours through the country until they have been labelled as "successes" by the people who frequent the theatres in New York. As conditions stand at present, a metropolitan verdict is the only one that counts; and an author or an actor, in order to reach the rest of the country, must first secure the privilege of being booked throughout the circuits of the smaller cities by passing a favourable examination in New York. Thus—except for the admirable work that is being accomplished here and there in little independent theatres—the destiny of the drama in this country is still decided by the people who habitually pay to be amused in the tiny circle that is centred in Times Square. The question, then, becomes of prime importance whether these people are adequately representative of America, either as it is or as it yearns to be: and to this important question the answer is, emphatically, "No."

Any one who makes a practice of attending every play that is exhibited in the metropolis needs only to look about him in the orchestra to see at a glance that the success or failure of an offering is not determined by an audience that is representative of America or even of New York. The audience is recruited mainly from that artificial region that is known, in the language of the theatre, as Broadway,—a region in which real people do not live, and cannot live, because it is lighted only by electric lamps

instead of by the sun and moon and stars. America is not made of such people, and neither is New York; but our theatre, for the most part, is deliberately edited for that infinitesimal proportion of our general population that patronises flashy lobster-palaces and noisy cabarets.

The prospect would be hopeless if the public of Broadway were the only public in New York that the theatre might appeal to; but this is not the case. There are very many people of intelligence and taste—people of the sort who welcome eagerly the best that is thought and said through the medium of any of the arts—who have ceased to attend the theatre in New York because the theatre, for the most part, has ceased to give them the sort of stimulus that they desire. It is easy enough for any student of this problem to meet these people face to face, for their patronage of art is an active and a public exercise. Whenever the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is played by a great orchestra in Carnegie Hall, the enormous auditorium is crowded to the roof by people who would also patronise the theatre if the theatre would afford them a commensurable exaltation. A cultured and appreciative public pays six dollars a seat at the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the finest singing in the world; and whenever Nijinsky dances, the same public assembles in thousands to enjoy the spectacle. Yet music and dancing are arts less democratic than the drama—less popular in their appeal—and a more specific culture is required for the due appreciation of them. An afternoon stroll through the galleries of the various art-dealers on Fifth Avenue will also bring the student face to face with still another public composed of people who are quick to welcome the best that can be thought and said in terms of art. These people, who love painting and sculpture, would also love the theatre if the theatre should set out to woo them in the mood of beauty and of truth; and the teeming thousands who annually study the exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art might crowd the gal-

leries of any theatre that should successfully appeal to them.

The tragic fact of the matter seems to be that these thousands and thousands of people, who patronise music and painting and sculpture and dancing and all the other arts, have ceased to patronise the theatre. People of the same class, twenty years ago, attended every production at Daly's or the old Lyceum and exercised an active influence on the traffic of the stage; but nowadays, for the most part, they stay at home and permit the destiny of the drama to be determined by a mob of other people who are inferior in intelligence and taste. They behave like educated voters on Election Day who remain away from the polls and allow some vulgar politician to sneak into a great office by default.

The way in which this cultured public was alienated from the theatre may now be studied, in retrospect, as a dismal fact of history. Daly's audience was not dispersed by Daly's death, and the retirement of Daniel Frohman from active management was not a cause but a result of the disaster. The catastrophe occurred about a dozen years ago, at the time of the great struggle between trust and counter-trust for supreme control of all the theatres in America. During the course of this long struggle—which resulted ultimately in a no less devastating deadlock—the theatre became entirely commercialised, and the cathedrals of the drama were pulverised by the artillery of business. At that period, the cultured public of New York—the public which, in the preceding decade, had supported Daly's Theatre and the old Lyceum—renounced regretfully the theatre-going habit; and the theatre of to-day still suffers from the fact that it is very difficult to reestablish a faith which has been wantonly destroyed.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and the managers of to-day are forced to suffer for the crimes committed in the theatre by the managers of a dozen years ago. The status of the drama has been steadily improved in recent years. A new generation of

managers, led by such men as Mr. Winthrop Ames, Mr. John D. Williams, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins—to mention only a few of those who are now appealing for consideration of the drama as an art—has greatly improved the product of our theatre; but this new array of managers has not yet succeeded in winning back the concerted support of that cultured public which renounced the theatre-going habit in the dark days of a dozen years ago.

The immediate problem at the present time is to find an effective method of convincing the cultured public that ten or a dozen of the round number of two hundred plays that are now produced every season in New York are genuinely worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste. The best public must be won back to the support of the best drama; and this public must be organised and delivered so effectively that once again—as in the days of Daly's Theatre—it will become impossible for a really fine production to fail for lack of patronage.

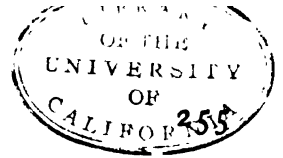
The very statement of this problem points directly at the big idea which was launched, at its inception, by the Drama League of America. The purpose of the League was to tabulate the names and the addresses of everybody in this country who really cared for the best that might be thought and said in the theatre of the world, and to deliver this enormous audience to the support of any production in the American theatre which was genuinely worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste. This idea, in theory, was perfect; but the tragic fact must be recorded that the Drama League has failed to accomplish very much in practice. The reason for this failure must be ascribed to the impotence of the New York Centre of the League, since—according to the conditions which exist at present—the destiny of the entire theatre in America is determined and controlled by the success or failure of the plays that are produced along Broadway.

Thus far, the New York Centre of

the Drama League has failed in the endeavour to help the best productions to prevail, and thereby negatively to discourage the advancement of inferior productions. One reason for this failure is that the loyal audience that is actually delivered to the Broadway theatres by the Drama League is still so small as to be utterly negligible by the managers; but a more important reason is that the work of the Play-going Committee has been very badly done. Time after time, this committee, though neglecting to bulletin the best productions of the year, has recommended active patronage of plays that were notably inferior to others which were stupidly ignored. This season, for example, the Drama League has neglected to issue a bulletin in support of the one production that insistently demands attention from the cultured public,—that ineffable production of *Pierrot the Prodigal* which exquisitely satisfies the search for beauty and for truth and makes the fact of going to the theatre an unforgettable adventure. Any organisation of theatre-goers that fails to deliver an immediate and unanimous support to such an unexceptionable triumph of those allied arts that go to make the drama must be regarded as a sorry joke and instantly deleted from consideration. To fail is bad enough; but to destroy a big idea is worse than murdering a child. The Play-going Committee of the New York Centre of the Drama League of America has destroyed a big idea.

No less unfortunate, though perhaps less poignantly regrettable, than the failure of the Drama League to apply its lofty theory successfully in practice, is the decadence of dramatic criticism in New York. Dramatic criticism may be defined—in the terminology of Matthew Arnold—as “a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world.” This endeavour was at least attempted twenty years ago; but, during the last decade, the majority of our most influential newspapers have ceased to treat the drama as an art and have

The Public and the Theatre



chosen, rather, to regard the theatre merely as a function of Broadway.

Thus the editing of our theatre for an inferior public is fostered by the fact that the dramatic columns in our newspapers are edited for the same public and confine themselves, for the most part, to an utterly uncritical endeavour to estimate in advance the success or failure of an undertaking in the theatre. They print a guess that a certain play will run a year, or else they print a guess that the production will be carted to the store-house in a week. In other words, they judge the offerings of art according to a standard which is determined merely by the taste of an uncultivated audience.

The point is not that our individual dramatic critics are lacking in discernment. Nearly half a dozen of the writers who are employed at the present time to report the doings of the theatre in New York are endowed sufficiently, in education and in taste, to distinguish a work of art from a product of commercial manufacture; but the general attitude of our public press—considered as a whole—obscures their individual efforts “to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world.” Even these writers are required to devote as many columns—or nearly as many—to the consideration of inconsiderable offerings as they are permitted to devote to the ten or twelve productions every year that really count. They are condemned, nine-tenths of the time, to write news about nothing; and, when *Pierrot the Prodigal* appears, their eloquent praise of the production remains unheeded by ears that have been previously deafened by other columns of praise devoted to some commercial fabric that seems sure to run a season,—like the highly-heralded *Turn to the Right!*, which, though popular and entertaining, is a badly constructed play and cannot be considered seriously as a work of art.

That our newspapers, for the most part, have ceased to treat the drama as an art, is a fact that can be easily estab-

lished by a study of their pages. Whenever a new opera is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is analysed in detail by an expert who interprets its defects and qualities to an audience of cultured readers; exhibitions of painting or of sculpture are studied carefully by scholars who talk about art in terms that receive respect from an initiated public; but new plays, in the same newspapers, are merely written up amusingly as items in the general doings of the day. The policy of our newspapers toward music and painting and sculpture is scholarly and critical; but, with one or two exceptions, their policy toward the drama is merely reportorial. They treat the theatre mainly from the standpoint of its value as a fountainhead of news.

Now, art is art, and news is news, and never the twain shall meet. It is one thing to inform the cultured public of the fact that a visit to *Pierrot the Prodigal* at the Booth Theatre affords an adventure to the spirit that may be classed with the unforgettable experience of travelling all the way to Nîmes to come suddenly around a corner and see the tiny Roman temple sitting lonely and eternal in the midst of time; and it is another thing entirely to inform the public of Broadway that *Turn to the Right!* is a “knock-out.” The same newspaper cannot successfully sustain an attitude toward the theatre which shall be reportorial and an attitude toward the drama which shall be critical. Art is not news; because news wears a date upon its forehead and art does not. News, at the most, may be worthy of a nine days wonder; but art, at its best, is a wonder for all time.

So long as our newspapers continue to report new plays as news instead of causing them to be seriously analysed as works of art, those educated readers who are willing to respect what is said to them in the public press about Charpentier and Nijinsky and Zuloaga and Rodin will continue to turn a deaf ear to what is said to them in the same papers about Mr. Max Marcin or Mr.

Roi Cooper Megrue. Mr. Marcin's *Cheating Cheaters* is a clever farce; Mr. Megrue's *Under Sentence* is an interesting melodrama; but there is no real reason why our public press, by over-praising the products of these merely secondary artisans, should obscure the fact that, if Charpentier and Nijinsky and Zuloaga and Rodin should be asked to tell us what to see in all the fifty theatres of New York, they would vote unanimously for *Pierrot the Prodigal* and would not descend to the suggestion of a second choice.

By editing their dramatic columns for the uncultivated public of Broadway, instead of for that finer public that desires to learn and to enjoy the best that is known and thought in the world and is eager to patronise any exercise of art where art may be discerned, our newspapers make it very difficult for people of refinement to keep actively in touch with the best that is being done in the theatre of America. These people—and their name is legion—hang back from the support of even so superlative a thing as *Pierrot the Prodigal* because so often in the past they have been disillusioned by patronising inferior productions that had been grossly overpraised.

This leads us to consider the great harm that has been done by the persistent over-advertising of inferior productions. The decadence of dramatic criticism is all the more dangerous at a time when the theatre is required to endure the insidious assaults of a system of men-dacious puffery. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to state that the greatest foe of the contemporary drama is the contemporary press-agent. This functionary is employed to beat a big drum in front of every theatre and to tell the public that every play presented is a masterpiece. The weakness of the press-agent arises from the fact that, in the nature of things, he can't fool all the people all the time; but the tragedy of his position arises from the fact that, by fooling some of the people some of the time, he prevents nearly everybody from believing him, on some subsequent

occasion, when he happens to come forward with the truth.

A perusal, at any time, of the advertising pages in the Sunday newspapers might lead to the impression that each of the forty plays then current in New York was the greatest play of the twentieth century; but this impression would be speedily corrected by a visit to the plays themselves. The trouble of the matter is that it would cost a cultured theatre-goer no less than one hundred and sixty dollars, and forty evenings of priceless time, to find out for himself that all these advertisements were nothing but mere lies; and, after this expensive experience, he might feel indisposed to risk another four dollars and another evening to see a masterpiece like *Pierrot the Prodigal*. The efforts of many press-agents to lure him to attend inferior productions are more than likely, in the long run, to result in keeping him away from a production which he would be very glad to patronise.

The method by which the press-agent manages to advertise a bad play as if it were a good play is just as simple as it is dishonest. Suppose that so cultured and reliable a critic as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, in reviewing a hypothetical farce entitled *The Straw Hat*, has written something like the following:—"The theme of *The Straw Hat* is traditional; the plot is mechanical; the dialogue is dull. One or two moments in the second act, however, are made mildly amusing by the acrobatic antics of a knockabout comedian." The press-agent will seize upon this notice and print the following extraction from it in the next edition of the Sunday newspapers:—"Amusing,"—Walter Prichard Eaton." By this procedure, people of intelligence and taste who subsequently see the play are led to believe that Mr. Eaton is an idiot; and when this distinguished commentator, at a later date, implores the public to patronise so beautiful a thing as *Pierrot the Prodigal*, a certain number of his readers will remember *The Straw Hat* and hug their money in their pockets.

A study of the psychology of theatrical advertising must lead to the opinion that the lies of the press-agent are the sort of blunders that are worse than crimes. Every lie that is printed to puff a bad play cuts down the attendance at the next really good play that is presented. A disinterested critic actuated by a high desire to deliver an appreciative audience to the support of *Pierrot the Prodigal* is impeded from his purpose when all of the most laudatory adjectives have already been used up in advertising many plays which he knows to be inferior. So long as Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's commonplace and tedious *Seven Chances* is advertised as a masterpiece of comedy, it will remain very difficult for any critic to persuade the public that the first two acts of Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's ingenious and interesting *Under Sentence* come very near to

constituting a masterpiece of melodrama. A public that has listened once to lies will not listen, on a subsequent occasion, to a statement that hovers within hailing distance of the truth.

This is, perhaps, the biggest lesson that our managers have still to learn:—that, in the long run, it pays to tell the public that Mr. John Galsworthy is a greater man than Mr. James Montgomery, and that *The Thunderbolt*—which did not make any money in America—is a greater play than *Cheating Cheaters*—which seems destined to be very popular. The persistent practice of press-agentry alienates more people from the theatre than it attracts; and the over-advertising of inferior productions makes it very difficult to secure the patronage of works that are superior by people of intelligence and taste.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

WHILE most British novelists, including his own disciples, are going about their business pretty much as if the war did not exist, Mr. Wells characteristically declines to pretend anything of the sort. Professor Phelps has put the general situation at the beginning of the war bluntly enough: "In August, 1914,

*Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Green Alleys. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Good Old Anna. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Russian Priest. By J. N. Potapenko. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Olga Bardel. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

The Triumph of Tim. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Pincus Hood. By Arthur Hodges. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

every novelist was angry with the war; he would rather have the little groups of casual acquaintances talking excitedly about the one thing important to him." I think rather better of novelists than this comes to, but there is truth in Professor Phelps's generalisation that "life is always the ruthless enemy of art." Life, in the form of the day's news and employments, is an obstacle to the artist; but I believe he is not so much angry with the present as confused and "stumped" by it. It is too close, he cannot get it in focus, and must turn his gaze away from it for materials to work with. But not Mr. Wells, who has never yet been stumped by anything, least of all the present! In *Boon* and *The Research Magnificent* he seemed to be dealing, rather tentatively and speculatively, with the Great War as a phenomenon. Mr. Britling brings it home as a human fact. Mr. Britling is in a rough sense Mr. Wells himself, as a philosopher and prophet, but even more

as a Briton under torment. Before the war comes, he is an eager, speculative writer, comfortably occupied with his mental adventures. "He talked about everything. He had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, a few found him seriously exasperating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races and empires and social orders and political institutions and gardens and automobiles and the future of India and China and æsthetics and America and the education of mankind in general. . . . And all that sort of thing. . . ." And at middle age, he has won a considerable hearing on both sides of the water. We see him first through the eyes of an amiable Bostonian, Direck, who has come over to bag him as a lecturer before the Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought. We see him in his chosen habitat at Matching's Easy in Essex. He is centre of a group of ante-bellum Britishers of all ages,—a normal group, with their chat, their tea, their out-of-door joys, their pleasant and intimate code of living. Direck's young delighted eyes take Matching's Easy, at first glance, as a fair embodiment of the England of his fancy. Essex, Mr. Britling vaunts (Mr. Wells's Essex), is, far more than London or the manufacturing districts, "the essential England still."

Yet Direck himself presently discovers that the England he is looking upon, the essential England, "looks and feels more like the traditional Old England than any one could possibly have believed, and that in reality it is less like the traditional Old England than any one would ever possibly have imagined." There were the setting and atmosphere of the old firm, trim, settled England, and yet "all the people seemed quicker, more irresponsible, more chaotic, than any one could have anticipated." Unrest and revolt are in the air, militancy

flaunts itself, civil war in Ireland seems inevitable. There is a sort of hope for England in all this, as Mr. Britling (in one mood) sees it. "The Germans are conscious of 'an assured end' and are therefore beyond possibility of real growth. Here, we have none of those convictions. We know we haven't finality, and so we are open and apologetic and receptive, rather than wilful. . . . The reality of life is adventure, not performance. What isn't adventure, isn't life." Mr. Britling has his own extra-domestic adventure in hand, his means of escape, for the moment, from the smooth routine of life at Matching's Easy. The outbreak of the war puts an end to that, as it puts an end to all the vague restlessness and inward strife of Britain. How the war comes to Matching's Easy, how it affects, in one way or another, all the members of the group which has focused at Dower House, is the substance of this story. It is the story, of course, of a microcosm, of "the essential England." Anybody might have foreseen how brilliantly Mr. Wells would do such a thing as this, but not how warmly and humanly. It is in quite another light than that of irony that Mr. Britling makes his way through the torments of racial and personal loss to a place of spiritual safety and even exaltation. And the story of his relation to the boy Hugh who is duly sacrificed for a hidden end, is as poignant a study of fatherhood as any literature has produced. Surely the war is testing writers as well as men. Very easily Mr. Wells is passing the test, with a series of utterances a world removed from the impotent ranting of a Kipling, or the impotent grimacing of a Shaw.

II

In *The Green Alleys* of Mr. Phillpotts, also, war becomes a solvent and purifier of human action. We know what the quality of that action is likely to be in his work. It is some years since he forsook Dartmoor; later stories have been set in Cornwall and Wales, and, here, in Kent. The natural scene is al-

ways a matter of importance with this writer, since nature is always something more than a background in his fiction. Tor and cliff and quarry, weald and hop-garden, are to his imagination personal presences, with their inevitable influence upon mankind. But his rustic men and women do not greatly differ. I recall wondering, as the Dartmoor stories appeared, at certain characteristics of these Devon folk which brought them into startling contrast with New England rustics, for example. But, according to Mr. Phillpotts, the people of Cornwall, and Wales, and Kent, have the same characteristics. They are a people without sensitiveness or reticence, who always say what they think or feel, and permit others the same liberty, without rancour. In this world one may call his neighbour or his enemy a fool or a knave, and find himself in for nothing worse than a mild argument, or may bare his inmost heart to a passer-by without feeling shame or incurring ridicule. It is this stark and overt relation of man to man which gives the Phillpotts story its peculiar quality. There is also a recognisable grade or range of Phillpotts situation. In this, sex plays invariably its part. Love and fate, love and duty,—these, in terms of rustic life, are his favourite themes. Often their development has been toward a tragic end. So the theme of the present tale threatens to develop. Almost from the outset, we perceive a characteristically conceived *impasse* approaching. Here are two brothers, very different in character, but deeply devoted to each other. The elder and more stable is, by the working of an archaic British law, illegitimate. He is too fine and sound to be embittered by circumstance, and wholeheartedly admires and yields to his shallower and more brilliant brother. They both fall in love with the same girl. Here are all the materials of a rustic tragedy. Is she going to marry the strong brother, we wonder, and then, loving both, give herself disastrously to the weak one? Some such motive has been worked out by Mr. Phillpotts more

than once—notably in *The Whirlwind*. Or will she marry the weak brother, and spend the rest of her life eating her heart out with love for the stronger? Some such solution, left to itself, and Mr. Phillpotts, the Kentish weald might have been expected to produce. But the Great War intervenes; and in the atmosphere of a clearer and less personal passion, it is possible for reason and justice to prevail.

III

The *Good Old Anna* of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes shows the war coming to another quiet nook of England, the cathedral town of Witanbury. But here we have to deal with a special war-problem. The German tutor, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, is a blameless victim of the war, who goes back to fight like a lamb to the slaughter. There is no suggestion of possible perfidy on his part. *Good Old Anna* is a spy story, its implication being that every German in England, naturalised or unnaturalised, is likely to be in some way connected with the spy-system. Mrs. Otway is the widow of a canon, who lives pleasantly at Witanbury with her one daughter and a German servant of many years' standing. When war comes, Mrs. Otway is advised by friends to get rid of Anna. But the lady thinks this is preposterous, cannot imagine doing without Anna, or Anna's wishing to do without her. In reality, devoted as Anna is to her mistress, she cherishes a secret dream of going back to Germany and joining the household of a nephew who is prospering at Berlin. As for the war, her sympathies are with the Fatherland; and with every day bringing news which affects them differently, her relation to the Otways becomes inevitably awkward. Still, it is unconsciously that she becomes, in effect, a spy and a conspirator. Months before the beginning of the war, she has secreted in her room certain packages forwarded from Germany which really contain bombs, though she does not know it. And by way of a naturalised German tradesman

of Witanbury who is really the centre of the spy-system for that part of England, she lets slip several items of important military information picked up at home. The results are serious for England and, incidentally, involve the supposed death of her young mistress's betrothed. All this gives leeway for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's sort of thing—an odd blend of sensational incident and the ladylike manner. Poor Old Anna is brought to book in the end and, despairing of making out a case, hangs herself in her cell, while young romance effects its kiss-curtain hard by.

IV

Out of the rather miscellaneous lot of Russian stuff flung into English as a result of the war, a tale like *A Russian Priest* emerges reassuringly. We have heard much of "the Russian soul," and yet it has remained a very difficult thing for us of the West to comprehend. Too often we have come away from the reading of some vaunted Slavic masterpiece with the renewed suspicion that, whatever may be true of the eager Russian body and the ardent Russian mind and the aspiring Russian soul, there is no such thing as Russian character in our homely Western sense of the word. All these flighty sensual fellows, drifting down the wind, to some disastrous end for the most part, all these unheroic heroes of Russian story—what do they amount to in simple terms of character? Their range lies between bathos and pathos, no higher. Morally and spiritually they are feeble creatures of nightmare. Now the present little story takes us into a very different realm, a realm of sentiment and of idealism. The young priest Cyril is, to be sure, pretty strongly contrasted with most of the other persons. He has just finished with the theological academy as a "Magistrant" or high honour man. Comfortable posts in the Russian Church are open to him. He is betrothed to the daughter of a worldly city priest who looks upon him as a catch. And he will take nothing but the office of a village priest. He himself has been

brought up in the country, and he has the extraordinary desire to practise Christianity there. The Russian priesthood is looked upon by the majority of priests as a means of livelihood. Even in the poor parish to which Cyril is assigned, the two priests and their assistants have been accustomed to make a good thing out of their jobs by the imposition of fees for all services. Since they are paid no salaries, they are naturally tempted to get as much as they can. Cyril determines to make no bargains, will take only what his parishioners choose to give him. This brings real want to his colleagues, men with large families. Cyril expects his own young wife to share his penury, but she, though she loves him in her shallow way, is presently rescued by her indignant parents. Complaints of the young priest's outlandish behaviour are brought to the bishop, but he will hear nothing against him, and holds him up as an example for all his fellows. Meanwhile the lady of the manour, an intelligent and congenial woman, has fallen helplessly in love with him for that very goodness which her love would endanger. Her confession ends their friendship, and she goes away, leaving the priest to his solitary work. "And after all, was he alone? These grey huts under whose roofs so many important lives were passing—was he not necessary to them? Had he not conquered them, and made himself dear to them? He put on his cassock, took his stick, and with a firm step descended into the street."

V

Olga Bardel is a story with a very different theme and in a very different key; but it, also, is a study of character in a field where too often character is not, but only impulse and "temperament." She has it in her to be a great musician because she possesses elements of greatness as a woman. She lacks the steadfastness, the species of ruthlessness, which enabled the heroine of Miss Cather's *Song of the Lark* to make

every step a step forward toward the fulfilment of her genius. Therefore she suffers much, though not ignobly. The child Olga is a slum-bred prodigy of most unpromising parentage. Her talent is recognised by a responsible musician, and he begins to teach her, but she falls into the hands of vulgar exploiters who undermine her method and are content with coaching her for sensational performances. She escapes, and under the guardianship of a kindly American widow, studies seriously at Prague. She has hardly returned to London, and given her first recitals, when she falls in love with and incontinently marries a good-looking, selfish young Englishman with whom she has really very little in common. Their marriage goes the way of such marriages. He has no sympathy with her ambition for a career, and a disreputable brother who turns up out of her past makes a real breach between them. Finally, she determines to take up her work again, and have a fairly successful American tour, in the course of which the handsome husband elopes with a pretty young friend whom Olga has, in a way, left in charge. There are two other men in Olga's life. For one of them, a high-souled painter, she has conceived a real passion. He returns it, but will not have the sacrifice she is ready to make. In her hour of need, he is not to be found, and in despair of caring for her children by means of her music, she permits herself to be married, after the divorce from her first husband, by a kind old baronet. Then the lover returns, and there is another danger-point to be passed. The pair finally triumph over their passion and are presently rewarded by the death of the baronet. The plot, as may be seen, of what might easily have been a sensational story. It is rescued and dignified by a genuine and unforced characterisation, in the light of which the action is seen to proceed simply and inevitably. The people are, the things happen to them and through them, being what they are. This is another of the many "first novels" which this

season has produced, and one of the best of them in promise and achievement.

VI

Mr. Vachell's *Triumph of Tim* is a book of which one feels not quite so sure. It is the work of an experienced novelist, and he has done his best with it, but the result is a little laboured, somehow, and unreal. The story, like *Olga Bardel*, is of the biographical order. We follow the fortunes of Tim from childhood to that "twilight" of experience to which in his thirties his author relegates him. Tim, like Olga, and like Nathan of *The Green Alleys*, is an illegitimate child. Tim's father was a great man in his day, brilliant and morally irresponsible. The beautiful Irish girl whom his sudden death leaves on the way to motherhood, is quixotically married by an English clergyman. He brings Tim up as his own son. The boy inherits his real father's headstrong nature, gets himself expelled from Eton, and then technically seduces, though he is really seduced by, a pretty housemaid who is a born wanton. The inevitable thing (in fiction) happens, and the poor old parson is led to tell Tim the truth about his birth. Thereupon Tim runs away and voyages to San Francisco, before the mast. In California he drifts about for a time, roughing it in all sorts of ways. Presently he champions a maiden of the old Spanish blood, and marries her. He becomes involved in schemes of land development, makes a fortune and loses it. His wife and child die, and he leaves the new world. He has long dreamed of becoming a painter, and now goes to Brittany, where, in the space of a year or so, he produces work good enough to be exhibited at the Salon. Already, however, he has discovered that he can never become a really great painter, and that writing is his predestined field. Therefore he writes a novel about Californian life which is accepted at once, and we leave him fairly launched upon the career of successful novelist. He regards his life as over, however, for the sweetheart of his

boyish days, who has never ceased to love him, and whom he has never ceased to love, belongs to another, a stupid English lord, and they both see that there could be no real happiness. Therefore we leave Tim in an emotional twilight, consoled somewhat by the presence and abounding merits of the son of his early amour, who has turned up suddenly near the close of the story. There is a great deal of vivid description here and of sincere purpose, but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell has written several books which have attempted less and achieved decidedly more. There is strain and effort about the book somewhere, and perhaps it is enough to say that our belief in Tim grows feebler rather than stronger, the more we hear about him.

VII

Pincus Hood seems to me a remarkably good story of its kind. Its scene is laid in that doubtful limbo of artist-bohemian life which, before and since the day of *Trilby*, has been so liberally dealt with by the novelists. It is, I mean, doubtful as a field for the storyteller, because it has undergone so much cheap or sensational cultivation. This little story is avowedly a comedy, and makes frank use of certain familiar properties. It has its group of irresponsible gay dogs, trained in the Quarter and exiled in New York, aspiring much and working less. But out of this group emerge several very human and credible figures. Perhaps it is old Pincus who brings them out for us and makes us take to them for his sake. Pincus himself, as a figure of true comedy, we never doubt for a moment. He keeps a little "art store," with a tiny gallery in which he hopelessly exhibits the works of those young customers who seldom pay for the artists' materials they obtain from his counters. The most talented among them is a newcomer, Chris Mallory, whose affair with the beautiful and rich Claudine affords the main "love-interest" of the tale. Then

there is big Dan Litchfield, who is inclined to drink when there is nothing else to do, and owns a share in an oil-well of uncertain but timely performance. And there is Nan, one of the modern girls who knows how to take care of themselves, and have a very clear objective to work toward. But the tie that binds them all is Pincus, with his heart of gold and his brain by no means idle. He takes his art very seriously indeed, and the dream of his life is to establish a free gallery or group of galleries, where promising work by young painters may have its chance of reaching the public. He does his best, with the aid of all concerned, to bring about the realisation of his dream, but it falls through as a "movement" and has to be backed, in the end, by rich Claudine, now Mallory's Claudine. The incidents of the story do not so much matter; what gives it charm is its wholesome humour and kind feeling. We have been hearing a good deal of "glad" books—here is one which possesses the appreciable merit of escaping silliness and sappiness.

VIII

Mr. Hewlett has commonly succeeded best as a "costume" novelist. His has seemed to be the sort of fancy which is most at ease at its farthest from home. Remoteness in point of time or place or atmosphere gives wings to such a writer; and his few stories in modern setting have lacked wings. Here, however, is a story involving a James Adolphus Macartney, solicitor, of Onslow Square, and his wife Lucy, and the belated fulfilment of their romance. And it is a romance full of charm. The pair have been a pair for a dozen years. James Adolphus is a successful man, but a man born stiff, self-conscious, slightly domineering. He has all the faults of the traditional Briton of the comic papers, down to the eye-glass. He is absorbed in his career, and treats Lucy, by now, with a brusque possessiveness. She is only thirty-one, as beautiful as ever, and a purely feminine (not female) creature,

who craves the devotion of her man. But it is for other men to woo her and, in her need, she is capable of momentary, tentative response. That she comes to the edge of real peril, however, is purely the effect of her innocence. There arrives a brilliant acquisitive Urquhart, not a villain, but the sort of man who takes what he wants without consciousness of guilt. After the shortest possible acquaintance he finds and seizes the opportunity to kiss Lucy in the dark. She thinks it is James Adolphus. . . . and here, if the reader insists upon being literal, is a stumbling-block indeed. It would be a foolish Lucy who didn't know her own husband's lips in the dark—and this Lucy makes the mistake more than once. But this is romance—let us accept the ro-

mancer's premises, and everything will follow very prettily. Lucy is delighted and mystified by this demonstration on the part of the monocled James Adolphus. The moment of her disillusion is the moment of her peril; for there is no doubt of Urquhart's passion. But James Adolphus wakes in time, and shows himself the man, both in love and war, he really is; and we part with a thoroughly discomfited Urquhart, and a thoroughly happy and harmonised pair of Macartneys—for of course James Adolphus, beneath his shyness and his monocle and his surface preoccupation, has loved Lucy all the time. The tale is told with the delicate skill which is always Mr. Hewlett's, and with less preciousness of manner than has sometimes qualified that skill.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BY MARION FORSTER GILMORE

FROM out the dark-blue depths of Pain,
I rose, and found an opal sky;
Behind me, o'er the sombre sea,
I heard the moan of sorrow die;
And, from the distant heaven's face,
Beheld the clouds roll swiftly by.

Though I shall never see again
The azure sky of childhood's morn,
These blended skies of rose and gold
Seem even fairer than the dawn,
And deeper glory, more divine,
Smiles down upon a soul reborn.

—*From a Harvest of German Verse.*

POETS AS PEOPLE

I. EDGAR LEE MASTERS: THE SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGIST

BY JOYCE KILMER

THERE was a young gentleman named Harrington, and in 1902 he told me that the worst of all possible ways to begin a biographical essay was: "So-and-so was born on such-and-such a day, of such-and-such a month, in such-and-such a year." A fig for Mr. Harrington, and another fig for all his works! As a matter of fact, it is the very nicest possible way to begin a biographical essay. Just see: Edgar Lee Masters was born on August 23, 1868, in Garnett, Kansas.

Not only is this the most interesting, colourful and picturesque way to begin a biographical essay, but it is also the logical way. Birth is the first event in which any poet takes an interest, and it is, therefore logical, although novel and startling, that this exposition of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters should begin with a frank and fearless statement of the date of his nativity. Furthermore, it is peculiarly appropriate that with a mention of birth I should inaugurate the respectful study of the author of a work so overflowing with obstetrics as the *Spoon River Anthology*.

Every one knows the *Spoon River Anthology*, that series of poems in which the graves of a village cemetery in the Middle West reveal their secrets, as their tenants tell the story of their grotesque or tragic lives. The poems first appeared in the St. Louis *Mirror* and were brought out in book form just as the women's clubs of Brooklyn, Chicago and Sioux Falls were discovering free verse. Since Mr. Masters's ghosts talk free verse (belonging, as they do, to a generation which, though dead, is more progressive than that of the elder Hamlet) they were enthusiastically re-

ceived, and the *Spoon River Anthology* had in six months more readers than the *Greek Anthology* has ever had.

All right, you say, we know all about that. But what about the Spoon River anthologist, what is he like? Does he look like his poems? No, Edgar Lee Masters does not look like his poems. And for this he should thank God. Neither does he talk like his poems, he talks good Middle-Western English.

Edgar Lee Masters is rather above the middle height and somewhat angular. There is something rather studied about the picturesque negligence of his clothes, as there is about his occasional drawl. Here is, the careful observer thinks, a man who looks as if he ought to look like Abraham Lincoln, and looks as if he knew he looked as if he ought to look like Abraham Lincoln.

There is something Lincolnian about the anecdotes with which Mr. Masters is accustomed to entertain his friends and admirers. That is, they are thoroughly American in being humorous rather than witty. They are, for the most part, in dialect, and they have to do with types or with personal peculiarities. Their effectiveness tends on broad burlesque rather than on subtlety.

But enough of this Bergsonian stuff. Let me give you an example of Mr. Masters's humour. Once at a little luncheon given in his honour, Mr. Masters leaned toward the assembled company, which included Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, Mr. Charles Hanson Towne and Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, and said, of course in his characteristic drawl: "Once upon a time there was a cowboy and he rode into the city and

.

But they said
Well, he looked at them for a while and
then he said”

This anecdote, I think, gives a clear idea of Mr. Masters's peculiar humour, and explains clearly why he is so popular a raconteur. It also shows that his conversation is not weighted down with the gloom which might be expected from the author of poetry that is, so to speak, so suicidal in tone.

As I have already said, Mr. Masters was born in Bleeding, Kansas. He went to high school and to Knox College. In spite of the fact that his father was a lawyer, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1891.

Ever since that year, Mr. Masters has practised law in Chicago, being at one time associated with Clarence S. Darrow, who defended the McNamara brothers. In spite of the popular idea to the contrary, Mr. Masters is a Democrat, not a Socialist.

Readers of the *Spoon River Anthology* may be pardoned for believing that its author is a Socialist. For certainly the book numbers among its villains Capitalism and dear old Economic Determinism. Certainly Malachi McMud and Flossie FitzGibbons, or whatever their extraordinary names are, didn't have a fair show. They needed settlement houses and a four-hour day and municipal ownership of street cars, and free pianos and birth control. Especially birth control. And that's Socialism, isn't it?"

Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Masters isn't a Socialist. He's a pacifist and a Progressive Thinker, and a Utopian and a Proletariatophile and all that sort of thing. War and birth he regards, as his poems show, as loathsome and unnecessary evils. Nevertheless, he is a Democrat.

He is a Democrat of the romantic Middle-Western type. He used to like Bryan, until Bryan annoyed him by

speaking of Christianity in tones Mr. Masters considered too complimentary. I do not think that Mr. Masters is a single-tax Democrat, for I have never heard him mention the subject. And every single-tax Democrat of my acquaintance introduces the subject during the first two minutes of every conversation.

I have said that Mr. Masters does not talk like the *Spoon River Anthology*. Neither does he always write like the *Spoon River Anthology*. He wrote tremendous dramas in blank verse and pleasant and traditional lyrics before he discovered Spoon River, and I think that some of the work in *Songs and Satires*, his most recently published book, was written before he became famous. Recently, in Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*, he has shown that he can use rhyme and rhythm deftly. Among his contributions to this magazine was one extraordinary poem of considerable length, dealing with the life of Christ—a sort of Gospel according to Edgar, or Epistle to the Spoon Riverites. This little adventure in the Higher Criticism ended with this golden couplet:

And after Him there came a man named Paul,
Who almost spoiled it all.

When I read that couplet, I placed Edgar Lee Masters at last. I remembered him—the friend and marvel of my youth. I don't believe all this stuff about Kansas and Knox College and practising law in Chicago and all the rest of those biographical details. I think that I used to see Mr. Edgar Lee Masters some twenty years ago in the mountains of New Hampshire. I think that he used to sit, chewing tobacco, whittling a stick and philosophising, on a cracker box in the grocery store, which is also the post office, at West Swanzy. And I think that he was called the Village Atheist.

AN UNTRADITIONAL HANDEL*

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS

IF you ask the man of average musical intelligence who Handel was, he will probably say the composer of the "Messiah" and "Handel's Largo." He will be quite as likely to add that he was a writer of church music. In the study of the composer, which has just made its appearance, the "Messiah" is disposed of in a few sentences, while the "Largo" is not even mentioned. Furthermore, the writer says:

Handel was never a church musician and he hardly ever wrote for the church. Apart from his "Psalms" and "Te Deum," composed for private chapels and for exceptional events, he only wrote instrumental music for concerts and for open air *fêtes*, for operas, and for those so-called oratorios which were really written for the theatre.

Clearly, whatever else may be said, this characterisation is far removed from the traditional one which has persisted in most musical histories for more than a century. Due largely to the bracketing of his name with that of his greater contemporary, Bach, Handel has been placed in a false light, which all the research that has been expended upon the subject, including the monumental biography by Chrysander, has failed to change. It has remained for a Frenchman to set forth, with a fresh vision and a clearer perspective, the influences and circumstances surrounding Handel's life and the general characteristics of his art.

Not only is Rolland's study untraditional, it is also unconventional. The book of two hundred pages is divided almost exactly in half, the first half being entitled "His Life" and the second "His Technique and Works." But, as the writer plainly demonstrates, it is

next to impossible to separate the composer from his works; and the first half of the book is filled with comments on the works, while the second half contains many references to the life. Furthermore, it seems impossible to separate Handel and his works from the period in which he lived. The pages of the book are interlarded with accounts of the great composers of that epoch, men whose work is only less important than that of the two giants whose names dominate the period. Very illuminating is Rolland's description of the influence on Handel of his teacher Zachau, who not only gave the pupil a strong grounding on the technical side of his art, but developed the inventive side by explaining to him "the various methods of writing and composing adopted by different nationalities," and by giving him "exercises to work in such and such a style."

This education with a true European catholicity was not confined to one particular musical style, but spread itself out over all schools, and caused him to assimilate the best points of all; for who can fail to see that the conception and practice of Handel, and indeed the very essence of his genius, was the absorption of a hundred different styles!

The author devotes a number of pages to Abbé Steffani, who had a marked influence on Handel's vocal style. This extraordinary character was not only a churchman, but that rarest combination, a musical genius and a successful diplomat, who enjoyed the confidence and favour of his royal master and died rich in years and honours—a figure with a wealth of material to contribute to the fascinating subject of music and politics.

The traditional conception of Handel is that of a "grand old thief," who

*Handel. By Romain Rolland. Translated by A. Eaglefield Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

laid violent hands on the music of others, bending it to his own uses and omitting to observe the quotation marks. Rolland disposes of this much discussed subject in a few words:

Handel worked no less with the music of other composers than with his own. If one had the time to study here what superficial readers have called his plagiarisms, particularly taking, for example, "Israel in Egypt," where the most barefaced of these cases occur, one would see with what genius and insight Handel has evoked from the very depths of these musical phrases their secret soul, of which the first creators had not even a presentiment. . . . Not only did he create music, but very often he created that of others for them.

In an appendix to the volume, which gives a complete list of Handel's works, the author refers to the fact that the complete edition contains, as a supplement, several volumes of works by various Italian and German composers, "which Handel has utilised in his compositions," and adds the list. That Handel was a prolific writer, this complete edition of his works, in one hundred volumes, attests. As his contemporary and friend, the keen musical biographer Mattheson said:

"He was rich in power and strong in will."

His most famous work, the "Messiah," which, by the way, was not originally a popular success, was written in twenty-three days. "Israel in Egypt," which Rolland calls "the most gigantic effort which has ever been made in oratorio," was written in twenty-one days. Mattheson's panegyric seems mild enough, when to the mass of Handel's creative work is added the labour of a busy life as an operatic impresario. He engaged the singers, rehearsed the works, directed the musicians and attended to the financial details of the enterprise, and was usually kept employed, at the same time, in besting those opponents whom a rival faction, after the custom of the day, endeavoured to set up against him. Rolland, with his usual

keen, analytical and introspective faculty, emphasises the dramatic quality of the oratorios, which, he says, even more than the operas are musical dramas. He performs a real service in emphasising the relative importance of Handel's instrumental works and in preserving a just balance between the operas and the oratorios. A perusal of the book certainly creates the impression of a musical genius far more rounded than the generally conceived conception of the composer.

In a brief introductory note, the author deprecates the insufficiency of a book of two hundred pages, the result of many years of study. "To treat at all adequately of Handel's life and work, needs a lifetime in itself." He uses frequently the epithet "colossal," and it is easy to see that his admiration for Handel is quite as strong as that of the most enthusiastic Englishman. The English have always claimed Handel as their very own. It is interesting, in the light of the present day, to read that "the childhood of Handel was influenced by two intellectual forces, the Saxon and the Prussian. Of the two, the more aristocratic and also the more powerful was the Saxon." During his lifetime, Handel was affectionately called "Il caro Sassone," and the emphasis upon this side of his origin throughout Rolland's entire book is very strong. With due allowance for the natural prejudices of a Frenchman at this juncture, it still remains true that Handel, in sharp distinction to Bach, who was above all else characteristically a Teuton, was an artist who cannot be localised.

Profoundly German in race and character, he had become a world citizen like his compatriot Leibnitz, whom he had known at Hanover, a European with a tendency for the Latin culture. The great Germans at the end of that century, Goethe and Herder, were never more free or more universal than this great Saxon in music, saturated, as he was, with all the artistic thoughts of the West.

The description of Handel's English experiences, which covered so large a part of his life, is filled with delightful side glances at contemporary life at the time which is familiar to English-speaking people as the "Age of Johnson."

Rolland is severe in his condemnation of the customary method of interpreting Handel in a "pompous, rigid and stolid manner, with an orchestra and choir far too numerous and badly balanced, with singers frightfully correct and pious,

without any feeling or intimacy." In a footnote he observes that the number of performers increased from year to year, until at the festival held in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, in 1859, there were four thousand performers. This is the Handel of popular tradition, the Handel of the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," a Handel cold, pompous and bewigged and Rolland does well to turn his brilliant pen against this conception of the composer.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

AN editor whom we know says that never but once, in fifteen years' experience, has he accepted a manuscript that was brought to him unsolicited. He goes on to make the point that the contributor who carries his wares about from office to office, making appointments by telephone with busy editors, wasting their time in useless chatter about the "facts" on which his particular story is based, is usually of such limited mental endowment, and such a natural bore, that his work is bound to bear the earmarks of his stupidity.

These visiting authors are always those, he further says, who insist upon knowing the reasons for rejecting a manuscript—as if the modern magazine editor had time to tell his contributors why their stories or articles or poems are unavailable! They want specific criticism; they want to know the needs of the editor upon whom they call; and when he tells them that the quickest way to learn all that is to study the periodical, they say they haven't time to read magazine stories—they are too busy writing them!

This same editor, disheartened over the poor grade of fiction that was coming to him, recently wrote an article in his magazine, telling young authors that their work would find a ready market with him if it was up to the standard his periodical had set. He begged for stories from these young writers' ex-

perience, from their heart, from their very soul; and he made it plain that he was in a hospitable mood, and was sincere in his desire to get young blood, new enthusiasm, a new point of view.

What was the result? His telephone began to ring the day after his magazine was on sale, asking for "further information"; his reception-room was crowded with a vainglorious group of youngsters who bore scenarios of moving-pictures under their arms—sketches, not stories; and they wondered why he was not as courteous to them as his article led them to believe he would be. They asked a hundred questions, none of which was *à propos* of his magazine's requirements; he was bombarded with the contents of emptied trunks and bureau drawers. No "new enthusiasm" was here!—only the old, old stuff, not even refurbished or regilded, but just thrown at him with looks that seemed to say, "Here it is at last—that big, vital American short story you are looking for!"

This editor now knows that it does not always pay to be too kind and generous. You cannot teach people how to write—they must learn for themselves. Fiction writers, no less than poets, are born, not made. And the man who eats up another's time is apt to have no time of his own when he can think and dream and work. And he goes away disgruntled. He never knows.

FICTION: ONE AND TWENTY STRONG*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"THE WONDERFUL YEAR"

THE two young people who fill the first half of Mr. Locke's delightful fantasy, *The Wonderful Year*, are Corinna Hastings and Martin Overshaw. Taking the young woman first, here is what she has to say for herself, as told to Martin in the little Paris *café* where the couple, both poor and both desperate meet after a separation of years:

I'm an utter, hopeless failure. I'm done for. An old aunt died and left me a legacy of four hundred pounds. I thought I could best use it by coming to Paris to study art. I've been at it three years and I'm as clever as when I began. I have about twenty pounds left. When it's gone I shall have to go home to my smug and chuckling family. There are ten of us. I'm the eldest and the youngest is three months old. Pretty fit I should be after three years of Paris to go back. When I was at home last, if ever I referred to an essential fact

of physiological or social existence, my good mother called me immodest and my sisters, goggle-eyed and breathless, besought me in corners to tell them all about it. When I tell them I know people who haven't gone through the ceremony of marriage, they think I'm giving them a peep into some awful hell of iniquity. It's a fearful joy to them. Then mother says I'm corrupting their young minds and father mentions me at family prayers. And the way they run after any young man that happens along is sickening. I'm a prudish old maid compared with them. Anyway Wendlebury—that's my home—would drive me mad. I'll have to go away and fend for myself. Father can't give me an allowance. Besides, I'm not that sort. What I do I must do on my own. But I can't do anything to get a living. I can't typewrite, I don't know shorthand. I can scarcely sew a button on a camisole. I'm not quite sure of my multiplication table, I couldn't add up a column of pounds, shillings and pence correctly to

Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company.

The Kingdom of the Blind. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Barnacles. By J. Macdougall Hay. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Wall Street Girl. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Finding of Jasper Holt. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Painted Scene. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Magnificent Adventure. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Johnstone of the Border. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Leatherface. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

*The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Bird House Man. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Clover and Blue Grass. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Second Choice. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

From the Housetops. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Damaris. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Guiding Thread. By Beatrice Haraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.

Beef, Iron and Wine. By Jack Lait. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Divine Egotist. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. By John Reed Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The House of Fear. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. By

save my life. I play the devil with an egg if I put it into a saucepan, and if I attempted to bathe a baby I should drown it. I'm twenty-four years of age and a helpless, useless failure.

Martin is a young fellow of thirty, a college man who, when it was necessary to support his mother, became French teacher in a London middle-class school where for seven long years he stuffed enough so-called French into boys to enable them to pass examinations. In a fit of disgust he has thrown up his job and come to Paris for the first time in his life. He has forty pounds in his pocket. Paris seems Paradise to him, especially when he meets his old friend Corinna. The story opens as they are having dinner at the *Petit Cornichon* in the Rue Baret, an obscure street between the Sorbonne and the Seine. Both are young, both are in love with Paris, with art in all its phases, and both see life ahead as a blind alley. Before the meal is over they make the acquaintance of Mr. Daniel Fortinbras, a mysterious personage, half English, half French, who calls himself a *Marchand de Bonheur*. For years it has been his custom to frequent the small cafés of the Latin quarter, doing his best to alleviate misery. As a dealer in happiness he gives advice, patches up legal quarrels, lovers' squabbles. He knows human nature and he loves his fellow-man and woman. There is no trouble too complicated for him. His uniform charge for a consultation is five francs.

Corinna knows his reputation for ability and honesty so well that at sight of this shabby personage, part clergyman, part lawyer, possibly part rogue, she calls him to her table, lays down her five francs and puts their story before him. His prescription is an amazing one. He tells them to get bicycles and wheel to Brantôme in the south of France. There they will find his brother-in-law, Bijourdin, who keeps the Hôtel des Grottes. He will show them the road to happiness and incidentally how to make *paté de foie-gras*. The young people take his advice and

start on their journey of three hundred miles. To tell further how the adventure turned out, or of the wonderful things that happened to them in this wonderful year would hardly be fair to Mr. Locke. The reader need not be told that the author's pictures of the Latin quarter and of the Brantôme life are fascinating. Mr. Locke loves his France and makes his readers do likewise. Some one has said that every true artist has two countries—his own and France. Mr. Locke agrees with this enthusiast. Nor need one be told that the book is full of quaint bits of wit and shrewd philosophy. The story is wholly fantastic, impossible, and, as I said in beginning, delightful.

"THE BIRD HOUSE MAN"

The central figure of *The Bird House Man* is a middle-aged philosopher who makes bird houses and mends hearts. When Alec Farnum finds two young people who ought to love each other he drops his hammer and saw long enough to knock their heads together until they see what is good for them. Luckily for the reader the neighbourhood of Southmead, where Farnum lived, was just full of couples who ought to marry and did not know it until the bird house man put it into their heads. From the observation of his beloved birds he learned a lot about human nature.

"Did you ever reflect," he said to his housekeeper, Mrs. Plumb, "that the birds never make a mistake in mating? Robins mate with robins, hermits with hermits. Who ever heard of a song sparrow mated with a grackle? It's only we poor blundering humans who get all mixed up in our mating. It is not so much Jew, or Chinese or Slav that makes the difference in us humans; it's our souls. Some of us are wild ducks, some of us are hermits and some of us are domestic robins or merry chickadees, or cantankerous crows. There are nightingales and song sparrows as well as hawks and grackles. But we don't find our own kind at mating time. Do you know why we don't, Mrs. Plumb? The answer

to my question is that the circulation among souls is not free enough. It is too constricted. Love is with us a matter of proximity. We have to love—it's our nature. If we are a song sparrow and there is no other song sparrow in sight, we foolishly fall in love with the grackle next door. That's the whole trouble with humanity."

So Alec sorts his cases over and tries to do his mating upon scientific principles. Sometimes he has trouble—he succeeds only after deluging his friends in tears. "Well, well," he once exclaims, "here we've all had a perfectly delightful time weeping. Let's go home." When, in the "Wild Duck," one of his birds wants to fly far away with a broken heart his method of cure is excellent. "The Wild Duck," by the way, one of the best sketches in the book, reminds me in essence of Arthur Schnitzler's witty playlet *Le Souper d'Adieu*, which Mr. Eaton in his days of dramatic criticism must have seen and enjoyed. In that little masterpiece a young man who wished to break with a fascinating ballet dancer, invites her to a farewell supper where he purports telling her that all is over between them, as he intends to marry and settle down. It was agreed between them when they first became acquainted that if ever one became tired of the other, he or she should say so openly. The time, he thinks, has now come for him to speak and he gives the supper, inviting an old friend of his to be present, as in the presence of another man the lady will not resort to hysterics. So the gay little banquet begins and after the oysters, while Gustave is making up his mind for the plunge, the dancer announces that she has something to say. It is, briefly, that she feels the time has come for a separation—she has decided to marry and settled down. Consternation and indignation upon the part of Gustave. The tables are turned upon him; while his old friend chuckles with glee and the ballet dancer drinks more champagne than is good for her.

Mr. Eaton's Wild Duck wants to fly

away, but finds that the girl can fly, too. She is not going to stay at home with a broken heart. "I'm going to leave my broken heart behind!" she exclaims. "I'm not going to take any heart with me. I'm going to do a little wild ducking! Perhaps you'll tell me what my business is? Waiting for a man, I suppose, and singing in the Episcopal choir and helping wash dishes. Not much! The choir won't be any worse if I leave it—it couldn't—and father can afford to hire a maid!" So before the young man has a chance to break with her, she kicks over the Southmead traces and becomes a famous dancer, which brings the lover to his knees.

There are a dozen sketches in the volume, all of them sprinkled with homely wisdom and with, here and there, a touch of neat pathos.

"CLOVER AND BLUE GRASS"

In *Clover and Blue Grass* we have another lot of the Kentucky stories that have won wide favour for their author. Mrs. Hall knows her countryfolk from the ground up. She can laugh over their foibles and cry with pity over tragedies that are none the less tragedies because the people concerned are humble. But it is the laughter of the countryside rather than its tears that *Clover and Blue Grass* is concerned with. One of the best sketches in the book, "How Parson Page Went to the Circus," is a rollicking affair in which a good man who wants to keep in the straight and narrow path prescribed for him by custom and the Presbytery, finds himself elbowed out of it in disconcerting fashion. The parson and his wife went to the circus to see only the wild animals because animals are described at length in the Bible. But a storm comes up that drives the couple into the show tent; it was either that or the ruin of his wife's only silk dress. What the parson sees of the show, how it affected him, how he found himself winning a five dollar bet with the circus manager before he knew it, what he told his flock on getting home and what he told the Presbytery

when he was called to account for conduct unbecoming in a minister, all this is amusingly told. At the end of his day at the circus the parson was confused. "This morning," he said to his wife, "when I set out for town, I thought I knew exactly what was right and what was wrong, but now I'm so turned and twisted that if anybody asked me whether the ten commandments ought to be observed, I believe I'd stop and think a long time before I answered, and then like as not I'd say: 'Sometimes they ought and sometimes they ought-n't.'" How the purchase from a slick-tongued agent of a wonderful dress-making chart got the female population of the neighbourhood into hot water is another clever sketch. The chart was warranted to show how to make anything from a ball dress to a pair of overalls. It promised such wonders that every woman in the village borrowed it. The chart may have been all right, but it was complicated and the results as displayed at Sunday meeting were amazing. One need not be told what an amount of fun Mrs. Hall can get out of such a situation.

"SECOND CHOICE"

In Will N. Harben's latest Georgia story, *Second Choice*, we have the history of a man who has to carry the burdens of his family—pay its debts, shield its black sheep, stave off the ruin that others bring about. He does all that any saint could ask him to do until the woman he loves throws him over because of his poverty. Then he takes the bit in his teeth and leaves the State. He was poor because his money had gone to keep his brother from the jail where he rightly belonged. In the Far West Wynn Dunham, after the usual ups and downs, begins to prosper. Years pass and he becomes a rich man. Georgia seems to be forgotten until he meets a queer character from home, a wandering medicine pedler who has found life too tame in a small town even with the good wife who slaved for him. This Thornton, the medicine pedler, is the foil to

Dunham. He is as slippery as Dunham is sure. His idea of happiness is to swindle people from a soap box, and his joy was more in showing off his own cleverness than in making dollars. He, too, fled the State and fate brought him to the town in which Dunham was a power. There was a streak of good in Thornton which in the end made him yearn to go back to his wife and do his best to make her happy. For years he had been selling his nostrum under the impression that it was worthless—that was upon what he prided himself; any one could sell a good thing, but it required genius to make a fortune out of molasses and water at a dollar a bottle. Suddenly it is discovered that his Elixir of Life has astounding merit. Physicians praise it and a big company pays him fifty thousand dollars for his secret. Thornton, from the moment he knows his Elixir is a real elixir, feels that his occupation is gone. He sells out and prepares to go home to Georgia.

Before going, however, he induces Dunham to forgive the past, to forgive even the brother whose crime drove him from home and lost him his early love. The two men return to Georgia. In order to test the situation, they appear almost in rags and pretend poverty. Thornton's wife receives him with open arms, offering to share her little with him, while Dunham finds in the younger sister of his old sweetheart the one whom he ought to have married years before. *Second Choice* is a tale of humble people told with skill and with appreciation of the humorous pages of rural life.

"FROM THE HOUSETOPS"

From the Housetops starts out with rather an astonishing situation. A young physician of good family, the grandson and only heir of a rich merchant, discovers that while he is away in Europe his grandfather has induced Anne Tresslyn, the girl whom he adores and whom he expected to marry, not only to discard him but to take the old man. Old Templeton Thorpe was nearly eighty

and the girl was twenty-two. How and why this astonishing state of things is brought about constitutes the problem set before the reader with all the customary ingenuity of Mr. McCutcheon.

Templeton Thorpe loves his grandson. He is an old man and very ill. He may live a month or a year—hardly more. He knows that Anne cannot love him except as a girl may love her own grandfather. And yet he is ready to break his grandson's heart if the girl will consent to this extraordinary marriage. Anne, upon her part, has no illusions. She knows that Braden Thorpe, the man she loves is worthy of her and that marriage with his grandfather is a criminal farce; yet she is willing to do it and does it. Braden is wildly indignant and feels that the world has gone insane, as well he might. There is the puzzle to be worked out, and perhaps it would be unfair to the author to hint at the solution. The little drama takes place in New York with its background of social joys and tribulations. There are despicable characters and some noble ones, with, as secondary theme, another problem: how far has a physician, or any one, the right to take life when death will be a blessed relief for the sufferer and the deed is done at his prayer? This part is treated very seriously and is in contrast with much of Mr. McCutcheon's previous work. It is an old problem about which much may be said. Its introduction here into the situation outlined presents it from another angle.

In the end all is well. But this is not accomplished without many adventures, painful and otherwise. Templeton Thorpe marries Anne and does it, as he says, because he loves his grandson. Whether he was right or wrong, the reader must decide for himself.

"DAMARIS"

Lucas Malet's *Damaris* is the story of a man's salvation through love for a child. Her scene is India, at the military post of Bhutpur, where Colonel Charles Verity is Chief Commissioner and virtual ruler. The chief characters

of the romance are this Verity, a strong character in most things, but the prey of the several women who pass through his life, his little daughter Damaris, and the beautiful Mrs. Henrietta Pereira, with whom Verity had been madly in love when she was the wife of his best friend. The romance of years ended for the time being when she went home from India to England with her husband, Chauncey Adams, and Verity, in despair, married the young girl who on her death bed confided her child Damaris to him. It was the irony of fate that no sooner had Verity burned his ships behind him by marrying than Adams died in England. His old love was free, but he was bound. Henrietta was not a woman who could remain long without a slave, and so she married Captain John K. Pereira, a handsome gambler who thought his fortune made when he captured the rich widow. Then came the death of Verity's wife. If Pereira knew what was decent in him he would have shot himself. But he was devoid of decency and he promised to live a century. When the story opens Verity has invited his old friend, Mrs. Pereira, to spend a month as his guest in Bhutpur, and she, holding the family purse-strings, has induced her husband to consent. He could stay in Bombay, drinking and gambling at his wife's expense. Verity needed her advice as to the education of his little Damaris, and she felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to consent.

Mrs. Pereira, as she stood beside Colonel Verity, presented an appearance almost extravagantly feminine. She wore a round cloak of light, self-coloured, silky material which covered her, extinguisher-wise, to the hem of her widely distended petticoats. Her narrow-brimmed white hat had a trimming of pale blue feathers and black ribbon velvet. Over the low crown of it a blue gauze veil floated. Her mouse-brown hair was arranged in a large bun-like chignon. From behind her left ear one long smooth curl depended until the end of it rested on the swell of her bosom. Not only crinolines but profiles were then in fashion; the squashy,

loose-lipped, boneless, democratic style of beauty prevalent not having yet reached us from across the Atlantic. Mrs. Pereira possessed a profile. Her whole mask indeed, was chiselled and finished as of a cameo. Modern taste would probably condemn it as being at once too defined and too finical, lacking in mobility and in amount of actual flesh. It is undeniable that her lips were thin, although when she smiled the corners of her mouth tipped upward with almost disconcerting merriment. Her eyes did more than smile. They laughed and that not unfrequently, thanks to the entertainment afforded her by the vagaries, vanities, weaknesses of her acquaintances, friends and other than friends, alike. Toward all these her attitude, though not actively benevolent, was at least admirably tolerant. For, if the passion of pity was somewhat wanting in her, the passion of persecution was wholly so. At three and thirty her complexion still successfully withstood the acerbities of the Indian climate, her skin being remarkably fine in texture and of an almost silvery whiteness. On the round of either cheek a charming blush-rose blossomed, which owed its presence to the natural excellence of her circulation rather than to art. A woman of exquisite surfaces both mental and physical, polished, iridescent, substantially the same yet superficially changeful as mother-of-pearl having, not impossibly, as basis of nature and character, traces of the gritty, harshly resistant "shell" which backs that extremely lovely substance.

Such is the picture which the author gives of the lovely Mrs. Pereira. No wonder that her coming created disturbance. All the women hated her on sight. All the men became her humble adorers. But little Damaris loved her, first for her beauty, next for some streak of tenderness which children find with the same certainty that they discern its lack. Damaris gave up her dearest dolls to earn Mrs. Pereira's good will, and the "effalant" she received from her as a parting gift was the one beautiful thing in her little life.

In an army post such as that so graphically described as is Bhutpur, the current of venomous gossip runs deep

and swift. The account of the campaign waged by the women of the post from Sarah Watson, Damaris's old nurse, who resented to the death any encroachment upon her influence over the child, to the woman whose position as reigning belle was threatened by the newcomer, is given with skill and wit. The near tragedy that results in Mrs. Pereira's attempt to be friendly with Colonel Verity's young men, has a more serious note. The long-smouldering passion of Verity himself for the woman who cannot belong to him except by flight and defiance of conventions that hold in Bhutpur as strongly as in London, this of course is the vital theme of the book. Through it all runs the innocent, quaint, childish prattle of Damaris, "the wise child," as her father calls her. It is a picture of a fierce passion with, as background, the soul of a lovely child and still further back the mystic spell of India. The author has written of post life before. In *Damaris* her pen shows no falling off in the depiction of men and women under stress of temptation.

"THE GUIDING THREAD"

Joan Holbrook, the chief figure of Beatrice Harraden's *The Guiding Thread*, has married a man whose one passion in life is the Italian Renaissance. The history of that time has been his life work—he has dreamed and thought of nothing else, making subordinate to it everything and everybody, even his pretty young wife whom he has trained, rather against her will, to become his amanuensis and his assistant. In order to devote himself and her more fully to the great history that he intends writing he has buried himself in a remote village where nothing but books can find them and lives in a den reached by a ladder. Years of this lonely life have clouded the young woman's brain. She doubts at last the value of the work they are doing. She doubts her husband's inspiration, she doubts herself. Gradually into her brain creeps the idea that she has become nothing but a parrot,

repeating the phrases, the ideas that her husband has taught her. Her enthusiasm for the great work vanishes. She longs for freedom, for people, for life. She does not want to spend the rest of her existence studying the lives of people dead and gone these hundreds of years; she wants to meet and talk with people who still live. The company of Savonarola, the Medici, the Borgias, the Sforzas, the D'Estes and all that company of brilliant and often wicked people has grown hateful to her. She thinks that too much study has made Horace, her husband, a trifle mad, and, to tell the truth, she is not far wrong.

So Joan resolves to break her chains. While Horace is away from his den she burns the work of years—her work—and calmly tells him that she has done so because the papers contained nothing really of hers. All was but an echo of what he told her. But Horace depended on those notes which had taken seven years to gather. A lifetime would hardly suffice to replace them. In a fit of wild rage he strikes her. A second later he is horrified for, although he does not seem to know it, he loves Joan even more than the Italian Renaissance. Joan listens in a dazed way to his cries for forgiveness and the next day runs away to seek life that is life and not a shadow cast by the life of four hundred years ago.

The book then becomes an account of Joan's adventures in the world. She falls in with extraordinary people, some amusing, some proper, some the reverse. She crosses the Atlantic and nearly starves until her knowledge of the Italian Renaissance comes to her rescue when a publisher gives her work in that field and finds that she is a marvel of erudition and taste. She still feels that she is merely the echo of all that Horace taught her, but gradually the truth grows upon her that unconsciously she has absorbed much of his love and enthusiasm, and that after all, when apart from him, she has ideas of her own, discrimination, taste, judgment. The blow that Horace struck liberated her. It

was the heroic remedy she needed. For a well-known author and an ardent suffragist to put forward this thrashing of a loving wife as the salvation of the woman, looks a bit like subtle sarcasm, but certainly Joan's redemption begins with that blow which sent her reeling when Horace discovered that the Italian Renaissance notes had gone into the fire.

While Joan is winning fame and fortune as an editor in New York, Horace is eating his heart out at home. He has done his best to find her, but in vain. He suspects his best friend, Beaudesart, of having given her shelter and is inclined to strike him, too. Beaudesart, by the way, is an artist who saw Joan once in her husband's den, but carried away so vivid and delightful an impression that his studio walls blossomed with her portraits. And Horace, finding them, imagined all sorts of things. He still toils at the Italian Renaissance, having partly replaced the loss of the notes that Joan burned. But he is bitter still against her, more perhaps because she had left him than because she had stopped his work. Even when Joan comes back, having heard that he was ill, lonely, sick with longing for her, he repulses her, suspecting that she is in league with Beaudesart, and it is only when she risks her life to save the manuscripts of the Italian Renaissance from a fire in Horace's den, and incidentally saves Horace also, that the recluse student of the Renaissance takes Joan to his arms:

"Joan, my little Joan," he murmured, "and you saved me when you could have freed yourself from me. What a wonderful, wonderful thing." And the author ends her book with: "For answer he saw the light of love in her eyes." The moral, if there is any, is, I repeat, perhaps a dangerous one for a suffragist to point. It looks too much as if it might be: When your wife is discontented, knock her down. If she runs away and comes back, knock her down again. Then, in the words of the author, you may "see the light of love in her eyes."

"BEEF, IRON AND WINE"

Perhaps the most interesting page in *Beef, Iron and Wine*, by Jack Lait, is the one devoted to the author's history. It seems that Jack Lait for a year or more has written a short story every day for a Chicago newspaper—what is called a "fresh, snappy, human story"—and he writes a longer tale for a magazine every month. Before doing these wonders he was a wharf-rat, a ball player, a college student, book agent, police-reporter, political writer, baseball expert, dramatic critic, war correspondent, playwright, novelist and Harry Lauder's press agent. After such a training surely a man ought to be able to write anything—or nothing. There are a score or so of Mr. Lait's sketches in the volume. They are said to suggest O. Henry to some people.

"A DIVINE EGOTIST"

Miss Roe undertakes a good deal when she makes the heroine of *A Divine Egotist* accomplish the wonders she attempts. Velviny Craith is a novelist who, after transforming a broken-down farm into a model settlement where the crops are magnificent and the tenants as happy as the day is long, tackles the bigger problem of freeing her county town from the ring of corrupt politicians who have it in their clutches. It is a tremendous task for any one, doubly difficult for a woman. But Velviny is no common woman. She is a divine egotist who believes that things ought to go right because she thinks they ought not to go wrong, and with the help of this spirit she carries the thing through. Incidentally she forges her sharpest sword from the most worthless material, in other words, she finds her champion in the drunkard she rescues from the gutter. The whole task is almost beyond her, but with courage, prayer and the simple refusal to acknowledge defeat she comes through at the end with flying colours, having made a man from a brute, and saved her town from disgrace. Of course there is a love story mixed

in with the turmoil of ward politics. Velviny is too much of a woman not to love the man she has created out of nothing, and he helps her to find the difference between the aristocratic snob she might have married but for accident and the regenerated and noble fellow who takes her to his arms in the last chapter. There is a good deal of fun in Miss Roe's unpretentious little story. A young woman who can thrash a vile politician with one hand and with the other apply horse linament to her old black "mammy's" lame knee—with frightful results—may be depended upon as versatile. And there is also pathos, for Miss Roe's account of Velviny's adoption of the blind baby, Jan-ness, is one of the best things to her credit.

MYSTERY STORIES: "THE CAB OF THE SLEEPING HORSE," "THE HOUSE OF FEAR," "THE CURIOUS CASE OF MARIE DUPONT," "THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND"

The Cab of the Sleeping Horse is the absurd title of a story that fits the title. An American diplomatist, or alleged diplomatist, named Harleston, is walking back one night to his palatial apartment in one of Washington's finest apartment houses when he comes across a cab-horse asleep, tied to an empty cab. Curiosity impels him to look inside. He is rewarded with a lace handkerchief, some roses and a letter, all of which he carries off to the aforesaid palatial apartment. The paper, which he examines when safe indoors, contains an apparently meaningless string of capital letters—evidently a code message. The diplomatist is a clever man, so he takes his finds to a friend in the next apartment and goes to bed. An hour later several gentlemen of fierce aspect break in upon him to demand the letter he found in the cab. The veriest tyro at detective stories can see from here that this code message is of vast international importance and that the reader is to assist in a helter-skelter race for it that will last till the end of the book. De-

tectives, male and female, spies, statesmen, even our Secretary of State, thieves, burglars and lady-like swindlers are mixed up in the race. A certain Mrs. Spencer, once the morganatic wife of the Duke of Lotzen, later the mistress of several other distinguished persons, and, when the story begins, a secret agent of Germany, described as the most fascinating and accomplished woman of two continents is the keenest of the hounds on the scent. This is the way the author makes her talk: "Why didn't she beat it there direct from the train I can't imagine. It riles me, however, that the affair was so atrociously bungled by Crenshaw and the others." This sounds like telephone-girl talk, but it is from the ex-Duchess; and the real angel of the book, Mrs. Clephane, is not much better. Here is her summary of life: "A man may be cynical and get away with it; a woman only injures her complexion and makes trouble for herself. Me for the happy spirit and side-stepping the bumps."

Those of us who have been inside great theatres when the lights are out, the seats covered with cloths and the place everything that a theatre should not be will acknowledge the inspiration that led Wadsworth Camp to place his latest mystery in an abandoned playhouse. *The House of Fear* is the name given to an old theatre unoccupied for years and now taken by a bold manager named McHugh who proposes nothing less than a revival of the very play in which a great actor died forty years before on the stage as he uttered a famous line of imprecation. People shake their heads and predict that nothing but misfortune can come of such temerity and so it proves. Fear grips every member of the cast, from the first rehearsal. It is only the grim determination of the manager that compels them to go on. At the dress rehearsal the leading man falls dead just as his predecessor had done, and at the same line. That might have daunted most managers, who as a matter of fact are rather superstitious men. But not so in this case. McHugh

vows that he will put the play on if every ghost of the old company gathers on the stage and every seat in the audience has a skeleton in it. He finds another leading man daring enough to attempt the part. The night of the dress rehearsal comes around again and with tense nerves all concerned watch for the fatal line. There have been warnings without number that something terrible would happen. Ghostly telephone calls have come from the air; the curtain rose without human help; electric lights went out and on again without rhyme or reason; the orchestra's music was bewitched. And, sure enough, the leading man almost loses his life. But there proves to be a solid foundation for the diabolical doings in the old playhouse. McHugh solves the mystery. The sense of abject fear produced by an unseen foe is well portrayed and for those who like to read with cold shivers running down their backs *The House of Fear* is just the book.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont is said to be the first book of Miss Adele Luehrmann. If it were the lady's tenth, it would still be a credit to her, for as mystery stories go this has all the attributes of a good one—sustained interest, movement, and the sort of ingenuity that keeps the reader guessing and guessing wrong all the time. An elderly man, Roger Gavock, who has lived most of his life in Paris, comes back to New York and goes one rainy night to dine with the son of an old friend. On his way through the storm he stumbles against a young and pretty woman. With the habit of years he blurts out: "*Pardonnez-moi, Madame,*" to which she responds: "*Ça ne fait rien, Monsieur,*" which is just what two people in collision on a rainy night might say to another in the Rue de la Paix. The curious feature of this collision is that upon trying to continue the conversation in French, the girl professes to know no French. So after excuses in English he passes on to tell the story to his young friend. The young man also had a story to tell. He was engaged to the loveliest

girl in the world and the best dancer of their set, Marie Dupont. He would take his father's friend to see her dance at a charity entertainment that night, and in the meantime there was her photograph on the desk. Gavock took it up and it was the picture of the girl he had met in the street. Moreover it was a face that he had seen somewhere under strange circumstances. He could not remember where; but he was certain that the face was familiar and that the girl had played some extraordinary part. Then he goes to the dance and with all the rest of the guests marvels at the beauty and grace of this Marie Dupont. When she ends her performance with a strange Russian dance, far too well done and too daring to meet with the approval of the society women present, a light breaks upon him. He had seen her in that Russian dance in a vile Montmartre all-night café where she was known as the mistress of a notorious Rumanian prince and a leader of the *demi-monde*. There is the mystery presented by the author, who unravels it cleverly, at times in too melodramatic a fashion, but always with sufficient skill to hold the reader's interest.

Mr. Oppenheim's latest romance, *The Kingdom of the Blind*, deals with war matters. Most of his personages are in uniform, but they are just as mysterious, just as puzzling as ever. The villain is an English officer, of course with a tinge of German blood in him, who goes about the best society in London picking up information that may be of value to his beloved Kaiser. It is stretching our credulity a trifle to tell us that this dashing Captain Granet carries about with him an autograph letter from the Kaiser offering England peace and all she wants if he, the Kaiser, is allowed to crush France, but that is Mr. Oppenheim's idea of high diplomacy. Of course there is a love story—several of them in fact—and *cherchez les femmes* would not be an inappropriate title, for the women concerned are a singularly foolish lot. No man in his senses would

think of trusting one of them with anything worth keeping. Some of the war pictures have lots of dramatic movement and the Zeppelin raid in which the villain meets his end is quite an exciting affair. The book teems with detectives, secret intelligence officers, envoys in every possible guise, and of course the most harmless man in the world turns out to be the most dangerous. There are surprises without end and excitement on every page—for, of course, Mr. Oppenheim may be trusted for that.

"BARNACLES"

Barnacles, by J. Macdougall Hay, is the story of a sensitive little fellow whose passion in life is the fiddle to which he sticks through poverty, ill-usage, and hard luck, and it is the fiddle that brings him to peace and true love in the end. When Barnacles runs away from the farm taking one of his father's sheep because he thinks he has earned it, his idea is to sell it and buy a fiddle. Life after that does not concern him. He must have a fiddle or die. To tell the truth, Barnacles is a simple-minded chap who is swindled by rogues and cried over by good people. But he is the soul of honesty and he has a heart of gold, even for the sheep that he could see butchered for a fiddle. It is a nice little tale, prettily fanciful and at times touching.

"THE WALL STREET GIRL"

That a girl may work a typewriter in a broker's office and yet be more worthy of love than one whose horizon is bounded by pink teas and diamonds, need hardly be doubted. Mr. Bartlett, in *The Wall Street Girl* contrasts the two young women and shows that Don Pendleton, the young man who found that the typist was an angel and the society girl anything but that, had excellent judgment. It is all rather too obvious—no man in his senses, even a broker's clerk, could have hesitated.

"THE FINDING OF JASPER HOLT"

Mrs. Lutz's hero, Jasper Holt, who gives his name to *The Finding of Jas-*

per Holt, began life by getting from one scrape into another, but always as the champion of some one weaker than himself. His rich mother could do nothing with him. He was the despair of his teachers and yet he acquired a marvellous amount of knowledge. In college he was so hopeless that his mother cast him off and he made a home for himself in the free West. His house came to be the refuge for sinners; the outcasts of society were drawn to him for help or comfort in dire need or peril. He had always been the champion of the under dog and by finding others he found himself. Of course such a man cannot escape love and Jean proves the wife that he needs.

"THE PAINTED SCENE"

A dozen sketches of life behind the scenes make up Henry K. Webster's *The Painted Scene*, wherein one may learn much of the joys and sorrows of the people we see strutting upon the stage. The chorus girl is just as interesting—or uninteresting—off the stage as she is on it, and Mr. Webster shows something of the girl's life that most people ignore. That she is human is sometimes forgotten. These stage stories, republished from various sources, are by one who knows the field. Some of them in which pathos is blended with humour ring true enough to have a foundation in fact. Probably a dramatic reporter's notebook furnished it.

"THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE"

Aaron Burr was so romantic a figure that one cannot wonder at the scores of tales woven around him by story writers in the last fifty years. While this latest portrait study, *The Magnificent Adventure*, by Emerson Hough, does not, however, make Burr the chief figure, but Merriwether Lewis, whose plans for research in the Far West the famous statesman wishes to checkmate. But Burr is, after all, the man to whom the reader listens with most attention, for he was the most fascinating scoundrel of his time. The story, which is told

with no little skill, deals partly with Lewis's love for Theodosia Burr, the vice-president's daughter, and the price he paid for love.

"JOHNSTONE OF THE BORDER"

With the waters of the Solway Firth as his setting Mr. Harold Bindloss gives us a new tale, *Johnstone of the Border*, that deals with war, submarines, brave men and perilous adventure. Johnstone knows the coast along the North Sea from end to end. Tracking spies is sport to him and submarines are big game. He would rather fight than make love, which is rather surprising, for Elsie, his sweetheart, proves herself worth winning and of course he does win her in the end. Both the fighting and the lovmaking are given in plentiful measure.

"WIND'S WILL"

A spirited picture of Paris and France in the days following Waterloo will be found in *Wind's Will*, a romance by Agnes and Egerton Castle that begins when the wind carries the red kerchief of pretty Colinette, the flower girl of the Place Vendôme right into the face of Captain Geoffrey Swiftie, the handsomest officer in the English Light Dragoons. He restores the kerchief but exacts a kiss in return. The romance that follows results in a wedding that creates no end of gossip, for Colinette is a peasant and Geoffrey is a nobleman. The pair have tribulations that threaten shipwreck, but weather their storms in the end. The best feature of the book is the graphic talk throughout, whether the prattle of the French peasants whom these authors know and love so well, or the stilted gossip of the society butterflies, male and female, who were never more curious in language or deportment than at the period chosen. The attitude of Colinette's relatives and friends toward her marriage, half envy, half scorn, is both curious and amusing and the writers have the art of making their conversations, especially of the peasants,

seem real. It is a picture of the time quite as much as the adventure of two spirited young lovers.

"LEATHERFACE"

Baroness Orczy is nothing if not thrilling, and her latest book, *Leatherface*, will disappoint none of her readers. The hero has every attribute that heroes ought to have. He can fight all day and all night and often does so. In the inter-

vals of fighting he can make love with equal vigour. The time is that of the ignoble Duke of Alva whom the Prince of Orange defies and holds at bay with the help of Leatherface. The wonders this mysterious personage achieves make him the hope of the oppressed and the dread of the wicked. The reader may be assured that it is all vastly exciting, for if not the pen of the author would have lost its cunning.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

BY EDNA KENTON

VIII—"LADY DOCTRESSES" OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION

I

It is hardly possible to fathom to-day the depth of daring with which *Blackwood's Magazine* published Charles Reade's *A Woman Hater* in 1876; the first English novel, on its editorial word, "to have a *lady doctress* as a heroine." "The Shameless Seven" were still fighting at Edinburgh University—the seven pioneer women who faced prurient mud for years before they were granted medical degrees from a British medical school. The "delicacy" of the Victorian spinsterhood, male and female, waxed fat and luscious for years on the mental food furnished by this shameless demand of shameless women for shameful knowledge, and revelled in imaginings of the dissecting rooms that outdid any reality. Current comment in the British medical and other journals of the sixties and seventies make clearer than crystal the humorous inanity of a "lady" of that strange, dehumanised era.

In *A Woman Hater* Charles Reade makes Doctress Gale, as he punctiliously calls her, not so much the heroine of a great struggle as it raged, as the historian of it. And a Victorian lady Doctress Gale certainly was not. But she had ladylike reactions, many of them,

lapses hardly to be avoided at so early a stage in the development of a doctress in life or fiction. And she could recount! Anyone who wishes an impassioned and fairly accurate account from the woman's side of that particular battle between the old and the new will not find it misapplied time to run through Doctress Rhoda Gale's "Little Narrative of Dry Facts Told to a Woman Hater by a Woman" that runs through fifty prolonged pages.

As the first doctress known to English fiction Rhoda Gale's personal appearance may not be without hints to the wary. When Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire, with twelve thousand acres, a library, and a hatred of woman that he cherished above all his other possessions, first met her, it was as a half-fainting young woman in black merino and clean collar and cuffs, who is, to be brief, half-starved. She had large hands, a fine, large frame, a "stride," and verged rather toward "the masculine." Temperamentally she "was not amorous, and because of this she was all the more open to female attachments." Of these she has several throughout the novel, and betrays a cool disregard of the human male that in the

end outran Vizard's temperamental and cultivated "hatred" of women. He and Rhoda are, however, very good friends after the male model of friendship in fiction. Vizard took her into a restaurant, immediately after he found her in distress and, while he fed her, began to ask himself "What manner of woman is this woman?" For she uses Latinistic English, speaks of the English daisy as "*Bellis perennis-syngensia superflua*," and comments upon her nerves with an air of scientifically intimate friendship. When she finally told him she had gauged him from the first as "gentlemanly," and added: "Not even hunger would make me sit in a tavern beside a fool or a snob or (with a faint blush) a libertine," Vizard's curiosity at this sort of converse from a mid-Victorian female roused him to the point of demanding query, and the young woman responded vibrantly:

"You will hear a story that the public is deeply interested in and does not know it; ay, a story that will be referred to with wonder and shame whenever civilisation shall become a reality and law cease to be a tool of injustice and monopoly. I am a medical student; a would-be doctor."

Vizard commented with a simple gasp, and she added quickly:

"And so well qualified by genuine gifts, by studying from my infancy, by zeal, quick senses, and cultivated judgment, that, were all the leading London physicians examined to-morrow by qualified persons at the same board as myself, most of these worthy practitioners would cut an indifferent figure in modern science compared with me, whom you have had to rescue from starvation—because I am a woman!"

With this impassioned gambit she set forth upon her little narrative of twenty thousand words, beginning with her childhood. Rhoda's mother had seemingly made a little intellectual gymnast of her daughter, for before she was seven she had studied wild flowers, birds, eggs, Agassiz, ants, in short, Nature. Born in Boston, she studied medicine in Zurich first. "But the school deterio-

rated," said Rhoda contemptuously. "Too many ladies poured in from Russia; some were not in earnest and preferred flirting to study, and did themselves no good and made the male students idler and wickeder than ever—if possible." So she passed on to southern France, where "a French professor" told her with a shrug that it was not for them to teach her delicacy, but rather to learn it from her. "That was a French sneer," said Rhoda keenly, "and I received both shrug and sneer like marble."

Then Rhoda went to Edinburgh, where in real life Miss Jex Blake had preceded her, and, for the sufficient purposes of romance, became one of the Dauntless Seven who fought the fight for medical freedom on behalf of would-be doctresses of Queen Victoria's middle reign. From now on her narrative becomes truly one of dry facts and figures, for she pours out names and dates of early feminist achievements that read like a Woman's Who's Who of the Italian Renaissance, and statistics up to 1876 until Vizard forces the ardent Reade to make him say: "Fancy your remembering figures like that!" She designates the British medical society as a "doctors' union," a closed shop against women.

"We were seven ladies who wished to be doctresses. . . . Our enemies suggested that we must be seven shameless women who pursued medicine as a handle to sexuality; who went into the dissecting rooms to dissect males; and who demanded mixed classes, that we might have male companions in those studies which every feminine woman would avoid altogether. . . . What a monstrous interpretation of pure minds by minds impure! To us the dissecting room was a temple, and the dead an awe, revolting to all our senses until the knife revealed to our minds the Creator's hand in structural beauties that the trained can appreciate if wicked dunces can't. . . . And as to the infirmary, we should have done just what we did at Zurich. We held a little aloof from the male students, unless some good-natured lecturer gave us a signal, and then we came

forward. If we came uninvited, we always stood behind the male students, but we did crowd round the beds of the female patients, and claimed the inner row; and, sir, *they thanked God for us openly!*"

Rhoda Gale despised music, art, dress. She was a French doctress, but under the English law she could not practise in England. Harrington Vizard, woman hater, is dared to defy this law, and declares she shall doctor all Barfordshire, keep seven hundred villagers well, practise at her will in the county hospital and infirmary; "and no magistrate will ever summons you, or jury convict you!"

In Barfordshire, therefore, we take leave of the first doctress in English fiction, prescribing roast beef and port wine for an old man who is "nearly exsanguis"; doing up a bleeding head after the manner of the unsterilised seventies, and adding data from time to time to her projected treatise on *The Cure of Disorders by Esculents*.

II

But in America, three or four years before Doctress Gale's time, Ruth Bolton, Quakeress and doctress, had been hammered into a semblance of life by the earnest hands of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner in *The Gilded Age*. As she sat in her father's house, in Philadelphia, aged eighteen, "reading a medical work," she said suddenly to her Quaker mother, "Mother, I'm going to study medicine." Mrs. Bolton, of the Friends' Society, is as completely upset as a born and bred Quaker may be. "Thee, study medicine!" she exclaimed. "A frail, slight girl like thee, study medicine! And then the lectures and the dissecting rooms, has thee thought of the dissecting rooms!" Of course Ruth had—it seems to be the sum total of argument pro and con against the medical profession for women.

Ruth's father, strangely enough, was not so hostile. According to Twain, he said indeed that he didn't see why a woman shouldn't enter the medical pro-

fession if she felt a call to it, and suggests that Ruth study at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She does, and we are given a harrowing scene in a dissecting room, when Ruth and another girl student go up alone to this grisly place at night to complete "before dawn," a nice little problem in nerve ganglia. But Ruth's mother is right; Ruth was too frail and slight. Furthermore she becomes truly womanly and falls completely in love; therefore, though duly graduated, she marries this young man, named Philip, and gives up her profession.

In *Dr. Breen's Practice*, Mr. Howells cuts his heroine from the same piece of cloth, a fabric neither all wool, nor warranted to wear. Grace Breen is temperamentally unfitted for the arduous profession she chose to enter upon, and she does not necessarily prove much one way or the other. She is a heroine of 1881, and a homeopathic doctress at that. Somehow homeopathy seemed to the quizzical Mr. Howells, and, later, to the earnest Miss Phelps, more ladylike than the rougher drugs of the regular school. Certainly both Dr. Breen and Dr. Zay go about their little worlds dispensing pleasant pellets, to children, women, and men. Grace Breen had had a "romance," a recalcitrant lover who had deceived her, and had, later, married her dearest friend. She had no need of her profession for support, and, because of her unusual delicacy, "its study has cost of her more than the usual suffering that it brings to persons of sensitive nerves. Some details were almost insuperably repugnant." One infers that here Mr. Howells refers indirectly to the dissecting room. Her mother had never opposed her. Grace's ambition "had harmonised very well with certain radical tendencies of her own, and it was at least not marriage, which she had found tolerable only in its modified form of widowhood."

The world of the charming eighties, which included at that time Mr. Howells, had not yet got over its awed or supercilious amazement at women who

could learn things from books—life was still a sealed book to most Anglo-Saxon heroines—and its delineators who struggled, were afflicted with a universal and involuntary impulse to put them all into some sort of sternly conceived and relentlessly modelled uniform. Both Dr. Breen and Mr. Howells repressed this impulse consciously:

If it had not been so much like affectation and so counter to her strong æsthetic instinct, she might have made her dress somehow significant of her complete abeyance in such matters, but as it was, she only studied simplicity. . . . There had been a time when, in planning her career, she had imagined herself studying a masculine simplicity and directness of address, but the oversuccess of some young women, her fellows at the school, had disgusted her with it, and she had perceived that, after all, there is nothing better for a girl, even a girl who is a doctor of medicine, than a ladylike manner.

In those days, this was not pap, but the strong meat of doctrine. Grace is conscious of her sex—as conscious as Mr. Howells.

"I am not a man. I have accepted that with all the rest. I don't rebel against being a woman. If I had been a man, I shouldn't have studied medicine. You know that. I wished to be a physician because I was a woman. . . . I think it's rather hard, mother, that you should always be talking as if I meant to take my profession man-nishly! All that I intend is not to take it womanishly; but as for not being a woman about it, or about anything else, that's simply impossible. A woman is reminded of her insufficiency to herself every hour of the day. And it's always a man that comes to her help. . . . Talk about men being obstacles! It's the other women. There isn't a woman in the house who wouldn't trust herself sooner in the hands of the stupidest boy that got his diploma with me than she would in mine!"

Dr. Breen is twenty-eight, a mature age for a heroine of the early eighties, before the recognised days of *Bella Donnas* and *The Dangerous Age*. But she could not yet bear coldly the con-

fusion to which her quality as diplomaed doctress put men confronted for the first time with a graduate of the New York Homeopathic School. It was hardly less routing, however, than the attitude of women compelled by exigencies to accept her medical services. By one of them she is forced into consultation with a certain Dr. Mulbridge, who treats her as a lady until he learns she is a doctress; then he treats her as one might a pretty child who has precociously and preciously learned a Latin conjugation, until he becomes aware that she is of the homeopathic school, when he faces her as if "she had suddenly changed from a piquant mystery to a terrible dilemma." But he falls headlong and with a certain Scotch dourness in love with her, and tells her she is too nervous and conscientious ever to qualify as a doctress; that she is, in short, a woman, and must give up this man's profession. Grace is by then totally discouraged, and says honestly enough that it has given her up, that she never liked it. She is still obsessed with a Victorian consciousness of sex:

"And I don't give it up because I am unfit as a woman. I might be a man, and still be impulsive and timid and nervous, and everything I thought I was not."

"Yes," said Dr. Mulbridge, "you might be all that and be a man; but you'd be an exceptional man, and I don't think you're an exceptional woman. If you've failed, it isn't your temperament that's to blame."

"I think it is. The wrong is in me individually somewhere."

But the harsh male allopath insists that she has failed not individually, but solely because she is woman, not man; and though Mr. Howells refuses to give this gentleman his heart's desire in Grace Breen's love, he undoubtedly accepts Dr. Mulbridge's intellectual conclusions, at least for the "advanced woman" type of the eighties.

III

A year later Elizabeth Stuart Phelps brought out *Dr. Zay*, in which she

dared far more than the sex-conscious Mr. Howells, though one cannot completely argue away Miss Phelps's personal consciousness of sex differentiations, as she gives Waldo Yorke of Boston, suffering severely from wounds "in the head, the foot, and the right arm," into the professional care of Dr. Atlanta Lloyd, known to her community as "Dr. Zay." Young Mr. Yorke has been in a female doctor's hands for hours before he realises that the physician who is changing the bandages on his head has a *woman's hands*! Even the reader of to-day, inured by a long procession of "sex problem" novels to shock, feels a reflex sense of the horror of 1882 at such a state of affairs. "I am in a *woman's hands*?" says Mr. Yorke nervously. He perceived a woman of medium height, with well-shaped head, and he observed unusual signs of strength in her fingers, "which were not yet deficient in delicacy." Just then a deep wound opens below the shoulder, and blood from a severed artery spurts forth. Dr. Zay serenely "bared" his arm, selected an artery forceps, ligated the artery, and rebanded it. She also bathed and rebanded his "foot." Her face betrayed no uneasiness, "only studious attention." Later she tells him what befell him as he pitched from the broken bridge. "A dislocation of the ankle; a severed artery in the arm; and concussion of the brain. It was a beautiful dislocation," adds the doctor with enthusiasm. Then she surveyed him closely, and he felt most conscious and wondered why. But the female doctor merely observed of his eyes and facial colour: "That is a *chichona* look!"

If Waldo Yorke had ever thought deeply upon doctresses, which he had not, he held them to be higher nurses, poor women who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse cars, and probably dropped their "g's." But Dr. Zay was, quaintly enough, "a lady," who wore "fine cashmere dresses," and bits of carmine ribbon about her immaculate

linen collars. Later it developed, to his entire satisfaction, that she was a perfect lady, with Boston affiliations; that she had even known his family—and him—in their childhood. She, like Rhoda Gale, had studied at Zurich and at Vienna.

"I was at Vassar," said the doctor quietly.

"I have seen educated women before, though you mightn't think it," said Yorke. "My mother had them at the house sometimes. I never saw one like you. . . . You never shrink, never want to give up."

"It was hard sometimes in the foreign lecture rooms, among the men. They were very courteous to me. But they could not make it easy. I never saw a woman rudely treated but once; that was her own fault. Then the dissecting room was a trial to me at first."

"Did you ever have a man for a patient before?"

"Oh, yes. But I do not desire it. It will sometimes happen. Most of my patients are women and children. That is as I prefer it."

"Did you ever treat a young man—a fellow like me?"

"Certainly not."

"I should never have known but that you have them every day."

"And why should you!" she answered coolly, and left him without another word.

With the daring of the female novelist Miss Phelps offers for discussion between her hero and heroine the case of "a poor girl," and one feels young Mr. Yorke's coincident shock and interest at being able to discuss such a social question with a young woman of his day. He is, in fact, fascinated with the novelty of it. Later he assists Dr. Zay in forcing a marriage between this poor girl and her reluctant betrayer, and, this far-reaching piece of doubtful morality accomplished, he makes his first social call upon the doctor. He finds her in a feminine gown of violet muslin, trimmed with fluttering ribbons and bits of lace, and when he comments admiringly upon the change from professional attire, she blushes with vexation. "I do not wear such things," she says. "I do not respect

them. I feel as if I ought to apologise to ideal womanhood every time I cumber my feet and other people's in this way."

Then she adds that the day is warm and the violet muslin is the coolest thing she has. And Miss Phelps comments that it no more occurred to the young man that there was a remote touch of coquetry in the coincidence of his call and the violet muslin, than it did to the lady that he might think so. But this is, of course, nothing more than a bit of mid-Victorian finessing between the gentleman, the lady, and Miss Phelps's highest ideals, and merely goes to show what has been noted before, that "advanced women" must explain why they do not dress like gentlemanly males.

As befits, perhaps, a medical novel, Mr. Yorke's early attempts at courting Dr. Zay tend more to the pathological than the romantic. Dr. Zay, of course, revolts against anything lesser than the perfect marriage, and doubts if this can be that. Yorke wishes to discuss the possibilities in the case. "It only wastes nerve fibre," says Dr. Zay. "Can you give me nothing?" he finally cries passionately. "Nothing that you would care for," says Dr. Zay patiently. "Men do not value a woman's friendship. They do not understand it. They do not know what to do with it." So she sends him away, telling him that what he needs is "absolute separation from all this pathological sentiment and the exciting cause of it."

But in proving her fine point, that Dr. Zay, though a doctress, is refined, womanly, a lady, Miss Phelps errs with most of her contemporary creators of this then new type, and proves too much. The line between the ever-womanly and the martyr is, at best, all too thin, and when Doctress Zay surrenders finally to love, "an incident in human life," it is with the captive's air of surrendering all for it. One feels that Dr. Zay vanishes into Mrs. Waldo Yorke, though this transformation is distinctly not the author's desire or intention.

IV

Helen Brent, M.D., appeared anonymously in 1892, and she is as much of a lady as any of her predecessors, always excepting the somewhat militant and boisterous Doctress Rhoda Gale. "To look at her," says the author apologetically and pridefully, "you would never suspect she was guilty of having graduated from a co-educational college, or of having served as the only woman interne in the Fudge Hospital, or of having gone to Germany alone and braved the medical lions in their dens, or of having been the only woman that the great and only Professor Schwetterberger had consented to instruct, and of having, on her return to America, performed difficult gynecological operations, the success of which had interested the entire medical profession — operations that required nerve, coolness, daring, skill, a steady hand and a delicate one; and when they were over she had never been known either to faint or go into hysterics." She was a very amiable, handsome woman, "surely not past thirty," and very tastefully and quietly dressed.

Now Helen Brent loved Harold Skidmore, but Harold broke their engagement when she took her doctor's degree. For Harold held that love meant giving up "all"—and at this point we begin to suspect that this anonymous novel is written by a woman with a mission to prove that also for women, love is not "all." Helen is willing to compromise by limiting her work to consultations and operations only. "But Harold shuddered to think of his wife coming to him fresh from performing an operation, smelling of ether and carbolic acid." Helen promised him in addition a perfectly managed house, even though she was not to be the brewer of its household yeast and the baker of its daily bread. But Harold held stubbornly to his former views, and she realised sadly, as she handed him back his ring, that "there is nothing for women to do to help on the solution of this great problem of marriage. The change must come from the men. They must be educated to allow

greater liberty of thought and action in their wives, to seek in them companionship in marriage, not merely physical gratification."

Harold is badly educated, however, for marriage with the New Woman, and he marries a less granite-like type, who in the end makes a runaway match with a notorious rake, while Dr. Brent climbs high in her profession, and, in her domestic solitude, enjoys "a peaceful reading of the career of Dorothea Dix or Mary Summerville, or Margaret Fuller, of some woman that had nobly lived up to some definite purpose, some great life work. Incidentally she encounters in her practice among the other characters of the novel, cases that gave her more than sufficient data for a Brieux play, and like most of these self-conscious rebel heroines, she blames man too much. After the Skidmore elopement, however, she receives a letter from Harold, who forecasts that not now, but some day "will come knocking at your door a broken Harold; as a suppliant will he come, hat off, eyes lowered, kneeling in the dust." Alas, the latter state of Harold is more noxious than the first.

Rudyard Kipling does full justice to the wittiest woman in India, and to the baddest woman anywhere. But to the young girl, and to the mediocre or aspiring female generally he is merciless. It is rather interesting, therefore, to find, in Kate Sheriff of *The Naulahka*, a girl of 1890, who, if she had dared parental authority and studied medicine instead of nursing merely, would quite likely have made a really human doctor. Rather evidently, too, Kate succumbed less to her parents than to her literary creators.

The life at the training school was a cruel disillusionment. . . . She had hoped to befriend misery, to bring help and healing to pain. . . . What she was actually set to do was to scald babies' milk cans. . . . The talk of the Arkansas girl who sat on the table and swung her legs while she talked of her flirtations with the young doctors at the

clinics seemed in itself sometimes a final discouragement. The repulsive aspects of nursing did not discourage her, and the surgical operations seemed good to her because they allowed her to help a little.

But Kate and Nick Tarvin re-argue the same old arguments: "Suppose I ask *you* to give up the centre and meaning of *your* life. And suppose I offered in exchange—marriage! What man would pay that price for it!" demands Kate. To which Tarvin, grandly: "Oh, look here, a man isn't an orphan asylum or a home for the friendless. It's just a general agreement to drink your coffee with him in the morning, and be somewhere around, not too far from the fire, in a not too ugly dress, when he comes home in the evening. It's an easy contract."

So Kate goes to India, and establishes herself in the hospital at Rhatore. And when, after an enormous expenditure of energy and moneys, her hospital empties and its patients flee away, the dishonoured Queen calls her to the palace to tell her why: according to the Indian Queen—and the English Kipling—it is because: "Little sister, with us women it is thus and no other way. From all except such as have borne a child the world is hid. How couldst thou understand life that never gave it. . . . To-day the hospital broke from under thee, and the women went out, one by one. And what didst thou say to them? Upon what would a maiden call to bring wavering women back again? There was no child in thy arms. The mother look was not in thy eyes. By what magic wouldst thou speak to women? Thou hast given thy life to the helping of women. Little sister, when wilt thou also be a woman?"

Overwhelmed by the logic of this ever-prisoned Queen, Kate also gives up her career and goes back with Nick Tarvin to Topaz, America.

Dr. Janet of Harley Street, published early in the nineties by Arabella Kenealy, is the story of a thoroughly gentlemanly lady doctor. She has "the heart of a

woman," "the mind of a man," and the dress of the prehistoric among advanced females. She was "a middle-aged, genial-looking woman, of a height and figure whose ample proportions she made no effort to disguise by dress." She wore loosely fitting tweeds—not a dress, but a garb; for the skirt was "divided," and the "bodice" was fashioned after the pattern of a man's shooting coat. Her forehead, chin, hands, and nose were large and massive. Her will was firm, and her temper fiery. "Of no particular politics, her social ethics were inherently radical. She gave precedence to none!" On her list of patients she had royalties, and she dared keep them waiting upon "an humble tradesman's wife" whose babies were ailing. She found a protégé in Phyllis Eve, a seventeen-year-old girl, who had run away an hour after her marriage to the wealthy and vicious Marquis de Richeville, and by one of those happy chances of fiction came into Dr. Janet Doyle's hospital. Dr. Janet seized upon her as fit material to prove "what the woman-mind," properly educated, would bring to materialistic science. Herself she proclaims loudly as of "neuter-nature." "It would not be polite," she said once, "to point out the masculine massiveness of my head, my height, and breadth, and girth; my large broad hands, my masculine features and voice. I tell you, with but few exceptions, there is not a man in this room as muscular, rational, and energetic—in a word, what you call masculine—as I!"

So, with a divinely feminine logic, she seeks to keep Phyllis virgin, and, at the same time, fights against the development of the girl's "neuter-nature," as she puts her protégé's nose deep into medical books. Dr. Janet desires that Phyllis shall never forget that human nature is not circumscribed by anatomy and chemistry. She wishes Phyllis not to think "as men think." She hopes that Phyllis will bring to bear upon Nature's

problems processes and modes of thought entirely "unmasculine." "As we shall when women have got over their first folly of aping!" she cries, striding strengthfully forth in her divided skirt, shooting coat, shirt front and billycock hat!

Yet one rather admires Dr. Janet, if for no other reason than for the advice she gives that wreck of manhood, the Marquis de Richeville, who finally finds Phyllis, and begins to interfere with the Mephistophelian acridity in her life. For Phyllis, who loves and lives at last, an English divorce is the only way out, and this divorce the Marquis refuses. Whereupon Dr. Janet calls upon him one evening and invites him to commit suicide. Seemingly rather stunned by the proposition, he acts upon it, and Dr. Janet endures a fleetingly feminine bit of repentance before she settles down to enjoy the sight of the happiness she has created. "I am a wicked woman!" she says. "But I thank God that he did it!"

As for that "woman-mind, properly educated," that Phyllis was to have brought to the rescue of "man-ridden science," Dr. Janet was doomed again to disappointment. For Phyllis, from the beginning, is so thoroughly feminine, so endowed by Nature herself with infinite capacity for octopus-armed affection and tender suffering, as to shatter all of her patron's hopes for the indelible impress of Phyllis's loving woman-mind upon medicine. Again, as in the case of Dr. Breen and Dr. Zay, alas!

By the beginning of the twentieth century the shouting and clamour over "lady doctresses" had died down. Since then women doctors have appeared now and then in fiction, but not so stridently, more humanly, less as personified arguments for or against a question thrust upon a reading world. After all, these early "lady doctresses" are not, perhaps, so inherently funny as the states of mind in which their authors created them.

CRUIKSHANK IN AMERICA*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

THE recent presentation to Princeton of what has been known as the Meirs Collection (the gift of Richard Waln Meirs, of Philadelphia) has called attention to the extraordinary interest taken by American collectors in Cruikshankiana. By Cruikshankiana is meant first of all the productions of George Cruikshank, and incidentally the work of his father, Isaac Cruikshank, and of his brother, Robert Cruikshank. This interest is not a matter of the moment; for the past twenty years it has been growing steadily. It cannot be explained entirely by the collector's joy in the possession of the unusual, for Cruikshankiana exists on such a vast scale—George Cruikshank lived to such a ripe old age and worked with such steady rapidity—that very little of it can be regarded as rare. What then is the bond connecting Cruikshank with a country that he never visited and with a people that he never satirised? Is it the man himself, his peculiar personality, the men with whom he was associated in

*The collection contains eight hundred and ninety-four volumes and six hundred and ninety-five engravings, sketches and paintings, besides a considerable amount of autographed manuscript correspondence. Mr. Meirs began collecting Cruikshankiana while still a Princeton undergraduate and has been adding to the collection ever since. He has been replacing copies of the books with copies in the most perfect condition until the collection by far the best of its kind in America, is now considered to be as nearly perfect as money and a collector's thorough knowledge and constant interest can make it. The world in general never thinks of George Cruikshank as a painter. Yet to be a painter was his ambition. Here are the evidences in such oil paintings as "A Mother's Love," "Jesus Entering Jerusalem," "The Village Inn," "The Birth of Aphrodite," and "The Pirate Merchantman and the Man-of-War."

the capacity of illustrator, Byron, Dickens, Ainsworth and the rest, or was it that curious London of which he was so long the pictorial historian. Perhaps a combination of all.

In 1840 Thackeray contributed to the *Westminster Review* "An Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank." Despite all that has been written by later critics and appreciators that paper remains the last summing up of Cruikshank's work. All roads lead to it in an estimate of the man's achievement. Yet Thackeray saw nothing strange in the London of the time, nothing grotesque in its foul, crooked alleys, and its whimsical characters as they were depicted by Cruikshank's pencil. The London of Tom and Jerry and Corinthian Kate had not greatly changed from the London which Hogarth depicted in his sketches of Beer Lane and Gin Alley. Elsewhere Thackeray wrote something to the effect that the average Englishman of the eighteenth century would be quite as much out of place at an English dinner table of the first years of Queen Victoria's reign as would an ancient Briton. He did not paint himself blue, he clothed himself into a resemblance of a normal being, but his deportment, his open allusions to the elemental facts of physical life, and his manner of expressing himself would have placed him as much beyond the pale as a Fiji Islander. Yet to the eyes of 1916 the London man-about-town of the Regency and of the reigns of George IV and William IV—the Sir Mulberry Hawk of Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*, or the Harry Foker of Thackeray's *Pendennis*—seems quite as impossible as any Yorkshire squire of the years when the House of Hanover was first called to the English throne.

Four names are linked together in the



THE TRIUMPH OF CUPID—THE FIRST PLATE FOR "THE TABLE BOOK" ETCHED BY CRUIKSHANK IN 1845. THE COLLECTION HAS ONE OF THE FINEST COPIES, IN ORIGINAL PARTS AS ISSUED FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1845. (FROM AN ENGLISH SOURCE.)

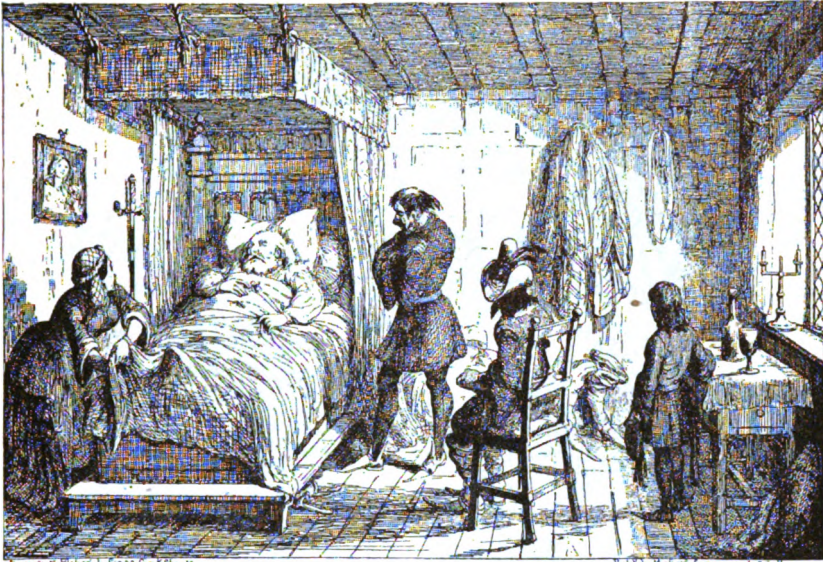


AND NOW THE TURNPIKE GATES AGAIN FLEW OPEN IN SHORT SPACE, THE TOLL-MEN THINKING AS BEFORE THAT GILPIN RODE A RACE THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN (1828). THIS ILLUSTRATION IS ONE OF A SET OF SIX SPIRITED WOOD-ENGRAVINGS. PRINCETON HAS A SET OF BRILLIANT INDIA PROOFS ON LARGE PAPER. (FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION.) ALSO A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY CRUIKSHANK OF HORSES BEARING THE CLINGING FIGURE OF JOHN GILPIN IN FLIGHT. (RICHARDSON COLLECTION.)

history of British caricature and comic art—those of Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruikshank. Cruikshank was the last, and the inheritor from the other three. After him the tone and the method of English caricature changed. If the eighteenth century clung to his work, remember that he was born eight years before that century came to its close. The world in which he grew up had been but little softened since the days of the "Rake's Progress" and "Marriage à la mode." The language which Fielding had put into the mouth of Squire Western was still the language of the average provincial squire, whether he came from the Yorkshire West Riding, or from Cornwall. Still were rogues brought publicly to justice and felon corpses dangled from gibbets, stark against the sky. Perhaps in the London through which Cruikshank roamed in search of his types conditions were slightly ameliorated. Perhaps Gin Lane and Beer Alley were a little better than they were in Hogarth's day. But

it was the same sermon, inspired by practically the same conditions that Cruikshank preached in "The Bottle," and its sequel, "The Drunkard's Children." Then there was the influence of Gillray. It was the influence of a madman, and if that madness never clouded Cruikshank's brain, at least a little of it crept into his pencil. But after all, was not all that society just a little unbalanced? In contemplating it does there not come the thought that it would have been improved by being put away for six months' repose and quiet care in some *maison de santé*?

Eccentric seem the postures of the men and women of Cruikshank's work; but eccentric was the age. England, grappling for life in the struggle with the Corsican, forgot temporarily the danger if a battle between two famous bruisers was pending on Moulsey Hurst. The names of the warriors of sea and land—the Nelsons and the Wellingtons—were little better known than the names of Jem Belcher, and Joe Berks,



"LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF." (1858). THE PRINT REPRESENTS "THE LAST SCENE IN THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF"—ETCHING. HENRY V, ACT 2ND, SCENE 3RD. THE PRINCETON COLLECTION HAS A COPY IN ORIGINAL PARTS—WITH 20 SIMILAR ETCHINGS AND A FULL PAGE WOODCUT; ALSO A COPY AS IT WAS AFTERWARD ISSUED IN ORIGINAL CRIMSON CLOTH IN WHICH AN ORIGINAL A. L. S. OF CRUIKSHANK IS INSERTED. IN ADDITION TO THESE THERE IS A MOST INTERESTING ORIGINAL PROOF FRONTISPICE UPON WHICH CRUIKSHANK HIMSELF HAS WORKED BEARING HIS SIGNATURE AND WITH HIS ORIGINAL IDEA FOR THE LINE OF PUBLICATION. THIS CAME FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CRUIKSHANK'S EXECUTOR. PRINCETON HAS ALSO TWO ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS FOR PLATES TO FALSTAFF AND A PAGE OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES

and Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Gentleman Jackson, and Mendoza of Houndsditch. An affectation, the more absurd the better, counted more for social advancement than wit, or learning, or breeding. The preposterous fribble Brummel was the supreme expression of the age. This nobleman was famous for his ability to imitate the crow of a cock; that one through an assumption of absent mindedness which made him utter the most dreadful personalities about people to their very faces, a third because of his habit of hopping from chair to chair in a drawing-room. The bearer of a great name was applauded when he married the mistress of Jack the Highwayman after Jack had paid the penalty for his adventurous life on the gallows. The American visitor to London may have the good fortune

of being introduced to Brookes and Whites, two clubs that flourished when London was Corinthian. The old books in which bets were recorded are still to be seen. Read them over. They illuminate the spirit of the age. Lord X wagers a thousand guineas with Lord Y that he will walk on his hands from Charing Cross in the space of three-quarters of an hour. Failing to do so Lord X will depilate himself. Colonel A bets the Honorable Mr. B that the Duchess of C will have red-headed twins within twelve months.

II

In the history of Cruikshankiana there are three great names, those of Bruton, Douglas, and Truman. But these three collections have been dispersed and have found their way largely to the



"MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI" LONDON, 1838. 2 VOLS. ILLUSTRATION
 "THE WAGER" TO VOLUME I. THE COLLECTION HAS A BEAUTIFUL
 COPY WITH COMPLETE SERIES OF PLATES BY CRUIKSHANK IN ORIGINAL
 PINK CLOTH. A FIRST ISSUE; ALSO AN ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR
 DRAWING FOR GRIMALDI—UNPUBLISHED

United States. As a result probably in no place, with the exception of the British Museum, can George Cruikshank be so well seen as in the Meirs collection in the library of Princeton University. In view of the scope of that collection, and the necessary limitations of a magazine article, the writer will confine himself to a discussion of a few of the treasures. By Americans Cruikshank has been regarded first of all as an illustrator, so it is fitting to begin with his first venture in this field. In 1820 appeared the famous *Life in London*. It was by Pierce Egan, an Irishman, who, in addition to his descriptions of the ad-

ventures of Tom and Jerry and Logic, and Corinthian Tom and Corinthian Kate, wrote voluminously, and in a most deplorable style, about the English prize ring. Thackeray, writing in 1840, said of it: "Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen." The thirty-six etchings illustrating *Life in London* were the joint work of Cruikshank and his brother. Fred-
 eric Stephens, in his memoir of George



THE FAMOUS ("OR INFAMOUS!!") BILL SYKES ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY HIS DOG, ISSUED IN VOLUME III OF "OLIVER TWIST," WHICH ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN 1838, 12MO. 3 VOLS. A NEW EDITION IN MONTHLY PARTS CAME OUT IN 1846; AND THIS ILLUSTRATION WAS USED AGAIN. IN THE MEIRS COLLECTION AT PRINCETON THERE IS A FINE COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION IN ORIGINAL CLOTH. ALSO AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE COPY OF THE 1846 ISSUE IN PARTS FROM THE FINE LIBRARY OF STEPHEN GEORGE HOLLAND (ENGLISH)

Cruikshank, dismisses them with slight mention, holding the opinion that the artist's peculiar genius in a melodramatic vein reached its acme two years later, when the famous illustrations to *Peter Schlemihl*, eight in number, were published with almost universal applause. In the same year appeared the illustrations to Grimm's *Popular Stories*.

Like *Peter Schlemihl* they attained the extremely rare distinction of being republished in Germany with the original text. Such an honour had been vouchsafed earlier to Hogarth. The Meirs collection contains *Life in London* in the original parts, and also, in original parts, the best *Grimm's Fairy Tales* in existence.



AN EARLY WORK OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM A SKETCH BY ISAAC—HIS FATHER,—ABOUT 1803. THERE IS A FINE COLOURED COPY IN THE PRINCETON COLLECTION. (FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION)

It was not long before Cruikshank came to be generally recognised as the best illustrator to be found in books, particularly of humorous books. As a result the amount of work that he did in this one line of book illustration, in the quarter century from 1830 to 1855, is astonishing. In the year 1831, for example, the "Novelists' Library," or at least the greater part of it was published. It included Smollett's *Roderick Random*, Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Fielding's *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrew* and Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. In that year about one hundred and seventy-five designs of Cruikshank were published for the first time. Then came the work on the books of Ainsworth and Scott. Mr. Russell Sturgis, in an estimate of Cruikshank's work, took the stand that it is disappointing to find so much of Cruikshank's best efforts spent upon books which, from their very nature, cannot have much permanent value. He had Harrison Ainsworth in mind. "Consider Ainsworth's dreary stories," he wrote. "Perfect desert wastes of literature; a New York critic, writing about Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island*, said the mysterious part about it was that anybody should buy it and

read it; and indeed, it is pretty long and wordy and slow; but it is of absorbing interest and condensed beauty in comparison with *Rookwood* or *Jack Shephard*. How a Newgate novel can be made so dull passes comprehension. The story of *Rookwood* creeps."

Then came the brief association with Dickens. First there were the illustrations for *Sketches by Box* and then for *Oliver Twist*. There were twenty-five etchings for the latter book, and Mr. Stephens characterises them as incomparable. In producing them, he says: "The artist gave solidity to the creations of his author, and brought to life Fagin the Jew, that immortal scamp, the 'Artful Dodger'; that beadle of beadles, Mr. Bumble. In Bill Sykes he outdid himself, and produced a portrait so vigorous, true and original, that, as it seems to me, all the world agrees to accept it as decidedly Cruikshank's master work." There is a story connected with the particular plate known as the fireside scene, in which Rose Maylie and Oliver are seated before an open grate. Dickens did not see this plate until the work was on the eve of publication, and then objected to it so strongly that it had to be cancelled. The publication of the



FROM CRUIKSHANK'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES, OF WHICH THE COLLECTION HAS A VERY FINE COPY IN ORIGINAL BOARDS, FIRST ISSUE, 2 VOLS. 1823-26. THIS HAS BEEN CALLED "THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF ALL CRUIKSHANK'S WORKS." THIS COPY WAS AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBERS' COPY AND HAS INSERTED A LETTER IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF CRUIKSHANK TO ROBINS, THE PUBLISHER OF VOL. II. THIS IS A DIFFICULT BOOK FOR THE COLLECTOR TO FIND IN FIRST ISSUE STATE AND IS PARTICULARLY DESIRABLE IN ORIGINAL BOARDS (AS IS THE PRESENT COPY). MR. MEIRS HAS ALSO PRESENTED PRINCETON WITH A FINE SECOND EDITION OF GRIMM'S IN ORIGINAL BOARDS. THIS IS THE H. W. BRUTON COPY WITH HIS SIGNATURE ON THE FLY-LEAF. BRUTON CONSIDERED IT TO BE THE SECOND ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION, BUT THE DIFFERENCES FROM THE TRUE FIRST ISSUE PROVE IT TO BE THE SECOND EDITION. THERE IS ALSO A COPY OF THE HOTTEN EDITION OF GERMAN POPULAR STORIES (CIRCA 1868). THIS CONTAINS FINE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ETCHINGS AND AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN RUSKIN,—WHO BY HIS FAVOURABLE CRITICISM, DREW THE ATTENTION OF MULTITUDES TO THIS BOOK. ALSO THE COMPLETE SET OF TWENTY-TWO ETCHINGS BY CRUIKSHANK FOR GRIMM'S. PROOFS ON INDIA PAPER, SOME IN AN UNDIVIDED STATE. ALSO AN INTERESTING FRENCH BOOK—"VIEUX CONTES, POUR L'AMUSEMENT DES GRANDS ET DES PETITS ENFANTS (PARIS, 1830). HERE TWELVE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR GRIMM'S ARE RE-ENGRAVED—(COPIES BY TARDIEU AND ISSUED AS HIS OWN PRODUCTIONS). ALSO ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY CRUIKSHANK FOR GRIMM'S—YOUNG GIANT AND THE TAILOR CHERRY, OR THE FROG'S BRIDE

book could not, of course, be delayed; so copies with the objectionable plate were distributed until the new one could be prepared and printed.* Cruikshank worked hard over the rejected plate, but to no purpose. For the fireside scene was substituted a plate representing

Rose Maylie and Oliver at Agnes's tomb. In 1838 appeared *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, edited by Dickens. To this work Cruikshank contributed twelve etchings. It was the last work in which the names of the novelist and of the artist were linked.

*Far more serious was the actual blunder that John Leech made in illustrating Dickens's *The Battle of Life*. The early part of the plot of that tale leads the reader to suppose that Marion Jeddler had eloped with Michael Warden, when, as a matter of fact, she had merely escaped to her aunt. Leech, who was engaged as illustrator, was very busy, and read only so much of the story as seemed necessary for his purpose.

As a result he was deceived, as Dickens intended his readers should be, and designed a double illustration, in which the festivities to welcome the bridegroom at the top of the page contrast with the flight of the bride in company with Michael Warden beneath. This episode is generally referred to as "Leech's grave mistake." Dickens wrote to Forster: "When I first saw it it was with a horror and agony not to be expressed."



THEATRICAL ATLAS. MAY 7, 1814. H. HUMPHREY. A FINE COLOURED COPY HAVING A FULL MARGIN IN SUPERB STATE. FROM THE BRUTON COLLECTION. AT THE BOTTOM OF PLATE, BRUTON HAS WRITTEN IN PENCIL: "VERY RARE, THIS WAS G. CK.'S OWN COPY. W. H. B." MR. BRUTON PURCHASED IT FROM MRS. CRUIKSHANK. ON BACK OF PLATE IS WRITTEN IN PENCIL "BOUGHT OF MRS. CRUIKSHANK, JANUARY 28, 1884." THIS IS ONE OF THE RAREST OF CRUIKSHANK CARICATURES. THE BRUTON COLLECTION WAS DISPERSED AT AUCTION IN 1897

In his work on the Waverley novels Cruikshank was not at his best. He was a Londoner, and it needed a Scotchman to give the embodied form of Major Dalgetty or of Dandie Dinmont. But if he was not so successful with Highland types, Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft* gave him the earliest opportunity he enjoyed of dealing with a sequence of subjects in which the grotesque and passionate aspects of superstition were made manifest in designs, the quaintest, most spirited, and picturesquely wild. But by far best of all are the etchings for children's books—the German nursery tales, and the "Fairy Library," which came out in

1854 and 1857. "Of all the artists that ever drew," wrote Thackeray, "from Michael Angelo upward and downward, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him, may 'Jack the Giant Killer,' may 'Tom Thumb,' may 'Pus in Boots' be one day revived by his pencil. Is not Whittington, sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to



"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" FROM HONE'S TRACTS. PRINCETON HAS A LARGE COLLECTION OF HONE'S TRACTS, ALL OF A POLITICAL NATURE. THESE WERE ALSO ACQUIRED FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION

be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them."

III

So much for Cruikshank the illustrator. Now for Cruikshank the man, the reformer, the castigator of the vices and the weaknesses of his time. The secret of his marvelous production can be summed up in one word, impecuniosity. As prodigal as Balzac, and in many respects as visionary, he was always borrowing, always in debt. As early as 1803, when he was eleven years old, he was etching a sketch by his father, called "Facing the Enemy." When he died, in 1878, he was still actually in harness. Thus his working life covered a span of five and seventy years. Though always in more or less straightened circumstances he never suffered from actual

poverty, until he had far passed middle life. Then work went to younger hands than his; the taste of the day had changed—his particular market was gone. Perhaps he himself was in a measure to blame. His over-sensitive temper and impatient nature led him into predicaments which could have been easily avoided. He quarrelled with Dickens, Ainsworth, and others with whom he should have worked harmoniously. He fell out with publishers, some of whom he suspected of attempts to overreach him or undervalue his art. Even as an advocate of temperance he was intemperate. In "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children" he carried on the work of Hogarth. These pictorial preachments were the result of a change in his own habits. For almost fifty years he had been a good liver; in 1842 he gave up every kind of alcoholic stimulant, threw away his pipe and

smoked no more. No one quarrelled with him for this reason. It was his own affair. But his passion for temperance became a fanaticism which alienated friends and lost him employment. Yet he found compensation in a wonderfully vigorous old age. He was seen to dance a hornpipe when more than eighty years old; and until quite late in life he walked like a man still young.

He was unquestionably right in his denunciation of the evils of drink. The England of his later life was far better than the England of his youth, but the sermons were still needed. Yet the spectacle of a man who has enjoyed to the full his own years of conviviality turned scold is never quite a pleasant one. Better it is to think of him in the hot hearted days of his young manhood, taking up the cudgels in behalf of the poor little ill-treated wife of George the Fourth. It matters not what the full truth may have been. Very likely there had been more than indiscretion on the part of Queen Caroline. It was enough

to know the earlier stories about poor Perdita and her successors; to know that George had gone through the marriage ceremony when in his cups, that from the very first he had been more than neglectful and unkind. "When he levelled his wit against the Regent," wrote Thackeray, "and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of people, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank could not stand by and see a woman ill used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully."

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

FORD MADOX HUEFFER'S "HENRY JAMES." J. MIDDLETON MURRY'S "FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY"*

To the uniform edition of "critical studies," which include Synge, Ibsen, Hardy, Pater, Whitman, Gissing, Bridges and Swinburne, there are now added Ford Madox Hueffer's *Henry James* and J. Middleton Murry's *Fyodor Dostoevsky*.

Quite aside from the marked and respective merits of these two volumes they are interesting revelations of different methods of critical approach—as different, in fact, as the two novelists

*Henry James. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

themselves. Mr. Hueffer has not ventured to be too profound. He has preferred to win tribute by a casual chatty series of comments and contrasts over the whole field of literature. Inspired by a real admiration for the "un-Americanised American," whom he places among "the greatest of living writers," he is inclined to deprecate his own criticism by criticising it. His attitude is continually apologetic. He cannot help but feel that Mr. James was his own best critic, and hence Mr. Hueffer's pages are full of quotations. He calls his book an impression and he must therefore speak continually of his own reactions in reading the author of *What Maisie Knew*. He admits the writing of the book proved a most thankless task because he has had to write about "his subject's subjects," and his message. He

asks whether subjects have anything to do with criticism since tastes differ and it all resolves itself to a mere statement of preferences. Criticism has more to do with an author's methods—and Mr. Hueffer balks again when confronted with that analysis. Of course, it must not even be hinted that this brilliant Englishman lives up to his own restrictions. He is at considerable pains to devote many pages to these very subjects. As a result he has given us a study which if at times marred by his own flippant attitude toward himself, yet is illuminating—not with heterodox opinions but with a fine interpretation of Mr. James's appeal to him. Especially compelling, among other attractions of style and beauty, is Mr. James's impersonal attitude toward life.

Now God forbid that I should be held as saying that any of our eloquent Chancellors, Fabian Pamphleteers, earnest and humanitarian novelists or upholders of the feudal system are wrong. They are probably every one of them absolutely in the right, and each of them would be the infallible saviour of Society if only Society would listen to them, or if human nature could be kept from creeping in. But the point is that each and every one of them is a partisan . . . every "figure" in the world is a partisan. Even Anatole France, who is a great, clear and negational intellect, is an anti-religious Socialist, and to that end colours all his writings, observing like any other politician only that which he desires to observe. Mr. James alone, it seems to me, in this entire weltering universe, has kept his head, has bestowed his sympathies upon no human being and upon no cause, has remained an observer, passionless and pitiless like the narrator of *The Four Meetings*. As a writer, he has no more sympathy for chivalrous feelings than for the starving poor. He just sits on high, smiling his sardonic smile and exclaiming from time to time: "Poor, dear, old world."

This quotation will sufficiently point Mr. Hueffer's manner and method, even though a little later he is at pains to say that Mr. James did have one great mission: "the civilising of Amer-

ica." Thus while the book is full of contradictions it has decided interest because it hits what it aims at: it is an impression of one of the greatest of Impressionists. Incidentally it contains an appendix in which is made accessible various revisions which Mr. James made in later years, revealing his change in style since the initial creation.

Mr. Murry, on the other hand, has approached Dostoevsky with an air of reverence. Disdaining only the slightest biographical reference, he has penetrated into the spiritual aspects of the author of *Crime and Punishment* with the result that his study is in many ways the most profound which the great Russian has inspired. While it lacks the charm of Mr. Paul's analysis, partly due to the rigidity with which it clings to its critical premise, it is a volume which will appeal to the more diligent of Dostoevsky's admirers. Its very profundity may tend to warn prospective readers away from the Russian, since at times one feels Mr. Murry has read into Dostoevsky more than the author himself intended. But this is ever the fault of such a study where each fact is bent to build a thesis.

There is nothing comparative in Mr. Murry's method nor is little attention paid to a purely literary criticism. It is not in form but in thought and spirit that Dostoevsky is an influence, and as the author pointed out himself, it is only through a close reading of his works that his thought can be comprehended. Dostoevsky is fundamentally the dramatist of abstract thought in terms of fiction. His works alone explain his life since his real life was one of imagination. Therefore Mr. Murry is little concerned with external facts as Dostoevsky existed more "truly as an idea than as a man." Upon this premise, that he was "more a brooding mind than a human being," this study is essentially concerned with his spiritual evolution as expressed in his successive creations. It is a bit startling to learn that Dostoevsky was not a novelist since his books—beginning with *Crime and Punish-*

ment—cannot be regarded as human histories, for though his symbolic figures “are real and human, their reality and humanity no more belong to the active world.” Without analysing, in this brief notice, all the subtle distinctions which Mr. Murry advances to prove his contention, one may point to this as a general comment on the extreme heresy of most of his opinions. One quotation in this connection will be indicative:

Therefore he could not represent life. For a man who is obsessed by this awful and tremendous vision (of eternity) to represent life is impossible. It is an activity which demands a fundamental acceptance of life. But how should a man whose eye saw life only too often as something which was cold and dead and infinitely small represent life? It was to him a mere mockery, and to represent it a barren labour. How could he busy himself with delineating that which at moments he believed did not exist, in recording words which became suddenly lost in the silence of eternity? That large acceptance of life which is with the novelist an instinct was for Dostoevsky something which he must profoundly question. Faith in life was what he sought; it was not given to him. And the motive of his work was not to represent life, but somehow to justify it.

Mr. Murry then proceeds to analyse in detail the various characters which personalise this effort of Dostoevsky to “justify life.” *Crime and Punishment* is the first of his great books. Here the Russian is, for the first time, beginning to doubt the law, and to wander from the side of the good. And in *Svidrigailov*, he presents a man who dares to face life alone and measure his individual will against all things. Mr. Murry claims that this character was the first which Dostoevsky sent to battle as a symbol of his own passionate denial of God. In *The Idiot* the same fight is carried on by Myshkin. This character personifies the will to suffer, whereas *Svidrigailov* had been shattered by the will to action. In *The Possessed*, Stavrogin is will incarnate. Not till *Alaysha* in *The Brothers Karamazov*

does Dostoevsky find the answer in a perfect character who is the promise of all humanity, “for whom the old problems are solved by his very being and are not.” For Dostoevsky believed that the regeneration of mankind lay in a miracle.

To those who have followed the translations of Mrs. Garnett as they have appeared, Dostoevsky offers many more attractions than this purely spiritual side which Mr. Murry presents with such minute persistency. That it is possible to write so profound a book about him is only another evidence of the Russian’s many sidedness which has given him his place among the greatest of writers.

George Middleton.

III

MARY FELS’S “LIFE OF JOSEPH FELS”*

In her biography of Joseph Fels, Mrs. Fels relates, toward the end of the book, an incident which is so interpretative that one almost feels it should be read as a preface to the story of his life and work. Mr. Fels had heard that the Crown Prince of Denmark was interested in land reform, and had endeavoured to meet him; but, owing to the complications of official red tape, he left Denmark without securing the interview. The Crown Prince, however, chanced to be on the same ferry-boat leaving Copenhagen.

Seeing the Crown Prince on the deck surrounded by those in attendance, Joseph Fels does not think of himself either brazenly or modestly, but thinking only of the work to help humanity, and knowing the Crown Prince had expressed an interest in that work, he leaves his own group, walks straight through the royal party up to the Crown Prince of Denmark, holds out his hand, and with a smile so winning that no one could see it and be unmoved, says, “How do you do, Crown Prince, I am Joseph Fels, interested in bringing the land and the people together.” Amazement on the part of

*Joseph Fels: His Life-Work. By Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

his own friends, consternation and surprise on the part of the Crown Prince's suite have no effect on either. Man meets man, and those who knew Joseph Fels are glad that the Crown Prince rose to his level, held out his hand, walked away with him for a two hours' conversation on problems bigger than the breaking of conventional forms.

This directness of purpose and utter unconsciousness of conventional barriers in the furtherance of his efforts to secure a larger sum of comfort and freedom for the mass of humanity was characteristic of the whole life and work of Joseph Fels. He was representative of that amazing combination of qualities found most frequently among his race; a singular mastery of material affairs which enabled him to acquire his great fortune, but impelled by an almost fanatic idealism in redistributing that wealth constructively for the freeing and betterment of humankind. He once said of himself: "I am two men. With my right hand I can skin a man for five cents, while with my left hand I can give away five thousand dollars." In reading his life, which is written with an impersonality and integrity of vision seldom achieved by an author so closely related to the subject, one feels that after he had once acquired his fortune this must have been about the proportion in which his left and right hands worked.

In the entire book there are only two personal chapters regarding Mr. Fels. The first chapter sketches very briefly his early life and business career. The last chapter offers a vivid picture of the man's remarkable individuality. The rest of the volume is devoted to his constructive social work. And one senses that this proportion is quite as Joseph Fels himself would have wished it. The account of his activities reveals a man of amazing nervous energy who gave of himself and his keen intelligence quite as generously and wisely as he gave of his material resources.

Mr. Fels's evolution from semi-philanthropic to constructive economic and political reforms is an interesting study

in the development of an idealist who was also a man of business genius. He rigorously applied the pragmatic test to all his social experimentation. And this led him early to abandon palliative philanthropic measures for more fundamental methods of reconstruction. As Mrs. Fels says:

He conceived it to be a fundamentally mistaken policy to use the surplus good of each generation to repair the wastage that it wrought. His ambition was to make unnecessary the activities of charity, which in the course of time he came to hate. . . . He wanted more than a formula of benevolent regret.

Although he is generally known to the world as the Fels-Naphtha Single Taxer his activities in behalf of land taxation were not merely the outgrowth of his acceptance of the principles of Henry George. For many years he had believed in them, but regarded them as

Too remote and difficult of achievement for one who wished to see concrete results growing, however slowly, under his own hand. . . . In the early days, like most others, he saw land monopoly and its remedy as a thing apart, for Utopian contemplation rather than for everyday work. . . . His final concentration on Single Tax was not some sudden revelation of a mystery that had been previously hidden. It came to him after long and careful inquiry, and manifold experiments. He had tried charitable work. He had supported almost every socialist and labour movement. He had attempted a colonising enterprise. Increasingly he had come to see how clearly the dearth of land lay at the root of social ills. It came to him slowly, but with the deep conviction that is born of intimate experience, that the cardinal principle in any declaration of social faith must be the destruction of the land monopoly. Everything else seemed to him but the establishment of fine superstructures upon a worthless basis of sand, and, as he once whimsically said, even for that rent had to be paid. He did not put forward Single Tax as a panacea. He had too much knowledge of the complexity of social life to be thus unintelligent. What he did in-

sistently emphasise was the truth that the time for tinkering at our ills had gone by, that it was vital to set about building a new social structure. . . . It was the desire to recover the spirit of liberty that took possession of Henry George, and, in no less degree, of Joseph Fels.

This enthusiasm for recovering the spirit of liberty and his essential faith in democracy were the essential motivation of Joseph Fels's many activities. This it was that led him to assist so liberally the cause of Woman Suffrage and inspired his interest in the Jewish colonisation movement. Partly because he was a Jew perhaps, but more, I am inclined to think, because of his feeling for the unity of the human family, he regarded all his work from an international point of view, and had no sympathy with sectional improvement except as it might contribute to the whole. His refusal to limit his Single Tax activities to any rigid Smon-Pure propaganda channels sometimes irritated the more orthodox followers of Henry George. Quite undisturbed by this or any other criticism, however, Mr. Fels continued to forward the cause of liberty wherever he felt his efforts would be ultimately most effective. Thus he would assist the fight for the initiative and referendum because he felt that in many communities these measures would offer the necessary political machinery for the entering wedge of Single Tax. Or he would assist a publication if he felt it was contributing to the general democratisation of public thought, even though it might not directly espouse the cause of Single Tax.

The essential sympathy and common humanity of this great little man who frequently violated the established conventions and rode rough shod past all formalities to achieve the purpose of his faith is vividly illustrated in this incident.

One night at the dinner table a lady, a stranger to Mr. Fels in describing some one said, "He is not of our kind." Mr. Fels had not taken part in the conversation, but from

the other end of a long table he quietly inquired, "Isn't everyone our kind?" It is creditable to the woman that this gentle rebuff made her his friend.

The life of Joseph Fels reveals a man of deep vision, an integrity of spirit, and continuity of dedicated social purpose which cannot but be a lasting factor in the more humane reconstruction, not only of the United States but of the world.

Fola La Follette.

IV

"THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES"*

The Mythology of All Races is the first attempt to bring within the radius of a series all that the title implies. We have many admirable volumes on the mythologies of particular peoples, as well as comprehensive studies tracing the development of similar myths through various races; but nothing so comprehensive as the very valuable books before us. Two volumes of the contemplated thirteen have now been published and they are indeed remarkable both on the score of scholarship and beauty of illustration. Further, the style in which they are written, though sufficiently in tune with the dignity of the subject, avoids technicalities which might otherwise have rendered the very scope of the series too ponderous.

Those who have been mildly interested in myths or those who recall the rebellion they may have felt as college students when struggling through Greek and Latin in the original, will need to be reminded by the very comprehensive prefaces and introductions that mythology is more than a series of fairy tales. Indeed, here speaks man's earliest notions of himself and the world about him. How often when we hear thunder do we cease to smile tolerantly at the aboriginal explanation. After all, it seems so simple—even if not scientific.

*The Mythology of all Races. Edited by Prof. L. H. Gray. ¹North America. By Prof. H. B. Alexander. ²Greek and Roman. By Prof. W. S. Fox. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

As Professor Moore, the consulting editor of the series, points out, a myth is "an explanation of something in the form of a story—that happened once upon a time or that repeats itself from day to day—and in natural myths, as distinct from invented myths of philosophers and poets, the story is not the artificial vesture of an idea but its spontaneous expression, not a fiction but a self-evident fact."

Mythology is therefore the history of early man and of our "contemporary ancestors." That which we call history is more and more veering from dates and events to the business of reflecting causes. Professor Louis Herbert Gray, the editor of the series, is of the opinion that mythology has much to do with science "as mythology is science in its infancy." Its connection with religion is also obvious though he warns us that it is not synonymous, for mythology only relates to its causal aspect. In approaching a study of such world-wide importance we are asked to have sympathy; the subject is not trivial or nonsensical; we may smile at myths and be amused at their naïveté but they remain none the less an indelible record of man's reach for truth.

To Professor W. Sherwood Fox, of Princeton, has been entrusted the authorship of the first volume which deals specifically with the *Greek and Roman*¹ myths. His aim has been to present and interpret a number of typical myths as vehicles of religious thought in its most comprehensive aspect. Local heroes and their stories are narrated before describing divinities, since the gods are in reality composite portraits. In a detailed and penetrating introduction Professor Fox analyses the nature of myths. There is no hard and fast rule as to what constitutes a myth; its form is mainly narrative; it deals with the past or universal present; its subject matter is drawn from the unverifiable and it is a product of the imagination, accepted as true by its original maker or his hearers. The origin of myths and their persistency is also touched upon before

the field is surveyed in detail. Here we find all the great stories which have fascinated man throughout the ages. In great detail, for example, we find the Tale of Troy presented. Professor Fox points out that this is not one single story, but a vast treasury of human dramas. Each of the heroes and his relation to the whole is clearly projected in a manner highly interesting to the lay reader, and many illustrations selected from original casts, and so forth, are studded throughout the pages. The Voyage of the Argo is similarly treated and the myths of the various families concerned are skillfully correlated. Each of the Greek gods has a special chapter under which all the myths concerning him is graphically pictured. One may venture a single extract as revealing Professor Fox's manner of humanising his theme.

A little knowledge of the meteorological conditions of Greece and of the manner of life to which the ancient Greek was bound by the nature of things makes it plain why Hesiod called the winds "a great trouble to mortals." One who is well acquainted with modern Greece writes: "In the winter the winds blow from every point of the compass and cannot be relied upon from one day to the next," while in strong contrast is the regularity of direction of the summer winds. In all this variety of air-currents, sometimes humouring, sometimes thwarting the plans of man, it was not at all strange to see the operations of beings of independent will and of those motley traits which go to make up personality. It was inevitable that the mountain hurricanes, which without warning swooped down on the sailor or fisherman who thought himself safe as he hugged the shore, should seem to be dæmons of destruction; and it was equally axiomatic that the useful trade winds should be credited with peaceful and benevolent dispositions. Owing to their importance the winds were very early given a place in cult or in those magic ceremonies which can be differentiated from cult only with difficulty; and, consequently, as there were rain-charms, so were there wind-charms to avert or to

arouse the winds as necessity required. With the continuous development of chthonic elements in Greek ritual the tendency gained momentum to identify the violet winds with malignant demons of the earth; yet, on the other hand, many of them were thought to reside in birds of prey, such as the sea-hawk, while in the kingfisher dwelt the spirit of midwinter calm, whence we speak of "halcyon (kingfisher) days."

Professor Hartly Burr Alexander, who is the author of the other volume dealing with *North American*² myths, is careful to point out that mythology in the classical sense can scarcely be said to exist in North America. There is a sort of mythology, but no single tribe of Indians has completely expressed it. Though the Indians themselves were not conscious of it the student to-day will recognise a coherent system of myths, in spite of the fact that each tribe and clan within a tribe has its own particular myths. The Indians' religion must also be studied in his ritual rather than in his myths. Professor Alexander gives a long list of the former to show how distinct they are from the latter. Many of the myths are merely fiction to entertain or to point a moral and it is difficult to separate these from true myths. The great sources of myth material are those which nature offers, and those in the analogies of human nature. Professor Alexander then gives a brief survey of the Indians' cosmic perspective before proceeding into an analysis of the subject itself. The author apologises for the sketchy nature of his study, especially since the literature of the subject is already very large; but he has been content to limit himself to a general description rather than a closely analytical study. He, none the less, offers many suggestive analogies for those who may be interested in a more profound study.

Aside from the great number of illustrations in colour and elaborate footnotes (which are placed at the end of each volume and do not mar the make-up of the pages) there are two detailed

bibliographies. The editors deserve every congratulation in presenting a readable scientific study "that shall set forth myths as living entities and that—because each writer knows and loves the mythology of which he treats—will fill the reader with enthusiasm for them."

Geoffrey Monmouth.

V

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "A SHEAF"*

To all interested in the personality of John Galsworthy his new book affords a revelation of the man himself. To this man of sensitive and vivid imagination, all injustice and cruelty become the suffering of his own soul. *A Sheaf* is a compilation of various published and unpublished papers and essays. The book is divided into two parts, and might be termed a volume of humane protests and warnings. The first is a collection of protests against stupid national cruelties and injustices to humans and animals. The various essays are directed against the caging of wild birds, the vivisection of dogs, needless cruelty in the slaughter of animals for food, and the socially destructive policy of solitary confinement in prisons. Among other papers there is an interesting unpublished preface to his play *Justice*. "Gentles Let Us Rest," a paper written to *The Nation* in 1910, is a plea for immediately granting the vote to women on the ground that to withhold it longer is socially inexpedient. The first half of the book closes with, "The Will to Peace," which relates Galsworthy's reaction, just previous to the war, on reading a poster entitled, "Why England and Germany Must Go to War." In view of the ensuing cataclysm, Galsworthy's determined faith at that moment that the calamity could not eventuate is tragic.

The second half of the book was written after the war and has two psychological divisions. One group of essays

*A Sheaf by John Galsworthy. New York: Scribner's.

might be gathered under the head of "First Reactions to the War." The latter portion Mr. Galsworthy himself entitles "Second Thoughts on the War." He opens the division on the war with a "Credo," setting forth his faith that the present war is a struggle between democracy and the powers of autocracy. He believes that, "It is the device of executive power from popular sanction that has made possible this greatest of all disasters in history," and that it is for the extension of more democratic control that England and the Allies are fighting. He maintains that democracy's tide sets from the West to the East and grants that it must permeate Germany before it reaches Russia. He welcomes Russia's aid because he feels that if France and England are beaten it will be the death of democracy, yet he does not do as so many pro-Allies are prone to in the passion of the moment, utterly blink at the irony of England's alliance with Russia under the banner of sovereignty for the people.

Even if one questions Galsworthy's interpretation of the social forces arrayed in this struggle, one cannot read *A Sheaf* without granting utter sincerity to this beauty and liberty loving soul so harrowed by the horror of the hour. The poignancy of mental agony revealed in these pages might in very self-defense necessitate endowing the cause of so much suffering with ultimate potentialities for world progress. And in justice it should be emphasised that it is world progress, not merely national progress that Galsworthy longs for. There is no hatred in his heart against any peoples. There is only a desire to abolish evil autocratic systems which he believes to have been responsible for this war. He has no tolerance for those who write of the glories of war. He terms this war, "the grand defeat of all Utopians, dreamers, poets, philosophers, idealists, humanitarians, lovers of peace and the arts; bag and baggage they are thrown out of a world that for the time has no use for them." One senses how utterly lone and outside the world Gals-

worthy himself felt when many of these pages were wrung from his heart.

Despite his firm faith in the idealism of England's and the Allies' part in this war he is never a national jingoist. He is a poet, a careful social thinker with a heart hunger for beauty and the balanced social harmony of justice for the least as well as the greatest of the dwellers on earth. Like the tragic and incessant warning of the lonely bell-buoy at sea, there resurges throughout the "Second Thoughts on the War," a knell of warning to his own country arising out of a desperate and terrible soul questioning. Again and again in the prose of pure gold that issues from a burning heart he warns the Britain he loves devotedly, but not blindly, to beware the temptations that will befall them when it comes to peace making and during the bitterly cruel years of reconstruction that must follow. He says:

If the fine phrases we have used and are still using about liberty, humanity, democracy, and peace are not genuinely felt they will come home to roost most vilely. By the outside world we shall be judged according to the measure of actuality we give hereafter to the claim we now make of being champions of freedom and humanity; and only according to our inward habit of thought during the war shall we be able to act when it is over. We can *do* nothing now perhaps save prosecute the fight to its appointed end; but if we are not to turn out fraudulent after the event it is already time to feel ahead. . . . A sloppy optimism is not the slightest good, no more than a deliberate pessimism. "It will be all right after the war"! is, no doubt, the attitude of many minds just now. It will only be all right after the war if with all the might of a sustained national will we take care that it is.

This warning is reiterated again and again through the latter pages of this book, now in the form of a flaming plea, again with that bitter irony of which Galsworthy is a master. He tells Britain that by its claims in regard to en-

tering this war the national attitude has been fixed and the right of coercion abrogated. He does not gloss over the imperial past, but demands that Britain's pledge to the world shall be kept by "the most rigid scrutiny of its own conduct, and by developing the feeling that it is beneath imperial dignity to wrest material benefit from the losses of others." He admonishes England that after the war there will develop foes within more difficult of conquest than those without are now. A far-seeing social and economic reconstruction and the immediate abolition of the long overdue injustice toward Ireland and Women are a part of the programme he demands.

Galsworthy enduring the pain of the present is projecting his thought toward the future. Whatever one's criticism of his social economy, wherever one's sympathies may lie in this war, all must be grateful for the exceptional minds abiding in warring countries, surrounded by every incentive to blind prejudice and passionate hatred, that are still striving to see beyond and to lead others toward constructive and generous rebuilding. In the power of these men and women, in the depth and breadth of their vision rests the hope of the world.

Roberta Madison.

VI

CHARLES FROHMAN: MANAGER AND MAN*

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life." These are the words ascribed to Charles Frohman a few minutes before the stricken *Lusitania* went down in the waters of the Irish Sea. They are the words by which he is happily remembered, capping a life which, if it did not exactly suggest beautiful adventures, was at least remarkably rich in its variety, its interest and its achievement. The story of that life is told directly, simply, yet affectionately by the authors, Mr. Froh-

*Charles Frohman: Manager and Man. By Isaac F. Marcossion and Daniel Frohman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

man's brother, Mr. Daniel Frohman, and his friend, Mr. Isaac F. Marcossion. First there is the picture of the boy of eight, watching from the uppermost gallery of the old Niblo's Garden in New York City a performance of *The Black Crook*—that extravaganza which was considered so fascinatingly wicked forty years ago. It was Charles Frohman's first play and it directed his destiny. By the time he was fourteen he was working by day in a newspaper office in New York and at night in the box-office of a theatre in Brooklyn. Three years more and he was travelling through the country as an advance agent. As the treasurer of an impecunious minstrel troupe he found his first opportunity for the expression of his talents for publicity by the purchase of a perfectly unnecessary iron safe which he had gorgeously lettered and conspicuously displayed. The company's poverty mattered not. The mere sight of the resplendent safe invariably drew the yokel comment: "That Haverly Show has got so much money that it is carrying a safe to hold it." Strange days of the road were those of the strolling players of the late seventies.

In 1881 Charles Frohman went to the Madison Square Theatre of New York, and for the first time the three Frohman brothers, Gustave, Daniel, and Charles, were under the same managerial roof. The theatre, which had opened in February, 1880, with *Hazel Kirke*, became at once an important factor in New York dramatic life. Daniel Frohman was the manager, and Gustave director of the travelling companies, with Charles as his associate. In 1882 Charles formed his first association with David Belasco. The two were lunching together in Chicago and Frohman talked of the day when he would have his own theatre on Broadway and Belasco would write plays for it. Belasco agreed. "There will never be need of a contract between us," said Charles. It was the expression of a conviction that guided him throughout his life. "The man who never broke his word," is the first

sentence of the Appreciation of James M. Barrie at the beginning of this book.

Success in a large way first came to Charles Frohman with the production of Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah* in 1889. He immediately launched himself on a sea of productions. After *Shenandoah* came *All the Comforts of Home*, *Men and Women*, *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, and Sardou's *Thermidor*. He turned his eyes toward England for material, and began making his annual visits to London. The eventual result of these visits was his invasion of the London stage. It was William Gillette's *Secret Service*, produced in England in 1897, that made that invasion a success. Then came the association with Barrie, first through the presentation of *Quality Street*, and through *Peter Pan*, to which Barrie originally gave the title *The Great White Father*. Here is the story of how *Peter Pan* found its way to the stage.

Barrie had agreed to write a play for Frohman, and met him at dinner one night at the Garrick Club in London. Barrie seemed nervous and ill at ease.

"What's the matter?" said Charles.

"Simply this," said Barrie. "You know I have an agreement to deliver you the manuscript of a play?"

"Yes," said Frohman.

"Well, I have it, all right," said Barrie, "but I am sure it will not be a commercial success. But it is a dream-child of mine, and I am so anxious to see it on the stage that I have written another play which I will be glad to give you and which will compensate you for any loss on the one I am so eager to see produced."

"Don't bother about that," said Frohman. "I will produce both plays."

Now the extraordinary thing about this episode is that the play about whose success Barrie was so doubtful was "*Peter Pan*,"

which made several fortunes. The manuscript he offered Frohman to indemnify him from loss was "*Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire*," which lasted only a season. Such is the estimate that the author often puts on his own work!

When Frohman first read "*Peter Pan*" he was so entranced that he could not resist telling all his friends about it. He would stop them in the street and act out the scenes. Yet it required the most stupendous courage and confidence to put on a play that, from the manuscript, sounded like a combination of circus and extravaganza; a play in which children flew in and out of rooms, crocodiles swallowed alarm-clocks, a man exchanged places with his dog in its kennel, and various other seemingly absurd and ridiculous things happened.

To Frohman London meant Barrie. The two would wander about London, Barrie smoking his short, black pipe, Frohman swinging his stick. The simple companionship was enough. Sometimes, for hours, not a word would be exchanged. Barrie and his pipe were inseparable. There was a story to the effect that once Frohman wanted to drive to Barrie's flat, and instructed the cabbie: "Drive to the Strand, go down to Adelphi Terrace, and stop at the first smell of pipe smoke." With *Peter Pan* was connected one of the most gracious acts of Frohman's life. The original of Peter was sick in bed at his home when the play was produced in London. The boy was bitterly disappointed because he could not see it. From Barrie Frohman learned of the case. "If the boy can't come to the play, we will take the play to the boy," he said. So the company was sent to the boy's home with as many "props" as could be jammed into the sick room, and sitting up in bed, the excited and delighted child witnessed the wonders of the fairy play.

Stanhope Searles.

THE SKETCH-BOOKS OF WONDERLAND*

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN

WHEN new illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland* were first published, one comment was that it would have been quite as sensible and as becoming to issue an edition of Sir John Tenniel's illustrations with a new text, by, say Richard Le Gallienne or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Now that the expiration of the English copyright—leaving publishers free to reprint the original text but not the original illustrations—has stimulated the production of half a dozen or more new outfits of pictures for this nonsense classic, these are still brought out in a way that is almost sheepish. The artists behave rather as if they had been caught sketching not enchanted domains, where they have a perfect right, but some enemy's fortifications. They want it understood that their work is not intended to supplant the Tenniel pictures, yet even this apology they do not make in person but virtually by literary attorney. "The Tenniel Pictures," says E. S. Martin in his preface to the Peter Newell edition, ". . . are identified beyond fear of separation with Alice and her familiars." "Enchanting Alice!" exclaims Austin Dobson in *his* metrical preface to the Arthur Rackham edition,

" Black and White
Has made your deeds perennial;
And naught save 'Chaos and old Night'
Can part you now from Tenniel."

These diffident disclaimers recognise the peculiar relation of text and pictures in the Alice books. The lover of these volumes has the clearest possible notion of how all the personages in them must

have looked, and doubtless supposes that he got that notion directly from the author. But no author could possibly have said less on the subject than did Lewis Carroll. "The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle nursing a baby," he tells us. That is the nearest thing to a description of the Duchess to be found in his book. "There was a table set out under a tree in front of the House and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head." "They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break." In this wise are the principal characters introduced. The author is referring his reader to the illustrator, just as he does in so many words in the case of the Gryphon: "If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture."

The only liberty taken with the text in either of the new editions is for the purpose of escaping a definite reference to the frontispiece as a source of information regarding the King's method of wearing his crown over his wig. Bill the Lizard himself might be a wombat or a star-nosed mole for anything the author says about him until three pages after Alice has kicked him up the chimney. The picture which tells what manner of creature he was at the very moment when we want to know is not an embellishment but a part of the text. Yet the fact that a non-illustrated *Alice* would be all but inconceivable is properly in favour rather than against the new illustrators. If there is one place in the world or out of it where vested

*A propos of Mr. Herford's apology to a possible critic for his presumption in attempting to fill Tenniel's shoes, we are reprinting from THE BOOKMAN for February, 1908, this paper on other illustrators of "Wonderland."

rights ought not to be respected, it certainly is Wonderland. If Mr. Newell and Mr. Rackham have something to add to our imperfect knowledge of that delectable country, they are benefactors. As for borrowing, it would be as reasonable to accuse Stockton because long long after the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle had finished their lobster quadrille, he reported the colloquies of the Griffin and the Minor Canon.

Whether anything has been added is not a question for the art critics at all. How do the new creations impress those who look at them as friends and not as samples of technique? May they not, like fresh interpretations of classic theatrical rôles, bring out shades of meaning and character unobserved before? Indeed the three sets of illustrations which are worth considering at all do show their subjects from as many angles. Tenniel won his reputation by political cartoons, Newell by illustrations of his own whimsical verses, Rackham by half droll, half uncanny designs for *Rip Van Winkle*. So, as might be expected, Tenniel's Wonderland is in general the most logical, Newell's the most fantastic, Rackham's the most unearthly. This can be seen in their embellishments of the very first paragraphs. Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English country squire. Newell's a half-distracted schoolmaster, Rackham's an apparition in a pearl-coloured frock-coat and ruffles. It is again to be seen in the different choice of subjects. Tenniel alone has drawn Alice at the moment of destiny when, picking up the bottle marked "Drink Me," she, like a prudent little girl, is turning it about to see if it happens to be marked "Poison" on the other side; Newell alone has drawn the three weird sisters, Elsie, Lacie and Tillie, at the bottom of their treacle well; Rackham alone has drawn Alice at that remarkable crisis when she has nibbled the right-hand bit of mushroom and, shutting up suddenly like a telescope, has received "a violent blow underneath the chin," from her own foot. We see Tenniel at his best in the Duch-

ess, Newell in the Mock Turtle, Rackham in the Caterpillar.

Peter Newell's snub-nosed housewife in a ruff is all very well in her way, but she is not a Duchess. Rackham's lady, with her high beak-nose, her ermine, ostrich plumes and false curls, is every inch a Duchess, probably a Dowager Duchess. As she appears in the Sixth Chapter there is little if any fault to find with her. She is just the woman to sit like a feminine field-marshal under the Cook's galling fire of saucepans, plates and dishes and take "no notice of them even when they hit her." She is just the woman to reply to Alice's confession that she did not know cats *could* grin. "They all can, and most of 'em do." She might, in fact, do all of the things recorded in Chapter Six. But Mr. Rackham must have forgotten Chapter Nine. That is the most charitable explanation. It is simply inconceivable that his Duchess could have said, "You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing." His Duchess is austere. She could never have unbent and "tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's." It is the superiority of Tenniel's Duchess that she is no less convincing in her maudlin than in her morose mood. She is not refined or tactful in either. If, like Du Maurier's swell who mistook another duchess for the widow of a cheesemonger in the New Cut, we did not know her rank we might exclaim, "How she goes on to be sure!" As it is, like him, after he was set right, we admire "her aristocratic simplicity of manner." That is because we do know her for a Duchess.

The recipe for mock-turtle soup in the cook-book, and the allusions to "flappers" in the text are—except, of course, the unreported talks between author and illustrator—the only sources of information about the Mock Turtle's appearance. Tenniel made him a helpless, hopeless beast with plated carapace and plastron, scaly flippers or flappers and a moon-calf's head. Rackham's is much the same, only more delicate and anæmic, pensive and sentimental. But

Newell had ideas of his own. Zoologically speaking, his Mock Turtle who "went to school in the sea" does belong to a marine species. It is a little hard to believe such a lumbering, blubbery monster capable of passing in "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week, *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils." Tenniel's or Rackham's Mock Turtles, though not inspired scholars, can be imagined as obtaining high marks, even from the old Conger-eel. But they lack the one quality which is absolutely essential. Newell's is the only one of the three that would furnish really first-class mock-turtle soup, and this must be the deciding factor.

Mr. Rackham's Caterpillar is similarly the only caterpillar that corresponds strictly to the specifications. The author mentions only two facts about the Caterpillar's exterior: that his colour was blue and that his arms were folded. Even Tenniel ignored the folded arms in his design. This, however, is a minor point. The question is one of delineating a character. This Caterpillar is a perfect incarnation of incisive curiosity. His questions are far more disquieting than the Queen's tantrums. He is a subject worthy of Sargent's brush. It may be that Tenniel sketched him from behind because he felt himself unequal to more exacting portraiture. Newell has drawn a caterpillar with button eyes, a crest like a toothbrush, and an infan-

tile expression. His is a caterpillar that could not possibly impress anybody. But Rackham's snuffy, loose-lipped, spectacled smoker wears the real air of authority. He cannot be imagined as ever turning into a butterfly or moth. If he turns into anything it will be a book-worm. His eyes are dim with study and introspection. He is probably of German extraction and his valedictory observation to Alice, "You'll get used to it in time," sounds like the answer to the Welträtsel.

And Alice herself? Wondering, gentle and considerate, even if she does speak of cats to the Mouse and of "din—" to the friends of the Whiting, she is too dear a child to be treated with anything but tenderness. Tenniel drew her as a little girl of his own time—forty years ago—in starched frock, white stockings and tiny, black strapped slippers. Newell kept the white stockings and much of the old-time quaintness, though his Alice has a thought too much aplomb. The really daring change made by Rackham is in bringing his little heroine down to date. Most of us doubtless will continue to love the old Alice best, but the modern little figure does bear one message of its own. It tells us that the gate of Wonderland has never been closed, that it never will be closed, and that to the children of the twentieth century, old and young, as to their children and their grandchildren, it is still given to eat now and then of the magic fruit of the Amfalula tree in whose boughs the Dinkey bird sings.

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The Nemesis of Docility. A Study of German Character. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.75 net.

In his study of German character the author shows that docility, when it is a national characteristic, may become a destructive force of extreme violence.

Religion and Theology

Bible Talk Outlines. Two Hundred Alphabetically Arranged. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 35 cents.

Suggestions, in alphabetical order, for sermons and religious discussions.

Concerning Jesus Christ, the Son of God. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.00 net.

A series of studies of Christ, with especial emphasis laid upon His resurrection.

Doctrine and Duty Made Plain and Attractive. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Short essays on religious topics.

It Came to Pass. By Arthur W. Moulton. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net. Six sketches based on some of the dramatic episodes of the Gospels.

Helps to Happiness. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 25 cents net.

Short chapters on ambition, friendship, good association, patience, etc., as helps to a happy disposition. Written from a religious point of view.

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The War and the Soul. By R. J. Campbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25 net.

Articles on the religious aspects of the war which originally appeared in *The English Illustrated Sunday Herald*. Some of the titles are: "Religion and the War," "Why Did God Refrain from Stopping It," "Will Christianity Survive," "The Supernatural Order," "The Ages of Faith and the Ages of Reason."

Sociology and Economics

A Brief History of Panics and Their Periodical Occurrence in the United States.

By Clement Juglar. Third Edition. Translated and Edited with an Introduction and Brought Down from 1889 to Date. By DeCourcy W. Thom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Ethics of Democracy. A Series of Optimistic Essays on the Natural Laws of Human Society. Third Edition. By Louis F. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50 net.

Financial Chapters of the War. By Alexander Dana Noyes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The author's purpose is "to describe clearly, and explain without technicality, the remarkable financial and economic episodes which have attended the European War."

The Foundations of Germany: A Documentary Account Revealing the Causes of Her Strength, Wealth and Efficiency. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50 net.

A discussion of the causes of Germany's power, efficiency and economic success based on a study of the writings, speeches, state papers, and personalities of Germany's leading men during the past century.

The Meaning of Money. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

In *The Lombard Street Library*. A study of the English monetary system. The first edition of the book appeared in 1909.

Poverty and Riches. A Study of the Industrial Régime. By Scott Nearing. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

An indictment of the present industrial régime and a plea for a readjustment of our social system.

The Tide of Immigration. By Frank Julian Warne. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.50 net.

The fundamental economic forces behind immigration and the government machinery that has come into existence for the purpose of regulating immigration. The work discusses restriction in the light of recent developments in Congress.

Society's Misfits. By Madeleine Z. Doty. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A study of reformatory and prison life. The first two chapters deal with the author's own experiences when she served her voluntary week in jail. The last six

chapters deal with the life of children in reformatories.

Political Science

American Debate: A History of Political and Economic Controversy in the United States, with Critical Digests of Leading Debates. By Marion Mills Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. Each \$2.00 net.

Volume I covers Colonial, State and National Rights, 1761-1861; Volume II, The Land and Slavery Questions, 1607-1860.

International Government: An International Authority for the Prevention of War. Two Reports by L. S. Woolf, Prepared for the Fabian Research Department. With an Introduction by Bernard Shaw. Together with a Project by a Fabian Committee for a Supernational Authority that will Prevent War. New York: Brentano's. \$2.00 net.

The Fabian Society's Research Department entered into an investigation on the question of a practical form of International Government which should act as a preventive of war, and the results of that investigation are presented in this work.

Self-Government in Russia. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

A non-technical history of the growth of Russian self-government from the time of Czar Peter to the present. The work is based on four lectures delivered during 1915—"Outlines of Russian Evolution," "The Organisation of Self-government," "Popular Education," and "Self-government and the War."

Wilson and The Issues. By George Creel. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. 60 cents.

A summing up of the President's personality, achievements, and policies, and a defence of his record.

The War

The Backwash of War. The Human Wreckage of the Battlefield as Witnessed by an American Hospital Nurse. By Ellen N. La Motte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Sketches of some of the scenes witnessed by the author in a French military field hospital behind the lines in Belgium.

The Deeper Causes of the War. By Emile Hovelague. Translated by The Author, with an Introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25 net.

The author seeks to find in a study of German philosophy of the last fifty years the real causes of the conflict.

An Emperor's Madness or National Aberration? By Ernesto Lugaro. Translated by W. N. Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

A criticism, by an eminent Italian psychiatrist, of the theory that the war is to be traced to the psychology of the Emperors of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the conclusion arrived at being that while such a theory holds a certain amount of truth, it is on the whole, a "huge blunder."

A French Mother in War Time. Being the Journal of Madame Edouard Drumont. Translated by Grace E. Bevir. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.00 net.

A diary covering the period from July, 1914, to August, 1915.

A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War. By Claire de Pratz. New York: E. P. Dutton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

The work is divided into two parts, the first consisting of the author's diary from the end of June to the end of September, 1914, and the second part of four chapters on "Why France Was Unprepared for War," "The Quality of the French Fighting Spirit," "The Influences of the War Upon National Character," "The Women's Part in the War."

Letters from France. By Jeanne Le Guiner. Translated by H. M. C. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

Letters from a French woman to a friend in this country, presenting pictures of war-time life and anecdotes of the trenches and hospitals.

Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents net.

A satire on the war.

The Road to Liege: The Path of Crime. By M. Gustave Somville. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net. An account of the atrocities committed in Belgium at the outbreak of the war.

Some Experiences in Hungary 1914-1915. By Mina MacDonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

An account of the experiences of an English woman who was at the outbreak of the war companion to the daughters of a Hungarian magnate, who resided near Pressburg.

With the Twenty-Ninth Division in Gallipoli: A Chaplain's Experiences. By O. Creighton. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The diary of the chaplain to the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, covering the period from January 27th to August 9th, 1915.

The Wrack of the Storm. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.
A collection of all the essays written and speeches delivered by the author since the beginning of the war.

Education

Ancient History. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Second Revised Edition. Boston: Ginn & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
A text book suitable for use in high schools.

The Book of the Yale Pageant. 21 October, 1916. In Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Removal of Yale College to New Haven. Edited by George Henry Nettleton. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The work "aims to interpret the significance of Yale in the light of history and tradition." Besides the Pageant a portion of the book is devoted to "Essays on Yale." The illustrations are from old portraits, wood-cuts and engravings.

Dances, Drills and Story-Plays. For Every Day and Holidays. By Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.
Simple exercises for use in the primary grades.

How to Learn Easily. Practical Hints on Economical Study. By George Van Ness Dearborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.
Contents: "Economy in Study," "Observation and the Taking of Notes," "Educative Imagination," "Books and Their Educative Use," "Is Your 'Thinker' in Order," "Examination-Preparedness."

The Manual of Natural Education. By Winifred Sackville Stoner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Diagrams and illustrations. \$1.00 net.
A book for parent or teacher showing how to apply the system of education outlined in the author's earlier book, *Natural Education*.

South America. Brief Outline of Study Suggestions, with Bibliography. By Harry Erwin Bard. New York: D. C. Heath & Company. 60 cents.

A syllabus in which are topics grouped under such general heads as "Caribbean Sea Zone," "Archaeology and Sources of Population," "Political Development and International Relations," "Civic, Social, and Economic Conditions," "Education and General Culture."

Workmanship in Words. By James P. Kelly. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00 net.
A study in the use of words.

Universal Military Education and Service. The Swiss System for The United States. By Lucien Howe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.
A study of military education and its advantages.

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Studies in Forensic Psychiatry. By Bernard Glueck. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$2.50 net.

Criminal Science Monograph No. 2. Supplement to the Journal of The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. The results of the author's investigation in the criminal department of the Government State Hospital for the Insane. The book aims to present a series of well-rounded-out case histories of criminal types as studied from the psychopathologist's view-point.

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Home Care of Consumptives. By Roy L. French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Simple instructions on the home care of consumptives. The author was formerly secretary of the Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission.

Physical Training for Boys. By M. N. Barker. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A course in physical training designed to meet the needs of the individual boy whether he trains alone or in company with other boys.

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- Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor.** By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 35 cents net.
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- Heine's Poem *The North Sea*.** Translated by Howard Mumford Jones. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00 net.
Both the German text and the translation are given, and there is an introduction on Heine and his work.
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- The Dot Mystery. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.
A story with illustrations to be drawn in by the child with the guidance of numbered dots.
- Fairy Operettas. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
Familiar nursery legends, such as "Cinderella," "Babes in the Wood," etc., in operetta form for children.
- From Bull Run to Appomattox. A Boy's View. By Luther W. Hopkins. Baltimore: Press of Fleet-McGinley Company. Illustrations and Maps. \$1.12 postpaid.
An account of the author's experiences as a private soldier in the Confederate Army as told to his son. The third edition of a book first published in 1914.
- The Golden Apple. A Play for Kiltartan Children. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.
A fairy play which deals with the adventures of the son of the King of Ireland when he goes in search of the Golden Apple of Healing.
- Hollow Tree Nights and Days. Being a Continuation of the Stories About The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods People. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
The third volume in the *Hollow Tree* series, telling of the adventures of Mr. 'Coon, Mr. 'Possum, Mr. Crow, and their friends.
- The House of Delight. By Gertrude C. Warner. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of a little girl and her dollhouse, telling of the experiences of the family of dolls who lived in it.
- The Independence of Nan. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net.
The story of a fifteen year old girl who goes from her grandfather's home in Ohio to live with her uncle in a Boston suburb.
- In Khaki for the King: A Tale of the Great War. By Escott Lynn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
The experiences of two English boys in the war.
- Isabel Carleton's Year. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
The story of the heroine's senior year in high school, with its parties, picnics, friendships, sacrifices and triumphs.
- June. By Edith Barnard Delano. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The experiences of a little Southern orphan in the North.
- Left Guard Gilbert. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A story of American preparatory school life, in *The Football Eleven Books* series.
- Liberty Hall. By Florence H. Winterburn. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A story for girls, telling of sisters who found their way to happiness, friends and independence.
- Little Billy Bowlegs. By Emilie Blackmore Stapp. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of Miss Betty, reporter, and her four little newsboy friends.
- Mother Goose Children. By Mary Frances Blaisdell and Etta Austin Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.
New stories in rhyme of Mother Goose characters in very simple language for young children.
- Nobody's Boy. (Sans Famille.) By Hector Malot. Translated by Florence Crew-Jones. New York: Cupples & Leon. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A French story which when it first appeared was crowned by the Academie Francaise. It is the story of a little French waif, told by himself, of his experiences and hardships, and of how he finally found friends and happiness.
- On the Battle Front of Engineering. By A. Russell Bond. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
Stories of great engineering achievements. Some of the titles are: "Harnessing Thunder River," "Righting a Tilted Grain Elevator," "The World's Greatest Bridge," "New York's Culebra Cut."
- Our David Pepper. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
A new story in the *Five Little Peppers* series.
- Patty's Fortune. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The latest volume in the *Patty Series*, telling of Patty's love affairs.
- Phyllis McPhilemy: A School Story. By May Baldwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
A story of English school girl life.

- Plays for the Home, School and Settlement. Flowers in the Palace Garden and Other Plays. By Virginia Olcott. Designs for Costumes by Harriet Mead Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.00 net.
Six plays simple in language and style, suitable for use among young children.
- The Quest of the Golden Valley. A Story of Adventure on The Yukon. By Belmore Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. Second Series. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
Selections from the plays and operettas that have appeared in *St. Nicholas* during the past fifteen years.
- The Sapphire Signet. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
A mystery story for boys and girls with a background of old New York.
- Sarah Brewster's Relatives. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of a young girl who on the death of her father had to leave her fine New York home and go to live on a little Western farm, where she finds many jolly times as well as lots of hard work.
- Stories for the Story Hour. From January to December. By Ada M. Marzials. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25 net.
A volume of short stories suitable for telling to children. There are two stories for each month of the year, and each story has for a text some old verse or proverb or a nursery rhyme.
- Stories of Polar Adventure. True and Stirring Narratives of Bravery and of Perils Gallantly Faced and Overcome. By H. W. G. Hyrst. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Narratives of some of the most romantic and dramatic episodes of Polar exploration.
- The Story of Mince Pie. By Josephine Scribner Gates. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25 net.
Each ingredient in the pie tells its own story and the processes it goes through before reaching the hands of the baker.
- Tales from the Old World and the New. By Sophie M. Collmann. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
Historical tales, legends and sketches for young people.
- Told by the Sandman. Stories for Bedtime. By Abbie Phillips Walker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.
Short stories for little children.
- Top of the World Stories for Boys and Girls. Translated from the Scandinavian Languages by Emilie Poulsen and Laura E. Poulsen. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. \$1.00 net.
Adventure stories, fairy tales and legends of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark.
- The Trail of the Pearl. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
The story of a poor mountain boy who found a fortune in a freshwater pearl, and of the dangers and adventures its possession brought him.
- Two Little Women and Treasure House. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
A sequel to *Two Little Women*. The heroines are two high school girls, and the story tells about their life and experiences in the little house which was built for them to study and play in.
- Uncle David's Little Nephew. (A Sequel to *The David Stories*) By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
Stories of life on a New England farm during the years from 1857 to 1865.
- The Unofficial Prefect. By Albertus T. Dudley. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
In the *Stories of the Triangular League* series. A story of American schoolboy life.
- The Wandering Dog: Adventures of a Fox-terrier. By Marshall Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
Another dog story by the author of *Beautiful Joe*. The story is told in the first person by the wire-haired terrier whose adventures take him to New York.
- When Mother Lets Us Draw. By E. R. Lee Thayer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
The latest volume in the *When Mother Lets Us* series. The work aims to make drawing amusing and interesting to children.
- The Woodcraft Girls at Camp. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The experiences of a group of Woodcraft Girls at their camp in New Jersey.
- Worth While People. By F. J. Gould. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. 75 cents.
Stories of the achievements of notable people from Thermopylæ to the Panama Canal.

Young People's Story of Massachusetts. By Herschel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The history of Massachusetts told in story form for children.

History

Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. By George Wise. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. \$3.00 net.

The author served from 1861 to 1865 in the army of which he writes.

The Eighteenth Century in France. (Crowned by the Académie Des Sciences Morales Et Politiques). By Casimer Stryienski. Translated from the French by H. N. Dickinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

In *The National History of France* series. The present volume covers seventy-four years of French history—from the accession of Louis XV. in 1715 to the meeting of the States-General in 1789.

The French Revolution. (Crowned by the French Academy—Gobert Prize). By Louis Madelin. Translated from the French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

In *The National History of France* series. The author deals with his subject under five headings—"The France of 1789," "The Constituent Assembly," "The Legislative Assembly," "The National Assembly," and "The Executive Directory." There is a bibliography at the end of each chapter.

How We Elected Lincoln: Personal Recollections of Lincoln and Men of His Time. By Abram J. Dittenhoefer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

Personal recollections of Lincoln and of the campaigns of 1860 and 1864.

Mount Vernon: Washington's Home and the Nation's Shrine. By Paul Wiltstach. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A history of the home of Washington from the first deed of gift to the land lying on the Potomac down to the present time. The author has brought out in his work many interesting and hitherto unpublished facts about the mansion, its occupants, and its grounds.

A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$2.25 each.

A history of modern Europe placing emphasis upon recent happenings, and upon events of the past which have a di-

rect bearing on the present. Volume I. covers the period from 1500 to 1815; Volume II. from 1815 to 1915.

Republican Principles and Policies: A Brief History of the Republican National Party. By Newton Wyeth. Chicago: The Republic Press. Illustrated.

An outline of the origin, progress and achievements of the Republican National Party.

Travel and Description

Bonnie Scotland, and What We Owe Her. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

In his preface the author states that he has endeavoured to tell of "the Scotchman at home and abroad, his part in the world's work, and to picture 'Old Scotia's graudeur,' as illustrated in humanity, as well as in history, nature, and art, while showing in faint measure the debt which we Americans owe to Bonnie Scotland."

The Chequered Cruise. A True and Intimate Record of Strenuous Travel. By Ralph Stock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A chatty account of a cruise undertaken in a six-ton yacht by the author and two companions among the South Sea Islands.

Hawaii: Scenes and Impressions. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Descriptive sketches of the Hawaiian Islands. There are chapters on "Honolulu: The Melting Pot," "By-ways in Hawaii," and "Kalaupapa: The Leper Settlement on Molokai."

Leavening the Levant. By Joseph K. Greene. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A missionary's account of his life and work in Turkey, with a description of the land and people, and a discussion of the political, racial and moral problems.

Midsummer Motoring in Europe. By De Courcy W. Thom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

An account of a four thousand mile journey through Europe before the war. The route is through Belgium, Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Württemberg and Bavaria.

Serbia in Light and Darkness. By Rev. Father Nicholas Velimirovic. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net.

Some glimpses into Serbian life and aspirations. Portions of the book are devoted to "Fragments of Serbian National Wisdom," and "Fragments of Serbian Popular Poetry."

Sicilian Studies. By Alexander Nelson Hood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.

Essays and stories of Sicilian life.

The Slavs of the War Zone. By W. F. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A description of the life, customs, views and aspirations of the Slav peoples.

The White Sulphur Springs. The Traditions, History and Social Life of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. By William Alexander MacCorkle. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

With Scott: The Silver Lining. By Griffith Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With maps and illustrations. \$5.00 net.

An intimate and happy chronicle of the work and experiences of the group of men who accompanied Scott on his South Pole expedition. The author was one of two geologists attached to the party.

A Woman in the Balkans. By Mrs. Will Gordon (Winifred Gordon). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations and a map. \$3.50 net.

A book on the history, peoples and customs of the Balkan countries, written with the purpose of awakening a "sympathetic interest and a more complete understanding of these peoples, especially the gallant little nations of Serbia and Montenegro."

Biography

General Botha: The Career and the Man. By Harold Spender. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

An authoritative biography of the great Boer soldier and statesman. The book tells the story of his life from his birth in 1862 up to the second year of the present war, and closes with a picture of his life to-day in South Africa.

Samuel Butler, Author of *Erewhom*: The Man and His Work. By John F. Harris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. \$2.00 net.

A biography, and an exposition of the interest and value of Butler's work in literature. The work contains a bibliography.

Joseph Conrad. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.

In the *Writers of the Day* series. A biography and a critical estimate of the works of the Polish writer.

The Life of Heinrich Conried. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The life and career of a former Director of the Metropolitan Opera.

The Chevalier de Boufflers: A Romance of the French Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. Illustrated. \$4.00 net.

The story of the life and romance of Chevalier de Boufflers and Comtesse de Sabran.

Daniel Defoe: How to Know Him. By William P. Trent. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

A study of Defoe's life and writings.

Fyodor Dostoevsky: A Critical Study. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.

A study of the life and work of the Russian novelist. In the series of *Critical Studies on Contemporary Writers*.

Famous Painters of America. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Short biographies of a number of American artists, including Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Elihu Vedder, John LaFarge, James McNeill Whistler, Edwin Austin Abbey, Gilbert Stuart, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, William Merritt Chase, and John White Alexander.

From the Deep Woods to Civilisation. Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian. By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The life story of a Sioux Indian, continuing the autobiography begun in *Indian Boyhood*, first published in 1902.

The Fighting Man. By William A. Brady. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Reminiscences of the well-known stage manager.

Thomas Hardy. By Harold Child. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.

A biography and a critical estimate of the works of Hardy.

In Slums and Society. Reminiscences of Old Friends. By James Adderley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The experiences and recollections of Canon Adderley of Birmingham, England.

Henry James. A Critical Study. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. \$2.00 net.

In the series of *Critical Studies on Contemporary Writers*. An analysis and appreciation.

A Little Book of Friends. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25 net.

Sketches of a group of eminent New England women—Annie Fields, Sarah

Orne Jewett, Anna Whitney, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Mary Louise Booth, Jane Andrews, Louisa Stone Hopkins, Rose Terry Cooke, Louise Chandler Moulton.

McClellan: A Vindication of the Military Career of General George B. McClellan. A Lawyer's Brief. By James Havelock Campbell. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Frontispiece. \$3.00 net.

A biography of General McClellan, with emphasis laid upon his services in the Civil War.

A New England Childhood. By Margaret Fuller. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50 net.

The story of the boyhood of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

William Oughtred: A Great Seventeenth-Century Teacher of Mathematics. By Florian Cajori. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.00 net. A study of the life and work of an English mathematician.

The Penny Piper of Saranac. An Episode in Stevenson's Life. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A sketch of the winter which Stevenson spent under Dr. Trudeau's care at Saranac Lake. The volume also contains Lloyd Osbourne's address written for the unveiling of the memorial to Stevenson at Saranac Lake in 1915.

Poe's Helen. By Caroline Ticknor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The romance of Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman—their engagement, its breaking, their love letters, etc.

Portraits of the Seventies. By George W. E. Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$3.75 net.

Reminiscences and character studies of notable English men and women in politics, in the Church, in literature and in society as they appeared in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

Reminiscences of a War-time Statesman and Diplomat. 1830-1915. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

Recollections of the life and career of the son of Lincoln's Secretary of State. The author was Assistant Secretary of State from 1861 to 1869, and Acting Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Lincoln, Johnson, and Hayes.

The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton: The Story of Her Life. Told in Part by Herself, and in Part by W. H. Wilkins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A new edition of the autobiography of the wife of Sir Richard Burton, first published in 1897.

The Life of John A. Rawlins: Lawyer, Assistant Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff, Major General of Volunteers and Secretary of War. By James Harrison Wilson. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Frontispiece. \$3.00 net.

John A. Rawlins served on General Grant's staff, and was Secretary of War during Grant's administration.

Henry David Thoreau: A Critical Study. By Mark Van Doren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

A study founded largely on Thoreau's Journals, and attempting to give an accurate statement of his character and general significance as a philosopher rather than as a naturalist.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Book of Garden Plans. By Stephen F. Hamblin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Suggestions showing how some of the principles of modern gardening may be applied to everyday problems. Illustrated with half tones and blue prints.

A Little Book in C Major. By H. L. Mencken. New York: The John Lane Company. 50 cents net.

A book of original epigrams.

The Motorists' Almanac for 1917 Anno Domini. Containing much Entertainment and Not a Few Facts of Concern and Interest to All Intelligent Motorists. Edited and Compiled by William Leavitt Stoddard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

The Private Secretary: His Duties and Opportunities. By Edward Jones Kilduff. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net.

A detailed description and exposition of the duties of the private secretary, with a discussion on the characteristics of a private secretary and how they may be developed.

The Story of Scotch. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

The life-story of the author's dog.

Yule-Tide in Many Lands. By Mary P. Pringle and Clara A. Urann. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Descriptions of the various forms of Christmas observance at different times and in different lands.

Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson: Extracts from the Public Speeches of the Leader and Interpreter of American Democracy, with Masterpieces of Eloquence. Compiled and Classified by Richard Linthicum. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.00 net.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Rising Tide	The Girl Philippa
Albany, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Atlanta, Ga.....	When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron
Baltimore, Md.....	Casuals of the Sea	Enoch Crane
Birmingham, Ala.....	When a Man's a Man	Heart of Rachael
Boston, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Boston, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The World for Sale
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Cleveland, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	The Woman Gives
Dallas, Texas.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Denver, Colo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Des Moines, Ia.....	When a Man's a Man	Prudence Says So
Detroit, Mich.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Houston, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Indianapolis, Ind....	Seventeen	The Proof of the Pudding
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Cappy Ricks	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Louisville, Ky.....	When a Man's a Man	The Thirteenth Commandment
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Cecily and the Wide World	Bonnie May
New Orleans, La.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Norfolk, Va.....	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Omaha, Neb.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Portland, Me.....	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Happy Valley
Providence, R. I.....	When a Man's a Man	Bonnie May
Richmond, Va.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgiana of the Rainbows
Rochester, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
St. Paul, Minn.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
San Antonio, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Rising Tide
Seattle, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Big Timber
Spokane, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Utica, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Washington, D. C.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Washington, D. C.....	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Worcester, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Magnificent Adventure	Prudence Says So	The Prisoner	The Wall Street Girl
The Woman Gives	In Another Girl's Shoes	After the Manner of Men	From the Housetops
Big Timber	The Rising Tide	Green Mansions	In Another Girl's Shoes
The Wall Street Girl	The World for Sale	The Sailor	The Bent Twig
Prudence Says So	The Rising Tide	In Another Girl's Shoes	Seventeen
Tish	Seventeen	Green Mansions	Just David
The Sailor	Pincus Hood	David Blaize	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	The Rising Tide	Seventeen	Just David
Enoch Crane	The Rising Tide	Tish	The Nest Builder
Pincus Hood	Cappy Ricks	Prudence Says So	The Magnificent Adventure
The Rising Tide	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Best Short Stories of 1915	The Prisoner
The World for Sale	Tish	Cappy Ricks	The Seed of the Righteous
Seventeen	Just David	The Heart of Rachael	In Another Girl's Shoes
Seventeen	Just David	The Rising Tide	The Proof of Pudding
Just David	The Rising Tide	The Cinderella Man	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	Richard Richard	Prudence Says So	Just David
The Prisoner	The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	The Magnificent Adventure
The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale	The Woman Gives	Come Out of the Kitchen
Nan of Music Mountain	Just David	Cappy Ricks	Prudence Says So
The Girl Philippa	The Heart of Rachael	The Unspeakable Perk	The Prisoner
Just David	Cappy Ricks	From the House Tops	The Magnificent Adventure
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard.	Seed of the Righteous.	Behold the Woman!	Seventeen
When a Man's a Man	Paradise Garden	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Unspeakable Perk
Prudence Says So	Loot	The Woman Gives	Bars of Iron
The Heart of Rachael	Big Timber	Seventeen	The Bent Twig
The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Best Short Stories of 1915
Tish	Heritage of Cain	The Woman Gives	The Brook Kerith
When a Man's a Man	After the Manner of Men	Blow the Man Down	The Girl Philippa
Seventeen	Tish	The Bent Twig	Enoch Crane
Richard Richard	The Magnificent Adventure	The Wall Street Girl	The Rising Tide
The Heart of Rachael	Seventeen	Enoch Crane	Prudence Says So
Just David	Seventeen	The Rising Tide	The Thirteenth Commandment
Big Timber	The Woman Gives	The Rising Tide	The Border Legion
The Bent Twig	Just David	The Heart of Rachael	People Like That
Seventeen	Tish	Cinderella Man	Enoch Crane
Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael	The Prisoner	Big Timber
The Heart of Rachael	Nan of Music Mountains	Tish	The World for Sale
The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	Big Timber	The Prisoner	Ramona
Just David	Seventeen	Fantomas	The Heart of Rachael
Just David	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man	Cappy Ricks
	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- A Diplomatist's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
 Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
 Friends of France. The Field Service of the American Ambulance Described by Its Members.
 My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
 England's Effort. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 On Being Human. Woodrow Wilson.
 Sixty Years in Southern California. Harris Newmark.
 A Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
 Efficient Living. E. E. Purinton.
 Thinking as a Science. H. B. Hazlitt.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 326 and 327) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1 on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. When a Man's a Man. Wright (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35.....	345
2. The Rising Tide. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35	153
3. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.35	136
4. The Heart of Rachael. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	114
5. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25	87
6. Tish. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50	82

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 The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
 The Wall Street Girl. Frederick Orin Bartlett.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
 The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson.
 In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1916

G. P. R. JAMES IN AMERICA

BY S. M. ELLIS

I

GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES, the English romance writer who holds the third place among his contemporaries in the same school of literature—being exceeded in merit by his friends Walter Scott and Harrison Ainsworth—lived for eight years, 1850-8, in America; and his letters describing the conditions of the country in those still primitive days possess very considerable interest and value. Before quoting these and relating the story of the writer's life in America, it may be premised that G. P. R. James was born on August 9, 1799, at 12 George Street, Hanover Square, London, being the son of Dr. Pinkston James, Physician to the Prince Regent, which gave rise to the legend that the initials of his son stood for George Prince Regent James. Pinkston James in early life served in the English Navy; he fought in the American War of Independence, and took part in the attack upon Connecticut under the renegade Benedict Arnold. At the sack of New London, Pinkston James, perceiving a drunken soldier throwing fugitives into the flames, tried to arrest the man, who seeing the young officer was not of his branch of the service, told him "to go to the Devil." James thereupon shot the

soldier through the head, and, after subsequent enquiry, the affair was hushed up by unanimous consent. The father of Pinkston James and the grandfather of the novelist was Dr. Robert James, the famous physician who compounded and gave his name to the once universally used James's Fever Powders, and the friend of Dr. Johnson.

G. P. R. James for nearly half a century had an adventurous, roving life on the Continent and in many parts of England; and produced in unending succession his series of historical romances and memoirs, the best remembered of the former being *Richelieu*; *Darnley*; *The Gipsy*; *Attila*; *The Robber*; and *Forest Days*. The total at the end of his life was not far short of sixty works of fiction, but the horsemen—whether solitary or in pairs or parties—which are popularly supposed to figure always at the outset of a James romance are only to be found in seventeen of the number.

Although James was not poorly remunerated for his literary work, and had originally inherited a comfortable fortune, he never had a sufficiency of ready money, owing to his easy, hospitable ways and his habit of living in large houses and keeping many servants, dogs, and horses. As years went on, his fi-

nancial position grew very serious, and after the loss of several thousand pounds over an affair with publishers, he, when fifty years of age and with a young family growing up, decided to emigrate to America, then pre-eminently the Land of Promise. Accordingly in the summer of 1850, G. P. R. James, his wife (formerly Miss Frances Thomas, whom he had married in 1828), his daughter, Florence, and his three sons, Walter, Courtenay, and Charles—the children all being under eighteen years of age—set forth on their great adventure.

II

The Jamesian voyagers arrived in New York harbour, "after a very calm but somewhat dangerous passage—dangerous on account of fog and ice," on July 4, 1850, and were welcomed by all the stunning uproar and explosions that attend the national celebration of Independence Day. The party stayed first at the old New York Hotel. Mr. Henry James, in his most interesting early autobiography, *A Small Boy and Others* (1913), has recorded how the New York Hotel was a social centre in those days. Mr. Henry James was not related apparently to the earlier novelist of the name, for he stated to the present writer:

"I enjoy no traceable relationship to G. P. R. James. . . . Our name, as you know, is a considerably frequent one, and apparently of Welsh, and Welsh-Irish origin; so that branches and sets of Jameses exist who are without consanguinity. My *paternal great-grandfather* was of Irish birth, and he turned up in America (State of New York) but toward the end of the eighteenth century. We had, as a family, no contact with G. P. R. during his time in the United States, and this in spite of the fact that my father, there, was a constant reader of his novels—one or other of which was generally in view."

One may, however, pleasantly surmise that it is possible Mr. Henry James, as a small boy of seven, came to the New

York Hotel to see his Albany cousins (as he so often did) just at the date in 1850 when G. P. R. James was there, and that the two, unknown to each other, may have met.

Soon after his arrival, the novelist proceeded to present his letters of introduction. These included one to Horace Greeley, the journalist and founder of the New York *Tribune*, who, James said, had "the head of a Socrates and the face of a baby." It was at this time that James became acquainted with Maunsell B. Field, who relates he saw the novelist "almost daily." Possibly this fact may be taken in correlation with the same memoirist's next statement, that "Mr. James soon found a residence in a hotel incompatible with the prosecution of any literary labour. So many people constantly called upon him that he had no command of his own time. Accordingly he desired to find a place, a little out of town if possible, where he could be comparatively free from intrusion." Mr. Field belonged to the category of kind and candid friends. For instance, he introduced to James "a gentleman of wealth and of the best social standing in New York," who proceeded to inform the novelist that he was a great admirer of his works, that he believed he had read them all, and that there was one in particular which was his especial favourite. "And which is that?" asked James. "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," was the answer. "That is Bulwer's, not mine," replied the mortified author, who never forgave the man, as Mr. Field complacently observes before passing on to another pleasing incident at poor James's expense, which is narrated thus: "A lady spending her summer in the country was thrown upon the not very extensive resources of a village circulating-library for books. She was one day pleased to find there, and took home with her, a copy of an English edition of one of James's novels in two volumes. She read them through with delight, and only after finishing discovered that she had been perusing the first volume of

one work and the second volume of another. Nothing but our great intimacy could excuse me for telling this to James, but he winced under it."

The suburban domicile to which James accordingly retreated was at the alarmingly named Hell Gate, opposite Astoria. The house had originally belonged to John Jacob Astor, and it was from his grandson, Charles Astor Bristed, that the novelist rented it. The place was only partially furnished, for summer residence, and James wrote an amusing account of the discomforts and difficulties attending the move in a rhyming letter to Field, which will be found in the latter author's *Memories of Many Men*. It was Field, probably, who introduced James to Longfellow, then living at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the poet, in recording in his journal his visitors on September 17, 1850, mentions "Field, with G. P. R. James, the novelist, and his son. He is a sturdy man, fluent and rapid, and looking quite capable of fifty more novels." Longfellow evidently liked James, for in a later entry, November 17th, the Journal relates: "James, the novelist, came out to dinner with Sumner. He is a manly, middle-aged man, *tirant sur le grison*, as Lafontaine has it, with a grey moustache; very frank, offhand, and agreeable. In politics he is a Tory, and very conservative."

III

James's first few months in America were busy and eventful. He was engaged as a lecturer in Boston, New York, and other centres; he was writing *Henry Smeaton* (1851); and he was arranging for the publication of his works in America by the Harpers. It is with these matters that the ensuing letters deal, while at the same time they furnish interesting comments on the America of those distant days. The first is addressed to Charles Ollier, his literary agent in England, and who had been the confidential adviser of Shelley, Lamb, Ainsworth, and many other authors.

New Haven, Connecticut,
United States,
27th. October, 1850.

MY DEAR OLLIER:

... I am now for a time at New Haven, the seat of Yale College, one of the most famous in the United States, giving my lectures on Civilisation for the second time in this country. I first delivered them at Boston; but I went when all lecture-going people were out of town and Jenny Lind was in town. There is no singing against nightingales, and the consequence was that I lost rather than gained. Here, however, the matter is reversed. The great Brewster Hall is well filled every night of the lectures, which I am now speaking instead of reading—I never could read you know—and I have professors and students and the whole town for an audience. Applications for the lectures are pouring in from all places, and I shall have as much or more to do in this way than I can accomplish for the next three months. In the meanwhile I am working away at a new romance, for which I must ask the favour of your kind superintendence through the press, as on other occasions. When I shall get to Canada I cannot tell, for these lectures now promise to be too productive to be neglected.

This is a very wonderful country, and no Englishman that I know of has done justice to it: nor, indeed, do the Americans do justice to it themselves. We all think that in point of polish and the accumulation of conveniences, and even of the conventionalities which grow gradually upon old lands, this country, two centuries and a half old, ought to be upon a par with the others where civilisation has been going on with a steady progress for more than treble its period; and we are disappointed when we find any small particular deficient. We go to see a new building and are surprised that we do not find Westminster Abbey. Then we go and abuse it—not for what it is but for what it is not. But, my dear Ollier, in passing through this land one sees no poverty, no squalid wretchedness, no hovels with windows stopped with rags and old hats. Great good humour, too, is visible everywhere amongst the people: each man seems to feel that by industry he can get on as well as

another, and each is willing to help another. There is little of that jealous rivalry, none of that irritable envy that we see in older lands, where we are all struggling for a portion of that bread which is not sufficient for the whole. There is undoubtedly an eager craving for money. It is not only the whole land that is making its way upwards, but every individual in it. Each man is encouraged by a probable hope of fortune, and each man seeks it with eagerness; but everyone holds out his hand to the one lower than himself on the ladder and tries to help him up, too. The carping at small faults and petty annoyances which many of our countrymen have displayed, and the overlooking great advantages and even great virtues, shows no philosophical spirit. The things I mention are on the surface—open to every eye; no poverty except amongst Irish immigrants; general good humour and goodwill; a wide diffusion of education; a certainty of industry producing competence, and of industry and talent acquiring fortune. Had you been in America you would probably have been President of the United States instead of seeing all your best exertions fruitless, your genius neglected, and every effort frustrated by circumstances. One great advantage of this country is that here circumstances are comparatively powerless: that they cannot exercise such an influence upon a man's fate as in Europe: that it is more in his own hands. Doubtless there is much that I object to; doubtless there is much which may and will be improved; but depend upon it, this is a great and extraordinary country, and England must not sit still contented if she would not be pushed from the stool. . . .

From this place I am going to Boston again, having three places in that neighbourhood where I have been invited to lecture with the guarantee of a large audience. Nevertheless, address me still New York, for I return to that city to lecture there and in Brooklyn very soon. . . . I have only time and space to say good-bye, with best regards from all the household of

Yours ever,
G. P. R. JAMES.

In the above letter, James also en-

tered at length into his business relations with the Harpers, and mentioned the remarkable fact that his books had upon an average a sale of seven thousand more than those of any other author in America. There is interesting confirmation of this statement in Eyre Crowe's *With Thackeray in America*:

The next emporium of the book trade in New York is Messrs. Harpers. . . . Mr. James Harper then chief director of this great publishing house. . . . Thackeray ventured to ask him whose name stood foremost in popularity in book sales in the United States. He good-naturedly took down a ponderous ledger, turned up the leaves at letter J, and said "George Payne Rainsford James heads the list, far ahead of any other author, as you can judge for yourself by glancing at the number of his books sold. He turns out a novel every six months, and the success is always the same and tremendous." This was an "eye-opener," to use a transatlantic phrase. When asked to explain the reason of this immense hold upon the public the reply was prompt: "The main reason is that his romances can always be safely placed upon the family table, with the certainty that no page will sully, or call the blush to, the cheek of any member of the household."

To another correspondent in England, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, James wrote:

I am very much struck and surprised with what I have as yet seen of this country. Its state, its progress, its prospects, are little known or understood in England. We laugh at a few glaring absurdities and declaim against a very few striking errors; but we are far from appreciating properly the resources of the land or the energies of the people. The institutions here are, to my mind, anything but perfect, and I believe them to be the source of numerous evils; but, amidst this chaos of democracy, principles of great value and importance are slowly evolving themselves, and there are virtues beneath the surface of society which must ever render a great part of the American people dear to

Yours faithfully and obliged
G. P. R. JAMES.

IV

James, at first, seems to have taken an active part in the literary life of New York. He was one of the speakers at a dinner in December, 1850, in aid of a printer's charity, when he paid a tribute to Bayard Taylor, the author and traveller, describing him "as the best landscape painter in words that I have ever known." And in February, 1852, James spoke at the meeting, in the Metropolitan Hall, called for the purpose of raising a memorial statue to J. Fenimore Cooper, who had died the previous year. James's speech is reported to have been extempore; he expressed his pride in being an Englishman, a romance writer, and a man of the people, and his pleasure in paying a humble tribute to an American romance writer and a man of the people: Cooper, he said, was not merely a novelist; he represented truth, genius and patriotism combined.

In addition to liking the American people, James delighted in the beauty of the States scenery. He had by 1851 removed to Massachusetts, where he hired a furnished house, at Stockbridge, belonging to the Ashburner family. It was a pleasant residence, with spacious verandas, and commanded fine views of wild country once the haunt of the aboriginal Indians. The house, with garden and orchard, stood high on the hillside. To the east, some quarter of a mile away, opened a gorge, known as the Icy Glen, where lay great boulders, and at the entrance grew a profusion of kalmias, red sumach, and mountain ash. Beyond this gorge was another picturesque mountain, and through the intervening valley ran a brook bearing the Indian name of Kickapoop. Southward from this brook a road led to the farm James had bought, which included a portion of the Negro Swamp, at the foot of Monument Mountain. James's son relates that his father was charmed with the beauty of the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts in their autumnal robes of gold and scarlet, and that he painted a picture of the landscape as seen from his windows.

Stockbridge, in James's time, was the centre of a very pleasant cultured society, which the novelist much appreciated and enjoyed. The Sedgwicks were the leading family in the village; Mrs. Susan Sedgwick (daughter-in-law of the former Speaker of the House of Representatives) occupied the Manor House; Mrs. Henry Sedgwick was also living in Stockbridge; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick and their daughter, Catherine, the author, were at Lenox, five miles distant, where they were frequently visited by Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble), who herself purchased a house in the neighbourhood later on. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a summer cottage near Pittsfield; Herman Melville (author of *Typee*, *Omoo*, and other stories of adventure) was in the same district; Cyrus Field, of Atlantic cable fame, and David Dudley Field, the lawyer, were frequently at Stockbridge in the intervals of their busy careers; Orville Dewey, the well-known lecturer, had at this date retired to the paternal farm at Sheffield, south of Stockbridge; Felix Darley, the artist and illustrator of Washington Irving's works, was often at Lenox; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, with his family, occupied a country retreat not far from Lenox and situated near a circular lake called the Bowl—"the old red house near Tanglewood Avenue." *Tanglewood Tales* and *The Wonder Book* picture, of course, the surrounding scenery of Berkshire, and in the latter work Hawthorne makes mention of his neighbour, G. P. R. James:

"For my part, I wish I had Pegasus here at this moment," said the student. "I would mount him forthwith and gallop about the country, within a circumference of a few miles, making literary calls on my brother-authors. . . . In Stockbridge, yonder, is Mr. James, conspicuous to all the world on his mountain-pile of history and romance."

It is interesting to note that Hawthorne borrowed the name of Pyncheon for use in *The House of the Seven*

Gables—with some subsequent trouble to himself—from the Rev. Thomas Pyncheon, minister of St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge. It was during Mr. Pyncheon's incumbency that James attended the church, and he subscribed one hundred and forty dollars toward the erection of a clock in the new tower of the building.

Hawthorne personally liked James very much, and in his *Journal* there are accounts of their meetings. On July 30, 1851, he relates:

"We walked to the village for the mail, and on our way back we met a wagon in which sat Mr. G. P. R. James, his wife and daughter, who had just left their cards at our house. There ensued a talk quite pleasant and friendly. He is certainly an excellent man; and his wife is a plain, good, friendly, kind-hearted woman, and his daughter a nice girl."

Ten days later, James turned up again, unintentionally, and owing to the size of his party was not so favourably regarded by Hawthorne, who, in the absence of his wife, had to do the entertaining alone:

"August 9, 1851. The rain was pouring down, and from all the hill-sides mists were steaming up, and Monument Mountain seemed to be enveloped as if in the smoke of a great battle. During one of the heaviest showers of the day there was a succession of thundering knocks at the front door. On opening it, there was a young man on the doorstep, and a carriage at the gate, and Mr. James thrusting his head out of the carriage window, and beseeching shelter from the storm! So here was an invasion. Mr. and Mrs. James, their eldest son, their daughter, their little son Charles, their maid-servant and their coachman—not that the coachman came in; and as for the maid, she stayed in the hall. Dear me! where was Phoebe in this time of need? All taken aback as I was, I made the best of it. Julian helped me somewhat, but not much. Little Charley is a few months younger than he, and between them they

at least furnished subject for remark.* Mrs. James, luckily, happened to be very much afraid of thunder and lightning; and as these were loud and sharp, she might be considered *hors de combat*. The son, who seemed to be about twenty, and the daughter, of seventeen or eighteen, took the part of saying nothing, which I suppose is the English fashion as regards such striplings. So Mr. James was the only one to whom it was necessary to talk, and we got along tolerably well. He said that this was his birthday, and that he was keeping it by a pleasure excursion, and that therefore the rain was a matter of course. We talked of periodicals, English and American, and of the Puritans, about whom we agreed pretty well in our opinions; and Mr. James told how he had recently been thrown out of his wagon, and how the horse ran away with Mrs. James; and we talked about green lizards and red ones. And Mr. James told Julian how, when he was a child, he had twelve owls at the same time; and at another time, a raven, who used to steal silver spoons and money. He also mentioned a squirrel, and several other pets; and Julian laughed most obstreperously. As to little Charles, he was much interested with Bunny . . . and likewise with the rocking-horse, which luckily happened to be in the sitting-room. He examined the horse most critically, and finally got upon his back, but did not show himself quite as good a rider as Julian. . . . Finally the shower passed over, and the invaders passed away; and I do hope that on the next occasion of the kind my wife will be there to see."

Charles James well remembered in later years this visit in the storm, and the rocking-horse mentioned by Hawthorne, and would add: "I remember not only getting upon Julian's rocking-horse, but pulling out his tail and being aghast at what I had done, for I did not possess a wooden horse and it had not

*Julian Hawthorne and Charles James were both born in 1846, and so were about five years old at this meeting.

G. P. R. James in America

occurred to me that the tail was movable."

The two families evidently saw more of each other, judging by the following letter:

May 18th, 1852.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE:

I write you a few lines, in case I should not find you at home to-day, in order to ask you to come over on Tuesday next with your two young people. We are going to have a little hay-making after the olden fashion and a syllabub under the cow, hoping not to be disturbed by any of your grim old Puritans, as were the poor folks of Merrymount. By the way, you do not do yourself justice at all in your preface to the *Twice-Told Tales*—but more on that subject anon from Yours truly,

G. P. R. JAMES.

In addition to *Henry Smeaton* (a Jacobite story of 1715), *The Fate* was the only book published by James in 1851, and this, owing to its historical setting, was very favourably received in America. The author wrote to Ollier:

Stockbridge, Massachusetts, U. S.

5th. October, 1851.

The Fate is highly popular here—considered the best book I ever wrote, by the critics at least. The whole of the first chapter was read in the Supreme Court the other day before Chief Justice Shaw to prove what was the state of England in the reign of James II. So says *The N. Y. Evening Post*, and I suppose it is true.

I wish I had you here with me to see the splendour of an American autumn in this most lovely scene. The landscape is all on fire with the colouring of the foliage, and yet so harmoniously blended are the tints from the brightest crimson to the deep green of the pines, that the effect is that of a continual sunset. Mountains, forests, lakes, streams are all in a glow round.

I have not written to you earlier because I wanted to find the treaty with Prussia in regard to copyright, and also to see the head of a great German house here in America, so as to put you in the way of negotiating

for the sale of my next book in Germany. But I have been too lame to leave my own house for anything but a morning's drive. I am so far better that I can now walk out for a mile or two, but my right hand and arm remain very painful. . . .

It is rather difficult to procure drafts upon England that one can be sure of, especially at the present moment of monetary crisis when the houses on which one relied the most are failing daily in Boston and New York. . . .

V

James was next engaged in writing *Pequinillo* and *Adrian, or the Clouds of the Mind*, both works being published in 1852. The latter story was written in collaboration with the ubiquitous Maunsell B. Field, who was in the habit of passing the summer at Stockbridge. In the course of his account of this joint authorship and of James's life in the village, he relates:

"James's nature was so genial, and his fund of recollections and anecdotes so inexhaustible, that he soon became the friend of every man, woman, and child who lived in the neighbourhood. He bought property there; but I fear that notwithstanding his long india-rubber boots and affectation of rustic attire, he was not a success as a farmer. In the meantime he was industriously pegging away at book making, although to the casual observer he appeared to be the least occupied man in the place. He never did any literary work after eleven A.M. until evening. He was not accustomed to put his own hand to paper, when composing, but always employed an amanuensis. At this time he had in his service in that capacity the brother of an Irish baronet, who spoke and wrote English, French, German, and Italian, and whom I had procured for him at the modest stipend of five dollars a week. When James was dictating he always kept a paper of snuff upon the table on which his secretary wrote, and he would stride up and down the room, stopping every few minutes for a fresh supply of the titillating powder. He never looked

at the manuscript, or made any correction except upon the proof sheets. . . ."

Although Field says James was not a success as a farmer, the novelist seems to have worked busily at the property he had acquired in the Negro Swamp district, for he tells Ollier in February, 1852:

The weather here has been most inclement; but it has been favourable to a sort of agricultural operation called in Yankee parlance "swamping"—i.e., getting timber and firewood out of the forest swamps. During two months, which the winter has lasted, I have got out more than three hundred thousand feet of timber; but it has been with most extraordinary labour and constant attention—for the first thaw would have ruined all. I am just again setting out for the wood, and another week will make my whole operations safe. . . .

At present I am writing in great haste in the grey of the morning with snow all around me, the thermometer at 18, and my hand nearly frozen. Verily, we have here to pay for the hot summer and gorgeous autumn in the cold silver coinage of winter.

On November 10, 1852, James delivered an Oration in the Melodeon at Boston on his friend the first Duke of Wellington, who had died in the pre-

vious September. He introduced some of his personal reminiscences of the Duke and gave an interesting address. James received a letter of thanks from the British residents of Boston, suggesting the desirability of printing the Oration, which was eventually published in 1853.

The brief Stockbridge years of 1851-2 passed all too quickly, amid pleasant society and lovely scenery and the occupations of literature and farming, and with them closed James's happy days. Could he have foreseen that only eight years of life yet remained to him, years that were to bring many troubles, sickness, and death, it cannot be doubted that he would have elected to remain quietly in Massachusetts. But the future was all unknown when, at the age of fifty-three, James decided to accept the appointment of British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia. This, of course, necessitated a fresh packing of traps and another removal, and the abandonment, with considerable financial loss, of his farm land and appliances near Stockbridge.

But the die was cast, and he set forth on this fresh adventure to Virginia, where his experiences were destined to be many and excitingly varied.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IN the course of an otherwise able and scholarly review of Mr. William Dean Howells's *The Leatherstocking God* which appeared in the columns of the New York *Sun* for November fifth we find one of the strangest of all blunders. We quote from the review:

Thirty-five years ago Howells was so well known for his individual style, for his insistence on a realism in fiction almost photographic at times, that an English comic

opera company in *Patience*, irreverently coupled his name with that of Henry James while parodying a type of young men of the period—the type of the young men whom they were supposed to use as characters in their stories.

We rather hate to spoil this exceedingly ingenious theory. But as a matter of fact the line in the opera referring to the "Howells and James young man" had no reference whatever to the two distinguished American men of letters. Howells and James was simply the firm name

of a very fastidious London tailoring establishment of the period. Speaking of an Englishman as a "Howells and James young man" merely meant that the clothes he wore were of the latest cut and fashion.

...

Then there was that review in the New York Nation of Maxwell Gray's

Mr. Gray

The World Mender, in the course of which the reviewer persistently spoke of Maxwell Gray as Mr. Gray. Of course Maxwell Gray is the woman who wrote the very widely read *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, which was published in 1886. Her real name is M. G. Tutiett, and she is a native of the Isle of Wight. Between *The Silence of Dean Maitland* and *The World Mender* her published books are: *Reproach of Annesley*, 1888; *Westminster Chimes and Other Poems*, 1889; *In the Heart of the Storm*, 1891; *An Innocent Imposter*, 1892; *The Last*

Sentence, 1893; *A Costly Freak*, 1893; *Lays of the Dragon-Slayer*, 1894; *Sweethearts and Friends*, 1897; *Ribstone Pippins*, 1898; *The House of Hidden Treasure*, 1898; *The Forest Chapel and Other Poems*, 1899; *The World's Mercy*, 1900; *Four-Leaved Clover*, 1901; *Richard Rosny*, 1903; *The Great Refusal*, 1906; *The Suspicions of Ermengarde*, 1908; *England's Son and Other Poems*, 1910; *Unconfessed*, 1911; and *Something Ajar*, 1913.

...

Mention of *Patience* suggests the picture of W. S. Gilbert presented by Mrs.

Alec-Tweedie in *My Tableclothes*. "A keen vein of humour," writes

W. S. Gilbert

Mrs. Tweedie, "ran through everything Gilbert said and did. Many people called him conceited, and no doubt he was; but most of the conceit was uttered in a spirit of fun." He would tell you unblushingly that he was the most beautiful person in the world,



Van Amburgh

There is a idea of the six bottles of course you will greatly improve upon these crude suggestions

Wm. S. Gilbert

that his forty-eight inch waist was exactly correct for a man of sixty, that his weight was that of the Apollo (not in marble), that his life had been faultless like a clean and beautiful crystal; and he never ceased to impress upon you the talent and genius of W. S. Gilbert, and the incompetence of every one else; but it was all done with a grave face and hidden laughter." Once Mrs. Tweedie was rash enough to remark that he must be a difficult person to work with. "I am not," said Gilbert, furiously, "and what is more I never had a theatrical row with Sullivan. I realise that collaboration must be one continual give and take, and the only way to work with a man is to believe that his share is of more importance than your own, and, therefore, give in as gracefully as you can to all his suggestions. I have altered whole lines to please Sullivan many a time, and I must say he has cheerfully changed entire passages to suit me."

...

Somehow, in an issue of the magazine for December, which must be regarded as the Christmas issue, we

Our Letters

like to talk about our correspondents on the friendly terms. Consequently we shall print here, rather than in the more formal "From THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag" certain letters or excerpts of letters that have reached us during the past few months. First comes a somewhat belated correction of an error in the first volume of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's *Life Histories of Northern Animals*, a work that is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Seton wishes to have this error brought to the attention of the owners of the volumes. *Life Histories of Northern Animals* is a two-volume work on North American natural history, and very unusual pains were taken by the author that all his data should be exact. Although the book has been before the public since 1909 and has been reviewed by the most eminent authorities on American natural history, this is the only error that has been discovered in its thirteen

hundred pages, and as it is serious the author is anxious that it should be corrected. On page 476, Volume I, concerning the beaver, Mr. Seton makes the statement that "it never plasters the lodge with mud outside." This should read: "It seldom plasters the lodge with mud outside, except just before the frost comes. In the summer all lodges are finished outside with sticks."

...

There has been a great deal of discussion about Mr. T. Everett Harré's *Behold the Woman!* We are not going to take up the merits of the case, but in strict fairness, and complying with Mr. Harré's request, we are printing a letter which he wrote us from Round Top Mountain, Marietta, Pennsylvania, late in September.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR—That the New York Astor Library has excluded my novel, *Behold the Woman!* from its shelves has been widely published. This action has been acclaimed in some quarters and is endorsed in a lengthy article in the last issue of *America*, the Roman Catholic periodical, which excommunicates my book for "its vivid portrayal of indecency." I have registered a protest against the banning of my romance, and wish to say, à propos of the criticisms to the effect that *Behold the Woman!* is risqué and lascivious, that this book—which I wrote to show the hideous debasement men forced upon women throughout the ages—has been endorsed by many well-known clergymen, including the Rt. Rev. William Hall Moreland, Bishop of Northern California, and by scores of people of the highest standing. Among those who have commended my novel without reservations are General Theodore A. Bingham, former police commissioner of New York City, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives), Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Hon. George B. McClellan, former Mayor of New York, Lady Duff-Gordon, Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood—surely a varied, representative and notable list of people. While *America*, a religious periodical, finds

in my tale of redemption only "lewdness and immorality," *The Christian Advocate* says, "*Behold the Woman!* is an unusual book—a book to be read seriously, a book to be thought over and read again and again. . . . We wish for this book a wide reading—preachers, teachers, and all who hear the cry of sin-burdened humanity will find here a courageous word of hope and be able, perchance, to bear it on." Among other religious journals that have recommended it are *The Catholic* (Roman Catholic), *The Presbyterian Advance*, *The Christian Intelligencer*, *The Churchman* and *The Christian Work*.

I want to give an instance of the sort of bitter attack to which my novel has been subjected, and my reply to this charge. The Rev. Edgar Fay Daugherty, of Vincennes, Ind., wrote of my book thus:

"*Behold the Woman!* impresses me as a fit volume to put in the library of a bawdy house—if such houses keep libraries; it shows a way out and up—for the inmates and patrons. The courtesans and prostitutes of earth are not fit subjects for idealisation, and the writer attempting idealisation of any one or more of them is foredoomed to failure by the very crass unfitness of his material. . . . It's no more than the imaginative jag of a saffron impressionist, and its tale of redemption is maudlin if not sacrilegious. The fittest thing about the book is the 'red-light' covering in which it is bound."

To this I made the following reply in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Daugherty:

"I have been asking why it is some clergymen are disinclined to admit the possibility of forgiveness and salvation to a woman who has not been virtuous. Is it, despite the very exculpation of Jesus Christ Himself, the sin which man must refuse to forgive? A clergyman living in Long Island has even written to me making the contention that Mary Magdalen was not a prostitute. Does he intimate that, had she been the Saviour could not have pardoned her? Why this rigid uncharity and bitter hardness on part of men consecrated to go out and save the lost? How can finite humanity—whether it wears trousers, skirts or clerical frocks—limit the mercy and understand-

ing of the Power that is infinite and from which humanity with its nature springs! . . . Frankly, I would like to have *Behold the Woman!* put into every bawdy house, for certainly, as you say, it shows a way out not presented by some clergymen whose professed mission is to show the Way and the Light to those lost in the darkness—even as it was shown by the all-comprehending



EMERSON HOUGH, AUTHOR OF "THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE"

and forgiving Christ. I presume that the comparison of the forgiven woman in the seventh chapter of the Gospel of Luke to the pharisaical Simon (who despised and condemned her) might be criticised from a certain viewpoint as 'the idealisation of a prostitute,' and I do not doubt that the promise made on Mt. Calvary to the dying thief has disturbed certain timid souls who have all the itching, but not the courage, to sin save in mean, petty and paltry things."

While the banning of a book by public libraries inevitably helps sales, there is often a double injustice in the implied insult both to the author and the public. In *Behold the Woman!* I sincerely essayed to present a problem still confronting us, and one which only the love, the understanding, the social justice which must spring from true Christianity can solve. I resent the narrow aspersions cast upon my work, and I abhor the criticism that implies that earnest novelists must write down to schoolgirls and from the standpoint of the nursery myth that babies are fished from cisterns or are plucked out of cabbage heads. The novelists of France, Russia, Germany and Poland can write of life fearlessly, yet when something like this is attempted in English—witness the early experiences in England of Thomas Hardy and George Moore and latterly in this country of Reginald Wright Kauffman and Theodore Dreiser—the hue and cry arise that the book may be “unsafe for the young.” Must we continue in the “Dark Ages” of letters, and to win the approval of the smug follow the shining example of thrilling innocuousness given by the Mrs. Florence Barclays and Eleanor Porters? Shall knowledge and truth be feared as the very bait of the devil? Is the reading public in this country so inferior in adult intelligence to the people of France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Poland? Is it composed of moral weaklings who need to be protected by chaperoning anti-vice societies, mealy-mouthed puritanists and the discerning and arbitrary judges of free libraries? I, for one, resent the ignominious and nasty insult to men of letters and the moral fibre of the reading public.

I am glad, however, in being able to say that for every single attack upon *Behold the Woman!* I have received a score of commendations for that novel's frankness, which proves that noted people and the general public as well possess a wider horizon and more profound appreciation of sincerity and truth than the professional seekers of motes in others' eyes or the little czars of endowed libraries which are supposed to serve, and not conduct a restricting espionage or censorship upon, the reading public.

(Signed) T. EVERETT HARRÉ.

Here is a letter containing an appeal from Gertrude Atherton. Letter and appeal are both interesting. We are printing without comment.

Madame Waddington had a unique position in Paris before the war as a member of one of the historical American families married to one of the most brilliant diplomatists of his time, and, after his death, as the author of published letters and memoirs that gave her an immediate position in literature. She is easily the first woman of American birth in France. Since the beginning of the war her immense prestige as well as her untiring energies have been at the service of her husband's country. Every *oeuvre* of importance that has been organised has her name on its list, and she is President or Vice-President of several. As there is a human limit, however, the position in most cases is merely honorary, and she devotes her time as well as all the money she can raise to certain relief work of her own conception. The *Ouvroir Holo-phane* in the Boulevard Haussmann, together with its ramifications in a large number of villages, is the principal of these. It was organised in August, 1914, in order to give employment to as many women suddenly thrown out of work—from sewing girls to music teachers—as possible. Owing to the generosity of English and American friends she was able to employ fifty at once, their work being sheets, pillows and night clothes for the hospitals, and under garments for the soldiers. In the country it was only possible at first to teach the rough-handed farm women to knit, but now they, too, have learned to sew, and make enough to keep going. Shortly after the *ouvroir* was on its feet she opened a wing to provide refugees from the invaded and bombarded towns with clothing, and they come in an endless and pitiful procession. The *Ouvroir Holo-phane* has also sent something like 20,000 packages to the soldiers at the front, containing a flannel shirt, drawers, thick waistcoat or jersey, two pairs of socks, two handkerchiefs, a towel, a piece of soap. If donations are made of chocolate, cigarettes or tobacco, they also go in.

In connection with her daughter-in-law, Madame Francis Waddington, she has also

an immense work at her son's country home, so abominably treated by the Germans. Here, they not only care for a great number of refugees but keep the village going, and provide amusement for the soldiers who are kept there to cut down wood for the army. The curé contributed the room and the two ladies provided a piano, and keep the soldiers supplied with writing materials, newspapers, puzzles and games. Madame Waddington's ambition is to give them a gramophone.

But although she has done an immense amount of good, there is always more to be done. The second winter is not far off, and, war or no war, the misery will be the same for a long while. As she hesitates to tax the generosity of her friends any further, however, one of her admirers, who has seen her work at first hand, conceived the idea of bringing it to the attention of her numerous other admirers through the medium of *THE BOOKMAN*, and asking them to collect funds in their various centres. Even if everybody only gave a dollar, collectively it would be an enormous help. Or if they preferred to collect bundles of clothing (or contribute a gramophone of which they might be tired) these would be equally welcome; and, if sent to the American War Relief Clearing House, 133 Charlton Street, New York, will be forwarded to France free of charge. They must be plainly marked "For Ouvroir of Madame Waddington"; and so must all contributions in money, although these should be sent to Messrs. Morgan, Harges and Company, 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

• • •

We have received the following letter from Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, of Montclair, New Jersey:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

We acknowledge that these are times in which men find many definitions in a state of change, yet there are some that would seem to have claim upon their older meaning too sound to be changed.

"This old English print" shown and mentioned on page 73 of the September issue of your valued paper, leads one to expect

a reproduction of an early engraving, etching, wood-block or mezzotint, but instead of any of these the picture shown is not, if I understand the term a print, nor is it "an old English" picture.

Plainly, it is a reduction of an illustration by Edmund J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S., of London, to the Chapman and Hall 1910 edition of *The French Revolution*, and may be seen in volume I opposite page 376.

Would you call an illustration by Brangwyn, a caricature by Phil May or a social episode drawn for *Punch* by Du Maurier, a print or an old English print, or an old English anything else? Surely it is not likely you would; then why is an illustration by Sullivan, an illustrator as widely known as any of the above used under this term—"old English print"—with no acknowledgment of its source and no mention of the artist who drew it?

As a friend of Mr. Sullivan, I feel that you will not consider it amiss that I call your attention to the break and to ask you to give Mr. Sullivan and the book his illustration is taken from, due recognition in your next issue.

We are very glad indeed to be able to give the credit which Mr. Allen suggests. Also perhaps there should be a few lines of explanation. We came across this print by itself somewhere a few years ago, considered it interesting, and had a plate made of it for future use. A long period elapsed before we found a place for it in the magazine. It is possible that the original from which our plate was made gave credit to Edmund J. Sullivan. Our impression is that it did not; but when the time came for making up the September number the original had disappeared.

• • •

Here is a communication from a gentleman who writes from Columbia University, New York City.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have awaited anxiously some Editorial comment upon the very extended and elaborate symposium of Editors you lately printed

touching the question, "Why are Manuscripts Rejected?" But you seem to have made none. Certainly out of so extended and candid a revelation of editorial methods (almost exactly similar in every case, though elaborated and explained in as many ways as there are Editors) some consensus or rule or moral or principle ought to be evolved for the guidance of the Would-be or Rejected Contributor. So far as I can see its stands now that the acceptance of a manuscript is a mere bit of blind luck. If the contributor is lucky his manuscript is accepted. If he is unlucky it is not accepted. And, contrariwise, if an editor is lucky he picks a winner; and prints him. If he is unlucky he does not pick a winner and some other editor picks him; or else the contributor gets disgusted and quits sending his manuscripts to editors! Is not this an almost exact statement of the substance of all those editorial confessions?

Of course there are some things that the Reading Public can hardly believe. We can hardly believe, for example, that any rejected manuscripts can possibly be worse than some of the manuscripts that are printed! I once took the trouble to write an editor of one of the magazines embraced in your symposium—pointing out to him that a certain story he printed was absolutely impossible from any standpoint; that it violated the laws and customs of law-offices, banks, courts of justice, and so forth. And the editor humbled me for my folly by answering me that he knew all that, but he printed the story because he knew it would interest "well-informed people." ("It interested you didn't it?" he said. Note the kind compliment to poor, degraded me!)

Another thing. If the rules laid down in the symposium are the rules followed in our magazines—how, for example, did "O. Henry" get himself printed? I sometimes wonder at the statement that there was ever a publisher so idiotic as to give a hundred pounds for such an unreadable bit of maundering as *Rasselas* or fifty pounds (or any other sum) for so poky a bit of commonplace as *The Vicar of Wakefield*! Certainly no publisher would give a dollar for such rot to-day! But, be this as it may, it appears from those examples that the old-

fashioned publisher separated himself from his wealth according to no such principles as our magazine editors claim to be guided by to-day! But will not THE BOOKMAN please editorially comment upon this thing?

Just a line of comment to point out that our correspondent is slightly unfair in his sweeping arraignment of *Rasselas* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It was a reading public very different from the American reading public of to-day that publishers had in mind when Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were writing. *Rasselas* is pretty dreary reading, but so is Voltaire's *Candide*, a book which it rather closely resembles. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has very well stood the test of years, but in thinking of it we always like to recall the late Henry James's characterisation of it as "the spoiled child of our literature."

• • •

Despite an occasional setback American sport has become something essentially fine and elevating and inspiring—
The New Men a natural and healthy outlet for certain elemental passions and aspirations. And with the elevation of sport itself has come the elevation of the writer about sport. In some paragraphs which appeared in THE BOOKMAN five years ago we called attention to Mr. Caspar Whitney as the man, who, above all others, had blazed the trail. In the late eighties Mr. Whitney started a little paper called *The Week's Sport*, in which he showed readers that if a man knew his Horace, his Addison, and his Thackeray, his account of an intercollegiate track meet would be all the better for it. Soon after Mr. Whitney, a writer of very decided talent, the late Richard Harding Davis, ventured into the field. Early in the nineties Mr. Davis went to England and wrote much for the American newspapers about athletic diversions at Oxford and Cambridge. In December, 1893, Mr. Davis wrote an account of the annual Yale-

Princeton football game that had taken place in New York two weeks before for *Harper's Weekly*. The closing paragraph is an admirable example of the "college spirit" by a man who fully understood it. Mr. Davis took the reader after the game to the dressing quarters of the winning eleven. "One of the Princeton coaches came into the room, and holding up his arm for silence, said: 'Boys, I want you to sing the Doxology.' And standing as they were, covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang the Doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives."

...

But writing about sport was merely a side issue with Mr. Davis. The same may be said of Jack London and Rex Beach who, on occasion, have been called upon for descriptive articles about Army-Navy football games or heavy weight fights for the championship. It is with the men to whom writing about sport is the day's work, whose reputations rest entirely upon what they have written about sport, that these paragraphs have to do. Mr. Charles E. Van Loan or Mr. Boseman Bulger may occasionally invade other fields in quest of ideas for fiction; Mr. Damon Runyon and Mr. Grantland Rice may turn their hands to clever verse; but it is as the historians of the tragedies and comedies of the Big League that they are considered by the general reading public. Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton has been quoted as saying that he wants to stop "covering baseball" and settle down to write novels like those of W. J. Locke. But no matter how successful he might be in the suggested field we think that his widest audience is likely to come from those who have been entertained by his ingenious accounts of the strategy of diamond attack and defense. Peter Finley Dunne once tried to bury Mr. Dooley, but without success. Mr. Ring

W. Lardner would probably have almost as much trouble if he attempted to make American newspaper readers forget "You Know Me Al," the egotistical, dull witted, niggardly, yet not unlikable pitcher in whom he has so successfully satirised certain foibles of the baseball profession.

...

Forty-two papers in the United States print Grantland Rice's "The Sport Light" through the *Tribune's* Service and twenty-one papers publish his "Weekly Golfing Yarn." Here is a typical sample of "The Sport Light."

THE TRAINERS

My name is Trouble—I'm a busy bloke—
I am the test of Courage—and of Class;
I bind the coward to a bitter yoke,
I drive the craven from the crowning
pass;
Weaklings I crush before they come to fame,
But as the red star guides across the night
I train the stalwart for a better game—
I drive the brave into a harder fight.

My name is Hard Luck—wrecker of rare
dreams—
I follow all who seek the open fray;
I am the shadow where the far light gleams
For those who seek to know the easy way;
Quitters I break before they reach the
crest,
But where the red field echoes with the
drums,
I build the fighter for the final test
And mould the brave for any drive that
comes.

My name is Sorrow—I shall come to all
To block the surfeit of an endless joy;
Along the Sable Road I pay my call
Before the sweetness of success can cloy;
And weaker souls shall weep amid the
throng
And fall before me, broken and dis-
mayed;
But braver hearts shall know that I belong
And take me in, serene and unafraid.

My name's Defeat—but through the bitter
fight

To those who know I'm something more
than friend;

For I can build beyond the wrath of might
And drive away all yellow from the
blend;

For those who quit, I am the final blow,
But for the brave who seek their chance
to learn

I show the way, at last, beyond the foe
To where the scarlet flames of triumph
burn.



DAMON RUNYON. DRAWN BY TAD. ONE OF THE MOST PROLIFIC OF WRITERS ON SPORTS. MR. RUNYON WROTE THE UNUSUAL "SONGS OF THE SHUT-INS" SOME OF WHICH APPEARED IN THE BOOKMAN A FEW YEARS AGO

Mr. Rice began writing sport in the *Nashville News* in 1901, the summer after he was graduated from Vanderbilt University. In the course of this fifteen years of service he has covered more than eighteen hundred baseball games, more than one hundred football games, besides golf championships, and tennis and polo matches.

...

Allusion has been made to Mr. Richard Harding Davis's description of the scene in the dressing room after the Thanksgiving Day football game of 1893. Naturally that story is included in Mr. William H. Edwards's *Football Days* (Moffat, Yard and Company). The oldest alumnus would be hard put

to it to find a story dealing with the gridiron game that is not included in Mr. Edwards's book, which is far and away the best book on the subject of football that has as yet been written. Other books have dealt with the history of the game and its strategy. Five years ago Mr. Parke H. Davis's *Football* appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. That work traced the sport back to the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah and to the sixth book of Homer's *Odyssey*; followed it through the Teutonic tribes which Cæsar founded in Gaul, the ancient Britons and their descendants, and gave in minute detail the story of every important contest in America from 1869 until 1910. A year or two before Mr. Davis's book was published Mr. Walter Camp had written with profound knowledge of the subject. But neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. Camp nor any other writer about football has approached Mr. Edwards in point of colour. In *Football Days* you get not merely the anecdote of the game, but its thrill and fever. In the eyes of the American undergraduate or alumnus the Team is not merely eleven boys engaged in an afternoon contest against eleven other boys. It is a symbol of the university. There are many who do not understand this—who never can understand. "If we lose," "Garry" Cochran said to "Bill" Edwards when they were playing on the same team. "It will be a dreary old place for you. It will be a long hard winter, the frost on the window pane would be an inch thick." It is the interpretation of this spirit, which makes a defeat a tragedy and a victory one of life's supreme joys, that gives *Football Days* its absolutely unique place in its field.

...

While the late Richard Watson Gilder could never be considered a dominant figure in American letters he was a distinguished citizen and an admirable editor.

Moreover, he was of literary importance on account of his intimate association



Portrait by Greeley Photo Service
GRANTLAND RICE, WHOSE "THE SPORT-
LIGHT" APPEARS IN FORTY-TWO
PAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.
TWENTY-ONE PAPERS PUBLISH HIS
"WEEKLY GOLFING YARN"



Portrait by Ira L. Hill's Studio
WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, WHOSE "FOOT-
BALL DAYS" GIVES THE READER NOT
MERELY THE ANECDOTE, BUT THE
THRILL AND FEVER OF THE GAME



WILLIAM B. HANNA, WHO WRITES
OF SPORT FOR THE NEW YORK
"SUN"



JOHN G. ANDERSON, ONE OF THE MOST
CONSPICUOUS WRITERS ON GOLF. MR.
ANDERSON IS HIMSELF ONE OF
AMERICA'S LEADING GOLF PLAYERS

WRITERS ON OUTDOOR SPORTS



WILLIAM MC FEE, THE AUTHOR OF "CASUALS OF THE SEA," WITH HIS TWO CHINESE SAILORS ON SHIPBOARD. SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR MR. MC FEE HAS BEEN IN THE BRITISH TRANSPORT SERVICE, FOR THE GREATER PART OF THE TIME AT PORT SAID

with the best that America had to offer in art, letters, and the theatre during his lifetime. His thirty-eight years in New York, as his daughter, Rosamond Gilder, says in the course of *Letters of Richard Watson Gilder* (Houghton Mifflin Company) were years of virtually unbroken activity. Born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844, he was twenty-six years of age when he started the *Newark Morning Record*. A few months later he began his association with *Scribner's Magazine*, of which Dr. J. G. Holland was the editor. With Mr. Gilder under Dr. Holland were two other young men, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Alexander W. Drake. It was a time when the old traditions held in the world of magazine making; when there were thought and feeling for the flavour of real literature. In the winter of 1873 Richard Watson Gilder discovered the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. "Do you know," he wrote later, "that I was one of the first in this country to be interested in *Omar Khayyam*? I saw it in manuscript, copied by Helena de Kay from the copy in the possession of John

La Farge. I brought it to the attention of a publisher who dealt in translated works, but he did not take it."

• • •

The Helena de Kay referred to in the last paragraph was soon to become Richard Watson Gilder's wife. The young couple settled in the Studio on Fifteenth Street, New York City, where the Authors Club was afterward founded. The Studio quickly became the gathering place for a group of young artists and authors. Walt Whitman told his biographer of its hospitality. Among others who went there in the early days were La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, Will Low, Stanford White, Joseph Jefferson, and Madame Modjeska. Pages from the journal of those years record visits from the Charles Dudley Warners and from Edmund Clarence Stedman. Then came the journey to Cambridge the second summer after their marriage. Mrs. Lathrop, Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, made the journey with them. In the journal for July, 1875, Mrs. Gilder wrote: "Richard went to see Lowell and



RUDYARD KIPLING BEFORE THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC AT RHEIMS

Longfellow; Lowell had called on us when we were out. We took tea at the Jameses, who were all the same. Norton's Woods were beautiful. I went there to sketch and met Lowell walking along with his finger in a book. He was perfectly delightful. We saw him twice. The first thing Longfellow said to me was that he had heard of our house and thought it must be charming—that he was always pleased to hear of houses where people carried out their own ideas and did not go by the general type. His own is beautiful. Emerson—of all these

people—impressed us as the genuine child of genius.” . . .

The Gilders made their first European journey in 1879. They went to London, then to Paris, and thence by stages southward to Italy. One of their stopping places was Avignon, where by chance they discovered a nest of Provençal poets. They were enquiring one day the way to the home of Mistral, and asked the question in a small book shop. The keeper of the shop turned out to be Mme. Roumanille, wife of the senior

member of the poetic group, herself once queen of the society of poets,—the Félibrige—and mother and mother-in-law of other queens and poets. The poet from America was welcomed with open arms by all the warm-hearted Provençaux. The following autumn the Gilders returned from Italy to London. In a letter to his sister, Jeannette L. Gilder, dated January 9, 1880, Richard Watson recorded: "I have lunched with Gosse and Austin Dobson. I have had four chats with Browning—nice fellow! He introduced me to 'Tom Hughes'."



EDWIN MILTON ROYLE, AUTHOR OF
"PEACE AND QUIET"

Again, to Charles de Kay, he wrote: "I have seen Browning twice; he reminds me of an india-rubber ball, he has so much bounce—and is round and sudden; very jolly and kindly though and interested in things—especially in art. He doesn't seem at all poetic at first—but those who know him best like him most and find the rhymers in him."

...

In 1880, after the return from Europe, came the change by which *Scribner's Magazine* became *The Century*. In 1881 Dr. Holland died, and from that time, Mr. Gilder, editor-in-chief in name as well as in fact, began

to exert that controlling influence which was his until the time of his death twenty-eight years later. Among the features for the first five years of *The Century* under its new name were George W. Cable's *History of the Creoles*, and his novel, *Dr. Sevier*; John Hay's novel, *The Breadwinners*—published anonymously and arousing at the time intense interest and discussion; chapters from Stevenson's *Silverado Squatters*, and novels by Mr. Howells. The Civil War Series and *The Life of Lincoln*, though not published till later, were under consideration at the time. Together they form by far the most important publications ever undertaken by a magazine. The Civil War Series alone required an enormous amount of work on the part of the two editors who had it in charge, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buel, while Mr. Gilder's hand guided *The Life of Lincoln* through the difficult processes of completion and publication.

...

In a letter to Edmund Gosse, written November 1, 1882, Mr. Gilder recorded the forming of the Authors Club. "You will be surprised," he wrote, "to hear that there is no such thing in the city—but perhaps you will not be surprised either, for I doubt if there is such a thing in London." Also to Mr. Gosse, under cover of February 6, 1883, he wrote: "By the way, has it ever occurred to Stevenson to do a Chaucer series à la Arabian Nights? Can you get a story from him for us? Is he not the 'new man' you told me about when we were walking down toward the Park after the Athenæum Club? He has a delicious humour. Will he keep it up—respect his talent—and have a 'career'? I find he knows some of my American artist friends." Two weeks later he was writing to Stevenson direct suggesting that *The Century* would welcome contributions. Then again to Gosse (March 23, 1886), "You remember Stevenson's gigantic and delightful project about the Rhone. He said to me that the man who did it would have to have, among

other qualities, the strength of a bullock. Of course, he is not likely to be able to carry it out in its entirety; but I asked Low lately if he would, in writing over, lure him with the idea of their doing one or more papers on the Rhone together. The result is Low's tragic letter from Stevenson, leaping at the idea, but saying that hemorrhages will haunt them through their journey, and that Low must not be frightened by them, and must simply take good care of him. To this Mrs. Stevenson adds a postscript saying that the 'mysterious' malady which afflicts Louis is doubtless none other than consumption, and that in one of these hemorrhages he may slip this life."

There was once a story current that when Stevenson came to America in 1879 on his first trip he had gone to the office of *The Century*, then *Scribner's*, and had not been received with open arms. When he came again, in 1887, Mr. Gilder saw him and they talked over the earlier episode. Here is Mr. Gilder's account, contained in a letter to Mr. Talcott Williams:

I have no doubt that Stevenson used the expression "fired out" with reference to his experience in our old office. That is the term he and I used in talking the thing over, the other evening. I had three delightful visits in his room by his invitation,—two of them, very long visits,—and that among other things was freely discussed. I remember asking him who it was that "fired him out." (In point of fact, of course, nobody fired him out.) He looked at me with a quizzical expression and said: "I don't know but it was you. Yes," he said, "I think it was you, now that I look at you."

I said, "Oh, pshaw, now! Dr. Holland was a large likeness of me; it might have been he."

"No," he said, "I think it was you."

"Well," I said, "see here, now, when was this?"

He said it was in July.

I said, "It might have been me, if it was in July; but of what year?"

"1879."

"Hurrah!" said I, "that lets me out." And I jumped up with great delight, for as you know I was in Europe from March, 1879, to June, 1880. Between you and me and the lamp-post I have no doubt I would have made the same answer to him as was made—whatever that answer was. He brought no manuscript, and simply wanted to write for the magazine.

• • •

After Stevenson, Kipling. Here is a record from Mr. Gilder's journal under date of May 1, 1892.



WRITERS ABOUT SPORT. JAMES C. ISAMINGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA "NORTH AMERICAN"

Kipling dined with us on Saturday, and I found him very simple in outward ways, interested in everything about him, and no hint of the "big head" which we had been told so much about. His talk was general and perfectly unaffected. Of course we made him talk about himself—that is part of the art of conversing with a genius. He told us some very amusing things about elephants, and I asked him (à propos of Francesca to whom he talked Hindoo—and I said he mesmerised her!) how much he believed of those things. He said he did not know, but the first time he saw the beef killed in Chicago he was more overcome than at the sight of human beings killed: it was the "sacred

cow," and to kill it was sacrilege. Of course in a sense he is not simple at all—he is tremendously complicated. Mrs. Kipling is a real New England girl, interested in interesting things and a woman of much good sense but not prosaic.

...

For the following appreciation of Mr. Frank Wilstach's *A Dictionary of Similes* we are indebted to the ingenious pen of Mr. Robert H. Davis. Mr. Davis writes: Nicholas I. of Russia, decided in the latter forties that he wanted a



FRANK WILSTACH

railroad constructed from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He summoned his engineers. They arrived at the Palace with a ton of blue prints and a number of objections. "I don't like the detours you gentlemen have planned through swamps and hills. Why don't you build the road in a straight line?" "It can't be done," chorused the experts. "Why not?" inquired Nicholas, seizing a ruler. "It looks simple enough to me, for example—:" Whereupon His Majesty placed the straight edge upon the map, drew a line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, hired William McNeil Whistler's father to oversee the job, and the road

was built. To-day from Moscow to Petrograd the Nicholas Railway flies as the crow. During the year the Prince of Wales visited the United States he was introduced to the American oyster. At that time, a full grown Lynnhaven was about the size of a veal chop. The Prince was of the opinion that one was sufficient for a meal. A bystander remarked: "Why there are people in this town who can eat a hundred of them." "Sir," responded the Prince, "it can't be done. I should be glad to lay a wager that you cannot find within the day so eminent a gourmand." The boaster withdrew and returned in about thirty minutes. "Now, Your Highness," said he, "come across with that bet. You say it can't be done—I just did it myself!"

...

Sometime ago George Moore wrote: "It is hard to find a simile when one is seeking for one." This line fell under the eye of Mr. Frank J. Wilstach. Goaded to desperation, he rushed out and collected sixteen thousand similes. He ravaged every language, all the authors living and dead, and compiled a volume carrying four hundred and eighty-eight pages, and weighing close on to three pounds. From Chaucer to Cobb he applied himself to the task and laid bare the natural history of the simile in all its quaint, curious, fascinating, and complicated forms. His selections, to use a simile from Carlyle, are "crammed in like salted fish in their barrels." But these fish are laid in proper order, not by a reckless longshoreman, but by an ichthyologist who displays them with due regard, and in such a manner that the angler for similes can cast his hook and catch any kind of a fish with which he wishes to stock his intellectual aquarium. For people who possess brains and wish to match them, *The Dictionary of Similes* is a treasure house. For people who do not possess brains and wish to snatch them, Mr. Wilstach's volume is "open as a smile." His book is the alpha and omega of comparative utterance. Its chief charm,

aside from its value as a book of reference, lies in the fact that it brings the reader face to face, through swift contact, with the ancients and the moderns; and it would be an easy matter for one to find his interest awakened in some author merely through a single brilliant line, or a flash of wit suspended in the essence of comparison. Swift has written: "Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of getting into the world, but there are ten thousand to get out of it and return no more." But with a Wilstach at large, the possibility of a dead author being brought back to life increases tenfold. He has gathered from under foot many a forgotten quib—many a phrase that would otherwise have lain forever beneath the accumulating dust from the stars. Mr. Wilstach's first duty is to send a copy of this *Dictionary of Similes* to Mr. George Moore who may still be in search of one.

...

In the second of the papers entitled "London Memories" which he has been contributing to *Scribner's Magazine*, Brander Matthews recalls a dinner given at the Savile Club by Edmund Gosse in honour of William Dean Howells. Among the guests were George Du Maurier, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy and William Black, and over the table was a discussion of the reasons for the disappearance of revenge as a motive in fiction—a discussion which resulted in a general agreement that as men no longer sit up nights on purpose to hate other men, the novelists have been forced to discard that murderous desire to get even which has been a mainspring of romance in less sophisticated centuries. Then the talk shifted to the subject of the image called up in the mind by the word *forest*.

To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wes-

sex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells forest recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths, bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi.

...

In 1883 Brander Matthews made the acquaintance of Charles Brookfield, the actor. One day when they were chatting after luncheon in the smoking-room of the Savile the talk turned to *Vanity Fair*. Very casually Brookfield remarked: "My mother has a lot of Thackeray letters."

When I asked for particulars, he explained that his parents had been very intimate with the novelist and that his mother had preserved nearly a hundred letters to them extending over long years and often adorned with characteristic drawings. When I inquired why this correspondence had not been printed, he replied that his mother had offered them without success to the London publisher who was the owner of the Thackeray copyrights. I knew that the law laid down by the English court when Chesterfield protested against the publication of his letters to his son, admitted the physical ownership of a letter by the recipient, while reserving to the sender the right to control publication; and I saw that the situation was a deadlock since Mrs. Brookfield could not sell her letters for publication without the permission of the owner of Thackeray's copyrights, whereas the publisher could not issue the correspondence unless she supplied him with the copy.

SOME AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS OF TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED

I

It was reserved for an Englishman, Mr. Arnold Bennett, to rebuke the snobbishness and ignorance of certain New Yorkers who sneer at American art, and to remind them that two Americans—Sargent and Whistler—are among the foremost modern painters. That such a rebuke should be invited seemed surprising. At least ten years before Mr. Bennett's utterance the Comparative Exhibition of Paintings, held in New York, had established in discerning eyes the equality of Americans with Englishmen and Continentals. It was nevertheless refreshing to be told by an alien of such keen perception that the Yankee habit of boasting is not, after all, universal and constant, and that whispers of self-disparagement may still be overheard by acute and well-trained ears.

The criticisms resented by our distinguished visitor, concerning our art in general, you are sure to hear, sooner or later, from the lips of persons neither snobbish nor ignorant, concerning the art of our illustrators in particular. They will tell you we have developed no school. That Abbey and Smedley are but memories—Gibson a glittering exception. They will talk of Daumier, Keene, Phil May, Leech, Du Maurier, Beardsley, Nicholson. And of course they will flaunt in your face the pages of *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus* and *Le Rire*.

Perhaps the best answer to all this—for some of the argument goes wide—is to point to some of the illustrations in our current periodicals—weekly and monthly. In certain instances it may be necessary to turn the cover quickly. It is, after all, only a kind of chromatic college yell that will do you no lasting harm if your glasses are properly adjusted, and—like the circus posters—it probably bears no absolute relation to

the entertainment inside. Then—discreetly skipping, as we all skip, whether we are reading Homer or Hamilton Mabie—you are likely to find, even in the most “popular” of the magazines, examples of the illustrator's art that will be a sufficient reply.

The high standard long established and adhered to by some of our leading periodicals, zealous in the promotion and development of pictorial art, speaks of course for itself. It has made them the envy and despair of England's magazines. What the writer wishes to point out is that not only in these, but in periodicals that appeal to a far wider and a less sophisticated audience, may be found the work of a dozen or more men and women—the Illustrators of To-day—whose sincerity, high purpose and commanding gifts of delineation set them apart as masters of their craft. The list is by no means complete. It includes both those who are young in years and those who, older, are also young in vision and in attitude. It indicates strikingly, that a link has been established between the traditions of the past and that changing, living present which merges in tomorrow. The illustrators here singled out do not represent a school, or a movement. Except in the case of three or four men they do not even constitute what might be called a group. Their styles are as various as their mediums. What they do stand for in common is their endeavor to represent life truthfully, graphically, convincingly, and in doing so to make no compromise.

II

It was Glackens, now a painter almost exclusively, who exercised a strong formative influence on the men doing the most conspicuous and telling work in black and white to-day. A comprehen-

sive chronicle of how it came about would doubtless include some record of the Café Francis—unhappily no more. Ten years ago this unique establishment provided an atmosphere and became a rendezvous for a group of artists, some already famous and some on the road to fame. It was not only a restaurant, but a kind of club, and it gathered within its hospitable walls painters like Lawson, Henri, Luks, and illustrators such as Glackens, Wallace Morgan, Gruger,

Louis Fancher, the Prestons. It was, in some respects, perhaps the closest approximation to the mythical thing—"Bohemia" that recent New York has nourished, and the intercourse of its frequenters was unquestionably stimulating. But ill fortune overtook the proprietor, and the art aggregation is gone.

An influence of wider and more practical importance, and one that cannot be overlooked, is the part played by the newspaper press of yesterday,—before



ROOSEVELT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

the camera supplanted the illustrator. In those days—but a few years ago—the staff artist was constantly called upon to picture the news. The races at Belmont Park, a labour riot in Chicago, the eruption of Mount Pelée—any one of these things found him prepared, and put him on his mettle. This was the real art school—the school of life—in which he threw overboard many theories, and grappled with living emotions. It trained his eye, his hand, his mind, as nothing else could train them—enlarg-

ing his experience, and supplying him with a great variety of subjects. Some of to-day's most notable illustrators enjoyed this post-graduate course, after leaving the art school; and each of them acknowledges his indebtedness to it.

The man who comes first to mind in this connection is Wallace Morgan, who owes less to his early instruction and more to himself than any one I can recall. Mr. Morgan was for some years an obscure member of the New York *Herald* staff—his great ability unrecog-



Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly"

IN A RESTAURANT. BY WALLACE MORGAN. FROM "ABROAD AT HOME"

nised except by his fellow-craftsmen. In 1908, quite accidentally, he was assigned to provide pictures for the "Fluffy Ruffles" verses of the late Charles Battell Loomis. The public rose to them, the newspaper awakened to his importance, and his reputation was made. Since that day Mr. Morgan has developed his style and thought out his effects until his brilliant contributions to *Collier's* and other periodicals have compelled popular favour.

The opportunity he seized on the newspaper was an accident, but there was nothing fortuitous in his methods while awaiting it. He had set out to model his manner on some of the shining exemplars of the criss-cross school—that intricate style which boasts a few masters and many poor imitators. Then, one day, he suddenly awoke to the consciousness that this was all wrong—for him. With his feet set in the right path he laboured and contemplated, and so adjusted his vision that he has at last achieved a peculiar mastery in his medium. His illustration for Julian Street's *Abroad At Home* shows his excellent tone effects—his command of the painter's art combined with the illustrator's special endeavour and aptitude. It is a style exceptionally free and loose—the antithesis of the photographic. His figures are people, not puppets, and if the men and women he wishes to depict are "smart" their counterfeits will be "smart" as well, but will not suggest collaboration with a tailor.

In gathering the material for *American Adventures*—the second of the *Collier's* series—there came a time when the tourists felt travel-worn. To Wallace Morgan, at least, such an inland voyage had long ceased to be a novelty. Their trip through one State, here nameless, was marked by sleepless nights which the most fastidious wayfarer must sometimes endure in hotels. "I'm tired of it," Morgan remarked to Street. "I don't mind hardships, and danger is all in the day's work; but I draw the line at being slowly bitten to death."

"I see," said Street, sympathetically.

"I made a mistake in my illustrator. It should have been Harrison Cady."

III

Henry Raleigh, who lives and works at Stamford, Connecticut, also owes much to his newspaper training. His work for the San Francisco press attracted such favourable attention in New York that he joined the staff of the *Sunday World*, where he filled all kinds of assignments, and lent a special distinction to its pictorial pages. The painter predominates in all of Raleigh's drawings, many of which appear in *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is not that he subordinates delineation to beauty of tone. The picture he himself selected for this article sufficiently indicates his vividness and his interpretative power. But he is not satisfied unless his drawing contains all that he can bring to it with respect to colour and composition, and in this sense he has no superior among our magazine illustrators. He is a rapid worker, as all newspaper staff artists must learn to be; and this rapidity has come to be of great service in an age of speed when the exactions of the weeklies and monthlies frequently match the frenzied haste of the daily journal. An illustrator nowadays is often called upon to supply a set of pictures for a story at a few days' notice, and when this demand comes from a steady customer he feels compelled to comply with it. And it is here that facility, born of wide experience and long practice, and supplemented by a cultivated power of visualisation, makes it possible for the illustrator to do his best work at one burst. Wallace Morgan, for example, visualises so strongly the people and things he has seen that he uses no models at all; and though sometimes he toils for a week on a drawing, it is simply because he is not satisfied with a number of preliminary sketches.

While Mr. Raleigh shuns specialisation, his illustrations of both French and Irish types are conceived and executed with uncommon felicity. When he finds



ON THE DUNES. BY HARVEY DUNN

himself becoming "stale," he takes a rest for two or three months—making etchings and lithographs in the meanwhile, for his own amusement, until the inspiration for work returns.

Raleigh, F. R. Gruger, and Arthur William Brown use much the same methods, work in the same medium, and aim at the same goal, yet their achievements are by no means alike. Two things they possess in common. One is their endeavour to tell the story through the picture, and to do so by depicting real people in a real world. The second thing is a possession shared, I am glad to record, by nearly all the illustrators of to-day who really count. This is that definite yet elusive quality called breeding. It shows in an artist's work irrespective of his types, and in the matter of his types it is quite unmistakable. When the true illustrator essays to picture gentlefolk he does not do it by elevating their chins or their eyebrows, or by seeking inspiration from a fashion-plate. The process is somewhat subtler, and when it is skilfully employed you behold men and women strange to the pages of—no matter whom, but quite recognisable in the course of a stroll along the avenue of any American city.

F. R. Gruger—like Raleigh and Brown—has been conspicuously identified with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Like Raleigh and Morgan he has en-

joyed a newspaper training—on the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Gruger's father was a builder and contractor, and some of his associates think they can trace to this his fondness for structural things. However this may be, his drawings reveal a close observation of accessories in relation to the human figures of the scene. One of several illustrations for a recent *Post* story strikingly indicates this method. It is a picture meant to epitomise a workingman's bedroom, and you would know this if you did not read the title underneath. The Nottingham curtains on the window, with the inevitable gilt cornice, alone tell the story. But the whole effect is immensely heightened, and an atmosphere certainly created, by the way in which everything in the room—washstand, table, chairs, gas bracket—is suggested rather than forced upon your attention. Now, here is every little detail that goes to make reality, yet nothing is photographic or painfully minute. It is not a "big" or important picture, but for all that it represents a triumph in verity. All of Gruger's illustrations are the product of one who analyses his characters and surrounds them with a suitable environment.

Mr. Gruger's choice of a career was directed by a stationer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This man was also a dealer in prints, and in his little shop



SKETCH BY F. R. GRUGER

the impressionable boy first learned that Michael Angelo was a great master, and that here in the United States artists such as Abbey, Smedley and Reinhart were the men to study and follow. It is by adhering to these standards and by years of unremitting toil, with scarcely a real vacation, that he has established himself securely as a sound and valid portrayer. Mr. Gruger, it may be noted, finds that the "Movies" have opened a new field for observation that has a peculiar value in the exhibition of unconscious gestures and the varied play of emotions.

Arthur William Brown, the youngest of this group, has won recognition through persistent and conscientious work. The first sketches he was able to sell were submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* after he had ceased his labours as a chalk-plate artist for a newspaper in Hamilton, Canada, and had come to New York. As no knock resounded on his door, he took to the road in pursuit of opportunity—traveling with Barnum and Bailey's circus, and making sketches of what he saw. It was these that the *Post* accepted—

and kept in the safe for several years before reproducing them.

Mr. Brown "found himself" in his highly interpretative illustrations for Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*, in *The Metropolitan Magazine*. It may be that I confuse the excellence of the subject with his achievement in interpretation. He himself modestly says, "It was a great opportunity." But it seems to me that he has revealed in this satisfying series of pictures a skill and understanding that greatly surpass his previous performance. The merit of these lies, first of all, in the happy conveyance of the author's theme and characters. Many readers would prefer to have stories they care most for left unillustrated because the pictures are so likely to destroy the illusion. But the illustrations for *Seventeen* heighten the illusion, and lend an additional flavour to a delightful story.

This effect is achieved in great measure by the intelligent and discriminating selection of types. The people here depicted, whether juveniles or grown-ups, are natural, everyday people—never freaks or caricatures. They look, as

they are meant to be—wholesome and well bred. Even the darkey waiter communicates the impression that he, too, had “binging up.” You would never take him for a roustabout or a “nigger minstrel.”

Mr. Brown's models—used chiefly for suggestion—are seldom professionals.

The boys and girls employed for *Seventeen* were mostly recruited from neighbouring families. The little daughter of Maximilian Foster, playwright, posed for Jane. A young man fresh from Princeton, where he had belonged to the same club as Mr. Tarkington, felt honoured in impersonating the corpulent



THE BOOKKEEPER'S WIFE. BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

youth—until the fiction appeared in book form, with the title of the episode cruelly changed to "The Big Fat Lomax."

We now come to a commanding figure in modern pictorial expression. Albert Sterner—long in the foremost rank of graphic draughtsmen,—who has quite incidentally taken up illustration again, following a period largely occupied by portraits in pastel and oil, affords a striking refutation of the peculiar notion prevailing in some quarters that beauty and delicacy are inconsistent with strength. His work, moreover, is an eloquent protest against the demand

for labels and specialisation. The moment finds him engaged with illustrations, done in charcoal, for Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, *Lady Connie*—revealing his customary charm of line and the employment of classic types as modern as Broadway and as opposite to it as Arcady. To-morrow may find him at work on a decoration or a portrait, or absorbed in some new adventure in art. Some day he may try his hand at the Movies; but if he does you may be sure the idea will be his idea—the theme and all that pertains to it will be *his* theme. To create as well as interpret—that may be said to sum up his attitude and to



Copyright, Rose O'Neill, 1915

IMAGES DANS L'ESPRIT. BY ROSE O'NEILL (SALON 1912)



ÂME MALADE. BY ALBERT STERNER

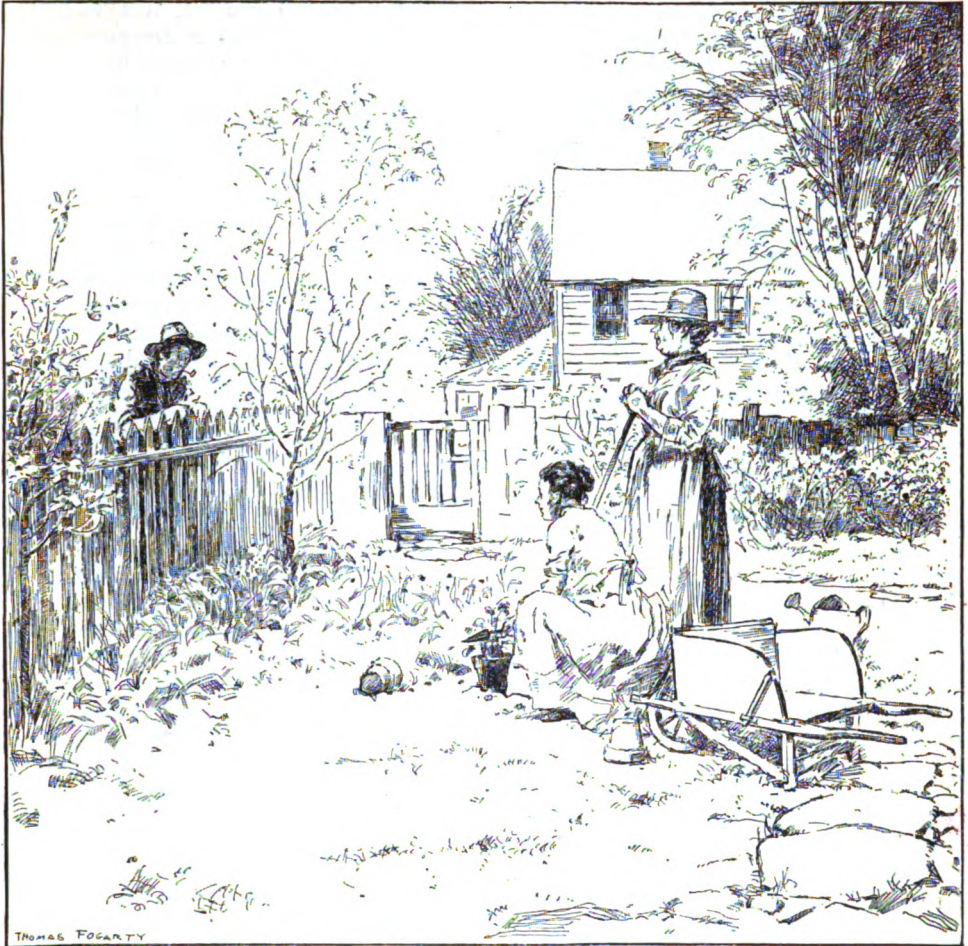
define in a word what he holds to be his function as an artist. "Expression!" he exclaims. "Anything that expresses me—I care not what. Let it be a book-plate, or a portrait, or a lithograph. The medium, the special technique—it makes no difference, as long as I express myself in the particular medium that best conveys the idea and the inspiration."

IV

The reproduction in *THE BOOKMAN* of Mr. Sterner's "Âme Malade" exhibits but one facet of a diamond. It is, however, quite enough to indicate the virtuosso. It radiates what artists like to call "feeling." You get the sensation of spaciousness in his treatment of the vast chamber—of brooding mystery and

tragedy that envelop and penetrate its every recess.

You have probably seen another drawing of his—for it has been often reproduced: "Amour Mort," with Pierrot disconsolate at the bedside of his dead Love. Here the reclining figure of the inanimate woman is so etherialised—so surrendered to the lassitude of death, that its "rapture of repose" might be taken to illustrate those lines of Byron, beginning, "He who has bent him o'er the dead." Indeed I rather hope that the passage may be affixed before Mr. Sterner passes away and the copyright expires. Otherwise, popularity may overtake him, as it has overtaken Whistler, whose portrait of his Mother may now be seen in the humbler shop windows, where wall mottoes are on view,



"SUCH A FINE, GOSSIPY WORLD." BY THOMAS FOGARTY

accompanied by a set of sentimental verses written "for the trade."

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Will no publisher who purveys largely to the receptive public perceive that beauty may be made as popular as sin if it is only adroitly proclaimed?

Thomas Fogarty is another man who carries on the traditions and at the same time strikes the modern note. As a youth he was rash enough to throw up a perfectly good job in the American Exchange National Bank—not so much because of his disillusionment upon discovering that bank employees are often

obliged to work till late at night as because of his odd notion that the pictures in the business office of *Scribner's* would, if steadily contemplated, afford him an inexpensive art school. After drinking to the full of these mural decorations without making much practical progress as an artist, he left commerce to others and set out to learn in the customary way. If he is in *Who's Who* to-day—as few illustrators are—it must be because Chicago has heard of him, and approved. The illustration for the David Grayson story—"Such a Fine, Gossipy World," is an excellent example

of his manner. It is felicitous in its types, poetic in its rendering of figures and landscape, and breathes the open air. It is pleasing to note that he is doing the illustrations for Tarkington's "Lucius Brutus Allen" stories in *Everybody's*.

The popularity of Rose O'Neill's "Kewpies" has enabled her to eschew illustration excepting that which pictures her own ideas. As the embellishment of certain kinds of fiction is one of the illustrator's greatest mental trials, and as even the best craftsmen cannot always choose what they would prefer to picture, she may be said to have attained a measure of beatitude. Her aloofness with respect to what she calls "illiterature" was expressed upon one occasion in the pre-Kewpie period, when an editor asked her to make the drawings for a romantic yarn that need not here be precisely indicated. "I'll do it," she agreed, "if I don't have to read the story." So the bargain was struck and carried out; and this, I believe, is the first time the breath of scandal has touched the occurrence.

Miss O'Neill has been drawing since she was fourteen, and writing much verse and prose besides. John Brisben Walker's *Cosmopolitan* and innumerable back numbers of the by-gone *Puck* contain characteristic examples from her pen. Her craftsmanship is distinguished for fancy and imagination—for an easy exuberance in the style, with its flowing line and insistence upon decoration. Her chubby children are all her own. If one were lost or stolen the bell-ringer would need no initials on the clothing (or skin) to identify it.

He who only knows the Kewpies has barely made Miss O'Neill's acquaintance. If you have chanced upon her serious work—say an illustration for Moore's *Melodies*—you will begin to see that she is a poet. But really to understand and appraise her you must visit her studio overlooking Washington Square. In the salon of the Spring of 1912 was hung the picture here shown, entitled "Images dans l'Esprit." The

central figure, as you see, is a woman with the rapt gaze of a dreamer, and the images that float through her mind are pictured in hovering, "questionable shapes"—dream faces spiritual and sensual, terrible and tender, mocking and ministering. This picture, in a sense, is a kind of forerunner of some amazing things kept in a portfolio. These never have been published or exhibited. What she will do with them Miss O'Neill has not determined. They represent the aspirations and development of one who has worked hard and dreamed much—of one whose most beloved master is William Blake. "They embody what I believe in," says Miss O'Neill—"monsters and magic. We do not wonder enough. Hardly any one wonders nowadays."

These drawings are as far removed from the Kewpies as Ariel is from Caliban, as Touchstone is from Hamlet. It is symbolism enriched with fantasy—a series of bold and virile conceptions finely imagined and powerfully realised. One of them shows the massive and misshapen figure of a Faun, feeding with infinite solicitude a little child cradled in his grotesque arms. But I cannot more than hint at them here.

V

Louis Fancher, who recently won the one thousand dollar poster prize in the Remington Arms Company's competition, studied at the League, and afterward in Munich. He came to New York from Chicago when he was fourteen, is still in the early thirties, and was doing some of his most distinguished work for *Collier's* at the time when Sterner, Penfield, Maxfield Parrish, Treidler, Jessie Willcox Smith, G. Wright and others made that periodical a delight. Mr. Fancher's activities to-day are chiefly confined to idealising the automobile, drawing designs that make the purchase of tobacco imperative, and painting theatrical posters associated with the Standing Room Only sign in our more pretentious theatres.



INDEMNITY. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

This kind of work not only brings the greatest rewards, but permits him, he insists, more latitude of expression than does the portrayal of American family life from which the conventions exclude all that is convivial save cubeb cigarettes and grape juice. Mr. Fancher foresees the time when any one wholly ignorant of art may take a surface car at the Battery, keep his gaze riveted on the advertising panels, and be able, when he has reached the Metropolitan Museum, to tell Bouguereau from Goya at a glance.

Design—vibrant, imaginative and highly decorative—is the basis of Mr. Fancher's productions. When conceived in the spirit of the drawing exhibited here we perceive a rare and intensely interesting accomplishment. This represents, however, but one phase of his manner, which passes in the treatment of his subject from the frankly theatrical to the severe and formal, and again is significant with the simplicity and restraint of his Pierrot at the lattice window.

The scrutinisers of occult phenomena pertaining to expressions of literature and art have recorded, without elucidat-

ing it, that our metropolitan newspapers have frequently blazed the way for the magazines. Catering to the masses who run and read, the New York Sunday newspaper has, over and over again, held up the torch. The most pertinent instance is that Boardman Robinson enriched the pages of the *Sunday Telegraph* with pictures one still hears referred to as "unfinished," and that *The Tribune*, seeking the bubble circulation, sought it, so to speak, at the canon's mouth, by employing him as a cartoonist. You cannot school all of the people all of the time. Many of *The Tribune's* new readers rubbed their eyes and wrote letters to the editor. One of them, I recall, buttonholed a member of the staff, on his way to town, told him he read the paper, anyhow, for its editorials, and that of course this freak business would not last. "Rough stuff— isn't it?" the newspaper man conceded, chuckling inwardly, for he happened to be one of Robinson's fervent admirers.

Some years later Mr. Robinson joined the staff of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and was sent to Russia and Servia to make sketches of the war. He has always followed an independent course.



LOUVAIN. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

At one period of his New York career, he resented certain conditions imposed upon his work, closed his studio, and made, as he expressed it, "an humble but honest living on the East Side." His style, strongly individual and strikingly bold, shows the influence of Daumier. Perhaps the best tribute I can pay to his skill is that my mention of his name in the studios almost invariably brought the response: "Of course you will include Robinson."

In the reproduction of the Roosevelt head from *Harper's Weekly* you behold James Montgomery Flagg at his best. It is vigorous, spontaneous—admirable in its portraiture. With it, as representing his lighter vein, may be ranked many of his caricatures and portraits in crayon. Mr. Flagg cannot help being witty. As for his humour, it laughs in

every line when he sketches a celebrity or explains *Why They Married*. As quick of mind as he is of hand, his impromptu characterisations of people and things are often as illuminating as his caricatures,—better, I think, than his premeditated prose, which he writes by way of resting himself in the idle days of summer. Idle is perhaps the word, yet there hangs in his studio a remarkable oil portrait of Booth Tarkington, painted in one day at the novelist's summer home in Kennebunkport. Mr. Tarkington has analysed it so happily in a letter to Julian Street that I am seized with a sense of my own incompetence, and hasten instead to say that Mr. Flagg's water colours are as spontaneous as the "Roosevelt," and that when he models in clay his ludicrous likenesses of Cobb, and Towne, and Barrymore,



IN THE PEKIN RESTAURANT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IN THE ART DEPARTMENT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

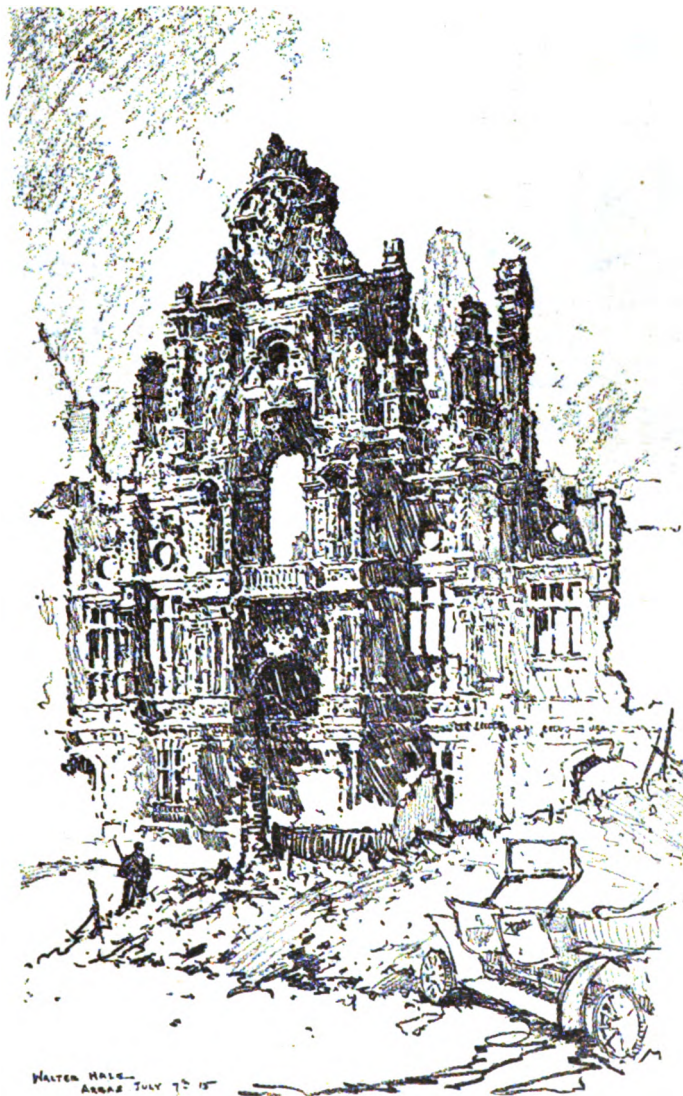
you wonder why he has not set up as a sculptor.

To paraphrase Pope—the youthful Flagg “lisped in umber, for the umber came.” In other words, he began to draw soon after he learned to crawl. An arithmetical calculation will tell you that he has been at it for twenty-seven years, yet he gives no hint of a tired hand, and seems as fresh as ever. His industry appears appalling, yet he does not lack an abundance of leisure. An amazing facility—a perfect ease of expression, as shown in his lightning-like sketches at the Dutch Treat banquets—accounts for this. There are even times when he is called upon to “annihilate space.” The illustrations for a Rupert Hughes serial were needed at short notice, so Mr. Hughes, in his country home, called up Mr. Flagg in his New York studio, and conveyed the essential information over the telephone.

VI

Walter Hale—actor, illustrator, and co-discoverer with Mrs. Hale of New England and The Old Dominion—re-

ceived his pictorial impulse through a three years' training in an architect's office, where he acquired a structural knowledge that he afterward learned to supplement in terms of art. How far he has succeeded in conveying the soul of a great building is shown in his drawing of the ruined Hotel de Ville, Arras, before its crumpled beauty had all but succumbed to a second rain of German shells. This, together with much of his recent work, is done with a lithographic pencil, yielding lines of greater dignity and strength than pen effects can attain. Mr. Hale has just returned from the front, in France, and is preparing an article, with illustrations, for *Harper's*: —“With the French Army at Verdun.” This big experience has come to him after many peaceful sojourns in that devastated land. France, he feels, has done much for him in quickening and shaping his work, and so he is to give six weeks of his time to lectures for the fund of the American Relief Clearing House and its associated societies, with pictures by the cinema section of the French Army.



RUINED HOTEL DE VILLE AT ARRAS. FROM ARNOLD BENNETT'S "OVER THERE." BY WALTER HALE.



WALTER HALE '15
FROM SKETCH ALNWICK 30

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD. FROM CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON."
BY WALTER HALE

Harvey Dunn, who teaches at the League, and whose studio in Leonia, New Jersey, is the resort of many young aspirants, has excited much favourable comment by his brother illustrators for the drawings he contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post*. A pupil of Howard Pyle, he has developed a decided individuality of his own, remarkable for its vigour and vitality. Mr. Dunn was born in a "prairie schooner" in South Dakota, in 1884, and has been a cowboy and a harvest hand on the great wheat farms. He has recently returned to New York with a portfolio of sketches done in the Canadian Southwest.

When one observes the work of G. Wright the immediate impression received is that of "quality." You see at once that his work is distinguished. From an old portfolio containing the prints of various illustrators there happens to come uppermost a cover done by him for *Collier's* several years ago. It is the head of a woman, framed with a black picture hat and plume, and a black band of ribbon around the throat. It is simply and superbly done, with a daintiness that is not finical and an accent that charms the eye. It is characteristic of his work as you see it to-day, in any one of the magazines that employ

his ability as an illustrator of the first rank.

Mr. Wright, who was born in Philadelphia, and has done much work abroad, was first taken up by Drake of *The Century* and Penfield of *Harper's*. The tasks he prefers to do are those he sets for himself rather than the making of pictures for stories; and, dividing his time between Westport, Connecticut, and New York, he finds opportunity for work in water colour and in oil.

John Edwin Jackson's "The Miners" was hung on the line in the black and white section of the Pennsylvania Academy's exhibition. He has also exhibited drawings at the New York Academy of Design and the New York Water Colour Club. Recently his excellent portraits in red chalk have found a ready market. As an illustrator Mr. Jackson reached a new level of development in his portrayal of Manhattan's skyscrapers. One of these pictures was used as a frontispiece in *THE BOOKMAN*. As in this series he caught and translated the spirit of colossal New York, so also in his pictures of Pittsburgh he has finely realised the turmoil and industrial uproar of the factories along with the sternness of human striving.

Current illustration suggests many creditable performances it would be pleasant to record. There are names, too, that evade one at the moment, for illustration was never more copious, and worthy recruits are multiplying. Some

mention, at the least, should be made of these: F. Walter Taylor, whose water-side scenes in charcoal have the quality of painting in a marked degree. Walter Biggs, a specialist in convincing Southern types. Dean Cornwell, a new man in the West, whose illustrations for *The Red Book* disclose beauty of composition, a strong dramatic sense held in good restraint, and the enthusiasm of one in love with his work. Blumenschein, whose simplicity and power are so intensely conveyed that his pictures for London's "Love of Life," in the old *McClure's*, are as memorable as the tale. W. J. Aylward, with his sincere and colourful transcriptions of inland waterways. Frank E. Schoonover, noticeable for his style and his variety of types. Adolph Treidler—crisp, elegant, with a mastery of light and shade, and the faculty of arranging a simple street scene so that it makes a lovely picture. Charles E. Chambers, adequate illustrator of *The Turmoil*. Maginel Wright Enright, whose emphasis of design sets off her charming children. May Wilson Preston, adept in the illustration of the animate. Frederic Dorr Steele, whose well-bred types are touched with charm and refinement. J. R. Shaver, with his gallery of street Arabs suggesting the pages of *Punch*. Balfour Ker, brimful of ideas, exhibitor on the line at the Royal Academy, with a leaning to sentiment and a place long held in *Life*. And here the catalogue must close.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

BY EDNA KENTON

IX—THE OLD TIME "BOOKS FOR CHILDREN"

IN those days also were books for children! There were *Maria Cheeseman*, or, *The New York Match Girl*, and *Cats and Dogs*, or, *Nature's Warriors and God's Workers*. There were the *Rollo Books* and the *Lucy Books*; the *Dotty Dimple Books*, the *Bessie Books* (Bessie at the Seaside, the City, the Mountains, at School, and on her Travels!). There were the *Elsie Books* and the *Little Prudy Books*—*Little Prudy's Sister Susie*, for instance. There were *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World*. There were *Little Dot* and *Whiter Than Snow*, and always Charlotte Yonge and Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*. There was Mrs. Sherwood's *The Fairchild Family* of 1818. There was even *Emily, a Moral Tale*, by the Rev. Henry Ketts, published in 1809.

Emily was the daughter of Colonel Lorton, exquisitely beautiful, and in process of education at the hands of her father, one of the world's most informative men. Colonel Lorton was wrong, even for 1809 about tides, the moon, sun, and stars. But we are his enduring debtors for examples of the epistolary art he set his little daughter, and particularly for this glowing sample of letters for children—a completely despairing lover is supposed to be addressing his coy mistress:

Impell me not, I supplicate, to the abyss of desperation. Emancipate me from the tortuosities of agonising dubitation, nor drive me, oh Cognitation pre-eminent, terrified, to seek on the ramification of a tree or in the voraginous profundity of a stream, the privation of my vitality.

There were always prefaces in those early books for children, that "ex-

plained" away strange stigmas. Maria Edgeworth apologised for her "plots," on the plea that "to prevent the precepts of morality from tiring the ear, it was necessary to make the stories in which they are introduced, in some measure dramatic, to keep alive hope and fear and curiosity by some degree of intensity." At the same time, "care has been taken to avoid inflaming the imagination or exciting a restless spirit of adventure by exhibiting false views of life and creating hopes that cannot in the ordinary course of things be realised." The Edgeworths realised that "few books can be safely given to children without the previous use of the pen, the pencil, and scissors."

The author of *Cats and Dogs*, sure that children will ask unanswerable questions concerning the divine will regarding these animals, says: "It appears necessary that the elements of destructiveness be accepted from God's hands as his appointments and subservient to higher good." She therefore employed a few leisure hours in writing down ideas that "will prevent a useless and dangerous collision in young minds with the Divine Will." The preface to *Little Prudy's Sister Susie* says gravely: "I hope that all my dear little friends will see how kind it was in God to send the slow winter and the long nights of pain to Little Prudy." For Little Prudy carelessly fell downstairs on Christmas Day and cracked her hip.

As for the informative author of the *Rollo Books*, he states his own case, not usually in prefaces, but in paragraph 1, chapter I. *Rodolphus*, for instance, opens frankly with: "The manner in which indulgence and caprice on the part of parents lead to the demoralisation and

ruin of the child is illustrated by the history of Rodolphus."

"Rodolphus, whatever may have been his faults, was certainly a very ingenious boy," admits Jacob Abbott immediately, and cites a series of ingenuities which, by the age of four, "established the ascendancy of his will over that of his father and mother. It is not surprising that in the end he came to be a very bad boy." Indeed Rodolphus's peccadilloes became, in the end, Crime. An officer came with a warrant for his arrest. "A warrant," interpolates the author of the *Rollo Books*, "is a paper signed by a justice, etc." Before this occurred, however, Rodolphus was bound apprentice to a master. "When a boy is bound apprentice to a master," writes Mr. Abbott carefully, and proceeds with definitions. Another boy, William Gay, was, according to Mr. Abbott, "quite inconsistent with himself. We say a person is inconsistent with himself when"—etc. Thus the *Rollo Books* limp along a moral and informative path. Latitude, pluviometers, concierge and morgue, snow shoes and the Dobreiner apparatus are carefully named and carefully explained. Almost always there is a Boy Thief who repents and drops the stolen apple in the road where a relishing cow finds it and eats it, or who, like Rodolphus, steals money instead of apples, and runs away, along that easy, slippery path of sin along which there is no return route and from whose end—the pit of smoke and sulphur—he is saved only by a death-bed repentance.

For many decades conversations between Uncles and Nephews, or Mothers and Daughters made up books for children. *The Mother and Her Children* discusses physiology in the tortuous manner dedicated to the nineteenth century and Victorian delicacy. The pericardium, tendon, cuticle, and epidermis are defined and described—some-what!

Frank: And will you tell us more about how we are made, mama? I do think it so interesting and so curious.

Emily: O pray do, dear mama!

Mama: I shall be glad to do so at a future opportunity.

Frank: If our hearts left off beating, we should die, should we not, mama?

Mama: Yes, dear, directly.

On the other hand abridged histories of *Pamela*, *Grandison*, and *Clarissa* were placed in the dimpled hands of eighteenth century childhood; abridged merely in the sense that pages not necessary to what Hannah More calls the "plot" were omitted.

From the Puritan days when little babes were taught to chant that famous stanza:

I in the Burying Place may see
Graves Shorter than I;
From Death's Arrest no Age is free;
Young Children too may Die,

to comparatively recent times, mortuary chapters filled much space in children's books. Even *Little Women* recounts Beth's death with moving particularity.

But *Little Dot* is a cheerful *tour de force* of many years ago. It opens gayly with a bright spring morning and the cemetery on the edge of town looking more peaceful than usual. Old Solomon the Gravedigger was busy with his solemn work when little Dot trips by. "What are you doing down there, old man?" she cried, and his answering voice sounded very awful, coming out of the deep grave. They become great friends, however, and she prattled with him over the death and immortal hopes of town drunkards, misers, and the like, until at last, over the death and burial of a little child whose grave she decorated with elaborate hysteria, little Dot achieved a permanent neurosis. From this time on she became increasingly thin and pale, and finally very ill, but to the end she stood by old Sol in all weathers, talking of matters mortuary and the beatitudes, until that sad day came when she lay "at rest," and old Sol faced the "saddest work of his life." But his heart was cheered by the thought that "before long he will have joined his little Dot."

Mary Martha Butt Sherwood, the author of *The Fairchild Family*, was herself an infant of 1775. She "*seems*," naïvely states her biographer, "to have entertained sincere affection for her parents." But life at the paternal rectory was strict. "When she was in the presence of her parents she was not allowed to sit, nor approach the fire, nor take any part in the conversation." She wore daily an iron collar about her neck to which a back-board was attached. Yet she herself says she was a happy, healthy child! In 1818 she wrote *The Fairchild Family*.

Lucy, Emily, and Henry were the Fairchild children, aged nine, seven, and five. Mr. Fairchild "taught Henry everything it was proper for a little boy in his station to know," and Mrs. Fairchild taught Emily and Lucy psalms and that "little girls should never play with boys excepting their own brothers." Now and then, in consequence, the little children scratched each other's faces. When they did so Mr. Fairchild whipped the hands of all three, reciting, to the ruler's rhythm:

Let dogs delight to bark and fight
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight
For 'tis their nature to.

But children, you should never let
Such ugly passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To scratch each other's eyes.

After which he stood them in corners of a room without their breakfasts for the rest of the morning, "and what was worse, their papa and mama looked very gravely at them."

No one seems to have smiled at any of this. But the end of the day brought further draughts of child training of the 1818 vintage. "I will take them to Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, "and show them something which I think they will remember as long as they live."

So, at a sudden turn of the road these babes in the wood, aged nine, seven, and

five, behold "a gibbet on which the body of a man hung in chains; it had not yet fallen to pieces though it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat and every other part of the dress was still entire, but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it." This unfortunate corpse was that of a murderer who by the pleasant law of old England was hanged in chains to be left until his body fell to pieces. As they stood "the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung." Then, beneath it, this sincere father told his little children the terrible story of the murderer's fraternal crime, and gave them a "Prayer which may be used by any child who has been angry with his companions."

"It chanced," says Mrs. Sherwood delightedly, "that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had nothing for a long time to interrupt them in the care and management of their children, so they had it in their power to teach them and watch them from evil continually." Strange indeed it was that the first day their parents left them was a day of crime in the lives of Emily, Lucy, and Henry. They ran away, fell into brooks, soiled their dresses, and brought up at the Freemans, an ungodly family. Nonetheless, Mrs. Freeman brought them in, dried their clothes, washed them, and fed them cake, and "something sweet" which was cider. "Now this cider made them quite drunk for a while, so when they got back into the lane first one tumbled down and then another, and their faces were quite red and their heads began to ache." Having never tasted cider before nor known drunkenness it is surprising to discover Lucy, aged seven, discoursing with understanding as they approach home and parents: "Oh Henry, oh Emily! how naughty we have been. We have disobeyed our parents, we have told a lie, and we have drunk cider until we were drunk!" Their instinct to repent had not misled them, for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild awaited them at the portal!

When old Roberts the gardener died

Mr. Fairchild, bent upon visiting the widow in her affliction, spoke with fatherly thoughtfulness to his offspring: "Have you any desire to see a corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." "No, papa," Lucy answered, "but we should like to see one." Reminded that a corpse was a dreadful sight, "I know that, papa," said Lucy sincerely, "but we should like to go." They set forth, discoursing on death; and Mrs. Sherwood's vividly realistic remarks on old Roberts' body, forty-eight hours deceased and uniced, shall not find its centenary reprint here. After old Roberts, died Augusta Noble, a wicked girl forbidden to eat apples or play with fire, whose death came from the combined effects of a double disobedience. Little Charles, a poor but godly child, followed her, with all the convulsions, rigours, shudders, and death rattles that accompanied deaths in early fiction for children.

Bessie of the *Bessie Books* wanders through home and school, a delicate child, pointing the narrow way to all. "Maggie," she says to her older sister—Bessie is aged five years—"I'm sorry, but I'm 'fraid you're disobeying the doctor and 'sturbing mama. I s'pose you forgot." Again: "Maggie," when Maggie declines to amuse the baby, "do you think you are doing the work our Father has given you to do?" Maggie, reared on infant damnation, hurriedly thinks not, and later said to mama: "I believe I would have let baby cry if it hadn't been for our Bessie."

Bessie is moved to comfort her parents when this same baby is very ill, "Dear mama," she asked, "don't you want to have a little angel of your own in heaven?" But Bessie's mama gave a start, "and laid her arm over the baby as though something was going to hurt it." Undeterred, Bessie prattled of golden streets and harps for two pages until mama succumbs and admits that "My Bessie has taught her mama a lesson." This encouraged Bessie to add in the lisp of five years: "We must keep our hands all the more closely on the sil-

ver thread of conscience and look all the more at the golden letters on the guide posts, must we not?"

In school Bessie found a wide, wide field for her activities. That she was soon called a detestable little snitcher was naught to Bessie, interested always in the surprised leap of some detected sinner. Marcia, a coloured servant at the school, was seen by the argus-eyed Bessie to slip three stewed pears from a dessert dish to her longing lips. "From that time Bessie would never suffer Marcia to do anything for her. She would rather stay in the house than allow the girl to put on her coat or shoes, rather go thirsty than take a glass of water from her hand." Truth as she saw it would out from little Bessie and she told on Marcia. "I can't approve her; she is too wicked," said she as she began the horrendous tale.

For three hundred pages Bessie struggled to gain first prize for the best and most truthful child in school. If she had not got it—! But when it was assigned her, "little Bessie could scarce believe her ears. She had had a strong hope that dear little Belle would get it, but that she, Bessie! could be the chosen one—she could not understand it!" One of the older girls who had teased little Bessie in the autumn, suggested that, now spring had come, they were better friends. "Oh, yes," agreed Bessie, "partly because I'm not so shy as I used to be, and partly because you've improved a good deal in doing unto others."

Bessie infects her family rather unbelievably with the bacilli of her virtue. One could fancy it were its own antitoxin. "I do not care," said Brother Fred, "I am not going to have a fellow playing shabby tricks on our Maggie and Bess. I tease the girls myself sometimes, more shame to me, but not so much lately, Hal; I couldn't since Bessie told me *gemperlums* didn't tease!" There comes a moment when little George, house guest, is caught by Fred and his father stealing little Bessie's money, collected by the various unscrupulous methods that a very good child can em-

ploy. Says Fred: "So it *was* you, you rascal, you sneaking, cowardly thief! You are the fellow that robs little girls of their hard-earned money. Take your hand from him, father. He is not fit to be touched by an honest man, an honorable gentleman. *A thief!*"

A young lady must not be omitted from this group of the pestered. She was "tall and rather handsome, with bright, flashing black eyes, and very white teeth. But she had a loud, rough laugh and voice and a rude, wild manner more like that of a man than a young lady. She talked very strangely, using a great many words called 'slang' which are not nice for any one to use. Bessie would stand and watch her with a grave, disapproving air which was very amusing to those who saw it."

But very irritating, it must be said, to the tall, rather handsome, but coarse and slangy young lady. Little Bessie, aged five, observed that gentlemen laughed and shrugged their shoulders at Miss Adams's remarks. Finally Miss Adams, at some piece of virtuous impudence, shook Bessie. Bessie had never been shaken before, and Miss Adams, sorrier than one might think for having pulled the little wretch's curls, offered her sugar plums. Poor Bessie, she would not say what she did not think, and she did not like to say what she did think—so analyses the unperceptive author of the *Bessie Books*. But at last she sighed: "Well, perhaps you are a kind of lady, but it must be a stable or kitchen lady!" Miss Adams had seldom been so annoyed!

The first of the *Elsie Books* appeared in the exact centre of the Victorian period. It had all the lachrymose setting for developing a pearl among infant *religieuses*, and Elsie rises to the moments like a watch's ticking. Elsie is motherless, ignored for a long period by her travelling and exigent father, disliked by her grandparents, all their little children, and by her governess. Elsie had indeed only her black mammy and her God, and when her father returns she has less, for he dismisses black Chloe,

and makes implacable, but fruitless attempts to come between Elsie and her Sense of Duty. Elsie's concept of Duty is indeed steely for one so young—she is seven. In addition Mr. Dinsmore, aged twenty-seven, disciplines his darling little daughter day in and night out. As for instance:

"Papa, may I have my candy?" asked Elsie.

"No, you may not," he said decidedly, "and understand and remember I positively forbid you to buy or eat anything of that kind without my express permission."

"Through the meadow?" said Mr. Dinsmore. "Don't go there again, Elsie, unless I give you express permission."

"Why, papa?" she asked in surprise.

"Because I forbid it," he replied sternly. "That is quite enough for you to know; all you have to do is to obey; you need never ask me why when I give you an order."

"May I go to my room now, papa?" asked a timid little voice.

"No. Bring me that book. Now bring that stool and set yourself down."

"May I get a book to read, papa?" she asked timidly.

"No," he said shortly. "You may do just what I bid you, nothing more or less."

She sat down as he directed. "How handsome my papa is!" thought the little girl, gazing with affectionate admiration into his face.

For Elsie loved her papa so dearly, in spite of his sternness. Like Beckett his king she stood ready to obey him in all things, "saving only my order," but when papa's orders conflicted with her interpretation of the Scriptures, there was surely trouble. He commanded her to play upon the pianoforte for Sunday guests, and after she has refused timidly and sweetly, he placed her on the piano seat, to stay there without food until she yields. "When I give my child a command," said Mr. Dinsmore, "it is to be obeyed. I have

said she should play it and play it she must. She is not to suppose she may set up her opinion of right and wrong against mine." Elsie sits there, obedient alike to her conscience and her papa until she faints and falls!

Another sad tale of a conflict between papa's and Elsie's senses of importance troubles two hundred pages of detail. Again 'tis the Sabbath, and Mr. Dinsmore, ill, asked Elsie to continue reading aloud from a book she began the day before. Elsie stood irresolute. The book her father bade her read "was simply a fictitious moral tale, without a particle of religious truth in it," and, Elsie felt, entirely unfit therefore for Sunday reading.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "Please do not ask me to read that book to-day."

"Elsie," he said, "I do not ask you to read that book. I command you to do it and what is more, I intend to be obeyed. Sit down at once and begin."

"Dear papa," she answered, "I do not, indeed, I do not want to be perverse and disobedient, but I cannot break the Sabbath. Please papa, let me finish it to-morrow."

Whereupon Mr. Dinsmore, though ill and rapidly growing worse, summoned a tremendous strength of voice and eye, and brought them both to bear on little Elsie. The little child proved strong to withstand and was banished from the sick room, not to enter it again, though he became a dying soul, "unless she expresses her willingness to comply with my conditions." His defeat indeed so preyed upon his royal pride that he finally fell into such well-simulated death agonies that all his proud family gathered about his bed—all but Elsie, who is freely told that her contumacious rebeldom is responsible for all the family distress. "Poor little Elsie tried to be submissive and forgiving, but she could not help feeling it terribly hard and cruel and almost more than she could bear, thus to be kept away from her sick and dying father."

But Mr. Dinsmore played another

card, that of recovering, and Elsie at last, against all orders, creeps into his room with a rare and precious blossom in her hand.

"Dear papa," said the little girl in faltering accents, "my plant has bloomed at last; will you accept this first blossom as a token of affection from your little daughter?"

"Elsie," said he, "I am sorry you have broken your flower. I cannot divine your motive—affection for me it cannot be; for that such a feeling exists in the breast of a little girl who could not only refuse her sick father the very usual favour of reading to him, but would rather see him die than give up her own self-will, I cannot believe. Pick up your flower and leave the room. I have no desire for your company until you can learn to obey as you ought."

Elsie goes sadly back to her Bible and her *Pilgrim's Progress*, and slowly pines, growing thinner and paler day by day, her step more languid and her eye more dim, moving like a shadow where she had been wont, if permitted, to romp with gladsomeness. Brain fever of the mid-Victorian literary type seized on her and her golden curls, and she tossed in delirium which racked her father as he listened to the perfectly intelligent résumé of her sufferings for these two hundred pages. Finally she woke to sanity in her papa's arms, and what a changed young papa!

"I have learned to look upon you now as something not absolutely my own, but as only lent me for a time," he told her. Elsie must still "obey," though commands are now given "kindly," "with tender firmness," at worst, "with gravity!" He still says, "No, do not ask me why," and puts Elsie's impetuous queries in the wrong later by asking "Which was my little daughter doubting this afternoon, papa's wisdom or his love? I should be very happy if my little girl could learn to trust me so entirely that she would always be satisfied with my decisions—always believe my reasons are good and sufficient without having them explained." Murmurs

Elsie contritely: "I do believe it, papa. Please forgive me, dear papa."

In the *Elsie Books* lie the sugary sentimentalities fed to adolescent girls two generations ago. At fifteen Elsie received her first proposal—most becomingly, for she referred Herbert to Mr. Dinsmore: "I belong to papa and cannot give myself away without his permission." Papa answers with no diminution of his usual sternness. "And now this settles the matter and I bid you put the whole affair out of your head." "I shall try, papa," Elsie answers, in "a submissive and even cheerful tone."

As a reward she is permitted to visit Aunt Wealthy in Ohio, and with better psychology than the author of the *Elsie Books* wots, falls an easy prey to the next romantic opportunity, personified in Bromley Edgerton, "a designing villain." Mr. Dinsmore, hearing rumours, sweeps across the continent like a streak of red wrath, to find his daughter a bit recalcitrant when he again ends all for her. But a horrid doubt smites him. "Elsie," he demands, "have you ever allowed him to touch your lips?" "No, papa," says Elsie, "not even my cheek!" Mr. Dinsmore breathes again. "To know that he had," he says intensely, "would be worse to me than the loss of half my fortune."

But months later Elsie meets Bromley innocently enough in a friend's drawing-room, and Bromley indeed embraces her. She confesses to her father who is angry indeed:

And you dared permit all that, Elsie? To allow that vile wretch to put his arm around you, hold your hand in his, for half an hour probably, and even to press his lips again and again to yours or your cheek—

Not to my lips, papa!

Then it is not quite so bad as I thought, but bad enough certainly. . . . I do not believe it would have been impossible for you to have avoided even that first embrace. How *dared* you so disobey me as to submit to it?

Papa, at that moment I forgot everything but—but that he was there!

Did I ever take forgetfulness of my orders

as an excuse for disobedience? . . . Nothing but your sex saves you from a severe chastisement. . . . Go to your apartments and consider yourself confined to them till you hear further from me.

But Elsie's kind stepmama intercedes and at the end of a long day Mr. Dinsmore says: "I forgive and receive you back into favour." And Elsie sobs in joy and gratitude as he takes her for a little stroll in the grounds.

How much her father suspected that she did not and how right he was Elsie discovers a year later, when, driving at night with her father past a theatre, she caught sight of a face "she knew but too well." Bromley Edgerton was staggering, and would have fallen had he not been held upright by "his companion, a gaudily dressed, brazen-faced woman whose character there was no mistaking."

"Ha, ha!" she cried, "I saved you from a fall that time, more than that Southern heiress of yours would have done."

"Now don't be throwing her up to me again, Bet," he answered thickly, reeling along so close to our travellers that they caught the scent of his breath. "I tell you she can't hold a candle to you, and I never cared for her; it was the money I was after."

Thus Elsie and her entranced little readers discover the hideous truth of Bromley Edgerton, who but a little later is found guilty of manslaughter, drunkenness, and forgery, and is sentenced to prison for many years. Thus, alas, is Mr. Dinsmore proved blaringly in the right, and thus, more or less, Elsie weds her father's friend, Mr. Travilla.

There remains Ellen Montgomery the weeping little *religieuse* of *The Wide, Wide World*. At her mother's death she becomes the ward of a stern old war horse of an aunt, Miss Fortune Montgomery, who so thwarted her niece at every turn or standstill that, had Ellen not been a humble, a godly child, her temper would have been irreparably ruined. At best we suspect that result,

though it goes untold, and we leave Ellen, still sweet and tearfully smiling, still a ward, this time of her grandmother and uncle, still commanded to do things without rhyme or reason, still obeying, still patiently triumphant as she sees her imperious elders caught time and again in the netting of their own megalomaniacal commands.

And there remains also *Stepping Heavenward*, though *Stepping Heavenward* deserves more than this passing

word. It was the Sunday School book par excellence of the '70's and '80's, the model upon which the character of the girls of those decades was moulded. And to be sure, it hardly falls under the head of books for children. Its appeal was distinctly directed to sentimental, adolescent little females in their teens who would far better have read, for their morals' sake, *Tom Jones*, *The Decameron*, *The Bible*, or *Shakespeare*.

THE MECHANICS OF COMPOSITION

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

I ONCE asked one of the most distinguished novelists in England how he did his work. He said by hand. I asked him if he had ever dictated. He smiled and said he tried it once when he was temporarily staying in France and had a particularly urgent call from his home publisher to turn out a rapid piece of work. In the stress he was persuaded to employ a stenographer, who was secured with some difficulty. But the moment she entered the room, he said, his ideas all left him. After uttering a few incoherent sentences, he was so overcome with horror that—although she was apparently a rather nice impersonal sort of person—he had to tell her to go. Doubtless in time he would have become accustomed to her presence as many other writers have. But was he wise not to repeat the experiment? I think he was.

The question is How shall we literary people do our work, not merely to get the best immediate results, but in such a manner that we feel we are constantly improving? That must be the test. Naturally what follows is not meant for geniuses. No genius would waste time in reading it. One of the essential parts of literary genius is a capacity for drudgery. Every literary genius knows how to write, or he would not be a genius.

The way he does his work is a part of himself.

But so long as there is an increasing number of people who write, many of them having considerable talent, it is certainly better for them to learn how to write as well as they can, rather than that they shall go stumbling on, thinking that the value of their writing is measured by the amount they can turn out in a given time.

There appears to-day to be more writing that is clever than ever before. Clever is in itself a word that is rather hard to define, but which I think can be made fairly understandable. When you notice that an article or a story is cleverly written, it is very much the same as when you notice that a man is smartly dressed. His clothes are designed to attract attention—not necessarily the attention mind you, of vulgar or common people alone but of discriminating people as well—in short, of as many people as possible. That is the intention in clever writing. It is to get as large an audience as possible. Recently a friend of mine who is a tailor introduced me to a man who he said was the best dressed man in New York. I was astonished when I met that man. There was about him nothing visibly remarkable to my unpracticed sartorial eye. I ex-

pressed my astonishment afterward to my friend. He said: "That is the art of it. It lies in the details. Every detail is perfect."

That man was not cleverly or smartly dressed in the sense I have attempted to define. He was only well dressed. He was dressed for those who knew what the technique of dress meant.

Now the object of all good writing should be such that when you have finished its reading, you remember nothing about it but what it is intended to convey. There is, however, one quality about good writing which is important and which for the moment, seems to contradict this rule. And that is that the real literary artist will often turn a phrase in such a way that the meaning of the particular point he is making is, so to speak, twisted into your mind. Afterward, when you wish to recall the whole thought of that writer, this phrase, like a key, may open it up for you. But it is always in perfect harmony with the thought, and that is what constitutes its essential quality and differentiates it from mere cleverness. As an example taken at random, Emerson in his essay on Self Reliance says:

"Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger." That is not "clever" writing. It is putting in a few apt words a truth which the more we reflect upon it and the more experience we come to get, we know is fundamental. It is epigrammatic, but not incongruous—not stuck onto the essay merely for the effect it has in itself. What is true of straight essay writing, without any plot to it, is true also of dramatic and story writing. Aside from the general effect we get from a good story or play, it is the turn of a phrase here and there, or the action of a character, which, like a flash, illuminates the entire structure. These sentences are like a succession of peaks in a mountain range, composed of the same materials as the earth below and serving only to accentuate the topography and general character of the whole. But "cleverness" is the placing of an artificial

structure on top of your subject, to attract the attention of the traveller who would otherwise not be interested in the locality. It is like putting a gaudy casino on top of a hill. It is not a part of nature.

That of course is largely the trouble with our attempts at literature. The casino must be built to attract the crowd. If there were no casino, then only lovers of nature would visit that hill. There are a great many more people who prefer to visit a highly coloured casino on Sunday afternoons, where they can swallow cloying concoctions and indulge in a whole train of artificial amusements, than there are people who would visit that hill simply for the pleasure of the upward climb and the view and the fresh air and the trees and the quiet flowers. That explains why certain writers who are only clever draw larger crowds than others who are only natural. Certain books are full of merry-go-rounds and peanut stands and dancing pavilions and painted ladies.

And yet the simile I have used is not altogether a perfect one, but only emphasises my general idea. Why is it that over a period of time the largest audience is usually attracted by the biggest books? The reason is this: Man himself is a part of nature and whatever he does, whether good or bad, is only an expression of the eternal will. The pavilion on the hill therefore may quite properly and inevitably attract a larger audience of human beings than the bare hill itself, if it be a free and natural expression of the spirit of man. Gregariousness is as essential if not more so, than solitude. There is in gregariousness an ultimate solitude not understandable perhaps except to the elect.

If you wish therefore to make your writing better and better instead of worse and worse, you must come to see the finality of the following rules.

You cannot get out of your mind anything which you have not put into it. It does not make any difference what you may want to write about; you cannot write about it unless you have it. Genius

in its first phases is only an abnormal capacity for unconscious absorption, which after a time must find its channels of expression. How could Charles Dickens have written of London as he did if through his power of absorption, he had not made it a part of himself?

When you set up your pavilion therefore, build it yourself, with your own head and hands. Do not buy the materials at a department store or the framework at a builder's. Do not hire others to put it up under your general supervision. Do it all yourself. That is the only way you can make it live. It may take longer, but do not fret about the visitors. They will come. They will be the kind you want to come. Your kind. That is the first rule.

The next rule is not to be led away by the siren voice of efficiency. When you read Mark Twain—as I hope you do—do you read what he dictated to a stenographer during his later days at thirty cents a word, or do you read *Innocents Abroad* and *Huck Finn*? Believe me when I say that the typewriter has slain its thousands. This is not to underestimate the remarkable usefulness of the typewriter. Neither is it to say that some real literature has not been written upon it; or that some remarkable writings have not been dictated. The typewriter is a necessity to thousands of literary workers, to newspaper men and correspondents. It is moreover a practical necessity to those who are doing their best work, in making final copies. I know many first-class writers who do their work directly upon the typewriter. But admitting all this to be so, I believe generations will pass before it will have so incrustated itself into the personality of man as to make him free by its use, to get out the best that is in him. Man as an artist began his work by making pictures on the bare rocks. It is the natural and unconsciously automatic thing to make your marks on a white surface. Any piece of literary work which a man may do is of the nature of a mosaic and must be built up bit by bit. It is an arrangement of words into sentences.

Now a typewriter, as they say in golf, is a mental hazard. You cannot quite overcome the thought that a sentence, once you have begun it, cannot be changed. Macaulay, writing of Milton's poetry says:

There would seem at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present, the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence: substitute one synonym for another and the whole effect is destroyed.

Now consider this, and consider what would have happened if Milton had composed his poems on the typewriter; yet a number of our most facile verse writers have assured me, in accents of pride, that that is what they do. My own personal experience covering a period of a quarter of a century is that, while I have done an immense amount of work direct upon the typewriter, I cannot honestly say that I was conscious of any improvement in its quality until I abandoned it.

If you wish to do your best work (and surely you will be satisfied with nothing short of this) you will in the long run gain nothing in time by composing directly upon the machine. It is inevitable that you must go over your work and this generally means another copy.

There are, broadly speaking, two methods of literary work, each one of them having conspicuous representatives. One is to write as much as you can and as fast as you can, making your corrections at the end. This was Walter Scott's way. The other is to meditate upon your subject first, build it up in your mind, before you commit it to paper. This was Wordsworth's way. Now between these two extremes there are various combinations, depending somewhat upon circumstances and temperament. Of course by practice, doing as much work as possible, one may in

time become utterly shameless. I have heard writers boast of the number of words they can turn out in a week, just as if there was a war of words on and they were literary ammunition factories. I myself once dictated a story to a stenographer in a moment of exaltation, changing scarcely a word. It was probably as well done as I could write. These things happen. But the really conscientious worker should not be fooled by exceptions. In the long run it does not pay. We are not all Walter Scotts.

What does pay is this: to do as much of your work as carefully and accurately in the beginning as you can, not leaving this to the end. The spontaneity you may possibly be afraid of losing will come out in the long run anyway and it will be a much safer kind of spontaneity. It is a slovenly habit of mind which keeps saying "Oh, well, I'll catch that later." First, you must meditate upon your subject, charge your mind with it. What you are really doing by this process is to free your mind of other things. We are surfeited with so many opinions in these days that each one of us is carrying about a mental load of things which really do not belong to us. The writer must free himself of all this, give himself a chance to express the thing which belongs alone to him. It is not necessarily that he shall painfully compose his whole story in his mind beforehand—only that he shall get into the atmosphere, get going.

Adopt one method of writing and only one. Do not write with a pencil on manilla paper one day, with a gold pen on white ruled paper the next day, or on a typewriter the third. The human organism will adapt itself to almost anything; but by the law of permutation it will take any number of times longer than twice or thrice as long, to adapt itself to two or three methods as it will to one. Stick to one, but select that one which is simplest and best for you. I know a man, one of the best writers in America, who for thirty years or more has written on small yellow pads with a common pen and ink. He writes close up to the margin, and when he rewrites shows the most astonishing ingenuity in getting sentences between closely written lines. If those pads should be taken off the market, I verily believe he would have to stop writing. That is—for him—as good a way as any. A very good way is to use a reasonably large sheet and leave a good margin at the side for corrections. Many of the greatest works in literature were composed in this way.

Perhaps after all, however, the most important thing for a writer is always to have a dictionary at his elbow when writing. You can seem to do without it very well when it is not there. But when it is there, always where you can get at it readily, you will be surprised how much you will use it and how necessary it will become to you.

PALLAS-ATHENA

BY ARLITA DODGE



THE Greeks who, mid the twilight grey
That filled the stately Parthenon,
Stole in with outstretched hands to pray
To her who guarded them, are gone.
Their golden chitons haunt no more
The pillars where her shadow fell,
And yet she stands there—evermore
Athena guards the citadel!

A new day hangs beyond the night
Like stars that crowd up to the rim
Of heaven; an old-world light
Brightens the sky-line's purple brim.
Time's tide is weltered back, and lo,
In awe and wonder re-enshrined,
Within the holy portico
A long-lost figure thrills mankind.

Image of Athens, paradise
Of dipping hill and bowing palm,
Shadows of mountains in thine eyes
And on thy brow their quiet calm;
The coolness of the deep morass,
The rude road to the ruder sea,
The silence of the mountain pass,
All these were Greece, and these were thee!

Greece was a forward looking thought
To save mankind, a morning flight
Of joyous birds, an omen fraught
With holy auguries of light.
Greece was a radiance and a breath
Of the Eternal, briefly lent;
Rome was a Darkness and a Death,
An empty Splendour, swiftly spent.

Rome sowed such seed as blooms in blood
In Europe now; her plains are rife
With cohorts in the solitude
And helmets that direct the strife.

Daughter of Zeus, beyond the sea
They need thee now; stretch out the hand
That touched with immortality
The glories of a lyric land,
And lend them vision; through their tears
Let them descry thy olive-tree;
Let peace pour down the swinging years,
And Christian nations worship thee!

FRIEDRICH HEBBEL

BY PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH

I

THE year 1813 was in many respects the gateway to the German nineteenth century. Wieland, the last of the Weimar poets, save Goethe, died in this year. In this same twelve-month Napoleon was definitely defeated in the battle of the nations and driven from Germany. From this year is dated the continuous rise of Prussia and the eventual realisation of the patriot's dream for the Fatherland. The year 1813 witnessed the birth of three commanding figures in the cultural history of the century:—Otto Ludwig, Richard Wagner, and Friedrich Hebbel. Only two years later occurred the Congress of Vienna and the birth of Bismarck, who was to give the dream of unity a local habitation.

Both by temperament and in time Hebbel takes a midway position in the history of German nineteenth century letters. His literary activity covered the middle decades from 1839 to 1863. In his frequent disregard of the unities of time and place, in his extensive use of mythical and historical themes, and in the portrayal of great personalities who strive to elbow more breathing space for themselves in the world, he harked back to the "Storm and Stress," and in his use of verse to classicism. In his drama of *milieu* and of ideas, in his firm, close-knit structure, his careful motiving, his keen psychological analysis, and in his interest in the problem of the relation of the sexes, he looked forward to realism, and in his delineation of middle-class unloveliness in *Maria Magdalena* he foreshadowed the sordidness of naturalism, as in Hauptmann's *Before Dawn*. He shared alike the optimism of classicism and the practical pessimism of naturalism. In his liking for setting forth the spiritual relation between man and woman is seen his intermediate place be-

tween the extremes of individualism and of collectivism. To him the relation of the sexes was the very basis of the family,—itself a widening of the interest of the individual to include those of a group but not yet those of a state. Lastly, he did not shout with the belated classicists, "Back to Goethe and Schiller!" but recognised in his thinking that the new and the old exist justifiably side by side.

Like Ibsen, next to whom he ranks as the most powerful and original dramatist of the nineteenth century, Hebbel was in character and work a son of the staid and austere North. Born in the village of Wesselburen, Schleswig-Holstein, at the base of the Danish peninsula, he absorbed the grey and the dun of his native countryside which seem to have furnished the tone-colour for most of his work. The magnificent monotony of ocean and dune enthralled him. The tales of the stubborn struggles for liberty of the men of Ditmarschen aroused and energised his boyish imagination. Albeit his childhood surroundings were in general hard and sordid, undoubtedly contributing to make him taciturn, self-reliant, and hard to get along with, they were not without their glints of sunshine. Gaunt poverty, a harsh father, an impulsive and warm-hearted mother are the significant properties in the stage-setting for the first scene of his life. When the father died, the lad became the secretary to the village magistrate, who performed the joint duties of town clerk and justice of the peace. Hebbel's intimate connection with and observation of petty civil and criminal cases gave him unequalled opportunity for the study and analysis of human motives. It was here that he sharpened that analytic power which is with him so characteristic a merit. His leisure he spent in devouring the books



FRIEDRICH HEBBEL

in his employer's ample library, laying the foundations for his intimacy with literature, history, legend, and the Bible. In 1835, at the age of twenty-two, he left Wesselburen to try his luck as an author in Hamburg.

II

His life from now on falls into two distinct periods: a time of storm and stress, of blind efforts to establish and realise himself; and the calmer, mature years passed under the benign influence of Christine Enghaus. The first period, 1835 to 1844, was occupied in trying to round out an unsystematic and unsymmetrical education. In Heidelberg,

where he was admitted with difficulty as a special student, he revelled in the glamour of romance and saturated himself with German literature; later, in Munich, where his attention was chiefly directed to history and philosophy, he delved into Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, but the greatest of these was Hegel—for Hebbel. From Hegel he derived his theory of tragedy. A stipend from Christian VIII, King of Denmark, enabled him to visit Paris and Rome. Neither France nor Italy had any unique message for him, perhaps because their charms were too sensuous to appeal to the depths of his acutely introspective, Teutonic soul. Hebbel grew rather

through his relations with the few human beings he knew well and by his digestion of thought-compelling material brought him by his insatiable appetite for literature, philosophy, and history. The death of his beloved mother and of his friend, Emile Rousseau, his mingling in the moral gloom that enshrouded the household of his landlord in Munich, his tragic love-relation—tragically resolved—with his self-immolating mistress, Eliza Lensing, and last and most of all the *ewigweibliche* of the queenly woman, Christine Enghaus, matured and mellowed him.

Unable to secure a renewal of the travelling stipend, Hebbel left Rome thinking to return to Hamburg. On the way, he stopped in Vienna. In the Austrian capital there awaited him the supreme experience of his mature life. It is a fact most worthy of note that so masculine a man as Friedrich Hebbel, who wrestled doughtily for a blessing with life's sternest problems, should have owed so much more to the women whom he knew than to men, that he should have perceived their inner need and aspiration, and that he should have fought so ably for their spiritual independence. Hebbel's understanding and appreciation of women are due most largely to Christine Enghaus, an actress of the Royal Theatre in Vienna, whom he married in 1845. She rescued Hebbel from the sea of his financial troubles and by her inspiring, benignant womanliness created the atmosphere in which his genius came to its amplest fruition. His marriage thus marks the beginning of his period of maturity, of a time of fulfillment of many of the ardent aspirations of his troublous years. His home became a landlocked haven where the storm demons of the outside could not enter. In such surroundings he began to lose much of his uncouthness, brusqueness, and stiff-necked independence engendered by his earlier days of poverty, hardship, despair, and the necessity of fighting his way. He now grew more mellow, kindly disposed toward men, and conciliatory. It was thus due to no

chance that while his early dramas are in general merciless, eruptive, gory, and pervaded with gloom, the works of his later years have more of the milk of human kindness and of optimism.

During the last decade of his life, Hebbel enjoyed increasingly abounding years. He accompanied Christine upon her professional trips in Germany. He was fêted and feasted upon a number of occasions. The Grand Duke of Weimar decorated him with an order and strove to secure him and his wife permanently for the classic Weimar theatre. When, as he lay upon his death-bed, he learned that he had gained the coveted Schiller prize by his *Nibelungen* trilogy, he exclaimed, "That is our human fate: first we lack the wine, then we lack the cup!" He died December 13, 1863. Christine outlived him by nearly fifty years, dying in June, 1910.

III

Hebbel's first drama, *Judith*, was not written until he was thirty-seven years old. Up to the time of his essaying writing for the stage, he had composed a few short stories of dramatic power and had tried his hand at journalism. For these he lacked the requisite facility to attain success. At its first presentation in 1840, however, *Judith* produced a sensation. Hebbel was not content to make the apocryphal story a loose-jointed history varnished over with sensational action. True to his philosophic, analytic bent, he grubbed deep into the subsoil of human character. He wanted to know all the intimate workings of the heart of Judith as she yields her chastity to save her country. He wanted to discover how Holofernes came to be the fire-eater history portrays him to be. There is a hot, oppressive atmosphere about many of the scenes. The sensual element is prominent but Hebbel meant that it should furnish requisite realism, not an appeal to the lower instincts. The Assyrian civilisation, shown in all its heartless brilliance, has a metallic lustre about it.

While the Jews as a nation are set forth in their political disunion, religious bigotry, and incapacity for action, some of them, we can see, are breathing the invigourating air of a great faith. Not since Schiller achieved his youthful success with the *Robbers* has there been so astonishing acclaim for the first effort of any dramatist. Hebbel evinced already a sure mastery of dramatic effect. His style is masculine, craggy, overpowering. In spite of the title, the piece is a man's drama. Judith, too, in her capacity to grapple and cope with circumstance shows herself a fit woman for the man Holofernes. On the other hand, Hebbel was rarely, if ever, capable of the exquisite portrayal of the gentler loveliness of feminine human nature, as was Goethe in Lotte and Gretchen.

In passing from *Judith* to *Maria Magdalena* Hebbel left the great world with its clashing civilisations for the little world of the German middle class of the fifties. He jumped the chasm lying darkly between the drama of action and that of *milieu* which later reached its zenith in Ibsen and Hauptmann and Galsworthy. Thus he made the year 1844 notable in the history of European drama. The world of the play is a narrow, joyless one, where clouds are always hanging low, where there is no place for individual initiative and independent action. All the characters are in tutelage, the hero to a worthy ideal falsely comprehended, and his wife, son, and daughter, to his own patriarchal will. By stickling for a frigid morality Master Anton drives his son from home and his daughter to suicide, then he himself stands bewildered without prop or stay amid the ruins of his world. All the events of tragic import happened before the play opens, but it remains for the son's arrest to link them up and set them off with their swift and merciless impact. Thus the delineation of conditions became more important than the plot and a technique was evolved, new to European tragedy, which foreshadowed the naturalistic drama of the late eighties and early nine-

ties. *Maria Magdalena* is not a sprawling transcript of life, as many naturalistic pieces appear to be, but is remarkable for its compactness and its impeccable and implacable logic.

Christine's influence is first manifest upon Hebbel in the drama *Herod and Mariamna* (1848), in which is set forth the struggle of a woman for the right to her own life and individuality. The spiritual triumph of Queen Mariamna, when Herod looks upon her as a mere thing, a beautiful and costly possession, undoubtedly reflects Hebbel's own widening sense of the worth of woman.

Hebbel chose as a background for the play the break-up of a great oriental world-empire, the passing of heathendom and the dawn of the religion of love. He preferably selected such settings for his dramas in order to depict the contrasts necessarily then existing between the old and the new in their stupendous collision. To him, as we shall see presently, the greatest tragedy ensued when two equally justifiable rights clashed, for such tragedy does not depend upon the passing, conflicting whims of men or the accidental or superficial but is grounded deep in the laws regulating the onward march of human development. Together with *Gyges and his Ring*, *Herod and Mariamna* belongs to the most substantial of all Hebbel's work. That it is written in verse is indicative of the growing refinement of his art. Powerful in its single scenes and its cumulative effect, it lacks the more spectacular force of *Judith*, and although it is a thorough-going tragedy its atmosphere is not as close and oppressive as that of *Maria Magdalena*. It possesses more of the exalting, inspiring power of Greek tragedy.

IV

Agnes Bernauer with its gripping story of romantic love ruthlessly but necessarily defeated by the demands of state is the most human of all Hebbel's dramas. The generous and impulsive young duke of Bavaria, the beautiful

daughter of the people, Agnes, the all too fleet hours of their marital happiness, her terrible fate, and the father's grief at destroying the happiness of his children make a most powerful appeal to human sympathy. This is the more true since its pathos and its tragedy are in perfect artistic balance. We turn away from the scene grieved with Schiller that such is the fate of the beautiful upon the earth, but we feel thrilled with the sense of human greatness and triumph. In all his dramas he attempts the solution of the ever-recurring and ever mysterious tragedy of suffering, but in *Agnes Bernauer* he gives the problem its most poignant appeal and he is particularly masterly in his motiving.

Agnes Bernauer is Hebbel's answer to the efforts made in Austria and Germany previous to 1848 for more liberal and more democratic government, efforts ending in the revolution of 1848 with its outbursts of excessive individualism. Both Agnes and Duke Ernest represent two motives in themselves equally justifiable. To accept the answer of collectivism for the problem of the play means the death of Agnes; to have accepted the answer of individualism would have meant the dissolution of ties in the ducal family, the break-up of the state, and the death of hundreds of men and women; in a word, it would have been a crime against humanity. "The individual," asserts Hebbel, à propos of *Agnes*, "however glorious or great, however noble or beautiful must under all circumstances bow his neck to society because in it and its necessary outward form—the state—is wrapped up the fate of all humanity, while in the individual alone only one phase of humanity comes to development." This statement is significant not only for Hebbel, but as being pretty much the political philosophy of present-day Germany.

The refining process going on in Hebbel due to his more secure station in life and to the mellowing influence of Christine is beautifully manifest in *Agnes Bernauer*. Although the language is prose, it approaches the noble simplicity

and quiet grandeur of Greek tragedy. Everything repulsive is avoided, there are no glaring lights or oppressive gloom. While the lines are softened down, they are yet sharp enough to give perfection of outline.

Hebbel's development toward the Greek ideal for tragedy is still more evident in *Gyges and His Ring* (1856), the maturest product of his genius. It is likewise the most poetic, the most subtle, and the hardest to read by reason of its condensation of thought. Of all Hebbel's plays it is the most sure-footed in its psychological portrayal of the human heart. The piece is eloquent of power and artistic control in the shortness of time needed to unfold its tragedy, the fewness of its characters, and the nobility and dignity of its language. The tragedy is an inward one, *un cas de conscience*, and lacks completely the show and pomp and noise of more romantic drama. The drama as a whole leaves the impression of a beautiful statue whose grace of outline is perceived through a silvery mist. No dramatist of lesser ability and none less capable of making the improbable entirely human would have undertaken to mould the unpromising fable of the Lydian king, Candaules, his queen, Rhodope, and his friend, Gyges into a drama, nor could a dramatic poet of lesser parts have given it such convincing motivation. With masterly skill, comparable to that of Dostoevsky in *Crime and Punishment*, Hebbel shows how the sense of guilt in the minds of the three principal characters—and there are hardly any others—on the morning after the fateful insult to Rhodope's sense of modesty grew and manifested itself and how it led straight to the tragic outcome. In Candaules we find exemplified the tragedy of the man with the zeal of the innovator, who has only the power to destroy but not that to construct. Rhodope is a woman with an awakening personality who is rudely aroused to the necessity of widening her point of view.

Hebbel's last completed work, *The Nibelungen* (1863), carries us from the

luminous mist of the ancient world to the Gothic gloom of Teutonic mythology and legend. A world crisis is again at hand, "the disintegration of Germanic paganism with its reliance upon personal strength, individual sufficiency and revenge beneath the sunlight of the higher ideals of vicarious suffering, altruistic sympathy, and self-control shining into the consciences of men at the dawn of Christianity." Hebbel's version of the story is the best of all the modern reworkings of the theme because he himself possessed that combination of savagery and tenderness, of ferocity and naïveté characteristic of the *Nibelungenlied* of the twelfth century. His work consisted in shearing the poem of its epic leisureliness, in motiving the events of the original story, and in sharpening the outlines of the characters. The guileless, sunny-tempered Siegfried, the grim, weather-beaten, defiant Hagen, the wondrous fair Kriemhilde, who, embittered by the experiences of life, grows into a fury whose one thought is revenge—all these stand forth more clearly limned in Hebbel's work than in the original. To the original he added but little material nor did he subtract any essential trait. He succeeded in retaining the basic motif fealty (*Treue*). Perhaps no poet ever approached the work of another with more reverence and understanding.

V

Hebbel's theory of tragedy is an original contribution to dramaturgy that has received too little attention outside Germany. He derived the foundation for it from Hegel, who conceived of all history as a stupendous drama, a tragedy according to the laws of which the individual perishes that the race may be served. To Schiller, the optimist, tragedy brought out the strength and virtue of the perishing individual. Although the hero succumbs physically, morally he is victorious. When a great man undergoes inevitable suffering with fortitude it teaches men to have faith in human kind. To Schopenhauer, the pessimist, tragedy portrayed the horrible

side of life, the unescapable woe of men. For him it had no exalting or atoning elements. Hebbel stands between these two. From the point of view of the individual his theory of tragedy is pessimistic, from that of the race, optimistic. He liked to portray men and women lacking the conventional moral fault of tragic heroes. To him real tragedy ensues when there is a clash between two rights, as in *Agnes Bernauer*. Whenever a man follows his dynamic, God-given instincts and raises himself above his surroundings, he thereby puts himself in an evermore probable position to collide with the slower ideals in society and with the intellectual and spiritual inertia that is a conserving element in civilisation and which at any given time must prevail. The exceptional individual must inevitably run amuck with organised humanity and succumb to it, and in the evolution of man all individual existence as such must yield to collective existence. There is thus a continual conflict between the exceptional and the normal, the old and the new, the spiritual titan and the mental pigmy. And while Divinity is always crucified by Mammon, it is only through the striving and the sufferings of the Sons of God that the human race progresses. Jesus of Nazareth is the most perfect type of this ever-recurring tragedy. Thus the world corrects itself through the tragic labour of the individual and the level of the ideals of the masses is hereby inevitably and ultimately raised.

Hebbel was an accomplished dramatic technician. His plots are well constructed though often complicated, his characters frequently weaving on the loom of the fable an exceedingly close-knit fabric. The action of his pieces springs from the nature of his personages: they dominate the plot. His power of analysis pierced like an X-ray opaque human motives. No dramatist was ever more conscientious or more painstaking to have all the acts of his characters spring from manifest and adequate causes. Here we find the very kernel of realism and the spirit of factual con-

scientiousness worthy of the great century of science.

There is much resemblance between the rugged, common, thoughtful, sometimes ponderous and unwieldy style of Robert Browning and that of Hebbel. Both are hard reading, both are Teutonic in their energy. There is often a sledge-hammer effect to the sentences. This is likewise true of their verse, where rugged, masculine lines prevail over the gentle, smooth-flowing, feminine rhymes. Constantly fighting foes within and without, Hebbel was forced to make his way against heavy material and spiritual odds—quite unlike Browning—and it is small wonder if his writing is dreadfully in earnest. His works abound in figures of speech which more often show homely vigour than poetic elegance, sometimes they are repellent and far-fetched. Passages of lyric sweetness and lilting melody are few. He is always effective, frequently pithy, often sombre. There are many passages that have the beauty of the glint of steel. Pathos is abundant, but humour, save for a grim, almost terrible kind that comes to the surface in a few places, is almost absent.

As has already been pointed out, in form and content of *Maria Magdalena*, Hebbel is the initiator of the drama of *milieu* in which the characters suffer rather than act: they undergo the "tragic grinding of a hostile environment" and "imprisonment in a cage of some social bondage." Success in this type of drama depends upon ability to dissect and lay bare a social situation down to its slightest nerve-fibres and to pierce human motives. Hebbel was a master of these arts and his work is a worthy precursor of the social dramas of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Hauptmann. Indeed, a growing acquaintance with these notable modern dramatists has directed attention to Hebbel and he is only now coming to his own.

VI

Although but one of Hebbel's greater works treats of contemporary events, his

problems are intensely modern, that is to say, social. They have to do with vital social conflicts or with family problems. In *Judith*, *Herod and Mariamna*, *Gyges and His Ring*, the chief problem is the relation of man to woman, in *Maria Magdalena* the duties of a father to his family, in *Agnes Bernauer*, the relation of the individual to the State. Three challenging social questions of to-day he does not touch upon: the problem of the fallen woman, the attitude of men to religion and the Church, and the relation of the work-giver to the work-taker. His social interests are, therefore, intensive but not extensive.

Significant for his personality and for the nineteenth century is his attitude toward woman. While he always portrays the relation of mother to child as a tender one, it is only with his maturing thought that he comes to give woman a place of equal importance beside man in the love relation. He rises from the conception of the purely biological attraction of the sexes in *Judith* to the recognition of the spiritual equality of woman with man in *Mariamna*, *Rhodope*, and *Kriemhilde*. These several attitudes are reflexes of his experience: his relation to his mother was of the most intimate and tender kind, his early attitude toward woman sexually can easily be founded upon his experiences with Eliza Lensing and Beppi Schwarz, when women were scarcely more than things to be toyed with and then discarded. The influence of Christine Enghaus opened up to Hebbel's consciousness the sense of the spiritual worth of womankind. His belief in the redeeming power of womanhood was a most precious experience. No nineteenth century writer has so deservedly won the sobriquet "Frauenlob" or so contributed to a firm foundation for the development of woman as Friedrich Hebbel.

Beside his dramas, Hebbel wrote lyric poems, ballads, sonnets, epigrammatic verse, a short and tender epic, *Mother and Child*, criticisms, conducted a voluminous correspondence and kept a remarkable diary. His lyric poetry, not

always easy reading, is rigorous sometimes even to harshness and his ballads are powerful in their dramatic force. Some of his very best thought is preserved in his sonnets. But rising above the greatness of his literary and intellectual production is the significance of his life, of the way in which he reacted toward the world. His life history is a record of human development away from obstinacy, narrowness of vision, one-sidedness, and selfishness,—from the desire to use others as mere tools for his own glorification or satisfaction,—to a freer, broader, happier life. His biography

records the persistent struggle of a soul for self-realisation. He might have said of himself at every stage in his career, *Ich will mich entwickeln!* In him we can watch the growth of a man, the widening, deepening, and humanising of a significant personality. As the study of Hebbel is pursued with increasing zest, his criticism, his letters, and his diary come to be an indispensable source of information for the appreciation of an intensely human man, and a vigorous, fearless grappler with the inevitable realities of existence. Hebbel's greatest work of art, therefore, is his life.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

NOVEL-READERS who have moments of revolt against the modern kind of thing, the story of feminism, or of brotherhood, or of youthful experimenting with life, or of adult and polite lust, may take up one of Mr. Marshall's tales with assurance of a quiet and contented hour. We had a good deal the same feeling about De Morgan (though "Somehow Good" was a bit modern and "strong")—a sense of escape from the muddle of today into a safe and intelligible yesterday. He rubbed up for us the world of

*Watermeads. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Rodmoor. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

Lady Connie. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Company.

Slaves of Freedom. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Trufflers. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Windy McPherson's Son. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company.

Our Natupski Neighbors. By Edith Miniter. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A Country Chronicle. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company.

Dickens and Thackeray, which had begun to lose its gloss in our minds. Mr. Marshall does the same thing for the world of Jane Austen and Trollope. His point of view is exactly theirs. The world that interests him is a well-born, land-owning, "county" world. There are lower orders, of course: tradesmen respectfully in the offing, useful in their humble sphere: butlers and gamekeepers nearer at hand and no doubt human in a sense; "the poor," a pity and an inconvenience, to be coaled and blanketed as occasion requires, and for the rest decently forgotten; and finally and most distressingly, those persons who are just outside the "county" circle and always trying to get in,—trying to push up or break through from the tradesman class, whether by means of wealth or a new title. From this point of view mere riches are a menace and a mockery. Yet property is the basis of all things. For property, as we here reverently observe it—ancient lands and estates, and the money necessary to support them—are of the very substance of "county" standing. They embody and guarantee the dignity of race. Therefore, to a Trollope or a Marshall, the most poignant of human

situations is a fine old property, with its attendant family, struggling for its very existence merely because cash, that vulgar affair of bailiffs and money-changers, happens to be lacking. This was the thrilling theme—I do not deny that it is thrilling, when you have put yourself in the right mood—of *Dr. Thorne*; and the Conways of *Watermeads*, are as innocently bound up in it as the Greshams of Greshamsbury were, sixty years ago. Squire Conway, to be sure, unlike Squire Gresham, has had sense enough not to put himself in the hands of the money-lenders. His methods, when funds run low, is to sell an ancestor—a grandmother by Sir Joshua, or a grandfather by Raeburn. In this way he has contrived to pass on his own cheerful enjoyment of life to his young brood, and to give them the necessary advantages. Plain living is necessary at *Watermeads*, however, and one member of the household is by no means reconciled to it. Mrs. Conway, with her fatuous egotism and petty domestic tyrannies, recalls Trollope's Mrs. Proudie. She would be unbearable to us if we did not reflect that we ought to be able to stand her if the Squire can. And he does, as if without effort, though nothing of her meanness and absurdity is hidden from him, and though, in a way, the situation at *Watermeads* is her fault. That is to say, the Squire in youth has been highly favoured by a rich and distinguished uncle, Mark Blake. The uncle has discerned the paltry character (oh, yes, it goes with inferior birth!) of the woman Conway purposes to marry, has warned him, and has finally broken off relations with him. With his marriage, therefore, Conway's brilliant prospects of a career and a fortune have vanished together. We are to see how, after thirty years, *Watermeads* is to be rescued and the family fortunes assured. That rescue is to come about through the son, Fred Conway, a later Frank Gresham: in what way it comes I need not rehearse here. It is enough to say that with Mr. Marshall, as with Trollope, when you have once accepted his pre-

mises, it is all one happy journey to the last of his pages.

II

It is always easy to make too much of these resemblances and analogies, but there is another instance before us which cries for mention. If *Watermeads* recalls both Trollope and Jane Austen, *Rodmoor* more strangely recalls both Peacock and the Brontës. The story is inscribed to Emily Brontë. *Rodmoor*, like *Wuthering heights*, is a place of ill omen, with a malign power over human character and conduct. Here Mr. Powys places a number of extraordinary persons and compels them to work out their luckless fates. There are the Renshaws—the mother, with her mysteriously tragic past and plaintive present; the girl Philippa, with her morbid epicene charm; Brand, the towering male, who gloomily and irresistibly takes what he finds in life to want. Then there are the half-sisters and their obsessed companion, who leave London as if for the purpose of putting themselves under the spell of *Rodmoor*. The elder woman compasses her strange revenge upon the past; the sisters fall victims in one way or another to the Renshaw curse. For Adrian Sorio, Nance's lover, is lured away from her by the abnormal Philippa, and Linda, the younger, becomes the natural prey of Brand. There is no abiding happiness, no comfort of mind or soul, for anybody in anything here, and the narrative ends upon a note of self-destruction and despair. "A Romance," reads the subtitle!—such a romance as might have been compounded by a Brontë and a Russian, and supplemented or decorated with the jovial speculative humour of a Peacock. Traherne, the grotesque parson with his good heart, his pet rat, and his unfailing thirst; Dr. Fingal Raughty, who makes a ritual of bathing, hunts specimens and harmlessly sentimentalises over youth and beauty; and Baltazar Stork, the self-worshiper and connoisseur of morbidness: these and their whimsical symposia, in which

all sorts of themes for speculation are inconclusively dealt with, are almost purely Peacockian. I recall noticing this flavour in the writer's earlier "romance," *Wood and Stone*. That was a better story. It was whimsical enough, far-fetched enough in parts, but it seemed to mean something, to stand at least for some sort of law of desert and consequence. There is nothing of the kind to be found here, and if, as one may almost suspect, it stands merely for a sort of gruesome jest on the part of a brilliant but eccentric performer, one does not warm to it the more for that suspicion. There is a taint about the thing, whether of unwholesome eroticism or unwholesome mockery.

III

In connection with resemblances, I am tempted to say that Mrs. Ward's *Lady Connie* reminds me strongly of—Mrs. Ward. Her vigorous and effective book on England's part in the War attests her keen interest in the present; but as a novelist she is of the past; already there is a sort of quaintness about her work. Her later books, it is true, have less to do with "problems," are more stories and less tracts—than those which gained her a public, thirty years ago. Otherwise there is very little to distinguish *Lady Connie*, for example, from *Miss Bretherton* or *Marcella*. And Mrs. Ward seems here to recognise and justify this *status quo* by timing her tale in the early eighties. The place is Oxford and its neighbourhood, the theme is mating love, the persons are of Mr. James's "better sort,"—persons of mental and social refinement, consciously aristocrats in one way or another. Lady Connie is an orphan and heiress who comes to Oxford to live out the last year of her minority in the household of Dr. Ewen Hopper, her uncle and a Don. He is a brilliant scholar, condemned to waste his time and energies in the fruitless effort to make ends meet. He has a foolish egotistical wife (not unlike the Mrs. Conway of *Watermeads*) and

two daughters, the younger of whom, Dora, is worthy of him. At Oxford Lady Connie renews acquaintance with two young men whom she has known during her life abroad. One, Sorell, already a Don, is a man of modest charm, who has been a friend of her parents. The other, Falloden, is a conquering and beautiful undergraduate who, almost on their first meeting at Cannes has laid violent siege to her. She has repulsed him, but he has roused her emotionally. As the reader's interest in the story will depend largely upon his uncertainty as to what is to happen between these two, it had better not be given away here. The real fulcrum of events is, as usual with Mrs. Ward, a refined and extreme sensibility to considerations of personal honour and generosity. Sorell is a trifle uncanny in his perfections, the sort of gentleman who comes too near being a lady. Mrs. Ward's men are always less easy to believe in than her women. Lady Connie is a charming embodiment of the type she is fondest of—the beautiful, well-bred, spirited yet sensitive and feminine maiden of the English upper class.

IV

Lady Connie is a young person of spirit and intelligence, and so far ahead of her time, as an Englishwoman, that Mrs. Ward permits her three cigarettes a day. Nevertheless she is the old-fashioned girl, born for wedlock and neither unconscious of her fate nor rebellious against it. Other types of woman existed thirty years ago, but, as it were, without credentials. It remained for twentieth century womanhood to discover that while marriage is a good enough thing in its way, it is by no means worth making a fetish of. There is one's own life to be lived, one's own self to express—and one's own convenience to consider. Hence the great and increasing Anglo-American population of bachelors of both sexes who frankly and rather noisily proclaim that they do not care a hang about racial and family responsibilities, that life is a game

every fellow has a right to play in his own way and for her own sake. Two novelists have chosen, almost at the same moment, to expound and to challenge this theory of things. Readers who liked Mr. Dawson's *The Garden Without Walls* will probably like *Slaves of Freedom*. They have the same atmosphere of emotional, almost hysterical strain, of passion both insistent and sterile. They suggest the helpless and hapless visions of an anchorite. One need not doubt the respectable intentions of the author, in order to deplore his preoccupation with the physical aspects of sex. We are always invoking the spirit here, but we never take our eye off the flesh for an instant. However, the book undoubtedly means to be a wholesome protest against an increasingly common type. The gist of the whole thing is contained in a speech by one of the victimised males of the story: "There are women who never take a holiday from themselves. They are too timid—too selfish. They are afraid of marrying; they distrust men. They are afraid of having children; they worship their own bodies. They loathe the disfigurement of child-bearing. All their standards are awry. They regard the sacredness of birth as defilement—think it drags them down to the level of the animals. They make love seem ugly. They have got a morbid streak that makes them fear everything that is blustering and genuine. Their fear lest they should lose their liberty keeps them captives. They are slaves of freedom, starving their souls and living for externals. Because they are women, their nature cries out for men; but the moment they have dragged the soul out of a man their weak passion is satisfied. They have the morals of nuns and the lure of courtesans. They are suffocating and unhealthy as tropic flowers." This is good sturdy doctrine, and the speaker presently justifies his manhood by turning his back on his own special enslaver. The other men in the story are, it must be owned, a pretty flabby lot. After all, the kind of hero who fawns and blub-

bers over his womenkind is a tiresome person to a good many of us. This Teddy, who is a lover primarily and a genius on the side, does not impress us with the depth of his feeling for his beautiful Desire. He wants her as a female and is in torment because he cannot have her, but there is nothing to feel very sorry about in the fact that he does not get her. With all his poetising about her she is too clearly a paltry object to impartial eyes. Even Teddy, it is plain, has no delusions about her possibility as a true mate.

V

Mr. Merwin, in *The Trufflers* deals with a similar theme, in a different and more wholesome way. Sex, to paraphrase a famous remark, is no treat to him. Though it happens to be his theme here, as in some sense it is fated to be the theme of every storyteller, he handles it neither prudishly nor pruriently (perhaps they are the same thing) but as a matter of general and natural human interest. This is not a book of heroic size or quality, but a comedy with an undercurrent of serious feeling. There are farcical touches, coarsely drawn "character" figures, like that of the hypocritical parson. The style is the style of a writer who has found acceptance in the popular magazines of the hour: it has the required "pep" and "snap" and colloquial humour. But the comedy as a whole rings true. There are, one may say, two leading men. One of them, Peter Mann, playwright, is a species of Sentimental Tommy in a New York reincarnation. He has no principles or consistency, but a grandiose view of himself, under shelter of which he does a great many contemptible things and produces some good work. Offset against him is modest, honest Henry Bates, whose eccentricities are all of the surface, and whose genius has a solid foundation of character. He, too, is a writing fellow, but in a casual uninspired fashion until his one great emotion for Sue Wilde effectively wakes him to the use of his pow-

ers, and he ceases to be the "Worm." Greenwich Village and its rather conscious Bohemia afford scene and setting. It is pictured as a region of aggressive irresponsibility; its theories are theories of personal freedom, self-expression, and all the rest of it. Its practice is the more or less idle pursuit of sensation, æsthetic and other. It is the "Worm" who first identifies the typical "villager" with an insect described by Fabre: "Often the insect will be found at the bottom of its burrow; sometimes a male, sometimes a female, but always alone. The two sexes work apart without collaboration. There is no family mansion for the rearing of offspring; it is a temporary dwelling, made by each insect for its own benefit." And this insect lives solely on truffles. It is Peter who appropriates the idea, and makes a play of it which he calls *The Truffler*. The "Worm" has tacked the label on the door of the rooms occupied by himself, Peter and Hy Lowe (religious journalist and professional philanderer). Peter characteristically ignores this application: "He could see it only as a perfect characterisation of the bachelor girls. Every one of those girls and women was a Bol-boceras, a confirmed seeker of pleasures and delicacies in the sober game of life, utterly self-indulgent, going it alone—a truffle hunter." The girl of the story is Sue Wilde, daughter of the hypocritical parson. We find her among the trufflers, but not of them. She takes their doctrines seriously, makes a sort of religion of them. She wills herself to believe literally the accepted creed: "You know the dope," says Hy Lowe, "'Oats for Women,' somebody called it—that a woman must be as free as a man, free to go to the devil if she chooses." What happens is that Sue suddenly feels the falsity of it all, for her, and finds in Henry Bates the one real figure of the pageant. Meanwhile plenty of things have happened.

VI

Greenwich Village has its Americanism, as Broadway has; but then it is a

rather provincial Americanism in both cases, if we mean by provincial, unrepresentative of the country as a whole. I find more real American quality in the three other books which lie before me this month. *Windy McPherson's Son* is an extraordinary book. It shows the Russian influence unmistakably, but its final effect is of a constructive realism, in contrast with the destructive naturalism of a Dostoevsky or a Dreiser. *Windy McPherson's Son* is like a full-length portrait developed from one of the sketches of the *Spoon River Anthology*. The book is inscribed to "the living men and women of my own Middle Western home town." But we need no such hint to convince us that the present picture is drawn from the life. The analogy between McPherson's little town of "Caxton" in Iowa, and the "Spoon River" of Mr. Masters is very close. It is a place of surfaces such as print commonly deals with, and of depths such as it commonly ignores; of conventions and habits which, on the whole, serve to keep the community going, but under which lie secret vices and secret heroisms; meannesses and kindnesses, dreams and nightmares of the human soul. A parodist might easily construct a new "Anthology" out of the materials here given. Sandy McPherson, "veteran" and drunken boaster; Mary Underwood, the warm-hearted schoolmistress about whose pure unfulfilled life local scandal contrives to weave its nasty web; Mike McCarthy, the neighbourhood Lothario, who has his own mad philosophy of things; all the group which holds its informal club at Wildman's grocery, or Geiger's drug-store: these are types for which any American village, East or West, could furnish analogies. Even John Telfer, the native who has gone abroad, and failed at "art," and come home to loaf and to play the village oracle, after marrying his milliner, would not be hard to match, unless in the real decency which Telfer somehow maintains, beneath his trifling. But all this is hardly more than our setting and starting-

point for an adventure which concerns one human being. This is the story of Sam McPherson's quest for the meaning of life. In boyhood he fancies that it lies in escape from the squalour and indignity of the drunkard's home of his birth. He sets himself to make money, and makes it, at first in Caxton itself, and later in the great world. In due time he marries for love and for children. The children do not come, and Sam again devotes himself feverishly to the game of money-making. In the course of that exacting game he is forced to "double-cross" Sue's father, his former partner. The old man shoots himself, and Sue leaves her husband. Then begins another phase of experiment. Sam leaves his office and takes to the road, hoping to find somewhere among chance acquaintances and rough labours the secret he has missed. His journey is a long one, and leads him into strange places. In the end he discovers that, to attain real success, one must labour for the future generation as well as for the present; and he takes the simple step which is to bring about a new and sweeter union with his wife, and a living bond between his own to-day and his children's to-morrow. For all its realism of detail, the book must be read with a certain flexibility of mood, as one reads a poem, or any work of sincere and creative fancy.

VII

Another book of originality and force as an interpretation of American life is *Our Natupski Neighbors*. It is a work of keen and often extravagant humour, quite unlike the smooth and well-made article which may be so easily pigeon-holed as a "novel." More narrowly, it gives a concrete instance of the working of the "melting-pot" process among us. Natupski is a Polish peasant who gets his American foothold in a little New England village. He is utterly ignorant and unresponsive to American ideas. He has no knowledge even of how to work the hundred rocky and weed-bound

acres which, with their tumble-down homestead, he is presently able to acquire by a very small cash payment and a very large mortgage. But there he settles himself stolidly, to labour unceasingly, to save, and to breed. He grubs up all green things about the old house, he lives filthily, he starves himself and his family, he wastes effort upon useless tasks. But the effort never ceases, his interest payments are always made on the dot, and after a time he begins to learn by hard experience, and to get ahead. West Holly is one of those gone-to-seed villages which you may find anywhere in New England. Many of the farms are still held by the descendants of the original settlers. But their methods are crude and their labours slack, and they are too timid or indolent or degenerate to breed their own "help" as their forefathers did. Abner Slocumb, Natupski's next-door neighbour, is of this childless, flockless stock; but his immeasurable kindness (and you will find men of his type anywhere in New England, too) takes the unspeakable Natupskis upon its shoulders, and protects them from the righteous indignation, as well as the mean spite, of the community. Natupski has no gratitude. He suspects all Yankees, will take no advice and accept no favours. But his brood come on, they help him to prosperity and, as they become young Americans, they have their part in his slowly dawning sense of what American civilisation means. In the end it is Natupski's belated gratitude which saves Abner Slocumb from the penalty of his slackness, it is his practical foresight which rescues Holly Mountain from the hand of the spoiler, and turns it over to posterity as a reservation forever. It is, to be sure, through the oldest son, Stanislarni, who has made his way through Harvard, that this new spirit becomes articulate, but it happens, and we leave the Natupskis firmly established as good citizens and "lords of the land."

VIII

A Country Chronicle is even farther

from a story in the formal sense than *Our Natupski Neighbors*. It is, rather, an extraordinarily vivid picture of American farm life a generation ago. But if it has no continuous and completed action, that is because it is a true chronicle of the natural scenes and events of a boy's year in that particular time and place. The ten-year-old is himself the chronicler, and he uses the perilous method of the present tense, which somehow, in his handling, does not become (as the reader perhaps fears it will) a tedious artifice. Here are recalled for readers of the older generation many of the typical scenes and conditions of country life in the eighties. It is a life which lacks many of the conveniences and accessories which are taken for granted to-day, even on the farm. But the word "convenience" has been rather absurdly narrowed by urban use to a single meaning. What the city man does not take into consideration is that while you may lack some of the "modern conveniences" in the country, you are also clear of the worst of the modern inconveniences—racket, crowding, dust, smells, bad air, nervous pressure.

The farmer's life means hard toil and small pay—in cash. Some of our sentimental writers, for city readers, such as "David Grayson," for example, make too little rather than too much of the price nature and society charge for living "on the land." But it is a man's job, and has its sweetnesses, if one deserves them, its immunities; and its profits not to be reckoned in the legal tender of the cities. The present chronicle does not conceal the seamy side of experience in its little farming community of the eighties. But it very well reflects the spirit of contentment and kindness and wholesome living which so often purifies and rewards the seeming incessant labours of the country. For the rest this little book sketches out for us with light touch but with no stroke wasted, the whole group of village worthies whose lives impinge upon the lives of our special family. It is refreshing to react, in this interpretation, from the Spoon River point of view, and to recognise ungrudgingly the good-humour and friendliness and unaffected righteousness which often lie behind the harshest of rustic exteriors.

PRELUDE

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Not with the maddening tumult of the wind
 That sweeps with unresisting impulse rife,
 Nor fiercer flame, that leaves sad waste behind,
 But softly would I move along thy life;
 As 'mid still eloquence of woodland maze
 We stay the step, and silently pass nigh
 Where the imprisoning hush of twilight ways
 Shrines, dryadlike, the heart of Mystery,
 Lest the spell break we tread not all too near,
 But steal with trembling breath dim paths along—
 Finding the shadow than all light more dear,
 Finding the hush more sweet than any song;
 Thus, at its portal, 'twixt thy soul and strife,
 I would move softly, love, along thy life.

YOUTH AND AGE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE best American play of the current season, and one of the most pleasing plays of recent years, is *Old Lady 31*, by Rachel Crothers. Miss Crothers, who has long been noted for her mastery of the delicate art of dialogue, has written many plays of promise in the past; but the present piece is easily the best of her productions. It is poignantly beautiful, for the simple reason that it is penetrantly true. Occasionally, in the past, Miss Crothers has shown a regrettable tendency to insist upon her own extremely feminine opinions about life,—as in *A Man's World and Ourselves*, to cite a couple of examples; but, in *Old Lady 31*, she shows us life itself, relieved from the intrusion of opinion—and we stand up and remove our hats, as is our custom in the shining presence of reality. It would be futile to deny the success of this remarkable production, either as a work of art or as a popular entertainment. The casual and careless theatre-goer has gone to see it—has wept and laughed, in the wonder-working mood of happy pathos, or pathetic happiness—and has come away from the performance a sadder and a wiser [and, in consequence, of course, a better] man. Yet the interesting fact remains to be discussed that Miss Crothers has succeeded with a subject-matter that, for many years, has been tabooed as dangerous by nearly all of our theatrical purveyors whose habit is to feel the pulse of the public; for the *milieu* of the story is an old ladies' home, and the theme of the play is the psychology of several superannuated people whose active lives have long been past and done with. The appeal of youth to youth—which most of our commercial managers insist upon as a necessary requisite to popularity—is singularly absent. The popular success of *Old Lady 31*—for, whatever be the fortune of the

play in our commercial theatre, there is no denying that everybody who has seen it likes it very much—reopens the entire controversy that concerns the question whether or not the dramatist can ever please the public with an essay in appreciation of old age.

The project of *Old Lady 31* was suggested to Miss Crothers by a novel that was written by the late Louise Forsslund. The story follows the declining fortunes of a pair of aged lovers whose affection for each other has grown "durable from the daily dust of life." Abe and Angie are very old; and they have been constrained to spend the little money they had scraped together, through the savings of a life-time, against "the years that gently bend us to the ground." But, by selling their little cottage and their furniture and nearly all their pitiful and dear belongings, they have raised the hundred dollars that is requisite to secure admittance for Angie to the Old Ladies' Home. Abe, on his part, will have to subsist on charity at the Poor Farm, five miles away. These simple facts are set forth in a prologue, which shows the two old people saying a sad last farewell to the little cottage which has been their home for many years.

The first act discloses the veranda of the Old Ladies' Home, and introduces us to several superannuated women who are gossiping in rocking-chairs concerning the expected arrival of Angie. These women, who no longer have anything to do in life, have all the more to think and feel and say. But something unforeseen attacks and overwhelms them when Angie arrives, accompanied by Abe, who is trundling along her poor belongings on a hand-cart. Abe tries to say good-bye to Angie and to set forth smilingly afoot for the Poor Farm five miles away; but this attempted parting

is more than the old women at the Home can bear to see. When Troy fell, the followers of Æneas emitted the immortal phrase, "We have been Trojans—Troy has been;" and of these faded wrecks in rocking-chairs it might be said, with equal pathos, "They have been women." In this moment, they remember; and—recalling the keen life they used to know—they insist that Abe shall not be parted from his Angie, but shall be received surreptitiously into the Home as Old Lady 31.

The unaccustomed presence of a man in the house stirs all the thirty women to a vivid recollection of those feelings which, in Wordsworth's phrase, may be described as "intimations of immortality." The memory of sex survives its function; and a woman is no less a woman though she may be seventy or eighty or ninety years of age. The immediate effect of the reception of Abe into the Old Ladies' Home is to accelerate the coursing of the blood in all the thirty inmates, so that they become again in spirit the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts that they used to be. Like bees about a flower, they buzz and flutter around the old, old man who sits in an easy-chair among them; and, when he falls ill, they fight among themselves and scratch each other to win the privilege of nursing him. This unusual situation—for it is indeed amazingly uncustomary on the stage—is studied by Miss Crothers with a very subtle sense of characterisation.

To Abe at last—who, despite the fact that he is very old, is still a man—there comes a sense that it is very irksome to be mothered by so many women. He is being killed with kindness; and—as men of any age will do at times—he grows extremely tired of the other sex. He desires to go forth and have his fling, afar from the sight of any women; and, to this end, he plans clandestinely to run away with an old crony to spend a glorious evening with the men—the real men—of the Life-Saving Station on the terrible and tingling coast that is besieged eternally by the insidious sea.

This is his idea of a single, great, and last "good time,"—to drink a draught of fellowship with men of mighty sinews whose business it is to fight against the forces of the brutal gods, and not to lose the struggle. He leaves behind a letter for his Angie, to tell her that he is going to the Poor Farm and will never again return to be an inmate of the Old Ladies' Home.

Angie reads that letter. It would perhaps have broken her old heart, if Angie had not known what every woman knows,—that men are merely children and must come home to their mothers before the sun goes down. Abe comes home, of course. He has had his little fling; and he is glad enough to be received again as the adopted son—more dear, indeed, because of his momentary waywardness—of the thirty mother-hearts that have never missed a beat for him in the Old Ladies' Home. Angie is there, among them, like a moon among the stars. She chides him, and scolds him, and puts him to bed,—as in the years that were; and we do not need to be told that "they lived happily forever after."

Two young people—and only two—appear in the fabric of this play:—an ambitious young workman who is poor, and the rich daughter of one of the directors of the Old Ladies' Home. They love each other ardently, and ultimately marry. Their story is adequately plausible, and, moreover, it is prettily told: but, somehow, it does not seem to matter. For once, the interest is focussed so tremendously on people who are ending life that the audience has no attention to devote to people who are merely starting out to test it. These two young lovers—though truthfully and sympathetically drawn—might be deleted from the story without detracting from its interest.

Here, then, we have a play that amuses and enchants the audience because it deals, in the ingratiating mood of sympathetic understanding, with the subject of old age. Yet this is a subject which most of our commercial man-

agers have always been afraid of. It has been their theory that youth must be served in the theatre, and that the heroine, in particular, must always be a young and pretty girl.

A year or more ago, when *The Boomerang* was settling down to its record-making run at the Belasco Theatre, the present writer happened to enjoy an interesting conversation with Mr. Belasco concerning the career of that very slight but delicately modulated comedy. In discussing the basic reasons for the quite extraordinary popularity of this play which he admitted to be fragile, Mr. Belasco said that the public flocked to see *The Boomerang* because it dealt with the emotions of young people, in terms that young people could easily appreciate. He then advanced the interesting theory that the average age of the theatre-going public is only twenty-two or twenty-three, and that, to attract a great deal of money to the box-office, it is necessary first of all to please the girl of twenty-two and the young gentleman whom she allures to take her to the play. If the young folks are satisfied, said Mr. Belasco, the success of any undertaking in the theatre is assured.

Whether or not this diagnosis of the case is justified from the standpoint of commercial calculation [and commercial calculation is a potent factor in dramatic art], it must be stated that the efforts of the dramatist would be extremely stultified if he should feel himself condemned to write forever for girls of twenty-two. There are many interesting and important things in life that an author cannot talk about to young girls, for the simple reason that young girls are not sufficiently experienced to understand them. The reach of the drama should be coextensive with the range of life; and any aspect of the life of man that may be made to seem interesting on the stage should be regarded as available for projection in a play. If a dramatist has created Romeo—whom any girl of twenty-two can understand—must he be forbidden, at some subsequent period of his own development, to create

King Lear? Must the drama deal eternally with youth, and never at all with age?

These questions recall to vivid recollection a conversation with Sir Arthur Pinero which took place in London in the spring of 1910. Two of the very greatest plays of this great master of the dramaturgic art—*The Thunderbolt* and *Mid-Channel*—had recently received a rather scant appreciation from the London public. The present writer suggested that one reason for their lack of popularity was the fact that neither play contained a character that the average frequenters of the theatre could easily and naturally love. "You make them hate the Blundells, you make them hate the Mortimores; and they go away confirmed in the uncritical opinion that you have made them hate the play. They hate the play all the harder because the characters are so real that they cannot get away from them or get around them. You make your auditors uncomfortable by telling them the truth about certain men and women who are very like themselves. They do not like to listen to uncomfortable truths; they decide, therefore, that they do not like to hear you talk; and they tell their friends to stay away." By some such argument, the critic sought to draw an answer from the dramatist.

Sir Arthur's answer may be recorded most clearly in a paraphrase that is freely recomposed from materials that are registered in memory. It ran, in the main, as follows:—"It takes me a year to make a play,—six months to get acquainted with the characters, and six months to build the plot and write the dialogue. All that time, I have to seclude myself from the companionship of friends and live only with the imaginary people of my story. Why should I do this—at my age? I don't need money; I don't desire—if you will pardon me for saying so—to increase the reputation that I have. *Sweet Lavender* made my fortune; *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* made my reputation; and for many years I have not needed to write

plays. Why, then, should I go on? Only because the task is interesting. But it would not be interesting to me unless I were interested personally in the people of my plays. You say the public hate the Blundells and the Mortimores. I do not care. I love those twisted and exacerbated people, because—you see—they interest me. I think I must have what the critics call 'a perverted mind.' [It should be noted that the wise and brilliant playwright said this with a smile.] The only characters that seem to interest me nowadays are people whose lives have somehow gone awry. I like to wonder at the difference between the thing they are and the thing they might have been. That, to me, is the essence of the mystery of life,—the difference between a man as he is and the same man as God intended and desired him to be. But to see this, you must catch your man in the maturity of years. Young people—sweet young people in particular—no longer seem to interest me: I would rather spend my evenings at the Garrick Club than go down to the country and live six months with an imaginary company of people like Sweet Lavender. She was a nice girl; but, after the first hour, there was nothing more to know about her. I now prefer the Mortimores; for there is always something more to find out about people such as they are. You cannot exhaust them in an hour, or six months. Young people are pretty to look at, and theatre-goers like them, as they liked my little Lavender, so many years ago; but, now that I have lived a little longer, I prefer people with a past. A future—that is nothing but a dream: but a past—there you have a soil to delve in."

These words—as has been stated—are merely paraphrased from memory; but the sense is fairly representative of the attitude of mind of our greatest living playwright toward his art. Sir Arthur Pinero might not disagree with Mr. Belasco in the managerial opinion that the safest path toward making money in the theatre is to write about young people for the young; but he him-

self—having made sufficient money with *Sweet Lavender* [the *Boomerang* of thirty years ago]—prefers, for his own pleasure, to write plays about people who have reached a maturity of years.

On the score of art alone—without regard to commerce—a great deal might be said in support of heroes and of heroines that are no longer young. A story of adventure or of love demands an atmosphere of youth; but there are many things in life more interesting to the adult mind than adolescent love or extravagant adventure. The greatest plays are plays of character; and character is nothing more nor less than the sum-total of experience. What a person is, at any moment, is merely a remembered record of all that he has been. To be alive, a person must have lived; and very few people have lived at all at twenty-two.

The greatest artists who have dealt with character have always preferred to depict people in the maturity of years instead of in the hey-day of that superficial beauty which is nothing but a passing bloom upon the face of youth. Consider Rembrandt, for example—the most searching and most deeply penetrant of all the portrait-painters of the world. A Rembrandt portrait is a record of all that life has written on the face of the sitter; and the portrait becomes meaningful almost precisely in proportion to the age of the person whom the artist looked at. Like Velasquez, Rembrandt painted what he saw: but with this difference,—he had to have something to see. The disinterested Spaniard could depict the vacant faces of the royal family with absolute fidelity to fact and yet achieve a triumph of the minor artistry of painting; but Rembrandt, to be interested, had to have a sitter who had lived. If the all but perfect artist of the Netherlands can be regarded ever to have failed at all, he failed in the depiction of young girls. There was nothing in their faces for such a man to see. He was most successful in his portraits of old women and old men; for in these he was allowed to wonder—to quote once more the meaning of Pinero

—at the difference between the thing they were and the thing they might have been. He depicted character as the sum-total of a life-time of experience.

Must the playwright be denied this privilege because the average theatre-goer is a girl of twenty-two? The success of *Old Lady 31* is a salutary fact to bolster up our wishes on the negative side of this contention. Abe and Angie, in this play, are more interesting at seventy or eighty than they ever could have been at twenty, before time and the mellowness of ripe experience had written genial wrinkles on their brows. Rembrandt would have loved to paint a portrait of these two; and Rembrandt, in the heaven of eternal artists, sits very high in the Celestial Rose.

Another point to be considered is that young people, when imagined by the dramatist, must be depicted by young people on the stage. Hence a premium is set on youth and beauty among our actors and, more especially, our actresses. A young girl endowed by nature with a pretty face and fluffy hair is made a star, while many older and less lovely women who know more—much more—about the art of acting are relegated to the ranks. The greatest artist in the world, Madame Yvette Guilbert, said recently in a public address that no woman could act well before she had attained the age of thirty-five. Twenty years of study of such technical details as those of diction and of gesture, and a maturity of personal experience, were absolutely necessary before an actress could be fitted to stand forth before the public as an interpreter of human nature. If this is true—and the solid fact

must be accepted that Madame Guilbert herself is now a finer and a greater artist than she seemed even capable of becoming twenty years ago—the premium that now is set upon the youthful charm of youthful actresses is seen to be a very shallow thing. What boots it, after all, to be a star at twenty-five, unless a woman can become, like Sarah Bernhardt, a central and essential sun at seventy?

Much, of course, might be said, conceivably, on either side. On the one hand, there is Keats, who died at twenty-five; and, on the other hand, there is Ibsen, who did not begin his greatest work till after he was fifty. Those whom the gods love die young or live long, as the chance may fall; and there is no mathematical solution of the mystery. But this much may be said with emphasis, in summing up:—that there is no valid reason why the dramatist should be denied the privilege of dealing with character at its maturity in terms that are intelligible to the adult mind. Youth may be served in the theatre; but old age is still of service, as a theme for the serener contemplation of a ripe intelligence. Despite the imperious and undeniable appeal of youth, there must always be a place upon the boards for the dramatist who says,—

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all
nor be afraid!"

A REPLY TO MR. HAMILTON

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:—May I ask THE BOOKMAN to give space to a brief comment on the strong language in regard to the New York Centre of the Drama League used by Mr. Clayton Hamilton in his article in your November issue entitled "The Public and the Theatre"? Mr. Hamilton says that the League is founded on a "big," a "perfect" idea—namely, that of delivering an audience "in support of any production in the American theatre worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste," but that this idea has been "murdered" by the Play-going Committee of the New York Centre through its failure to choose the right plays for its bulletins. To quote further from Mr. Hamilton, "to destroy a big idea is worse than murdering a child," and for a man of Mr. Hamilton's standing to make so serious an accusation without being sure of his facts would seem to involve him as an accomplice in the crime he denounces.

His immediate charge against the New York Centre is that it did not bulletin *Pierrot the Prodigal*. As a member of the New York Centre, Mr. Hamilton must know that it is the rule of its Play-going Committee *not to notice revivals*, because the League pays for its tickets and cannot afford to do more than attend the new plays. The committee broke this rule, however, in the case of *Pierrot* and issued the following note:

Pierrot the Prodigal (L'Enfant Prodigue), at the Booth Theatre, affords an unusual opportunity to see interesting stage decoration, acting and music united in the service of the delicately artificial art of pantomime. In a cast of general excellence, Paul Clerget stands out as a consummate artist.

Produced by Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight.

Moreover the pantomime has been discussed this month at several of the free

Discussion Centres carried on by the League at branch libraries in different sections of the city, and Pierrot himself (Miss Marjorie Patterson) has graciously consented to speak at the next meeting of the New York Centre.

It is, alas, true that the Drama League has so far not been able to deliver an audience large enough to support a play that it recommends, but that, as Mr. Hamilton points out, is because part of that audience has been alienated from the theatre and must be gradually wooed back to it, and a still larger part has still to be won to it. These are the tasks of the educational activities of the League which constitute an important part of its work. This year, for example, the New York Centre is carrying on an active American Drama campaign. It has arranged an historical exhibition of American Drama at the New York Public Library which is being visited by an average of five hundred people a day. Its Bureau of Advice and Information for amateurs is crowded every Saturday morning. It has opened a Book Shop to encourage the reading and sale of printed plays. A calendar is issued monthly calling attention to interesting dramatic enterprises which do not come within the scope of the regular bulletins. Arrangements are in progress for a series of special matinees, to be produced by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones in December, at which single acts or scenes from typical American plays will be given in chronological sequence, each one in the manner and costumes of the period.

These are some of the activities which keep the office of the League as busy as that of a Broadway manager and which bring in new members daily by the score. If the League *has* been murdered, its dying throes at any rate are singularly violent.

GRACE R. ROBINSON,
Chairman, Play-going Committee.

THE BOOK-CORNER CHRISTMAS TREE

(JUVENILE FICTION)

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

A CHRISTMAS Tree brings to you just what you bring to it. So it is with a book, which is why young readers get so much out of books. Directness and sincerity, the leading qualities in any normal child nature, are what makes the child even up through the teens the most grateful audience for any writer. But the imaginative quality in the minds of child readers is not always understood by the writers of children's books. Some over-estimate it and some under-estimate it. Some want to put more on the Christmas tree than is necessary in the way of imagery, not realising that the child's own joy and gladness will supply the brightness. Others put too little and do not give food enough to arouse the imaginative quality in cases where it may be still dormant or dulled by bad handling.

When the Christmas season comes round and the candles of the Book-Corner Christmas tree are again lighted, it is interesting for the book-lover to go through the Christmas tree offerings in juvenile literature of each season and to sum up the general character of them. There has seldom been a year when there was so little of the imaginative in the offerings made to young readers, so little of the distinctly fanciful in literature. There is small store indeed of fairy stories for instance this year, a little sheaf only of animal stories which hold the middle of the road between fact and fancy, and which if at all well written are delightful whichever way they may turn. There is if anything a larger proportion of books for boys dealing with adventure, with out-of-door life and, in a much lesser measure than usual, with school and college doings. Possibly there is a reason for all this. Grown-up fiction has dealt largely with

the doings of men of late and not always with such doings as belong in the twentieth century. The imagination has been dulled, for little of brightness has been offered it. There has been too much blood-and-thunder and brute force in the air. And the one happy side of our life nowadays, the ever-growing desire for a return in our pleasures to the great out-of-doors, is about the only thing that we can translate properly into juvenile fiction. Therefore it largely colours juvenile fiction to-day. And it is a very good thing in itself for it does not harm the imagination to occupy it with the fanciful possibilities, as well as with the charming reality, of field and forest, sea and sky, fruit and flowers. Still on the whole we do miss some old friends this year.

OLD FAVOURITES RETURNED

Speaking of old friends there are a couple of new editions of worthy books which are very welcome. Two friends from foreign lands come to bid for our favour this season and form most acceptable additions to the library of book-loving boy or girl. One of them entitled *Nobody's Boy*, which is the latest English version of Hector Malot's classic, *Sans Famille*, deserves a particularly hearty welcome. It is beautifully translated for one reason. That literary monstrosity, the textual translation so dear to the professorial heart, has no place in a child's library. Florence Crewe-Jones, the translator in this case, has retold the touching story in admirable English of a high literary quality and withal of a lucid simplicity. It could not have been better done. *Sans Famille* is one of the first French stories given the youthful student of that language to read. Like everything else

connected with school days *Sans Famille* has suffered by this almost universal practice on the part of teachers of French. For few of the school children who plough through it labouriously realise the simple pathetic charm of the story. They can enjoy it now in its English garb unhindered by any struggle with elusive verb-endings. And if they do come to study French on it later the acquaintance made now will prove of value.

Another classic from a foreign tongue is Collodi's *Pinocchio*, a thoroughly delightful tale from the Italian, which is this season's offering of the Stories All Children Love Series. The great merit of this enterprise is its choice of tales of value greatly prized by the children of the country in which they were written but little known in English. In this way the books have come to fill a want and should have an honoured place in many a library. *Pinocchio* is an

amusing rendering of an old theme which crops up ever so often in the literatures of the world. The story of the doll or puppet, made by the hand of man but becoming human, and either winning through to possession of a human soul or perishing sadly for lack of it, never seems to lose its charm. In this book the wooden puppet Pinocchio becomes a little boy, more than usually mischievous and saucy. He goes through many thrilling and fanciful adventures until at the last he becomes a real human boy.

A handsome new edition of *The Adventures of Mabel*, by Harry Thurston Peck, should have had first mention here had we not wished to be polite to strangers. The admirable mixture of satire and fancy that makes this book unique will win for it a host of new friends and a warm welcome from those who enjoyed it on its first appearance. If stories for young readers should have

OLD FAVOURITES RETURNED

Including Some Fairy Tales

Nobody's Boy (Sans Famille). By Hector Malot. English version by Florence Crew-Jones. Illustrated by John B. Gruelle. New York: Cupples and Leon Company.

Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. Illustrated by Maria L. Kirk. Stories All Children Love Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Adventures of Mabel. By Harry Thurston Peck. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. Edited by Kenneth Grahame. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Wonder Tales Retold. By Katherine Pyle. Illustrations by author. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Top of the World Stories. By Emilie Poulsson and Laura E. Poulsson. Illustrations by Florence L. Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The King's Highway Series. Edited by Prof. Hershey Sneath, Dr. George Hodges and Prof. Henry Hallam Tweedy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Way of the Mountains.

The Way of the King's Garden.

The Way of the King's Palace.

The Fairy Gold Series. Eight volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

Stories for the Story Hour. By Ada Marzials. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Little Dwarf Nose. By E. Gordon Browne. Illustrations by Florence Anderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Nut-Cracker and The Mouse King. By E. Gordon Browne. Illustrations by Florence Anderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Story of the Mince Pie. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrations by John Rae. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Told by the Sandman, Stories for Bed-Time. By Abbie Phillips Walker. Illustrations by Rhoda C. Chase. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mother Goose Children. By Etta A. Blaisdell and Mary F. Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The House of Delight. By Gertrude C. Warner. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul. By John Brownjohn. Illustrations by John Goss and L. Hopkins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

The Big Family and Their Good Times. Verses and pictures by John Rae. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Marjorie's Literary Dolls. By Patten Beard. Illustrations by author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Chimney Corner Tales. By Caroline Stetson Allen. Illustrations by Galen J. Perett. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Jolly Year. By Patten Beard. Illustrations by Arthur Gibson Hull. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

a moral concealed in them somewhere, quite unbeknownst so as not to spoil the fun of the story, then *The Adventures of Mabel* is a model for every child's story. In every adventure there is some good lesson so cleverly taught that it almost seems as if it had slipped in without the author intending it. And Mabel's grandmother is so deliciously typical of the conservative mind, which prefers to shut its eyes to what it cannot understand, that she might be a Bernard Shaw person were she not too kind-hearted. Also, the present writer who resents the tameness of the few adventures permitted girls in juvenile fiction, is vastly comforted to find a small girl of six the centre figure of escapades which have for other actors a big wolf, a splendid black horse, a really truly giant, a Brownie king and more such fascinating creatures. Children will enjoy Mabel for her actual adventures and for grown-ups, too, there will be a vast pleasure in the tales both for what is on the surface and what can be read between the lines. A word of warm praise is due the beautiful illustrations by Harry Rountree. The picture in which the black horse, Rex, is the centre figure lingers long in the memory.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children, edited by no less a person than that real child lover, Kenneth Grahame, is the only book of poems among the offerings of this year. Grown-ups who are interested in what they give children to read will find much food for thought in the short but meaty and also amusing preface given the book by the editor. Temptation is strong to quote almost all of this preface, but in justice to the many books waiting our attention we will give only little scraps of it. In compiling a collection of poetry for children Mr. Grahame believes that:

A conscientious editor is bound to find himself confronted with limitations so numerous as to be almost disheartening.

He believes that blank verse generally and the drama as a whole had better be left for readers of a riper age. He has

very sensible ideas on the subject of not beginning on Shakespeare too soon and also on the subject of dialect poems. He says furthermore:

In the output of those writers who have deliberately written for children it is surprising how largely the subject of *death* is found to bulk. Dead fathers and mothers, dead brothers and sisters, dead uncles and aunts, dead puppies and kittens, dead birds, dead flowers, dead dolls. . . . a compiler of Obituary Verse for the delight of children could make a fine fat volume with little difficulty. I have turned off this mournful tap of tears as far as possible, preferring that children should read of the joy of life, rather than revel in sentimental thrills of imagined bereavement. . . .

And then there is the whole corpus of verse—most of it of the present day—which is written *about* children, and this has even more carefully to be avoided. When the time comes that we send our parents to school it will prove very useful to the compilers of their primers.

The result of all this Mr. Grahame admits is to make his collection small, but as he also says:

For those children who frankly do not care for poetry it will be more than enough. And for those who love and delight in it no selection could ever be sufficiently satisfying.

It is a great comfort to a writer on juvenile literature to find somebody else expressing her thoughts so well that she does not have to say them herself. This is my excuse for giving Mr. Grahame so much space. He has put other interesting bits of his own thought in little introductory sentences to each sort of poem and on the whole has lived up well, in his selection, to the intentions expressed in the introduction. But parents need not feel afraid that Mr. Grahame favours the "goody-goody" type of poem or believes in coddling his young readers spiritually. He has introduced a few rattling pirate and smuggler poems which will set the balance right again.

There being so few fairy stories this season the few collections that have come to us can go in this section of old favourites, for many of them are old tales re-told.

Wonder Tales Retold, by Katherine Pyle, are stories gathered from the Fairy lore of all nations, some of them old friends in new guise, others unfamiliar but all acceptable. The brotherhood of imagination in the fairy realm which is open to all happy children everywhere is well expressed in such a volume. The author's own work as illustrator adds charm to the book.

Top of the World Stories, by Emilie and Laura E. Poulsson, are skilful translations of Scandinavian tales. Many of the stories are the work of that genial Finnish writer, Topelius, a prince of story tellers. It was worth while to introduce him to American children.

The King's Highway Series of which three volumes, *The Way of the Mountains*, *The Way of the King's Garden*, *The Way of the King's Palace*, come to us this year, is a compilation of famous stories, poems and sayings gathered and edited by prominent educators. Its object is to entertain but chiefly to instruct the youthful mind, and we fear the instruction has been held more in mind by the editors than has the entertainment. There is something just a little heavy about the entire undertaking, not only in the actual weight of the handsome volumes but in the general manner and matter of the contents.

The Fairy Gold Series is a collection of jolly little books each devoted to some well-known fairy tale told in a quaint old-fashioned style although in language simple enough for the littlest child to understand. Delightfully quaint are also the plentiful illustrations.

Stories for the Story Hour, by Ada Marzials, are new fairy stories. Stories told, as the author explains, in collaboration with the children who came to her for entertainment. The story-hour as an ordered part of the child's school or play day has attained such impor-

tance educationally, that this volume will prove useful in the library of teacher or parent. The stories have charm and sufficient originality to interest but not enough to be too new.

Another book of delightful stories on the border between fairyland and just life is *Told by the Sandman*, by Abbie Phillips Walker. These are charming stories to tell at sleepy-time written with an unusual amount of originality and with a clear understanding of what pleases a child audience. The illustrations are altogether charming and with the preceding volume this book can be highly recommended as a gift to a conscientious parent or teacher.

Life and fairyland mingle again in *Chimney Corner Tales*, by Caroline Stetson Allen. After all the child reader does not care whether the story is actual or fancy, just as he does not care whether he has really lived a happening or only dreamed it. He gets just as much pleasure out of it in either case.

Little Dwarf Nose and *Nut-Cracker and The Mouse King*, two handsomely illustrated books, are E. Gordon Browne's acceptable contribution to the Book Corner Christmas Tree. Florence Anderson has made the illustrations in both cases. We are in doubt as to whether we shall put Josephine Scribner Gates's *Story of the Mince Pie* among the fairy books or in some other section. It is intended to instruct but it is so admirably entertaining that no matter how you classify it, you will enjoy it. The dreams that come to Jack and his mother are more apt to happen to ordinary mortals *after* eating mince pies than *before*. But after reading this book no child can eat a mince pie again without realising the brotherhood of work that encircles the globe and binds men together to help satisfy each other's needs. It is a mighty jolly book and is a lesson in all sorts of things besides.

For the smaller children, on the border of Just Life and Fairyland, there is a book of *Mother Goose Children* of simple verse and pretty pictures. Another verse book tells of the doings of

the *Big Family*. It's quite remarkable how much more interesting even the usual sort of people seem when we read about them in verse. *The House of Delight* will help any little girl to find the fairyland that can come to her if she puts imagination into her play with dolls. *Marjory's Literary Dolls* really belongs in the list of fairy stories in spite of the fact that the dolls are supposed to be people of here and now. There is something very fairy-story-like about the way the Very Big Checks come in for Mr. George Abihad Wolsen's literary work. It does not seem quite natural somehow, but oh, don't we wish it were! However, the said George is a most delightful doll and has one great advantage as an acquaintance or a member of the family over a real live literary man. When George Abihad gets a fantod he can be put in the closet and the door locked on him. Also George hates sweeping day, a trait in which his literary friends among the humans will deeply sympathise with him.

The Jolly Year gives its young readers a story for every month and a twelve-fold pleasure for all the year. *The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul* is wholly delightful. The illustrations by John Goss and L. Hopkins suit the bur-

ANIMAL STORIES

Mother West Wind "How" Stories. The Adventures of Prickly Porky. The Adventures of Old Man Coyote. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Merry Animal Tales. By Madge A. Big- ham. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Uncle Wiggily and Mother Goose. *Snarlle the Tiger*. By Howard R. Garis. Illustrations by Edward Bloomfield. Boston: Fenno.

Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends. By Roy J. Snell. Illustrations by George F. Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hollow Tree Days and Nights. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrations by J. M. Condé. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Key to Betsy's Heart. By Sarah Noble Ives. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Wandering Dog. By Marshall Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Com- pany.

lesque tone of the story itself and this ancient classic is a welcome revival. It will amuse the children and it will amuse their parents even more.

ANIMAL STORIES

There are not as many animal stories as usual this year, and the average of excellence is not as high as it has been some seasons. This is a distinct loss for animal stories are always enjoyable. Thornton Burgess and Harrison Cady offer three volumes of their popular animal stories for smaller children. There is a book of *Mother Westwind "How" Stories*, and two volumes devoted to the adventures respectively of *Old Man Coyote* and *Prickly Porky*. Madge A. Big- ham calls her book of *Merry Animal Tales*, a collection of old fables in new dresses. The amusing adventures of the Blackie Rat family, Little Bobtail, Snow Flake and the others would be welcome under any name.

Uncle Wiggily and Mother Goose, by Howard E. Garis, is a not quite successful attempt to re-write old favourites, but the same author has given us in *Snarlle the Tiger* a good animal story which will please many a young reader. *Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends*, by Roy J. Snell, is a novelty in that its protagonists are Arctic animals in their own snowy home surroundings. It is good to know a little more about the intimate home life of the heavily furred creatures on the ends of the earth. Little White Fox is an engaging small sinner whom we cannot help liking.

There is a warm welcome for the new Hollow Tree book, *Hollow Tree Days and Nights*. Albert Bigelow Paine gives free rein to his imagination in the new collection of adventures that happen to Mr. 'Possum and Mr. Coon. Opinions may differ when all the stories are so funny, but we confess to a particular delight in the automobile tales and in the serio-comedy of love and jealousy entitled *A Deep Wood's War*. The best of the animal stories of this year really belong in the sections for boys and girls.

They are dog stories of Just Life. But then a dog is so very human that a dog story is almost always a human story anyway.

The Key to Betsey's Heart, by Sarah Noble Ives, is a most appealing story of a pedigreed fox terrier pup who won all hearts in spite of his naughtiness, and who taught a little girl to forget her sad and lonely babyhood and be happy in the love of her new parents. Incidentally the story is a good lesson in how to train (also how not to train) a good dog. Our sympathies are entirely with Van—or to give him his full official title Vanart VI—for we feel that he has been badly treated even by those who loved him, when he has to suffer for the bad habits that foolish men led him into. And nobody who loves a dog could fail to wish that they might own just such a dog.

The Wandering Dog is another likable story of a likable dog. Here the dogs talk among themselves, but it is still a story of Just Life with human destinies mixed up in the adventures of Boy, the dog hero, and his canine friends. The book is simple and sincere and is written out of a real love for and understanding of dogs.

PLAYS OF VARIOUS KINDS

There is another little group of books of particular interest and importance to

PLAYS OF VARIOUS SORTS

PLAYS FOR PLAY-ACTING

The Golden Apple. A play for Kiltartan children. By Lady Gregory. Illustrations by Margaret Gregory. New York and London: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Plays for Home, School and Settlement. By Virginia Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. Second Series. New York: The Century Company.

Fairy Operettas. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrations by Mary R. Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

OTHER KINDS OF PLAY

The Jolly Book of Playcraft. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Games and Parties for Children. By

mothers and teachers who realise that what seems to the children like play has now become an important part of education. We call this group Plays of Various Kinds and its first little subdivision is Plays for Play-Acting. No lesser person than Lady Gregory gives us the most important contribution to this first subdivision. It is called *The Golden Apple*, a Kiltartan Play for Children. It is a fascinating story of a king's son, a witch's garden, an enchanted princess, a giant and all the other things that every normal child loves, all speaking with the fascinating Irish twist that Lady Gregory handles so well. And because it is Irish we find the giant has stilts for legs and only brags about eating whole boars and oxen at a meal. He does not really eat them, and his wife gives him away to the doctor, much to his disgust. Another delightful novelty is the splendid courage of the witch who would not live after her magic power was gone, a touch that wins sympathy for the villainess of the play. It is a wonderful little bit of literature and will find many friends. Another book which can be heartily recommended to parents or teachers seeking dramatic amusement for the children is *Plays for Home, School and Settlement*, by Virginia Olcott, director of Dramatics in the School Settlements in Brooklyn. Both in subject, treatment and ease of production these little plays are models of their kind. There is something good in both of the other two books on our list, *Fairy Operettas*, by Laura E. Richards, and the *second series of the St. Nicholas Book of Plays*. In this last the *Egyptian Cat* is a most amusing stunt with which any teacher or older brother or sister can keep class or family amused and interested.

Helpful books for the other sort of play are *The Jolly Book of Playcraft*, by Patten Beard; *Games and Parties for Children*, by Grace Lee Davison; and *When Mother Lets Us Draw*, by E. R. Lee Thayer. *The Animal Drawing Book*, by Mabel Livingston Frank, is heartily recommended as a gift for a young artist. And a new Dot book, *The*

Dot Mystery, by Clifford L. Sherman, is fully as welcome as its predecessors have always been.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

By far the greater number of books of this year are the books definitely intended for boys or for girls above the age of thirteen or fourteen. The boys' books are most numerous, but there is a considerable selection of girls' books, too. To begin with the best, regardless of age, interest, and so forth, there is a delightful book entitled *The Sapphire Signet*, by Augusta Huiell Seaman, whose story of *The Boarded-Up House* was one of the best of last season's juveniles. This one is the same delightful mixture of historical information and pleasing fiction. It all happens in Greenwich Village in New York City and the present-day inhabitants of that interesting section do not know half how interesting it was a little while back. They ought to read this book and find out. *Georgina of the Rainbows*, by Annie Fellows Johnson, is a beautiful story of real interest. Grown-up destinies are woven into the doings of the children of the story and the setting is the tip of Cape Cod, with the salt

Grace Lee Davison. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

When Mother Lets us Draw. By E. R. Lee Thayer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Animal Drawing Book. By Mabel Livingston Frank. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Dot Mystery. By Clifford L. Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

The Sapphire Signet. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Illustrations by Relyea. New York: The Century Company.

Georgina of the Rainbows. By Annie Fellows Johnson. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

Liberty Hall. By Florence H. Winterburn. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Woodcraft Girls at Camp. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

June. By Edith Barnard Delano. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

breezes blowing over it and the thrill and the dangers of the sea, and its mystery, ever present.

June, by Edith Delano, gives us a new and very lovable heroine in the little Southern girl who is "land poor" and goes North to become one of a happy-go-lucky family of children. It is a good wholesome story that cannot fail to please. *Liberty Hall*, by Florence H. Winterburn, is the story of a modern-minded Western girl winning her way to independence in a sleepy Southern town. Incidentally she wakes up some of the other girls there to a healthier view of life. *The Woodcraft Girls at Camp* is one of those healthy outdoor books for girls which are a very pleasing innovation in juvenile fiction. *Three in a Camp* is a similar book although it does not specially belong to the Woodcraft League series. *The Independence of Nan*, by Nina Rhoades, is a book for older girls than those usually treated by this writer. Nan works her way through all sorts of trouble to her independence and this of itself follows along the line of newer girls' books which seem to take the attitude, familiar enough in life but not in juvenile fiction, that girls should feel they must give to life as well as merely taking from it.

A thoroughly satisfactory girls' book and a beautiful study of courage and loyalty and true democracy is *Sarah Brewster's Relatives*, by Elia W. Peattie. It is better written than such books usually are and the character drawing is most satisfactory.

There are two books by Carolyn Wells, *Two Little Women and Treasure House* and another Patty book, *Patty's Fortune*. There is a certain amount of wholesomeness and human nature in the first named book, but *Patty's Fortune* carries on Miss Wells's annual joke combining snobbishness with saccharine sweetness in the dressmaking advertisement that calls itself a story. Still we do not know whether Miss Wells means it seriously or whether she intended it for an immense joke to show how such things should not be. If so,

we would understand of course. But in spite of that we would feel inclined to assert alliteratively, as our own private and particular opinion, that such pastimes as the Patty books are decidedly pernicious.

The Twins "Pro" and "Con" and their dog Mr. Barker are a mischievous but likable trio. *Isabel Carleton's Year* and *Lucille Triumphant* are nice American stories of American girls although not notable in any way. We have two English stories of school girl life in our list this year, *A College Girl*, by Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey, and *Phyllis McPhilemy*, by May Baldwin. The first is good mediocrity, the second gives a comforting feeling of realisation that there is one type of story American writers can write better than their English colleagues.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

When we come to the list of boys' books we find the boy scout element entering strongly into it. There are six books openly given up to this phase of modern boy life, *Blackbeard's Island*, by Rupert Sergeant Holland; *Billy Burns of Troop 5*, by I. T. Thurston; *The Boy Scout Crusoes*, by Edwin Burritt; *The Norfolk Boy Scouts*, by Marshall Jenkins; *Drake of Troop One*, by Isabel Hornibrook; and *The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah*, by Byron A. Dunn. This last title is an anachronism but the book is a perfectly good historical story of our Civil War, the title evidently only used to conform to the fashionable fad. *Rod of the Lone Patrol*, by H. A. Cody, is another Boy Scout book and as a story it is the best of the bunch. There are only four school stories of this year. *Captain Fair and Square*, by William Heyliger, a good straightforward, wholesome school story, and another one of Ralph Henry Barbour's alliterative series, this one entitled *Left Guard Gilbert*. *Archer and the "Prophet,"* by Edna Brown, is a delightful school story. Particularly notable is the chapter describing the trial of Patsy the Persian Cat for killing a squirrel on the campus

on Sunday. Patsy was acquitted because his lawyer proved to the satisfaction of the court that it was the squirrel's own fault, said squirrel being undeniably intoxicated. *The Unofficial Prefect*, by A. T. Dudley, is a good school story, although offering no particular novelty. There are two smaller boys in fiction this year, *Our Davie Pepper*, one of the famous Pepper family of whom Margaret Sidney tells us, and *Little Billy Bow Legs*, described by Emilie Blackmore Stapp, both of whom are very likable. Billy Bow Legs being a newsboy and a particular friend of the woman reporter heroine of the story, is a newer friend, as we have met Davie Pepper before. *The Trail of the Pearl*, by Garrard Harris, the story of a boy of the Cumberland mountains, is a good story of itself and contains some original

Three in a Camp. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrations by John Goss. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Twins "Pro" and "Con." By Winifred Arnold. New York: Fleming H. Revell. *Sarah Brewster's Relatives*. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two Little Women at Treasure House. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Patty's Fortune. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Isabel Carleton's Year. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Lucille Triumphant. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully and Kleinteich.

The Independence of Nan. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrations by Elizabeth Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

A College Girl. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

Phyllis McPhilemy. By May Baldwin. Illustrations by W. A. Cuthbertson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

Blackbeard's Island. By Rupert Sergeant Holland. Illustrations by Will Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Billy Burns of Troop V. By I. T. Thurston. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Drake of Troop I. By Isabel Hornibrook. Illustrations by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

characters so delightful that they must be portraits.

If it be (we hardly think it is ourselves) necessary to bring the present unfortunate war into stories for younger readers then by all means let them be stories written by men or women belonging to the neutral nations who can look on more calmly at the catastrophe. The book *In Khaki for the King* is written by an Englishman, therefore its bitterness, vituperation and invective may be pardoned as human, but are inexcusable in a work of juvenile fiction.

To keep the best for the last, some-

The Boy Scout Crusoes. By Edwin C. Burritt. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Norfolk Boy Scouts. By Marshall Jenkins. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah. By Byron A. Dunn (The Young Virginian Series). Chicago: A. H. McClurg and Company.

Rod of the Lone Patrol. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Captain Fair and Square. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Left Guard Gilbert. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Archer and the "Prophet." By Edna A. Brown. Illustrations by John Goss. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Unofficial Prefect. By A. T. Dudley. Illustrations by Franklin T. Wood and T. D. Skidmore. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Our Davie Pepper. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrations by Alice B. Stephens. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Little Billie Bow Legs. By Emelie Blackmore Stapp. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Trail of the Pearl. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Dave Porter and His Double. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrations by Walter S. Rogers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

In Khaki for the King. By Escott Lynn. Illustrations by Norman Ault. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Golden City. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield and Company.

Billy Topsail, M.D. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Connie Morgan in Alaska. By James D. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

thing every child loves to do, we have three books of particular charm to mention. *The Golden City*, by A. Hyatt Verrill, a tale of adventure in unknown Guiana, may be intended to be instructive and undoubtedly is, but it is also so fascinatingly delightful as a story that the young readers will enjoy it for either reason. Mr. Verrill's simplicity of style, which makes it seem when he sets out as if he were going to give merely a description of what one could see when one travels in South America, gives a touch of beautiful actuality to the thrilling adventures that happen to

HISTORICAL, INSTRUCTIVE AND YET INTERESTING

On the Battle Front of Engineering. By A. Russell Bond. New York: The Century Company.

The Boy's Book of Mechanical Models. By William B. Stout. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Boy's Book of Firemen. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Camera Man. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company.

Stories of Polar Adventure. By H. W. G. Hyrst. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Trail of the Mohawk Chief. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Apauk, Caller of Buffalo. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Young People's Story of Massachusetts. By Herschel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Israel Putnam. By Louise S. Hasbrouck. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Once Upon a Time in Indiana. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Uncle David's Little Nephew. By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Cave Twins. By Lucy Fitz Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Pilgrims of To-day. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Boyhood Stories of Famous Men. by Katherine Dunlap Cather. Illustrations by M. L. Bower. New York: The Century Company.

Worth While People. By F. J. Gould. New York: Harper and Brothers.

With Sam Houston in Texas. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

the travellers. Because of his undeniable knowledge of facts, we do not know just how much of truth and how much of fiction the author is giving us. We do not care, for we are enjoying the book.

Billy Topsail, M.D., is a collection of the interesting Labrador stories by the late Norman Duncan. All our old friends from the magazines are here even if the stories are slightly changed to introduce the young hero who holds them all together. They have not suffered. It is a book to give a boy with red blood in his veins who prefers to feed his imagination on real facts as well as on fancy, and who likes the dangers that come to men in the course of duty to mankind or in the service of science. *Connie Morgan in Alaska*, by James B. Hendryx, is a splendid book, a book which gives the spirit of the big North and the big rough men of the North in a way that a boy can and should enjoy. It is a story of uprightness, loyalty and courage without one note of preachiness, a story for readers of any age. It shows the roughness of the men of the North who live outside the confines of conventional civilisation, but it shows that even up there the best standards are the best for everywhere. The North taught Connie Morgan that is was

not the bragging swashbucklers, the self-styled "bad men," who win the respect of the rough men upon the edges of the world. It is the silent smiling men who stand for justice and a square deal.

The writing in this book is very fine, something which is a comfort to one who believes that the best is none too good for young readers.

HISTORICAL AND INSTRUCTIVE, BUT STILL ENTERTAINING

We have listed as last group a number of books some of which are as exciting as any fiction but all are based upon fact and therefore are meant to instruct as well as entertain. There are

two very interesting Indian books among them, Mr. Everett Tomlinson's *Trail of the Mohawk Chief*, which is told in fiction style but based on history, and *Apauk, Caller of Buffalo*, a later volume by Mr. James Willard Schultz, who knows Indian life so well. The *Stories of Polar Adventure* are all authentic stories of actual happenings in Polar exploration. The volumes of biographies tell their own tale, and the book entitled *Pilgrims of To-day* is also a biography of well-known people.

On the Battle Front of Engineering shows that fact can be fully as thrilling as fiction and *The Boy's Book of Firemen* is the sort of book for which a boy will have to lie in wait to get a chance to read it, as his father will be sure to want it. Readers of any age will enjoy the details of the workings of the New York Fire Department. It is nice to know where the word "buff" comes from, and it is nicest of all to know that those general favourites, the splendid fire horses, are not superseded by motor engines until they have grown too old for work.

The Camera Man is a very wonderful and very actual book. Even the most alert of moderns hardly realises what a part is played by photography in this twentieth century. Particularly in war the photographer now works side by side with the war-correspondent, sharing his dangers and his triumphs. And it is not only the actor in the "movies" who has thrilling escapes from real danger. The photographer, too, comes nearer all sorts of unpleasantnesses than the average man would like to experience. *The Cave Twins* is a delightful description of family life in the cave age when children were apparently just as human as they are now.

Taken all in all the offerings on the Book-Corner Christmas Tree of this season are a rather good lot even if there is really nothing great among them. There is much that will give sincere pleasure and that is the main purpose of any Christmas tree.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND*

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

I

"WITH FIRE AND SWORD"—THE CASTLE OF ZBARAJ

TAKE down the map of Europe. Draw a line from Riga, on the Baltic Sea, to Dresden, in Saxony. Draw another line from Dresden to the mouth of the Dniester River, on the Black Sea; another from the mouth of the Dniester to Smolensk, Russia, and a fourth from Smolensk back to Riga. You have enclosed the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent—the country of Sienkiewicz. To-day it is a portion of three great European nations. It has long ceased to have a separate political existence, but its people will always remain a distinct, individual and resistant people. The "Polish question" is an ever-present "ghost that troubles" at every European council.

The novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz depict Poland. His Trilogy presents, in bold, clear-cut, beautiful lines, that unfortunate land and people, which is to-day without a place on the map of nations. It is true that in these novels the Poland pictured is the Poland of former generations. But it is also the Poland of to-day. In their general characteristics the Poles have not changed appreciably during the past four or five centuries, and this very fact is one secret of their national weakness. Frequent infusion of foreign blood and occasional revolutions have modified and reshaped almost all the other nationalities of Europe, but the Poles have remained, in temperament, traditions and even customs, much the same as when they were

the first nation in the world—three hundred years ago.

This is no place to enter into a discussion of the many good and many bad qualities of the Poles. History has recorded them. Read the Trilogy, and see how the novelist has gathered up all the threads of the national life and character of his countrymen and woven them deftly into one shining cord: the series of three realistic, historical romances: *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge* and *Pan Michael*.

It is in the Trilogy that Poland is mirrored. The other novels of Sienkiewicz are not essentially typical. *Quo Vadis* is a powerful romance, but it is not the Sienkiewicz milieu. *Without Dogma* is a fascinating psychological study, but a study that is human-broad. *The Family of Polanyetski* is also psychological and human, not exclusively Polish. *The Knights of the Cross* is the history of an obscure, seething period set in an absorbing romance. The Trilogy is Poland. Poddipienta, large-limbed, large-hearted, chivalrous, taciturn, patient, relentless, "so tall that his head nearly struck the ceiling . . . but with an honest, open expression like that of a child," represents Lithuania, the vast, savage north-east domain that came to the commonwealth with the marriage of the Christian Jadwiga to the barbarian Jagiello. Zagloba is the type of the *petite noblesse*, boastful yet brave, enormous eater and drinker, good companion, good talker, kind-hearted, grumbling at times, yet in the main content with what fortune brought him, "always ready to out-drink and out-talk a whole regiment." Volodiyovski is the thoroughgoing soldier, the splendid swordsman, a conqueror in war and love, a very typical Polish character. Volodiyovski, moreover, actually existed. Bohun, in *With Fire and Sword*, represents the Cossack, and Azya, in *Pan*

*This article originally appeared in THE BOOKMAN in the issues for February and March, 1901. It was then called "The Country of Sienkiewicz." We are reprinting it in view of the great Polish novelist's recent death.

Michael, the Tartar, those fierce, untamed races, human birds of prey, that surrounded the Polish commonwealth, and but for the swords of the Poles would have overrun Western Europe. Prince Boguslaw, of *The Deluge*, is the type of the "foreignised" Polish aristocrat, at whose door may be laid most of the blame for the futility which has been the reward of the patriotism of all other classes. French in manners, in dress, in habits, French in the faultless punctiliousness and pomp of his chivalry, he was French also in his hollow pretensions, in his cynicism, in his amours. Boguslaw brought his French servants, his French dress and his French manners into the commonwealth, treating the Poles with whom he came in contact as inferior beings, and lauding foreign ways, foreign military service, foreign everything. He is the prototype of the Polish noble of to-day, who so often lives abroad—in France, in England, in Italy—who spends his money lavishly at the English Derby, the French Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, on the Riviera—but who, when he comes to Warsaw or Krakau, the most Polish of cities, pulls tight his purse-strings and haggles over the amount of his hotel bill. He will entertain you as though you were a prince, but his own countrymen he does not deign to patronise. A true, an unfortunately true type, this Boguslaw.

Pleasanter to contemplate are the wholly noble creations of the Trilogy, especially so far as the novelist could find real, actual historic characters to stand as types. These types can be found to-day among the Poles. Skshetuski, the mirror of chivalry; Volodiyovski, the simple-minded, ideal soldier; Kmita, the dashing, devoted cavalier; Kordetski, the patriot priest; Charnyetski, the splendid, terrible leader of armies; Sapyeha, the large-souled, pleasure-loving marshal; Vishnyevetski, the peerless leader—what a splendid array! And all were actual, living men, as were also the terrible Hmelnitski and the equally terrible Radzivil.

Although the heroes of the Trilogy

have for their "stamping ground" almost the entire commonwealth, three places stand out prominently above all others, one in each of the three volumes. In *With Fire and Sword* (which, in Sienkiewicz's opinion, is the best of the three) the siege of Zbaraj, by Hmelnitski and Tugai Bey and its heroic defence by Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski, is the pivot upon which the story turns. In *The Deluge* there is another heroic defence, of the Church of Jasna Góra, at Chenstohova, where Kordetski and Kmita withstood the Swedes under the redoubtable Miller. In the last of the Trilogy—*Pan Michael*—the *point d'appui* of the story is the siege of Kamenetz—a third gallant defence—where the little Knight Volodiyovski lost his life battling against the Turks. These three places may be taken as texts in considering "the country of Sienkiewicz," for the additional reason that the incidents connected with them may be regarded as illustrating three of the salient traits of the Polish national character: at Zbaraj, military valour; at Chenstohova, religious devotion; at Kamenetz, self-sacrifice and patriotism.

With Fire and Sword is the thrilling story of the wrong and disaffection of Hmelnitski and his terrible warfare against the commonwealth from 1640 to 1650.

The great wave of Cossack and Tartar inundation—one of the many that devastated Poland during her four centuries as the bulwark of Europe against Eastern barbarism—gathered and broke on a small fortified town called Zbaraj, in what is now Austrian Ruthenia. It was during the reign of King Jan Kasimir II. (1648-68) that Bogdan Hmelnitski with his Cossacks and his Tartar allies, under Tugai Bey, came against the little town made so famous by Sienkiewicz's pen.

Zbaraj is situated at the first point on the great plains—Podolia—where the land rolls, and so, very naturally, by its position, it became a rendezvous for the Christian Knights and the first point of attack for the Cossacks.

Hmelnitski tried first to reach Zbaraj by way of the now important city of Tarnopol (from which Zbaraj is distant about seven miles), but the Poles had strongly fortified the main road of the town (the old church, from the walls of which the Polish cannon frowned, still stands), and he was compelled to turn aside to a hill opposite the old castle (this castle still stands) and cross the marsh, which has now shrunk to a small pond, but which then was a lake whose waters came up to the very walls of the castle. It was in July, 1648 or 1649, that his army of one hundred thousand men—about equal numbers of Cossacks and Tartars—camped before the walls, and, at about the same time, Prince Yeremi came up with his three thousand Knights. When the Polish leader took command in Zbaraj he had, all told, a force of nine thousand men, picked warriors, it is true, the flower of European soldiery, but a mere handful in the face of the host outside the fortress.

The present writer traversed the entire ground made famous by the heroes of *With Fire and Sword*, profiting by the hospitality of a Polish gentleman who owns a large estate within a mile of Zbaraj.

The estate is situated in the little village of Ochzymowce, a village less than half a mile distant from the little wood in which Podbipienta met his death at the hands of the Tartars.

The country about Zbaraj is a beautiful rural one. It is at the break up of the great fertile plains of Podolia, which formed a portion of the ancient Polish commonwealth, but are now partly in Austria, partly (and mostly) in Russia. The ground is that splendid black loam which bears so generously. Naturally a magnificent land, it is now fertilised by Heaven only knows how much human blood and bones during the centuries of almost ceaseless warfare waged on these plains.

A circuitous route leads through Zarudzie, Wachłówka and Stryjówka—villages all referred to in the Trilogy as having been burned by the Cossacks, and

still plodding along in the same peasant way under the same names. The first thing to attract the attention on approaching the town is a great hill which was thrown up by the Tartars, from which to bombard the walls. Most of the elevations in and about Zbaraj to-day, indeed, are the remains of military works.

From the ruins of the old wall the writer set out on foot to follow the route of Pan Longin, the gallant Lithuanian, on his errand to King Jan Kasimir. On the grass-grown slope of the old battlements a white-gowned, white-haired peasant was walking toward the town. He saluted:

"Nech bendzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus" ("Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ"), he said reverently.

"Na wieki wieków" ("For ages and ages"), I replied, just as Podbipienta did, as millions of others have done and will continue to do, "for ages and ages," in this venerable, picturesque land, among these tradition-loving people. It took me an hour, in the broad sunshine, over what is now comparatively easy country, to reach the wood where the Tartars caught the gallant Podbipienta. He must have wandered for five or six hours—all night, as Sienkiewicz puts it. His martyrdom took place early in the morning. How beautiful the end:

The angels of heaven took his soul and laid it like a bright pearl at the feet of the Queen of Heaven.

Many wayside shrines, in the forms of a figure of the Virgin, the Christ, or some saint, were passed on the road, the weather-stained, grey plaster structures looming up oddly from among the blades of yellow grain, ready for the sickle, the statues often garnished with wreaths or skulls. A peasant might often be seen bowing reverently before one of these figures. This is a serious matter to these devout peasants, but it sometimes presents a humorous side to the less religiously inclined. I saw, for example, one plaster figure with a head much too large for the body, and also set on at an

angle. I learned that a rich peasant, desiring to make a thank offering for some piece of good fortune, had placed this head, regardless of its fitness, probably blissfully unconscious of any incongruity.

By a fortunate chance I arrived in Ochymowce on the 12th of July, the night preceding that night, upon which, centuries before, the great storm of nature and of war occurred. "It seemed as though the vault of heaven burst, and was about to fall on the heads of the combatants." Thus the weather and other conditions were as favourable as possible to realise what Sienkiewicz describes. The night of the 11th had experienced a terrible downpour of rain, flooding the whole region and bringing vividly before the imagination the great storm of the novel. The narrow village road was rough and reeking with mud, the identical road through which the Tartar horsemen dashed to attack Zbaraj.

There is a rare, artistic quality to the air in this region, particularly at the beginning of the long twilight. It softens outlines, tones down contrasts, yet brings out colour values in a marvellously effective way. A red gold shimmer from the setting sun burnished all the landscape. The wheat fields positively gleamed and the cherry-trees fringed the road like a hedge of beading. Off to the south the little stream widens into a lake. From its banks behind the trees came the soft, plaintive strains of a Ruthenian folk-song, as the bare-legged peasant women beat their linen into cleanliness. One of the peasant men, a clean-limbed, clear-eyed fellow, came out of a hut, and modestly, but with quiet dignity, invited us to enter. He brought a great bowl of cherries, some black bread and a bottle of *miód* (pronounced *mute*), the honey drink that Zagloba loved so well. We ate and drank, and then, as his fathers and grandfathers did, and as he is teaching his children to do, the entire family approached and respectfully kissed our hands. The Ruthenian and Polish peasant of this

country is religious, moral, clean and generally honest. His hut is thatched with straw, but he has a good stove within, he wants for nothing, many religious pictures adorn his walls, and, to complete his good fortune (according to his belief), the stork builds its nest on the roof of the hut. The stork is held in particular esteem, almost reverence, by the Galician peasant. With only moderate industry and economy the peasant can live comfortably on his land. His women work with him in the fields, but this is by no means a hardship, and healthier-looking women are seldom seen. But to return to Zbaraj. After following Podbipienta's course, I returned and drove into the city. To-day the town has from four thousand to five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews. It contains one long street, the greater portion of which is in very bad condition and very dirty. There are, by actual measurement, just sixty-two feet of sidewalk in the town. Zbaraj has begun to realise the importance it has attained through Sienkiewicz's novels, and it now has a Sienkiewicz Street (which, by the way, is the one long, dirty road already referred to), a Sobieski Street, and also streets named after Skshetuski, Vishnyevetski and Mickiewicz. To complete the poetic bathos, as I emerged upon Vishnyevetski Street, a little pig, but a suckling that would have warmed the cockles of Zagloba's heart, came squealing down the road, pursued by three or four bare-footed youngsters and two dogs. The cavalcade stopped short in front of the old church in which the Knights took the oath of eternal fidelity. Here the body of Podbipienta lay in state after the Tartars had brought it to Zbaraj. Report has it that the hero was buried in the cemetery of the town, and that the soldiers raised a great kopiec, or mound, over his body by depositing each a handful of earth as a testimonial of their affection and sorrow.

As were all churches in those troubled times, this is surrounded by a half-ruined wall pierced with embrasures for cannon

and also connected, by underground passages, with several of the bastions on the great wall, so that, in case of need, the city's defenders might flee for refuge to the house of God. It is a grey, time-worn old structure, with two Oriental-looking towers. Two great images of the Christ, erected in the early years of the present century, stand in the space in front. The church is now in charge of the Bernardine monks, who have a school for the boys of the town. In its crypt are the mummies of twenty or thirty Cossacks and Tartars. From the church it is but ten minutes' walk to the old castle to which the Poles retired after the first storm, after which began the regular siege. Almost entirely dismantled by time, the old ruin still stands untouched by the desecrating hand of "improvement," because the present owner of the land will not permit the hoary relic to be removed. This gentleman, by the way, has a very beautiful residence scarcely a stone's throw from the castle. He has also a beautiful daughter, who conducted us all about the ruin and explained everything. The Zbaraj of to-day has grown away from the old town, and is, for the most part, built outside the old walls, but toward the opposite side from the old castle. The venerable building still stands guard at the southwest, as it did when Hmelnitski and his legions came down like a flood. Twenty times—as Skshetuski afterward told the king—did the terrible warrior lead his fierce soldiery against the ramparts of Zbaraj, each time to be repulsed with fearful slaughter. Here it was, also, that Skshetuski had his single combat with Tugai Bey, and from this spot it was that, when the Tartars began to flee, "their white turbans making the fields look like snow," he pursued with his dreaded hussars.

The castle is, or was, a practically square structure perched on an elevation, with a wide moat about it, and flanked by towers at the corners of the walls, each, perhaps, fifty feet high. The building itself was two stories in height, and constructed of stone and brick, with

stucco or made stone-work on the outside. This is surmounted by the ridge-pole roof, made of rough, wooden joists bound together with rope and covered with cement. The great keep still yawns to the left of the main hall, and remains of secret passages may be seen at every possible point. Surrounding the courtyard, under the walls, and looking out through cannon holes on the moat, were the officers' quarters. To-day—alas!—they harbour pigs and chickens. At one corner of the wall, where the turf slopes rather abruptly down to the moat, there is a narrow ridge, along which the Turks are said to have attempted to enter on the night of the great storm, and here it was that Podbipienta cut off the heads of the three Turks at one blow, thus fulfilling his vow, and winning the right to marry.

Wings seemed to sprout from his shoulders; choirs of angels sang in his breast, as if he were rising up to heaven; he fought as in a dream, and every blow of his sword was like a prayer of thanks.

Off to the west, near where the manor-house stands to-day, are the remains of the bastion or fort, the point at which Skshetuski climbed down on his perilous mission to the king. Podbipienta had failed, and the gallant Skshetuski volunteered to carry the message to the king telling of Zbaraj's dire need. At the time there was a great pond, or staw, which extended up to the very wall. At the present time this has shrunk so that it is but a widening of the little stream that runs through it, but so lazily that the pond is mostly stagnant water. Skshetuski's heroism can only be fully appreciated when one sees the spot, knows somewhat of the characteristics of the age, and then rereads the novelist's vivid description. Sienkiewicz says that the wall was not completed on the side of the ponds at the time of the siege, and it was here that Burlai, the old Cossack commander, almost succeeded in forcing an entrance. The Hungarians had given way, when the stout German mercenaries came up and saved the day. In the dark-

ness—the account tells us—the besieged began to throw lighted tar down from the walls that the repulse might be complete. One could almost fancy that he saw Zagloba before him, trembling, as he recognised the terrible Burlai, the warrior who had just killed his tenth man. The fright of the old Falstaff—"I shall die, I and all my fleas with me"—his anger and his triumph as, in full view of both armies, he slew Burlai with one stroke of the sword—all seemed more vivid as one walked over the spot where it actually happened.

The day was drawing to a close as I took my last look from the battlements of Zbaraj—a beautiful, clear July evening. To the west the country stretched off to Russia, wave upon wave of ripened grain, amid which gleamed and nodded in the breeze hundreds of scarlet poppies, like the red dragoons of Volodiyovski bending for a charge. Everything was quiet, peaceful, beautiful. And then, as on that other July day, "night fell and vespers began to toll."

II

"THE DELUGE"—CHENSTOHOVA.

Religious devotion and fervour may be said to be the main theme of *The Deluge*, the second volume of the Trilogy. The story is that of the invasion of the commonwealth by the Swedes under King Charles Gustavus, the apparent submission of Poland; the flight of King Jan Kasimir, his return and the arousing of the commonwealth to expel the invaders.

Through the marriage of Katherine Jagiellonczyk, daughter of Zygmunt I. of Poland, to John Vasa, king of Sweden, a number of conflicting claims of Swedes to the crown of Poland and of Poles to the throne of Sweden sprang up. On the abdication of Queen Christina of Sweden, and the accession of Charles Gustavus, Jan Kasimir, king of Poland, asserted his right to the Swedish crown. The Swedes replied by laying claim themselves to the Polish succession, and Charles Gustavus, with sixty thousand

veteran troops, invaded Pomerania, then a part of the commonwealth. He met with but little opposition, took Warsaw and Krakau, and forced the Polish king to flee into Silesia. The country was divided and torn by factional strife, and the Swedes had almost a triumphal march till they laid siege to Chenstohova, to which stronghold they had been attracted by the great riches of the Church of Jasna Góra. The Poles regarded this as sacrilege, and sprang to arms. King Jan Kasimir returned to his kingdom by way of Hungary, forcing his way through the Carpathian Mountains, after a desperate struggle with the Swedes in one of the most isolated passes. Here it was that Kmita performed such prodigies of valour and the górali, or mountaineers, wrought such havoc with their ciupagi, and by casting down rocks on the Swedes. The whole invasion of the Swedes is treated in *The Deluge*. But the pivotal event is the siege of the church stronghold of Jasna Góra at Chenstohova in 1655 by General Miller and his Swedes, and its defence by Kordetski and Kmita.

Chenstohova (this spelling gives the English value to the letters—the Polish form is Czystochowa) is in Russian Poland, in the old kingdom, and is a station on the railroad, half-way between Krakau and Warsaw, being about six hours' ride from either city. It is now a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, one of those irregularly constructed but rapidly growing manufacturing cities which one finds now all over Russia. It is a very busy town. There are in Chenstohova manufactories of paper, wool, cotton, iron and cement. A number of Americans live there as directors, machinists, engineers. There were formerly profitable gold mines near the town, but these were ruined during the Swedish invasion.

The city itself is spread out and rambling and not particularly attractive. A long, wide, tree-arched promenade through the centre affords opportunity for a continuous parade of rich and poor—handsome Russian officers with pretty women, and droschke men and 'ostler

boys with factory girls. The common Russian soldier is rather a jolly fellow. Large, raw, with hair frequently as light in colour as tow and as thick as a mop, he roams about the streets (when off duty), often two of them together, hand in hand, grinning good-humouredly and promptly taken in by all the "skin" devices with which the town abounds—side-shows of "disappearing ladies" and reappearing skeletons, steam calliopes, "test-your-lungs" apparatuses, and the rest of the catalogue that were popular at Coney Island and on the Bowery ten years ago. There are eight or ten thousand soldiers in Chenstohova, and one sees them everywhere. But there is really nothing in Chenstohova itself for the traveller—the church is the great point of interest.

Jasna Góra—"Exalted Mountain"—is a church or rather a group of church buildings situated on an elevation, from which a great stretch of country may be seen. It is a fine natural situation for a church, and, by the earthworks and masonry that still remain, one can see how strong it must have been when the Swedes tried to take it. The church has a long ecclesiastical history. Tradition has it that many miracles have been wrought there, and on several occasions the Virgin Mother herself has appeared to worshippers. After successfully resisting the Swedes "Saint Mary" was declared queen of Poland, as she was believed to have aided in the defence of the church.

Leaving the busy part of the town, one approaches the church by a wide avenue, shaded with handsome trees and leading through a fine park. A panorama showing Christ's passion and death is given periodically at the entrance to the park. Before reaching the church itself you come upon a great bronze statue of the Czar, Alexander II., guarded day and night by a sentinel on either side. A little farther on, but less conspicuously placed, is a statue of the brave soldier-priest Kordetski, to whose heroism and valour chiefly Jasna Góra owed its deliverance. Then one comes in front of

the church itself, a pile of buildings in old grey, irregular style, surrounded by, or, rather, perched above, a fifty-foot high brick wall pierced for cannon. It is one of the best extant specimens of the old fortress church, the literal church militant. The old earthworks still remain, although now grass-grown and peaceful looking. The walls are being restored, and an outside cordon of masonry is being erected. Surrounding the walls on two sides are rows of little booths—there must be one hundred of them—where images, rosaries, praying cards, pictures of saints and relics are vended. Here, also, are all sorts of comestibles and drinkables—fruits, sandwiches, little cakes, cold coffee, with slices of lemon—ready for the refreshment of the pilgrim from afar. Bands of the pilgrims are constantly arriving.

It was on a Sunday morning in August, at about ten o'clock, that I visited the church of Jasna Góra. Shouting, singing and praying had resounded through the streets from six o'clock.

It was Sunday; therefore, when the sun had risen well, the road was swarming with wagons and people on foot going to church. From the lofty towers the bells, great and small, began to peal, filling the air with noble sounds. There was in that sight and and in these metal voices a strength, a majesty immeasurable, and at the same time a calm. . . . Throngs of people stood black around the walls of the church. Under the hill were hundreds of wagons, carriages and equipages; the talk of men was blended with the neighing of horses tied to posts. Farther on, at the right, along the chief road leading to the mountain, were to be seen whole rows of stands, at which were sold metal offerings, wax candles, pictures and scapulas. A river of people flowed everywhere freely.

I made my way to the main gate through a long avenue of beggars, sightless, earless, noseless, limbless, in the most revolting states of bodily and mental deformity. Women with no arms or legs begged for kopecks. An idiot leered at me and muttered an inarticu-

late demand. A grizzled old man with no legs, squatted in almost the middle of the road, fingering one of the old *lyra*, and droning out in the most lachrymose fashion some ancient, moth-eaten strain, was very importunate. He seized me by the coat and whined: "Please, please, kind sir, an alms in the name of the Mother of God of Chenstohova, Queen of Heaven."

On the church wall, facing the entrance, is a large picture of the famous *Matka Boska Chenstohovy*, the Virgin of Chenstohova. This is the most famous and most revered of the images of the Virgin among the Poles. One sees it everywhere, in Galicia and in the kingdom, as Russian Poland is called. It is the figure of a mild-faced woman and child, Polish type, generally brown in colour, and surrounded by rays, stars and spangles of gold. It is believed to have special miraculous power. The original image, which is in the chapel of the old church, was disfigured by the Tartars, who cut great gashes by shooting arrows across the cheek of the Virgin. Several attempts were made to paint out these gashes, but they always reappeared again—says the tradition—and so a miracle was pronounced and the scars left untouched. They can be seen to-day. The picture, is set up at frequent intervals on the church walls, and wherever there is a picture there you are sure to find a group of kneeling worshippers. This mild, brown-faced woman, who has heard the fervent, frantic prayers of generations—nay, centuries—and has never changed expression, seems to look down sadly, one might almost say pityingly, on it all.

Before this picture in the courtyard every one kneels and murmurs a prayer. The stones in this courtyard are in places literally worn into basins by the genuflections of the faithful. This is the first station; and here the strange, wonderful, picturesque panorama of Middle-Age devotion begins. At the entrance to the church itself sits a priest gathering money. He asks, begs, pleads, expostulates, argues, commands, threatens, sug-

gests, hints, intimates, demands, suiting his method of address to the worldly station and character of the pilgrim. It is a true democracy of religion here. The kid-gloved aristocrat (a few of these come to Chenstohova) walks by the side of the brown, dirty, barefooted peasant.

The new church is a great building of grey stone, with a black iron tower, that can be seen for miles around. This tower was destroyed by fire two or three days after my visit to the church, but is being rapidly rebuilt and restored to its former grandeur. The new church is built over and around the old edifice, which is in a fair state of preservation. Most of the buildings have been restored, the finishing touches having been put on in 1845. The ponderous bronze doors were hung fourteen years later.

Through a massive stone portal one enters a spacious vestibule with a groined roof, adorned with paintings. On the side panels of the entrance are painted portraits of Stephen and Wladislaus, kings of Hungary, although why these are given the place of honour it is difficult to say. To the right, on a black marble cross, is a half life-size brass figure of the Christ. Dust and cobwebs cling to the cross and to the head and shoulders of the image, but the brass toe sparkles and glitters like the sun. Osculation for generations has proved an admirable polish. Every one, old and young, pauses to kiss the foot of the Saviour's image. The first altar is but a few steps farther on—a figure of the Virgin and Child in silver, surrounded by many candles and flowers.

A sharp turn to the right, carefully picking one's way through the prostrate worshippers, who keep coming till there is literally not a free square foot on the floor of the room and entering corridor, and the great nave comes into view. It is a cathedral in size, with splendid groined roof, frescoed with paintings. As one enters the church itself and gets beyond the current of fresh air from the outside, the atmosphere of the interior becomes stifling. An effluvium such as can only come from three to four thou-

sand human beings, to most of whom a bath has been unknown all their lives, closely packed together on an August day, can, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described. One can almost see it hovering over the congregation in waves, as heat rises and shimmers over a chimney.

As one grows more accustomed to this atmosphere one notices a sea of kneeling and prostrate forms in various stages of religious hysteria, depression and that peculiar exaltation so common among Slavonic peasants. A wail or groan from an old woman who lies "in the form of a cross" (as did Kmita, Volodyovski, King Jan Kasimir), beating her aged head with its white locks against the stone floor, comes from one side. From the other arises a triumphant cry as an equally aged, venerable man rocks himself to and fro in an ecstasy, his prayer-book gripped convulsively, his eyes rolling in almost a frenzy.

There is an order of procession—a series of stations—and every one follows this order as he enters, so that there is a continuous stream of worshippers passing through the different halls and chapels. Mothers with little brown, naked children stretch them out pleadingly to the image on some favourite altar. Old men kneel and lean their feeble heads on sticks, while they tell their beads mumblingly with toothless gums.

One has to be careful in moving among the recumbent forms. One may tread on some worshipper who has humbled himself so as to touch with his tongue the stone pavement, dusty and soiled with the passage of five or six thousand feet. I all but stepped on the form of a young peasant girl. By the dim light that filters through the stained-glass windows I saw a girl's form slightly more slender than the usual peasant build, clad in the most vivid of colouring—blue bodice, red skirt, flaming yellow and green head kerchief, dotted with red roses. She was lying prone on her face in the form of a cross. Her breast was heaving, and sobs shook her

entire frame. Again and again the quivering lips touched the dusty, dirty stones of the floor, and slowly as the prayers were recited one by one, a little pool of saliva and tears collected on the marble. She was calling frantically on the Virgin of Chenstohova for a boon.

Through all the susurrations of prayer and groan the great organ pealed out its thunderous, vibrant tones, and a fine choir chanted the service. The music was Eastern, with a strange blend of harp, blare and bell effect. Away up in front, beneath the great altar, with its crowns, golden rays and mass of ornamentation, a gorgeously attired priest was saying Mass. But no one—or not one in fifty of the congregation—heard him. When he reached the point for response those near him began the chant, and then it vibrated and shuddered in mighty crescendo and diminuendo through the entire company.

It was too much to grasp at once—too much strain on the body and nerves. So, literally fighting my way out into the fresh air, I sat down on one of the old grass-grown mounds within hearing of the triumphant organ peals, and looked off to where the Swedes came up and drew their cordon of bullet and fire about the devoted church. To the right the bronze figure of the priest Kordetski lifts a hand in benison. In front is a statue of John the Baptist. To the left is the entrance to the old church, the chapel of the famous Virgin of Chenstohova. It is a comparatively small room, but on that day it was crowded so that it was almost literally impossible for the worshippers to prostrate themselves. They could barely find space to stand upright. There was less light there than in the main chapel, and the congregation was quieter, apparently awed by the proximity of the revered altar. Here and there a confession box looms up above the mass of heads. A peasant was whispering his confession, then he seized the priest's hand, kissed it passionately, crossed himself and made his way by slow stages, with infinite toil and patience, through the densely packed mass

up to the altar, which is railed off from the main room by heavy iron bars extending from floor to ceiling.

In the chapel there was a ruddy gloom not entirely dispersed by the rays of candles burning on the altar. Coloured rays fell also through the window-panes; and all these gleams, red, violet, golden, fiery, quivered on the walls, slipped along the carvings and windings, made their way into dark depths, bringing forth to sight indistinct forms buried, as it were, in a dream. Mysterious glimmers ran along and united with darkness, so indistinguishable that all difference between light and darkness was lost. The candles on the altar had golden halos; the smoke from the censers formed purple mist; the white robes of monks serving Mass played with the darkened colours of the rainbow. All things there were half visible, half veiled, unearthly; the gleams were unearthly, the darkness unearthly, mysterious, majestic, blessed, filled with prayer, adoration and holiness.

From the main nave of the church came the deep sound of human voices, like the mighty sound of the sea; but in the chapel deep silence reigned, broken by the voice of the priest chanting Mass. . . . You could see hands stretched toward heaven, eyes turned upward, faces pale from emotion or glowing with prayer. Differences of rank disappeared: the coat of the peasant touched the robe of the noble, the jacket of the soldier the yellow coat of the artisan.

At the farther end, only dimly seen in the soft, mellow radiance of hanging silver lamps, is the famous image itself. The features are scarcely distinguishable, but the surroundings are so decked, covered, loaded with gold and silver that it tires the eye to look at them, even in the twilight of the altar. The image scintillates and corruscates, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, topazes, pearls blinking like eyes as the light from the swinging lamps spreads in glistening, glistening waves over the picture. On the walls gold and silver ornaments, casts of sacred relics, mirrors, rosaries of coral and pearl flash and glitter and gleam. A massive

golden crown above the picture stands out prominently, with golden figures, hearts, swords, pens flanking it.

Jasna Góra is the Mecca of the Poles, and it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate how much this means to them until he understands how closely welded and, indeed, identified are patriotism and religion in Poland. In the words of a refined, intelligent Polish gentleman of my acquaintance, "A visit to Jasna Góra means more, much more to a patriotic Polish Catholic than would a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome or to our Saviour's tomb at Jerusalem."

III

"PAN MICHAEL"—THE FALL OF KAMENETZ

The story of *With Fire and Sword* opens on the steppes with that vivid bit of description, the meeting of Skshetuski and Hmelnitski. The scene then moves westward, and movement culminates at Zbaraj. *Pan Michael* is almost exclusively a story of the steppes. Its theatre of action is the Ukraine and Podolia, those immense plains of southern and western Russia which at the time of which the novel treats were a portion of the Polish Commonwealth, extending southward even to the Crimea.

At the time with which *Pan Michael* deals these plains were the theatre of stirring events. Through the machinations of Louis XIV. of France, the Turks invaded Poland, and Sobieski was sent to guard the frontier. He defeated the invaders at all points in such short order that the rest of Europe called his exploit "the miraculous campaign." The little knight Volodiyovski fought valiantly at his side in this campaign. But another Turkish army—three hundred thousand splendid troops under the terrible leader Mohammed IV.—was advancing. Sobieski had but six thousand men, and could obtain no reinforcements. Realising, however, the importance of delaying Mohammed's progress, he decided to make a stand at Kamenetz, the chief town of the Podolia. Accord-

ingly, he ordered the little knight, Michael Volodiyovski, to march from his outpost position in the Ukraine and defend Kamenetz. The Hetman knew that he was sending the valiant Pan Michael, "the first soldier of the commonwealth," to certain death, but he felt that the sacrifice was necessary, and yet Kamenetz fell, despite prodigies of valour by the Poles.

I was strongly urged not to attempt to visit Kamenetz. "There is no railroad connection, and you may find difficulty in crossing the frontier, this being a point seldom visited by travellers." But I persisted, leaving Krakau one evening at ten o'clock by what the Austrians call a *schnellzug* (fast train), although it makes only twenty miles an hour. Early next morning I reached Lemberg, or Lwów, as the Poles call it. Lemberg is a busy, progressive city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the chief city and capital of Galicia. It still shows traces of its siege by the Turks. In the old Jesuit church are preserved cannon-balls thrown from Turkish guns, as well as several from the later Swedish bombardments. From Lemberg it is but three hours to Tarnopol, the next point of historic interest. Between these two cities, at Podhorcé, is a splendid museum, containing many rare and beautiful relics, particularly of Sobieski. Tarnopol, now a thriving town of thirty thousand people, is very old. It has been in the hands of the Tartars and Cossacks many times. The old Ruthenian church, one of its best-preserved ancient monuments, was three times taken by the Moslems. On its domes the crescents may still be seen, but surmounted by crosses. Tartar influence is visible even in the faces of the peasants, the flat Kalmuck visage being not at all infrequent.

Curiously enough, in tramping the streets that hot July day my attention was attracted by a wheezy, somewhat dismal sound, which, I soon saw, came from the centre of a small group of peasants. Closer inspection showed that it was not an animal in distress (as I had at first supposed), but a blind beggar,

performing on a lyra, the very instrument with which Zagloba entertained Helena during their flight from Bohun. This lyra is a curious mixture of strings and rods, turned at one end with a crank. It is very far from being musical. While at Tarnopol, however, I heard some of the real, native Slavonic music, rendered under very characteristic circumstances. One evening a young Ruthenian priest (of the Russian ritual), known to the family at whose home I was staying, drove up to the door in his peasant vehicle, bringing with him his zither. He played well and sang delightfully with that rich, round, full voice of beautiful, sympathetic quality so often found among the Russians. Many of the melodies were richly beautiful, at times almost fiercely gay, then undershot with that inevitable, sad, minor tone that affects one like a blend of the Oriental and the Highland Scotch. Weirdly beautiful, hauntingly beautiful, yet inexpressibly sad, are these Slavonic folk-songs, permeated with the breath of the plains. Underneath the dare-devil mirth of the Mazur always lurks what the Poles call the *zól*. There is no English equivalent for this word. It is the very emotional soul of the Slav race, and it means mingled reproach and sorrow, the volcanic resignation that comes only after ages of suffering and wrong.

The next point of interest after Tarnopol is Trembówla. This little town has a very old castle, which, so report has it, was defended against the Turks by a woman when all others had fled. Then Sobieski came and rescued the heroine.

From Trembówla to Husiatyn, at the terminus of the railroad and on the frontier between Austria and Russia, our progress was provokingly slow. It was all up grade, and the engine burned only wood. We reached Austrian Husiatyn at half-past eleven. From that hour until half-past two I was crossing the frontier, showing my passport seven times, warding off unsavoury would-be Jew interpreters (Russian and Polish only

being spoken here) and generally looking after my luggage.

It was a blazing hot day. On the bridge over the little stream, the middle of which is the dividing line between the domains of Kaiser and Tsar, stood a long line of vehicles—lumber teams, market wagons, fiacres. The drivers, mostly dirty Jews in long cloaks, smoked, swore and sighed, while the imperturbable Russian officials in white uniforms and the inevitable Russian cap examined the passports. After another half hour's delay at the custom-house, during which the inspector calmly opened and spoiled a box of exposed but undeveloped photographic negatives, I was permitted to go on my way. Seated in a very dirty, very rickety wagon, driven by a very unsavoury, unkempt Hebrew, I started—at three o'clock in the afternoon—for Kamenetz, twenty-seven English miles distant.

I shall never forget that ride of eight hours. Once across the line and into the great plain region, everything—nature and mankind—seemed quite different from anything I had ever seen before. As far as the eye could reach—and far beyond—the vast prairies stretched, undulating now and again in gentle waves, but immense, treeless, depressing. A feeling of sadness involuntarily creeps over one when he travels across these plains, especially for the first time. There is a vast, mysterious, half-hidden sense of power about the landscape that impresses one with a sort of elemental fear of nature. This influence has soaked into and through the Slavonic nature and made the Slav a poet, a religious devotee, a musician.

We drove over tremendously wide roads—three hundred feet wide in places. Great herds of beasts—cows, sheep, pigs, goats, chickens, geese and ducks, all in one company—passed slowly by, driven sometimes by a boy with a long whip or by a stout, bare-legged peasant woman astride of a lithe little Cossack pony.

The fields are cultivated to the highest possible extent—vegetables and

grains of all kinds, not merely by the acre, but by the hundred, by the thousand acres. The soil is wonderfully rich and productive. It is claimed by Russian statisticians that so rich is this land that were there only one successful year in ten (supposing nine years' crop to have failed totally), the yield of that one year would return a profit on the entire period. And yet, except in a very few cases, the peasants do not profit by this. These sad-eyed, hard-working folk, their Eastern blood showing in the slightly slanted eyes and the turban head-dress, are only labourers. They own bits of land here and there, it is true, but by no means so generally as in Galicia. Their villages also, a number of which we passed through on the way, are very squalid, in striking contrast to the huts of the Galician peasants. Poverty, bitter poverty shows everywhere in these villages, especially in those inhabited by the Jews. The huts are generally of mud and thatched with straw, and are destitute of the least semblance of comfort. The venerable Israelite who drove me declared that he received but one rouble and a half (about seventy cents) a week, and had a wife and five children to support.

Twilight came on as we still crawled over the face of the landscape like a tiny boat on the great ocean. Many things contributed to strengthen this impression of a voyage. Now we would pass a wagon-load of tired peasants returning from their labours, now four or five soldiers coming back from some manoeuvre, their white uniforms fairly glistening in the fading light. Now, by the roadside, we would discern the gaping ribs of a skeleton—a cow or a horse—with the ghoulish crows sidling in and out of its nude anatomy, stranded there like a marine derelict. On the horizon a speck would appear. Over the gentle rise it would come, a four-horse wagon, driven Russian fashion, the four abreast, the little bells tinkling musically from the high arched collar. Its occupant, likely an imposing government official, would lean forward and bow gravely.

We would salute like ships speaking to each other at sea—two passing specks on the ocean plain. Then, like ships that pass in the night, a silence and that sweeping apart sensation as when two swift vessels pass. The red sun dipped below the horizon, and a greyness settled over the landscape. From its depths centuries gone seemed to speak. The shades of Hmelnitski and his Cossacks and of Tugai Bey and his Tartars, all those wild spirits of bygone ages, seemed to gather again in the gloaming and again sweep over the plain. The stars came out and fairly burned in the sky like the points of brilliantly burnished lances levelled at the earth.

Eleven o'clock brought us to the city, a strangely, weirdly beautiful sight by night. Through a massive stone gate five centuries old we lumbered up a steep hill, then down an incline and over a bridge to the new city. Below us flowed the Smotrycz, a little stream that empties into the Dniester and divides the city into two parts. From far beneath, at the river's bank, to the heights above, the town arose, tier upon tier, its lights gleaming fitfully, the walls like a black belt at the base.

After some difficulty, owing to the fact that I spoke no Russian, and no one in Kamenetz seemed to speak anything else, I secured a room at a fairly comfortable hotel. Then, having satisfactorily passed the examination usually imposed upon guests at hotels in Eastern Europe, as to my purpose in coming to Kamenetz, how long I intended to stay, the personal habits of all my ancestors and the rest of the questions, being very much fatigued, I was about to retire when the beautiful moon tempted me to the window.

The view was almost like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*. It was the moon of the Orient—large, full, of mellow light. A fine white building on the opposite height (I afterward found it to be a seminary for Greek or orthodox priests) loomed up as a mass of silver. In the street below, lit by the fitful glare of petroleum lamps, a mot-

ley, picturesque throng passed and re-passed, slowly, languidly, revelling in the slight coolness which the night brought. Kamenetz is only about fifty miles from the Roumanian border and less than two hundred miles from the Black Sea. It comes rightfully, therefore, by its Oriental characteristics. Long-cloaked, long-bearded Jews; barefooted, bare-headed girls with Egyptian faces, filleted hair and great pendant earrings of brass; Ruthenian peasants; gigantic Kirghiz with Astrachan caps; beautiful Jewesses of the demi-monde, in costumes *à la mode de Paris*; Russian soldiers in the white tunic, black trousers, high boots and the cap that is known from Warsaw to Vladivostock; Cossacks on horseback; gorgeously uniformed, pompous generals in white with red and gold facings to their resplendent attire, in barouches, fiacres, landaus or the ubiquitous droschky, driven by barbarous, Mongolian-looking *cochers*; long-gowned, long-haired *Schismat* priests; gypsies, Turks and many other perfectly nondescript types, gathered from the four corners of the globe, slowly defiled before me. It was a sight that stamps itself photographically on the memory for all time.

The next morning I made a tour of the town. With the aid of an Israelite who spoke some German (though very badly) I succeeded in identifying the chief points of historic and present-day interest. The old castle which—so report has it—Pan Michael partially blew up still stands, now doing duty as a Russian barracks. It was built in 1585 by the great Polish King Stefan Batory. Here it was that the Turks, triumphing over all the gallantry of Kettling and his artillery, entered Kamenetz. Bits of the old fortifications, particularly towers and wall with embrasures for cannon, may be seen scattered about, thickest on the river front. The convent in which Basia was confined during the siege still stands on the old square. It has been somewhat restored, although much dilapidated at the present time. The cathedral of the Armenians, which,

Sienkiewicz tells us, was on fire during the siege, I found in a fair state of preservation.

The Kamenetz Jew, who is a large element in the population of the town to-day, is omnipresent. Watch him on the street as he smokes his thin, little cigarette while his half-naked wife and children sprawl in the roadway. It may be said that, in general, abject, grinding poverty is his lot. He sits before his little booth, selling his onions, stale eggs, potatoes, small bread, peas, parsley, hard little pears and other fruits unknown to the Anglo-Saxon palate. His countenance bears the stamp of listless despair. What is there to live for? Like the worldly Jew in Kingsley's *Hypatia*, he has carefully weighed life in the balance of *pro* and *con*, and is facing the terrible conviction that it is not worth the living. Yet he dare not end it. Despite all his woes, he remains uncompromisingly orthodox. By imperial ukase he is forbidden to wear the corkscrew side curls that are the darling of his brother in the Kazimierz of Krakau. But he retains his long cloak and his long beard, and his children learn to recite the prayers according to the ritual, rocking to and fro as they drone out the words with seemingly endless repetition.

Kamenetz-Podolsk (so named to distinguish it from the other Kamenetz, which is in Grodno, Lithuania) has a population of thirty-six thousand, and is a "government" town—that is, it is the centre of the Russian "government," or province of Podolia. Modern material progress is very backward in Kamenetz. The rapid but uneven (if I may use the term) development of the empire makes possible the anomaly of a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants with no railroad nearer than twenty-seven miles, and that in another country. The first railroad station in Russia is a very small one, thirty-five miles distant, on the line between Odessa and Kieff. Kamenetz has no street-cars, no electric lights and all the transportation is by wagon, a costly method, resulting in extremely high hotel rates. The modern city covers a very

large territory, and the new part of the town shows some signs of progress. There has recently been completed a large handsome theatre. There is also a fine park with a boulevard running through it, and here every Sunday military music is rendered. Along the river front there is a pleasant, popular, sylvan promenade. Bathing in the river is also very popular. At six nearly all the town—soldiers and citizens—towel in hand, troop down to the stream for their evening dip.

Kamenetz, being a government town, is full of soldiers. At all hours of the day and night all sorts of representatives of the motley army of the Tsar may be seen on the streets, from the common soldier who tramps on foot to the resplendent general who rides in his elegant barouche. It was my fortune to see three thousand Cossacks of the Don on horseback. With their long robes, small swords slung across the breast, their round fur caps and burned visages, these superb riders made a very picturesque spectacle.

The wall that Pan Michael and his knights defended against the Turks can still be seen, although almost entirely dismantled. I approached the entrance to the tower, now a barracks. I entered, no one objecting, much to my surprise. So I crossed the courtyard and peered out of a cannon embrasure out upon the river flowing far below. It was at this point that the Turkish envoys, having seen the white flags which had been raised over the Ruska gate (the bulk of this gate remains to-day) by the faint-hearted among the besieged, stood and demanded the surrender of the garrison.

"And what of Kamenetz?" asked the little knight.

"It shall go to the sultan for ages and ages."

Volodiyovski's reply was to blow up the tower.

"*Nic to*," "it is nothing." This was the message he sent to poor Basia, praying in the old convent in the square. "*Nic to*." This had been the concerted

signal to her of his death. She was to say to herself, "*Nic to*," "this life is nothing."

"Thus died Volodiyovski, the Hector

of Kamenetz, the first soldier of the commonwealth." The Turks brought the body to Sobieski, and it was buried in the church at Stanislaw.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Analytical Psychology. By C. G. Jung. Authorised Translation Edited by Constance E. Long. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$3.50 net.

The work is composed of a selection of the author's articles and pamphlets on analytical psychology written at intervals during the past fourteen years.

Leonardo Da Vinci. A Psychosexual Study of an Infantile Reminiscence. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

A psychoanalytic character study of the great Italian painter.

Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious. By Sigmund Freud. Authorised English Edition with an Introduction by A. A. Brill. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$2.50 net.

A book for the student of psychoanalysis. The work is divided into three general parts—A. Analysis of Wit; B. Synthesis of Wit; and C. Theories of Wit.

Religion and Theology

And Thus He Came. A Christmas Phantasy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A Christmas fantasy in which Jesus becomes again a determining influence in the crises of human lives.

Aspects of the Infinite Mystery. By George A. Gordon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

In his preface the author says that his book is somewhat of the nature of a confession of faith. It records his views on "Personality in God," "Fatherhood of God," "The Historic Reality of Jesus," "The Mystery of Redemption," "The Mystery of the End," etc.

The Birth of Mormonism. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A brief synopsis of the lives of Joseph Smith, Jr., and his associates in the founding of Mormonism, and an indictment of the system.

The Enchanted Universe and Other Sermons. By Frederick F. Shannon. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.00 net.

Twelve sermons by the pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn.

The Essentials of Religious Education. By Charles William Heathcote. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.50 net. A presentation of the historical, psychological and practical sides of religious education.

Heaven Open to Souls. Love of God Above All Things, and Perfect Contrition Easy and Common in Souls Resolved to Avoid Mortal Sin. By Henry Churchill Semple. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

An informal discussion of the theme expressed in the sub-title. The author is Moderator of the Theological Conferences of the Archdiocese of New York, and Chaplain of Fordham University.

Method in Prayer: An Exposition and Exhortation. By W. Graham Scroggie, with a Preface by H. C. G. Moule. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net.

A discussion of the value of method in prayer, including some chapters on such problems as the importance of confession, the application of intercession, and the proper subjects for prayer.

The Science of Religion. Fundamental Faiths Expressed in Modern Terms. By Daniel A. Simmons. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.00 net.

An attempt to show that science and religion are in harmony, and that all the known facts of nature are in accord with the fundamental postulates of religion.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents.

An analysis of the Sermon on the Mount, reissued in *The Wayfarers Library* series.

The Syrian Christ. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

A study and interpretation of the life and teachings of Jesus by a Syrian.

Thoughts on Life and Religion. An Aftermath from the Writings of the Right Honourable Professor MacMüller, by His Wife. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents.

A new edition, issued in *The Wayfarers Library* series.

Was the Resurrection a Fact? And Other Essays. By James Samuel Lilley. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net. Essays on religious topics. Besides the title essay there are: "A Crisis in the Church," "Is the Infinite Knowable?" "The Holy Book," and "A Purpose In Life."

Sociology and Economics

America and the New Epoch. By Charles P. Steinmetz. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00 net.

The author seeks to point out what lies before this country—and what it can become—because of the European War and the changed conditions which will present themselves, politically and industrially, at the close of the war.

Cotton as a World Power. A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By James A. B. Scherer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00 net.

A discussion of the part that cotton has played in the commerce of the world.

Democracy and Peace. By James Bissett Pratt. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

Four essays comprising a popular study of certain problems in social psychology and social ethics. The titles are: "The Meaning of Democracy," "American Idealism," "The Idealism of War," and "The Hope of Lasting Peace." In the *Present Day Problem* series.

Our America. The Elements of Civics. By John A. Lapp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The work starts with a survey of the fundamental needs of a civilised people, and then proceeds to show what our government is and how it operates.

Political Science

The Commonwealth of Nations. An Inquiry Into the Nature of Citizenship in the British Empire, and Into the Mutual Relations of the Several Communities Thereof. Part I. Edited by L. Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Company. With maps and diagrams. \$2.50.

Hesitations: The American Crisis and the War. By W. Morton Fullerton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25 net.

A book in which the author undertakes to present what Europe thinks of American hesitations and inconsistencies. He asserts that this nation has lost caste among the nations of the world, and that the government has not grasped the war's significance to this country.

The Man versus the State. A Collection of Essays by Herbert Spencer. Edited by Truxtun Beale. With Critical and In-

terpretative Comments by William Howard Taft, Charles W. Eliot, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, David Jayne Hill, Nicholas Murray Butler, E. H. Gary, Harlan F. Stone, Augustus P. Gardner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00 net.

A contribution to political thought in America to-day.

What's the Matter With Mexico? By Caspar Whitney. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A study of the Mexican problem and a consideration of the present Administration's attitude toward it. In *Our National Problems* series.

Military and Naval Science

Military and Naval America. By Harrison S. Kerrick. With an Introduction by Edmund J. James. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Maps, diagrams and illustrations. \$2.00 net.

A compendium of information concerning the various activities of the Army and the Navy, and the auxiliary elements of national defence, such as the Coast Guard, the American National Red Cross, military colleges and camps of instruction, Boy Scouts, rifle clubs, etc.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine. By Bradley A. Fiske. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

In his preface the author declares that the purpose of his book is to answer the questions, "What is the navy for?" "Of what parts should it be composed?" and "What principles should be followed in designing, preparing, and operating it in order to get maximum return for the money expended?"

The War

Belgium and the Great Powers. Her Neutrality Explained and Vindicated. By Emile Waxweiler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The author upholds Belgium's right to oppose the violation of her territory by Germany, citing the Treaty of 1839 and subsequent events of international importance.

The Brown Mare. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Alfred Knopf. \$1.00 net.

Sketches of English men, women and homes as seen during the past two years.

A Conclusive Peace. Presenting the Historically Logical, and a Feasible, Plan of Action for the Coming Peace Conference, Which Will Co-ordinate and Harmonise Europe and The World. By Charles Fremont Taylor. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 50 cents.

Ambulance No. 10. Personal Letters from

- the Front. By Leslie Buswell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.
- Letters from France. The author is connected with the American Ambulance Field Service.
- General Joffre and His Battles. By Raymond Recouly (Captain X). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps and a frontispiece. \$1.25 net.
- An expression of the personality of Joffre and his plan for the battle of the Marne. There are also chapters dealing with de Castelnau and Foch; with the Champagne drive; with the battle in Argonne, and finally with the battle of Verdun.
- Official Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War. With Photographic Reproductions of Official Editions of the Documents (Blue, White, Yellow, etc., Books) Published by the Governments of Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia and Serbia. With Introduction, Daily Summaries, Cross-References, and Footnotes. By Edmund Von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.
- One Hundred Cartoons. By Cesare. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$3.00 net.
- Cartoons of the war.
- Red Cross and Iron Cross. By a Doctor in France. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.
- Little sketches of scenes in a French war hospital. The profits from the sale of the book are to be given to the French Red Cross.
- Soldier and Dramatist, Being the Letters of Harold Chapin, American Citizen Who Died for England at Loos on September 26th, 1915. New York: The John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A Visit to Three Fronts. Glimpses of the British, Italian and French Lines. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.
- A report of the author's experiences and impressions gained from his visits to the British, Italian and French armies during the past summer.
- A Volunteer Poilu. By Henry Sheahan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.
- Soon after the outbreak of the war the author enlisted in the field service of the American Ambulance, and his book gives a detailed account of life in the trenches.
- War, Peace and the Future. A Consideration of Nationalism and Internationalism, and of the Relation of Women to War. By Ellen Key. Translated by

- Hildegard Norberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- With the Turks in Palestine. By Alexander Aaronsohn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- The author was in Palestine when the war broke out, and despite the fact that he had taken out his first naturalisation papers as an American citizen, was impressed into service in the Turkish army. His book tells of his experiences with the Turkish army and of his escape to the United States cruiser, *Des Moines*.

Education

- Training for the Newspaper Trade. By Don C. Seitz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- Training for the Stage. Some Hints for Those About to Choose the Player's Career. By Arthur Hornblow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- Two volumes in *Lippincott's Training* series. The series aims to give in a straightforward manner the demand upon character, the preparatory needs, the channels of advancement, and the advantages and disadvantages of various pursuits. Other titles in the series are: "Training for the Street Railway Business," "Training of a Forester," "Training and Rewards of a Doctor," and "Training and Rewards of a Lawyer."

Science

- A Critique of the Theory of Evolution. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
- Lectures delivered at Princeton University during February and March, 1916. The subject is considered under the general heads of "A revaluation of the evidence on which the theory of evolution was based," "The bearing of Mendel's discovery on the origin of heredity characters," "The factorial theory of heredity and the composition of the germ plasm," and "Selection and evolution."
- The Passing of the Great Race, or, The Racial Basis of European History. By Madison Grant. With a Preface by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.
- "An attempt to elucidate the meaning of history in terms of race; that is, by the physical and psychical characters of Europe instead of by their political grouping, or by their spoken language."

Domestic Science

- The Mothercraft Manual. By Mary L. Read. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A handbook of information and practi-

cal instruction in the home care and training of children.

The Myrtle Reed Cook Book. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

A collection of practical recipes, with chapters on "The Philosophy of Breakfast" and "How to Set the Table." There is an index.

The New Interior. Modern Decoration for the Modern Home. By Hazel H. Adler. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A book for those interested in the most recent developments of interior decoration. It emphasizes the possibility and the desirability of people making many of their own furnishings and decorations.

Business

The Ambitious Woman in Business. By Eleanor Gilbert. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A discussion of the employment open to women, and the possibilities for advancement and success which lie before the young business woman.

Fine Arts

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Reproductions of a Series of Drawings, Etchings, Lithographs, Made by Him About the World, 1881-1915, With Impressions and Notes by the Artist. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00 net.

A series of pictures of some of the great modern industrial achievements of the world. The oil wells of Alberta, the stock yards of Chicago, the skyscrapers of New York, the Victor Emanuel monument at Rome, the Harbour of Genoa, the Iron Gate at Charleroi, Belgium, rebuilding the Campanile, Venice, are a few of his subjects.

The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A guide to the history of Tuscan painters.

Games, Amusements

The Complete Auction Player. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

A book for the beginner as well as for the more advanced player.

Golf for Women. By a Woman Golfer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A guide to the game of golf, giving besides technical analysis and hints for improving one's play, much data on noted women golfers and their styles of play.

General Literature, Essays

Above Cayuga's Waters. A collection of Articles and Poems Which Have Appeared in *The Cornell Era* From Its First Publication, November, 1868, to the Present Day. Compiled by the Editors of the Class of 1917. Ithaca, New York: The Cornell Era, Inc.

Cloud and Silver. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of essays, including eight war sketches and a group of little fables on such subjects as flowers, folks and animals.

French Perspectives. By Elizabeth Shipley Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of essays on French social and literary life.

English Influence on the United States. By W. Cunningham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Essays intended to show the close connection between English and American life.

The Humble Annals of a Back Yard. By Walter A. Dyer. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A collection of short essays, reprinted from various magazines, on the phases of nature and the joy of gardening. A few of the titles are "The First Corn," "Nature Near Home," "The Rain," "Roses."

The Intelligence of Women. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25 net.

Essays on feminism. Contents: "The Intelligence of Women," "Feminist Intentions," "Uniforms for Women," "Women and the Paint Pot," "The Downfall of the Home," "The Break-up of the Family," and "Some Notes on Marriage."

Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest A. Boyd. New York: John Lane Company. \$2.50 net.

An account of the revival in modern Irish letters.

The Joy of Love and Friendship. By Arthur L. Salmon. Chicago: Forbes & Company. 75 cents.

A discussion of the various phases of love and friendship.

The Literary History of Spanish America. By Alfred Coester. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50 net.

A survey of the literary history of Spanish America considered in relation to the political and social history of the several countries.

The Lyric. By John Drinkwater. New York: George H. Doran Company. 40 cents.

An analytical essay. In *The Art and Craft of Letters* series.

Old Christmas. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A gift book edition with sketches and full-page illustrations by Frank Dadd. Open That Door! By R. Sturgis Ingersoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.00 net.

Suggestions for getting the greatest amount of enjoyment and inspiration from reading.

Patriotic Essays. By Elroy Headley. New York: Elroy Headley. Frontispiece.

A collection of short essays on such subjects as "Liberty and Order," "Politics," "Religion," "Wealth," "Brotherhood," etc.

Poetry: The Renaissance of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.75 net.

Two essays. There is also an introduction by Thomas Hake.

The Short Story. By Barry Pain. New York: George H. Doran Company. 40 cents.

A study in which the author seeks to demonstrate that the short story has never been better written than during the past fifty years. In *The Art and Craft of Letters* series.

Social Life in England. 1750-1850. By F. J. Foakes Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The purpose of the book is to present pictures of English life during the years 1750 to 1850.

Poetry and Drama

A Book About the Theatre. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A book on the various aspects of the art and business of the stage.

Californians. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

Verses of nature, romance and life in California.

Cincinnati. Prints from the Etchings of E. T. Hurley, with Comment by Amelia Hickenlooper Dunham. Cincinnati: The St. James Press.

A tribute in verse and picture to Cincinnati.

The Dog's Book of Verse. Collected by J. Earl Clauson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.00 net.

A collection of tributes to dogs by a number of authors.

The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare. Translated from *Geschichte des neueren Dramas* of Wilhelm Creizenach. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$4.50 net.

A general account of the Elizabethan drama and of the conditioins under which it flourished.

The Glory of Toil and Other Poems. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

Miscellaneous verses.

From Dawn to Eve. By Julia Wickham Greenwood. Boston: Richard Badger. \$1.25 net.

A collection of verses on a variety of subjects.

Gods and Heroes and Myths from Ovid, also Sonnets and Legends. By J. Brookes More. Fort Smith, Arkansas: Thrash-Lick Publishing Company. \$1.25.

Verses based on myths and legends.

The Golden Book of Sonnets. Selected by William Robertson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25 net.

An anthology of some two hundred and fifty sonnets chosen from the whole range of English literature.

Great War Ballads and Myths from Ovid (Second Series). By J. Brookes More. Fort Smith, Arkansas: Thrash-Lick Publishing Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of ballads inspired by the European War, and miscellaneous verses based on mythology.

Green Branches. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

A little book of verse containing: "The Autumn in Ireland, 1915," "The Spring in Ireland, 1916," and "Joy Be With Us." A limited edition.

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Men, Women and Ghosts. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

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Moloch: A play in a Prologue, three acts, and an Epilogue. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00 net.

An indictment of war.

My Soldier Boy, and Other Poems. By Mrs. John Archibald Morison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

A collection of verses, some inspired by the war, and some by various phases of Nature.

The New Morn. English Diplomacy and the Triple Entente. A Phantasmagoria in One Act. By Barrie Americanus Neutralis (Paul Carus). Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

A one-act play in which the author attempts to show that England is responsible for the war.

The Pine-Tree (Matsu). A Drama, adapted from the Japanese of Takeda Izumo. With an Introductory Causerie on the Japanese Theatre. By M. C. Marcus.

- New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.25 net.
 A translation of a Japanese play, with essays on Japanese literature and drama.
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 A book of Western verse.
- Runes of the Night: A Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00 net.
 A book of verse for the most part religious in character.
- Salt Water Poems and Ballads. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.
 A collection of the author's poems of the sea with two new and hitherto unpublished poems—"The Ship and Her Makers," and "The New Bedford Whaler." Numerous illustrations in colour and black and white made by Charles Pears.
- Six One-Act Plays. By Margaret Scott Oliver. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.
 Contents: "The Hand of the Prophet," "Children of Grenada," "The Turtle Dove," "This Youth—Gentlemen!" "The Striker," "Murdering Selina."
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 The first of the author's plays to appear in English. A picture of how, in Russia particularly, the war leaves its impress on its victims.
- War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25 net.
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 A new edition with full-page illustrations in colour by N. C. Wyeth. The volume is of the same general character in size, binding, etc., as *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*.
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The Jolly Book of Playcraft. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

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The latest addition to *The Trail Blazers* series. A tale of one of the most romantic epochs of North American history.

History

American Patriots and Statesmen from Washington to Lincoln. Revealed in the Letters, Addresses State Papers and Other Writings of Benjamin Franklin, Cotton Mather, Walter Raleigh, Thomas Pownall, John Smith, William Penn, James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Many Others. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. In Five Volumes. Frontispieces. New York: Collier's. \$3.00 per set.

The first of a number of five-volume sets to be known as *The Collier Classics*, designed to supplement the reading covered by *The Harvard Classics*.

The Balkan Wars. 1912-1913. By Jacob Gould Schurman. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.00 net.

The Stafford Little Lectures delivered at Princeton in 1914. Third edition.

The Book of the Popes (Liber Pontificalis). I.—To the Pontificate of Gregory I. Translated with an Introduction by Louise Ropes Loomis. New York: Columbia University Press.

A volume in the series which Columbia University Press has arranged to publish under the title *Records of Civilisation* of studies and sources covering the entire history of western civilisation. The present volume deals with the Middle Ages.

Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden. Translated from the Manuscript of Carl Gustafson Klingspor. By John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

An account of the life of Charles XII of Sweden and a history of his time.

Cicero: A Sketch of His Life and Works. A Commentary on the Roman Constitution and Roman Public Life, Supplemented by the Sayings of Cicero Arranged for the First Time as an Anthology. By Hannis Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals. Compiled by Clara Endicott Sears. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

An account of the Shakers and their ways, drawn from old manuscript records. The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The impressions of the author written day by day during the week of the Insur-

rection. There are also chapters on some Irish questions.

The New Purchase or, Seven and a Half Years in the Far West. By Robert Carlton (Bayard Rush Hall). Indiana Centennial Edition, Edited by James Albert Woodburn. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Frontispiece. \$2.00 net.

A new edition. Issued in commemoration of Indiana's admission to statehood. Our Nation in the Building. By Helen Nicolay. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

An informal history of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.

Travel and Description

The Last Voyage of the *Karluks*, Flagship of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-1916. As Related by Her Master, Robert A. Bartlett, and Here Set Down by Ralph T. Hale. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. With illustrations and charts. \$2.50 net.

Our Hispanic Southwest. By Ernest Piexotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The author describes the charm and romance of a part of the country that he has visited many times. Starting from New Orleans he goes to San Antonio, the old Texas capital, and then on through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The illustrations are from original sketches by the author.

Past and Present at the English Lakes. By H. D. Rawnsley. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The record of a pilgrimage through the lake country of England.

Sport, Travel and Adventure. Edited by A. G. Lewis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

Accounts of the adventures of big-game hunters, explorers, mountain climbers, etc., and descriptions of native life and primitive customs of strange and out-of-the-way countries. The book is composed of selections from a great many works on these subjects. There is a bibliography.

Winter Journeys in the South. Pen and Camera Impressions of Men, Manners, Women, and Things All the Way from the Blue Gulf and New Orleans Through Fashionable Florida Palms to the Pines of Virginia. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net. A copiously illustrated book of travel through the Southern States.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. By Isabella F. Bird. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A travel book in *The Wayfarers Li-*

brary, a series which aims to cover "what is good, clean and humorous on the lighter side of recent literature."

Biography

A E (George W. Russell). *A Study of a Man and a Nation*. By Darrell Figgis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.00 net.

A study of the life and work of the Irish author and poet. In the *Irishmen of To-day* series.

Dr. J. B. Cranfill's Chronicle. *A Story of Life in Texas*. Written by Himself About Himself. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated.

The autobiography of a Southern clergyman.

Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.00 net.

Primarily a study of Ulster and the Ulster people, and their relation to the rest of the Irish people. In the *Irishmen of To-day* series.

A Dreamer of Dreams. *Being a New and Intimate Telling of the Love-Story and Life-Work of "Will Penn the Quaker."* By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A narrative of the life of William Penn based upon the supposed journal of Guli Penn found in an old oak chest at Worminghurst, England. The illustrations are made from contemporary portraits and prints.

The Empress Eugenie and Her Son. By Edward Legge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A biography written by an intimate friend of the mother and son.

In Spite of Handicap. *An Autobiography*. By James D. Corrothers. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net. The autobiography of a successful negro.

Henry James. By Rebecca West. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A biography and a critical estimate of the author's works. In the *Writers of the Day* series.

The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph. Edited by Hamil Grant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The author was personal secretary to the Archduke Rudolph, and his book gives an intimate account of Court affairs and of the family with which he was connected.

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volume I. *Frontiersman,*

Soldier, Lawmaker. 1755-1788. Volume II. *Politician, Diplomatist, Statesman*. 1789-1801. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$8.00 per set.

A biography based on actual documents and records. The author has aimed not only to write a biography of Marshall, but to present also a history of his time.

Portraits of Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Biographical sketches of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Elizabeth, Lady Holland; Jane Austen; Madame D'Arblay; Mrs. Pepys as St. Katharine; Madame de Sévigné, Madame du Deffand; and Madame de Choiseul.

Recollections of a Happy Life. By Elizabeth Christophers Hobson. With an Introduction by Louisa Lee Schuyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

An autobiography.

James Whitcomb Riley: *Reminiscences*. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents net.

An intimate account of the author's acquaintance with the poet.

Mary Slessor of Calabar. *Pioneer Missionary*. By W. P. Livingstone. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The story of the life and work of a Scotch missionary among the natives of West Africa.

Ella Flagg Young, and a Half-Century of the Chicago Public Schools. By John T. McManis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The story of the public life of Mrs. Young and her work in the educational system of Chicago.

Feminism

The Long Road of Woman's Memory. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

A book written about the theme that modern society in many of its manifestations may be traced back to old tribal customs.

Nature Books

The Life of the Caterpillar. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50 net.

The sixth book in the translations being made from the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Law of Success. By Bruce MacLeland. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. \$1.00 net.

Talks on how to achieve success.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of October and the first of November:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Albany, N. Y.....	The Kingdom of the Blind	Mary 'Gusta
Atlanta, Ga.....	When a Man's a Man	The Nest Builder
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Buffalo, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The World for Sale	Green Mansions
Cleveland, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Dallas, Texas.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Denver, Colo.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Detroit, Mich.....	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Wall Street Girl	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Brook Kerith	The Wonderful Year
Louisville, Ky.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Memphis, Tenn.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Just David	The Short Cut
Minneapolis, Minn....	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
New Orleans, La.....	When a Man's a Man	Chloe Malone
Norfolk, Va.....	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Omaha, Neb.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The World for Sale	The Wonderful Year
Portland, Me.....	Mary 'Gusta	Rainbow's End
Providence, R. I.....	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
St. Louis, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	Prudence Says So
St. Louis, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
St. Paul, Minn.....	When a Man's a Man	Tumbleweed
San Antonio, Tex.....	Cinderella Man	The World for Sale
San Francisco, Cal....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Seattle, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Spokane, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End
Tacoma, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End
Toledo, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Utica, N. Y.....	The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C.....	The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C.....	Seventeen	From the Housetops
Worcester, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Romance of the Martin Connor	Love's Inferno	Kingdom of the Blind	Love and Lucy
The Wonderful Year	Partners of the Night	When a Man's a Man	The Trufflers
Bars of Iron	Kingdom of the Blind	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Bent Twig
Tish	When a Man's a Man	Lady Connie	The World for Sale
Lady Connie	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows	Seventeen
The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year
Just David	Rainbow's End	The World for Sale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
			Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The World for Sale	The Heart of Rachael	From the Housetops	Enoch Crane
The Rising Tide	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows	
The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Come Out of the Kitchen	The Rising Tide
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Prudence Says So	Just David	The Heart of Rachael
The World for Sale	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen	The Brook Kerith
The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	Enoch Crane	When a Man's a Man
The World for Sale	Tish	Enoch Crane	The Rising Tide
Lady Connie	Big Timber	From the Housetops	Somewhere in Red Gap
The World for Sale	The Dark Tower	The Unspeakable Perk	When a Man's a Man
Georgina of the Rainbows	The Rising Tide	Rainbow's End	Clover and Blue Grass
The Curious Case of Marie Dupont	Pollyanna	The World for Sale	From the Housetops
Cecily and the Wide World	When a Man's a Man	The Turtles of Tasman	Cappy Ricks
Magnificent Adventure	When a Man's a Man	Tish	The Prisoner
Mary 'Gusta	The Rising Tide	Kingdom of the Blind	The Wall Street Girl
The Rising Tide	The Pleasant Ways of St. Meddard	The Heart of Rachael	The Wall Street Girl
When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Enoch Crane	Paradise Garden
Prudence Says So	Just David	Seventeen	
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Big Timber	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Rising Tide
Just David	The Wonderful Year	The Daughter Pays	The Men Who Wrought
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	Enoch Crane	Seventeen
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Leopard Woman
The Rising Tide	Big Timber	Slaves of Freedom	Somewhere in Red Gap
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	Big Timber	Seventeen
The Brook Kerith	Bonnie May	Emmy Lou's Road to Grace	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Woman Gives	Rainbow's End	The Heart of Rachael	Somewhere in Red Gap
The World for Sale	The Heart of Rachael	Just David	Magnificent Adventure
Private Gaspard	Border Legion	When a Man's a Man	Loot
The Blind Man's Eyes	The Dark Forest	The Bent Twig	
Big Timber	The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	The Dark Tower
The World for Sale	Magnificent Adventure	The Brook Kerith	The Woman Gives
The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Lightning Conductor	Old Judge Priest
		Discovers America	
The Prisoner	The Bent Twig	The World for Sale	The Wonderful Year
The Prisoner	Come Out of the Kitchen	Shepherd of the North	The Rising Tide
Kingdom of the Blind	Enoch Crane	The Wonderful Year	Lady Connie
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Just David	The Heart of Rachael	The World for Sale
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
 Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 England's Effort. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 The Wrack of the Storm. Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Advance of the English Novel. William Lyon Phelps.
 Elements of the Great War. Second Phase. Hilaire Belloc.
 My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
 Kitchener's Mob. James Norman Hall.
 How to Live. I. Fisher and E. L. Fisk.
 A Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 438 and 439) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1 on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " 8	
" " " 3d " " " " 7	
" " " 4th " " " " 6	
" " " 5th " " " " 5	
" " " 6th " " " " 4	

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35.....	306
2. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35	173
3. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	172
4. The Rising Tide. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35	110
5. Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.40	109
6. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25	62

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The Romance of the Martin Connor. Oswald Kendall.
 Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
 The Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
 Love and Lucy. Maurice Hewlett.
 Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
 Partners of the Night. Leroy Scott.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 The Trufflers. Samuel Merwin.
 The Nest Builder. Beatrice F.-R. Hale.
 Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
 In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
 The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
 Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
 Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
 Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnston.
 Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
 The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
 Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
 Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
 The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
 From the Housetops. G. B. McCutcheon.
 Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
 Enoch Crane. F. H. Smith and F. B. Smith.
 Come Out of the Kitchen! A. D. Miller.
 Prudence Says So. Ethel Hueston.
 The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
 The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
 The Wall Street Girl. F. O. Bartlett.
 Big Timber. Bertrand W. Sinclair.
 Somewhere in Red Gap. H. L. Wilson.
 The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.

The Unspeakable Perk. S. H. Adams.
 Clover and Blue Grass. Eliza Calvert Hall.
 The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. Adele Luehrmann.
 Pollyanna. Eleanor H. Porter.
 The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
 Cecily and the Wide World. Elizabeth F. Corbett.
 The Turtles of Tasman. Jack London.
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
 The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
 The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
 Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
 The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. G. King.
 Paradise Garden. George Gibbs.
 The Daughter Pays. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.
 The Men Who Wrought. Ridgwell Cullum.
 The Leopard Woman. S. E. White.
 The Slaves of Freedom. C. Dawson.
 Bonnie May. Louis Dodge.
 Emmy Lou's Road to Grace. G. M. Martin.
 The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson.
 Tumbleweed. Alice M. Colter.
 The Cinderella Man. E. C. Carpenter.
 Private Gaspard. R. Benjamin.
 The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
 Loot. A. S. Roche.
 The Blind Man's Eyes. Macharg and Balmer.
 The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
 The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. A. N. and C. M. Williamson.
 Old Judge Priest. Irvin Cobb.
 The Shepherd of the North. R. Maher.
 The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. Leroy Scott.

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS, PAGE 70 ADVERTISING SECTION

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1917

JACK LONDON

WHAT HE WAS, AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

PART I. JUST JACK LONDON

The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—not achievement for the world's applause, but achievement for my own sake. But personal achievement with me must be concrete. I'd rather win a water fight in the swimming pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under me, than write the great American novel.

THUS spoke Jack London about his own ambitions. When he died, at forty with his life's best prime opening before him, he left a measure of personal achievement that has been equalled by few. It was not exactly the concrete thing he liked best, nor did he write the great American novel. But he had won for himself an acknowledged place in American letters, and won for himself as well a fame that went beyond the boundaries of his own land and his own language. Incidentally he had turned out an amount of literary work that in sheer quantity is appalling, when one considers the few years he had to do it in.

To have written so much before forty would be a good day's work for a bookish man early and late at his desk. To have lived so much before forty would have been experience enough for the Vol. XLIV. No. 5.

average mortal. To have written so much and yet lived so much as Jack London did before forty, is what makes Jack London unique as a man and as a writer.

Almost half of his years were spent living "in the concrete" as he would have called it, living a life of severe manual toil or of vagabondage at odds with the Powers that Be. During these years writing was impossible. He had neither the education nor the time for it. He just lived. And he began to live at an earlier age than most men. Later, he went on living but he began to write about it as well. It was a double effort, a double expending of the life forces. Small wonder then that Jack London is dead at forty, leaving behind him a heritage of life experience and of literary values either of which would have sufficed to make him known.

Thirty-three volumes altogether bear his signature. Of these twelve are collections of short stories, thirteen are books devoted to a single tale or novel each, and eight are books of non-fiction. Two new novels, dog stories, are already in printing and shortly to appear serially. Add to this the facts of his life as he himself tells them. Born of the

working class, "my place in society was at the bottom," a newsboy at ten, oyster pirate at sixteen, after that sailor, long-shoreman, roustabout, a worker in canneries, factories and laundries, between whiles doing odd jobs at mowing lawns, cleaning carpets or washing windows. Then, sickened by the eternal round of toil, he became a tramp; "begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons."

All this before he was eighteen. But through it all the boy retained his power of thinking. "I was scared into thinking by what I saw in the cellar of society." It is a rather high quality of brain, which, only half-awakened by scanty teaching, could yet remain awake and growing during all the brutal actualities of such an existence. At eighteen he realised that if he did not rise from the cellar he would die in the muck and the slime. The thought was not attractive. Also the boy realised that it is not by selling his muscles only that a man can rise. The seller of muscles cannot go far, and is early worn out and tossed aside. The seller of brains has a commodity the value of which increases with years and which offers the only way up and out.

I resolved to sell no more muscle and to become a vendour of brains.

Then came several years of struggle to gain an education, working at hard manual labour the while to pay for tuition. His early beginnings of literary work fell in these years, the eagerly devoured books unlocking the door of self-expression. But beyond a few school prizes, literature seemed to have no rewards to offer the youth to whom immediate financial return for his labour was a cruel necessity.

Back to the trail he went, his mind immensely enriched, his mental outlook a thousand-fold increased, his powers of observation keener than ever before and his zest of life, the quality that above all others is Jack London, sharp as a two-edged sword. This time the trail

led to the frozen North, to the perils, the sudden death and sudden fortune of the Klondike. Out of this last experience, plus his better equipment for self-expression, came his first literary success. After that fortune was kind. Jack London had arrived. He could now give his time entirely to literary work if he so desired. His amazing energy and the habit of hard work came to his aid and made possible the enormous quantity of his writing. There is no denying that quality is sometimes sacrificed to quantity. There is much repetition and similarity of plot and incident, much turning the same theme over and over again. There is frequent carelessness of style, too, always attendant on too great an output. But somehow, when one reads Jack London's stories much and often, one gathers the impression that Jack London did not write so much simply because he could always sell what he wrote. One feels instead the continual urge of self-expression.

Mrs. London wrote a story of the *Snark's* famous voyage and called her book *The Log of the Snark*. In it we get many delightful glimpses of Jack London the man, seen through the eyes of one who loved him as much as he loved life. She says once:

Jack has the delightful characteristic of wanting to share everything in which he is interested—his amusements, his books, or the thing he is studying.

Here in a sentence is the explanation of Jack London's amazing literary fertility. Life was such a delight to him, all life was so full of interest, that he wanted to share it with the whole world.

Few writers have been able to obtrude the personal equation into all their work as strongly as has Jack London, without giving the reader moments of desire for a more objective point of view. In fact it is where he does try to be objective (with one or two rare exceptions) that Jack London's work becomes weaker, less strong to hold us. Where he attempts to get absolutely outside of life and his own view of it he achieves

his most signal failures, because then he is trying to portray something that he does not really know nor understand. He poured himself so completely into every phase of life that he did know or understand, that he cannot help showing it to us through his own eyes. He always shows us life as he sees it, not necessarily as it is. But life as Jack London sees it is such a wonderful, glowing, pulsing, colourful thing, that he gives us a rare gift in helping us to see it that way.

As illustration of this quality contrast for a moment in your mind some picture of tropical seas and islands, some story of the destiny of white men amid savages as portrayed by Joseph Conrad, and a similar picture as painted by Jack London. Putting aside for the moment all questions of literary craftsmanship, the great point of difference lies in the objectivity of one writer and the intense subjectiveness of the other. Back of the one picture stands a man whose life's experience must have been full of interest, but somehow the figure of the Polish gentleman who became an English sailor and then an English writer plays no part whatever in the wonderful tales he tells. We see and enjoy what he has done, with no conscious thought of the personality of the man who did it. His personality does not impinge on the range of the camera at any point. But when Jack London shows us the same scenes we are conscious always of his hand holding the glass to our eyes, we feel his own delight in the picture enhancing ours. Conrad is undoubtedly the greater artist, but there is something very heart-warming about the way Jack London shares everything with us and wants us to enjoy his enjoyment. It has a ring of sincerity in it like clear gold. And therefore, as Jack London is always looking over our shoulder when we read his stories, it is pardonable, in writing about Jack London, to linger a little longer over the personal equation before passing on to a more critical estimate of his work. One may be ever so severe and impersonal in one's literary standards,

but it is impossible to quite lose interest in this man over his work. The following picture, from his wife's pen, of how Jack London did his literary work even during his wanderings, will be a fitting close to this more personal part of the present article.

"Any old place I can hang my hat
Is home, sweet home to me,

one tramp sang: "but with this glowing young tramp of mine, this peripatetic Jack London, any old place he can hang his writing elbow on any old table is good enough for him . . . no matter how alluring the situation, how novel, how exciting, at nine of the clock down he sits, peppers the plain before him with little note pads, some already scribbled, some blank, squares his manuscript tablet, selects an ink pencil from the half dozen that we keep filled, reads over the previous days' thousand words and then, with a little swooping bob that seems to shake him free of all eternal bother, and a busy wise little smile, he settles for two hours of creation . . . of bread and butter, he will have it. Sometimes he looks up, with a big smile in his eyes and says to me, "Funny way to make a living, isn't it, Mate-Woman?"

PART II. JACK LONDON, THE TELLER OF TALES

It is as a teller of tales that Jack London will live in literary fame. His emotional radicalism, born of his life's history plus his temperament, impelled several books to which we will return later. They count in the sum of Jack London's development, but they do not count as much, nor will they live as long, in the hearts of those who love a good story as will the many good stories Jack London has given us. It is as a writer of fiction primarily that we must judge Jack London and in his fiction the short story bulks largest both in quantity and quality.

HIS SHORT STORIES

In *The Road*, the narrative of his hobo days, he tells us that it was in this tramping that he served his apprentice-

ship in short-story writing. The successful hobo must be an artist in impromptu story-telling. He must gauge his audience the moment the kitchen door is opened and be able to tell just the story that will bring about the desired meal or cast-off clothing, in every case. It made a realist of him he says. "Realism constitutes the only goods one can exchange at the kitchen door for grub." During this experience the awakened imagination learned to know its own power and he tells us of his real enjoyment in the creations of his own fancy. One touching figure in particular (used on maiden ladies of susceptible natures), of the married sister in San Francisco to whom he was trying to win his way, really got to be a live person in his mind. In fact he does use her afterward in *Martin Eden*. But to return to his short stories. London's imagination, exercised during his tramping days and educated through proper self-expression when the opportunity for study of books offered, found full and free reign in these innumerable tales pouring out continually from his pen. The very sketchiness and evanescent quality of his continually changing experiences made the short story the most natural thing for him to write at first, and among his earlier books even those in which one story occupies a whole volume, cannot properly be called novels. They have nothing of the technique of the novel about them. They are merely short stories in a longer form. The same ability to see one slice of life and see it keenly, deeply, and thoroughly, which is the very essence of short-story writing, is shown in stories of varying length from the single tragically complete episode of the sneezing lion which is merely one part of *The Leopard Man's Story*, to *The Call of the Wild*, which fills a whole volume. Whatever other lacks, judged by strict standards of workmanship, Jack London's short stories may have, they all do give a complete picture, they all leave in the mind some one unforgettable incident or some one unforgettable character.

Among so many it is hard to choose some that can be called the best. Twelve volumes of collections of short stories there are, the majority of them stories of the North, of greed of gold, of toil unceasing, of heroism, of hardships and of sudden death amid the pitiless snows. Others deal with more or less conventional man in more or less conventional surroundings. A later group of three or four books lingers under southern skies amid blue seas or the howling of tropical storms, amid gentle gold-coloured peoples or head-hunting cannibals. All of these, however, have one thing in common. They are almost all of them stories of man's battle with the elemental forces of nature, with wild storms or wilder savages. There is eternal conflict but it is almost always conflict of man with something external to himself, the conflict of man against the big, unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral natural forces. A few stories only, deal with the conflict of man with his own nature, the battle of man to win his own soul or keep it regardless of things outside him. And, strange to relate, one of the very best of such stories that Jack London has ever written is placed amid the barbaric surroundings of the farthest North, amid snow and gales and cold that chills the lungs until death's hand is felt on one's shoulder. This story, "A Day's Lodging," in the collection *Love of Life* (which book by the way contains more stories of a higher level of excellence possibly than any other collection), portrays the eternal triangle, a subject of which up till then Jack London had been very wary. And he handles it with a strength and power that are remarkable. John Messner, taking shelter from the hideous cold in a hut amid the snow, shares it with a couple who arrive a few moments later. They turn out to be Messner's runaway wife and the man for whom she had left him. For the sake of this woman both men had left good positions amid the richness and ease of sunny California. The woman is the vampire who has sucked the soul of the second man

dry and remembers that there are still unexplored depths in the nature of her first husband. Forced into contact with him in the narrow room she reaches out for him again. Shuddering to his very heart he feels her power stealing over him, weakening his manhood as it did before. He knows of only one way to loosen her hold, he must make himself contemptible in her eyes. He must make her hate him. He offers to relinquish his right in her once and for all to his successful rival—for a large sum of money. Under the woman's angrily gleaming eyes he weighs out the gold dust carefully, then leaves the hut and struggles on through the snow to the nearest water-hole in the ice. He breaks the skim and pours the gold into the black stream, then goes on through the night and the cold. The picture has a lurid power that many of the more colourful incidents in the other stories cannot excel.

In his latest collection of short stories, published only a few months before his death, *The Turtles of Tasman*, Jack London has essayed a similar theme in the final tale "The End of the Story." But here the machinery is too elaborate, the intention too obvious and the treatment obvious, also. It would not compare with the first story. Two more stories in *Love of Life*, the one which gives its title to the book, and another, "The Unexpected," rank among the highest of any of Jack London's short stories. There are some very vivid bits of portraiture in "Children of the Frost" and the keen humour of "The Passing of Marcus O'Brien" (in the book *Lost Face*) as well as the rollicking humour of the dog story "That Spot," in the same volume, measure up well.

"Finis," in the latest volume *The Turtles of Tasman*, has been much spoken of since the book appeared. It is a grim sardonic story of useless murder and bloodshed, but it lacks motivation and therefore falls short of absolute tragedy which must have the element of the inevitable in it. We do not understand

why Morganson needed to kill to return to the towns. Without understanding his reason for not merely asking help of passing travellers, the tragedy of his doing reaches no higher plane than the tragedy of any maniac's murderings.

"Samuel," the closing tale in *The Strength of the Strong*, has an epic sweep of tragedy, of man in conflict with unknown and uncomprehended fate, blind destiny, that makes it notable. *The Strength of the Strong*, in the same volume is a little bit of sociological instruction in fiction form, which is more effective than many non-fiction works on the beginnings of industrial civilisation.

Of the three volumes of short stories which deal with life in tropic seas, *South Sea Tales*, *A Son of the Sun*, *The House of Pride*, the second is possibly the most satisfactory. All the stories here are connected by the personality of David Grieve, as firmly outlined and interesting a character as Jack London has ever given us. *Adventure*, another South Sea book, is a continuous tale, but that, too merely, could hardly be called a novel, as it is a series of pictures, and incidents, centred round a man and a woman as principal figures.

THE NOVELS

Four or five volumes, with a single tale in them have been counted in with the sum of Jack London's novels. These are the books of which we have already spoken, as being merely short stories of longer volume. They are *The Call of the Wild*, *White Fang*, *The Game*, *Before Adam*, and *The Scarlet Plague*. The first is Jack London's best known book and one of his first great successes. Some personal anecdote somewhere tells us that it was written in a sort of revolt against the then fashionable animal story which showed the animals thinking, acting and talking as human beings would. But from whatever source inspired, this story is the most perfect example of the best sort of work Jack London can do. Incidentally it is one of the finest dog stories written. Buck is a real dog and

the things that come to him are the things that might come to a real dog. His soul-evolution also is quite plausible. For given circumstances that foster it, it will take less time for a civilised dog to return to the primordial brute than it would for a man to make the same change. Jack London has tried it with a man protagonist a number of times, but neither Humphrey Van Weyden in *The Sea Wolf* nor John Pathurst in *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* are as interesting as Buck. Jack London does not care as much about the man in civilised condition as he does about the dog, and his men are more interesting when we get them at an advanced stage of the evolution.

White Fang is a good dog story, too, but the taming of the wolf into a civilised dog does not seem to give us the same thrill as the reverse process does. Possibly because most of us are at this end of the game and therefore the other end is the more fascinating. *The Game* and *Before Adam* deal with subjects that have interested Jack London a number of times, sketchily, as if preparing to do something bigger later. *The Game* stands on its own feet better than the other book does. As an inside picture of the trade of prize fighting it has much merit and the tragedy at the close comes with a shock which proves to us how strongly the book has held us.

In the longer novels Jack London has given us some of his best and some of his poorest work. The first was the very best. None of the later novels and few indeed even of the short stories have reached the sustained pitch of strength and excellence shown in *The Sea Wolf*. It wins rather than loses in a re-reading, the best test of a book. The woman in it is colourless, and Humphrey Van Weyden is more of a theory than a man, but the tensiety and wonderful handling of the situations, the easily flowing virility of the style, and above all the fascination of the central character, Wolf Larsen, make this book the high-water mark of Jack London's ability in the earlier stages of

his literary development. In re-reading it just now the writer of these lines recalls as fresh as if to-day, the shock of delight caused by the casual remark of a Danish literary friend to whom she spoke of the book some years ago. "There really was such a man as Wolf Larsen, you know. I'd heard of him before I read the book, and I met his brother Death Larsen myself once."

It matters not whether the real Wolf Larsen has been faithfully portrayed or not. The Wolf Larsen of the printed page is a character unique in his compelling power and fascination. Reading it now the thought lies near to compare the tragedy of the striking down of Wolf Larsen in his prime with the early death of the man who imprisoned him in the book for our delight. Wolf Larsen, too, lived to the full with every moment and used himself up in doing so. Wolf Larsen is the culmination of mere animal joy of living plus a brain, which has always been the theme that most interested Jack London.

Which brings us naturally to the next most notable fact in Jack London's literary ability, that his power to portray men was far greater than his power to portray women. Or possibly we might say that he never or very seldom essayed the portrait of a type of man whom he did not know well. He knew many types of men and they nearly always sufficed for his stories. He did not know the Humphrey Van Weyden and John Pathurst type very well, and he had not much respect for them. He did what he appeared to think fate ought to do with that kind of man. He made them over into the strong primitive man he liked, but he acknowledged at the same time that they won out by reason of their brains. He acknowledged also that by reason of these same brains they could not be won by the sort of woman he had met himself in his adventuring life and hence knew best. He had to take women for them from their own world, of which he knew little and cared less. And this sort of woman he knew very slightly. He idealises her but he cannot

make her convincing. Neither Maud Brewster nor Margaret West, in all the space that is given them in the compass of two long novels, are half as real as, for instance, Li-Wan the Indian maiden, who is really a white woman and who swims into our ken in one short story and swims out of it again, or as Edith Nelson, the English lady's-maid who faced the Unexpected and conquered it.

The Little Lady of the Big House is a novel in which the author endeavours to make a woman the principal character. Here again he fails. Paula Forrest is too largely a creature of the imagination to be convincing as a real woman. Saxon, the little working-girl heroine of *The Valley of the Moon*, is more alive and yet even she has very unconvincing moments. If it is a short fleeting glimpse only that we get of a woman, the moment for instance that we see Teresa in "A Day's Lodging," we have a picture that has warmth and colour. She may remain for a little while longer on the canvas if she be a half-breed, an Indian or a woman of the underworld, or some of the women who float through the mining camps of the North. Summing it all up, Jack London has given us no big woman character that could for a moment compare with any of a dozen men who are the protagonists of the shorter or longer tales.

There is a similarity about the men but within the type they vary strongly in degree. Wolf Larsen stands as the ideal of the type, and yet the men who win out in the end are the men who have had the advantages of thoroughness of education and of even development of brain. In the North as in the South, brains win out. But in most cases it must be brains plus trained and hardened muscles. The weakling who goes under does it because he does not know how to live, because either his brain or his muscles were incapable of the perfect development.

And above all the men who win out in Jack London's stories do so because they have a keener zest of living than

others, because they live with all the power of their being. What they demand from the world is the opportunity to live and in the measure that they get it they are the successful ones. Now apparently Jack London, like many another writer, does not see his way clear to make the mere joy of living, the mere animal zest of life the motive power of a woman's actions. He made one attempt at it in Paula Forrest and there is a glimpse or just a hint in the more successful, possibly because sketchier character of Freda, the Russian dancer of the Klondike. But to be able to exercise her joy of living Paula Forrest had to be surrounded by wealth and luxury, so that she is nothing more than an idle woman who drifts through the days with occasional dabbings in horse breeding and stock raising.

Of course it is a difficult problem to express that joy of living in a woman's life, even in the actual every-day world. She has to have riches back of her or some great artistic ability. In the one case her vitality is excused on the ground of eccentricity, in the other case forgiven because of her art. So the problem was too great even for Jack London, but had he had more time he might have worked through to it. For Paula Forrest is decidedly a beginning in that direction. And Polly in "The Turtles of Tasman," belongs in this class, too. We do not see the end of the road in her case, we see only its youthful beginning. In her father, Tom Travers, we have the end of things, the man who is dying when he should be his best, who is a wastrel and a vagabond, a wanderer over the face of the earth, but a man who lived with every fibre of his being and who drew all hearts to him. The brother in this same story, Frederick Travers, is the successful man, successful materially, but he has not *lived*. When his niece Polly says to him, "The English have a saying that a man has not lived until he has kissed his woman and struck his man," Frederick Travers realises that he has done neither. His marriage was one of expediency only,

and he has been absolutely conventional in all the facts of his life.

Right here we come upon a phase of life that Jack London does not know or knows very slightly, for it does not interest him as a subject for romance. This is the phase of the industrial battle that means the clash of brain on brain in the struggle for power and supremacy in the money world. A little hint we get in *Burning Daylight*, the hero of which is the least convincing and least alive primitive man that Jack London has ever pictured. And as unconvincing is the battle for commercial supremacy in money circles as shown in that novel.

There is reason for this, to one who understands Jack London's point of view. He saw the other side of the commercial battle first, that side of it that means exploitation and oppression, crushing out the lives of hundreds of human beings cut off by monopoly from opportunity. Seeing it this way first he saw it only as something cruel, wrong and unnatural. And it did not interest him as a phase of the joy of living. He turned to find this joy rather in what he calls the concrete things. One does not realise it so much until one comes to this story, "The Turtles of Tasman," with the contrast of the two brothers, Frederick and Tom Travers. Frederick Travers must have had some keen enjoyment in his commercial battling to become the successful man he was, there must have been moments of keen anxiety with the relief of victory coming to end suspense, that all makes for living even in the sense which Jack London means. However, we cannot quarrel with this lack in one who gave us so much. We merely state it as a fact.

With his keen appreciation of untamed, elemental, natural forces as man's antagonists in the great battle of life went hand in hand its natural corollary, the ability to describe a landscape well. Whether it be the frozen North, the softer outlines of the temperate zone or the wonderful colours of tropic sea and sky, Jack London has so absorbed it into himself that he can give it to us as

he saw it and make us feel every last ohm of the enjoyment it afforded him. He is not a landscape artist in the sense that Eden Phillpotts is, for instance. He does not take time from the action to describe a landscape and lose all sense of anything else in its beauty as Phillpotts seems to do at times. But Jack London has never lost the beauty of any spot of the earth's surface, or the sense of its harshness or cruelty when it was harsh and cruel, and he tells us of it naturally and simply. To him it is always a part of the story, just as natural forces are so often the true protagonists in his tales and the humans merely their puppets. As is natural, it is the wilder or more unusual landscapes that interest him just as it is the striking and out-of-the-usual character or situation that appeals to him. He has moments now and then of thrills even at nature well groomed and trained for man's uses and enjoyments. But there must be something big about it. It must be the wide acres of intensive cultivation in California, or great groves of immense trees or something that is bigger, more powerful, more complete, more fruitful than the ordinary, usual every-day landscape of the temperate zone. Jack London does not belong in that class of artists of whom a French painter spoke when he said, "The man who cannot find enough to paint for a whole lifetime within four miles radius of his home is not a true artist."

Jack London's radius was wide, but all the world was his home. The commonplaces of life as he had first known them were sordid and ugly. They did not appeal to his imagination in any way. He wanted to get out of them and away from them. He speaks of having been made a realist by the necessity of invention forced upon him in his tramping days. But as a matter of fact Jack London is not a realist in the formally accepted use of the word in literary criticism. His was the eye and the soul that longed for romance, that longed for the unusual, the thing that was not obvious and was not every day.

It might be cruel, it might be brutal, but it was not sordid, it was not ugly in the petty sense. He could theorise and glowingly paint the wrongs of the oppressed and the exploited, but he could not painstakingly dissect them for fiction nor could he spend pages in a soulvivisection. He has tried that in a few later works, but without much success.

Jack London's evolution in craftsmanship has been an interesting feature of his work. The first stories were big, sketchy, painted with broad brushstrokes, full of light and colour in splotches, hitting the eye like some of the modern Spanish school pictures. And yet *The Sea Wolf*, which dates from a comparatively early period, is careful in detail and painstaking in workmanship. But it is still big. There is still more imagination and action to crowd the picture waiting in the back of its creator's brain, he does not need to spin it out through fine writing, through phrases that are of value only for themselves. This period came later. It does not show as much in the latest short stories, for in these Jack London's rich imagination still supplied him with what he needed, but the later novels seemed painfully padded at times. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* moves very slowly. It must be acknowledged, however, that in this case the slowness may be justified, for it does aid in the impression of the endless monotony of life on a sailing ship. *The Little Lady of the Big House* and *The Valley of the Moon* are endlessly padded with detail, and pages of them fall heavy. Jack London is always at his best when there is action, inevitable action to be painted, or the stress of man in the face of such action.

And all this time we have not spoken of one of the later novels which is possibly the most striking of all of them and the one which is most different from anything else that Jack London has done before, *The Star Rover*. Here indeed, we find a new field for the man whose feet had hitherto been firmly planted on the earth and whose heart beat in tune with the primitive forces of nature. The

subject is not a new one, the story of the man whose soul wandered back over the ages and picked up the threads of former lives, has been done by others. But the sudden spring out of the here-and-now into the realms of pure imagination was an unexpected one for Jack London to take, although it was hinted at in one or two of the later short stories. In bigness of canvas, in epic grandeur of treatment there is something about this book which differentiates it from anything else in the long list of Jack London's works and yet it is somehow a book which might have been foreseen, for all through it there laughs that one quality of riotous joy of living which always will be the memory Jack London's admirers hold longest. With the joy of living crushed out of him by a straight-jacket in the prison, the one-time professor's brain went soaring through the past and there resumed the glorious battle for existence that was denied him by man's cruelty in his present state. The book is a strong arraignment of prison conditions, too, but not for that will it be remembered.

PART III. JACK LONDON THE RADICAL

The third group of Jack London's books, the non-fiction group, is inspired largely by his emotional radicalism. Two of them, *The Cruise of the Snark* and *John Barleycorn*, lie outside of this classification; *The Road*, the narrative of his hobo days, touches it in spots only. The others, *When God Laughs*; *People of the Abyss*; *The Iron Heel*; *The War of the Classes* and the short articles in *Revolution* are all directly a product of Jack London's own particular brand of socialism. He called it socialism, but it really was just emotional radicalism, for it lacked even the wavering lines of a constructive policy that more scientific socialism claims to have.

The books are wonderful bits of writing and they count for very much in the line of Jack London's development. They are documents in his soul evolution, but they are not documents of any value in the solution of world problems.

Had they come twenty years earlier than they did come, the undeniable facts pictured in *The People of the Abyss*, for instance, or in *When God Laughs*, might have had sensational effects. But the thing was being done constantly by sociologists, by economists, by people who made a business of writing or speaking on just such subjects. The average reader of fiction who might not read a work on economics, certainly would not read a book of that kind by Jack London when there were so many stunning stories by Jack London that would please him better.

Jack London's own life experience plus his ability to think (or rather to feel), and plus his ability to express what he was feeling, inspired these books at a time when the subject was new to him. He depicts emotionally and magnificently, but when it is a question of the big world's problems and not merely an individual problem, it is the constructive policy that is needed and London has nothing of this to give. The truth of which remark is shown by the fact that in fiction, which was his own true field, he has come at the last to propose only a return to nature, a back-to-the-land doctrine, as a solution for society's ills. But the sincerity that is back of a book like *The People of the Abyss*, may carry the pictures of facts as they are, to the minds of some who are still so much asleep that they need waking up.

Time and time again, in his true portrayal of conditions in Alaska, of the building up of the mining camps and the towns and cities that grew out of them, Jack London has happened on lessons in economics which he has passed by without recognising them; he has walked unheeding past the beginnings of the monopoly which alone can bring about the conditions he deplores but has not recognised it because there was none of the industrial slavery he knew so well immediately connected with it. He has, therefore, never had any real understanding of economics but only a great, deep and sincere sympathy with the vic-

tims of wrong economic conditions. In fact the little story, "The Strength of the Strong," is a better lecture on economics, on the economic foundations of civilisation than anything contained in all Jack London's essays on radicalism or on socialism. And he leaves us in doubt as to exactly how far he is willing to follow his own conclusions.

PART IV. JACK LONDON'S LIFE PHILOSOPHY

Jack London's life philosophy is so strongly expressed in all his works that what we have said about them has been practically a criticism of his life-philosophy, or of his personality, for the two were one and complete. It would be best, then, to let him tell in his own words, where he has spoken of himself and not through some imagined character, of what life means to him. He has written a little article in the book *Revolution* with this title—What Life Means to Me—but while it gives a very good description of the outer circumstances of his life and his mental evolution, it does not give that more intimate outlook on life which we do find everywhere as the keynote in his work. Several quotations from *The Cruise of the Snark*, where he allowed himself some idle chatting about things in general, seem to me to express the real Jack London much more than his conscious radical preaching. As an excuse for the proposed voyage of the *Snark* he says:

This trip around the world means my moments of living. Bear with me a while and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man . . . a bit of vitalised matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat and blood, nerves, sinew, bones and brain, all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail . . . a bit of pulsating jelly-like life. It is all I am. About me are the great natural forces . . . colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, unmoral. They

are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tidal waves and waterspouts, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coast and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea or to death. And these insensate monsters do not know that tiny sensitive creature, all nerves and weakness, whom men call Jack London and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being. In the maze and conflict of these vast and draughty Titans it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them.

This is the keynote of the best of Jack London's fiction. He places his mortals in such a position and lets them fight it out. When the fittest survive, nature

will have worked out her own purpose. Another time he says:

The ultimate word is I LIKE. It lies beneath philosophy and is twined about the heart of life. When philosophy has mandered ponderously for a month, telling the individual what he must do, the individual says in an instant I LIKE—and does something else and philosophy goes glimmering. Philosophy is very often a man's way of explaining his own I LIKE.

And again:

Life that lives is life successful and success is the breath of its nostrils.

Somewhere hereabouts, when we have the sum and substance of his story-telling in our minds, we will find the real Jack London.

RUSSIA'S TRIBUTE TO BELGIUM

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

Thy spirit lives, although thy flesh is crucified,

O Belgium, the land of holy agonies.

What matters it, the ruin of thy airy steeples,

And of thy faithful sons the bloody destinies?

—(From a poem entitled "Three Crosses," by Zinaida Hippus.)

It is a Russian writer who has been the first perhaps to attempt to cast Belgium's martyrdom into the mould of art. We refer to Leonid Andreyev's play, *The Sorrows of Belgium*, which was published early last year and speedily translated into English. Whatever the scenic and literary value of this somewhat precipitate drama may be, it surely is one of the most significant literary tributes that have so far been offered to the heroism of the "great little country," to use the expression of a Russian poetess. In perfect keeping with the best traditions of his national literature, the Rus-

sian playwright raises his voice on behalf of an "injured and insulted" nation. What Andreyev sends to the Belgians, is Russia's dream, a dream of justice, of inner conscience, and of God's judgment. "What, save our dream," says he, "can we send to the noble nation and its noble King? What save a dream of justice and God's judgment can we send them, lacerated by war, driven from their homes?"

This quotation comes from a kind of poem in prose contributed by Andreyev to the Russian version of *King Albert's Book*, which has been edited by Hall Caine as "a tribute to the Belgian King and People from representative men and women throughout the world." Among the other Russian contributors we find men like the novelist Alexander Kuprin and the scholars Paul Vinogradov and M. Tugan-Zarankovsky. All these utterances have in common a reverence of Belgium's bravery and a belief that, in the words of Professor Vinogradov, "it



I. I. NIVINSKY. DEDICATED TO DEVASTATED BELGIUM. SAINT SEBASTIAN

will arise out of the ashes, like the Phoenix, in renewed vigour and splendour." The most remarkable address to the Belgian nation is written by Dmitry Merezhkovsky, the distinguished man-of-letters and the foremost religious thinker of modern Russia. We quote it from the original *King Albert's Book*:

To the Belgian People,

We do not say to you: have courage. No courage could be greater than that which you have shown. But we do say: have faith. Your sufferings have not been in vain; they have awakened the conscience of the people. Henceforth your land drenched with the blood of your sons, shall be a Holy Land; henceforth your cause shall be the

cause of Humanity. To wipe away the tears from your eyes, to heal your wounds, to restore a hundredfold that which has been taken from you, this the peoples have solemnly sworn, to this they have pledged their honour, and this oath will be kept. We desire no solace while you remain desolate, we desire no victory until you have conquered. In the days when the victors triumph, the first crown shall be yours; and Humanity shall bestow it upon you. All nations shall make way for you and in the forefront you shall enter the Promised Land.

These utterances are truly indicative of the attitude of Russian society toward the country which Solomon Reinach has called the Thermopylæ of Europe. The sorrowful epopee of Belgium's self-defense and devastation has deeply impressed the Russians and has endeared to them her "fair visage, marked with ecstasy and sadness." Millions of cheap prints and pamphlets have carried the tale of Belgium's high deeds and unspeakable woes to the remotest corners of the vast country and have penetrated even into the muzhik's "izba." At the same time there awoke a new interest in Belgian culture, which before the war was not generally distinguished in Russia from French civilisation. As a re-

sult, the Russians discovered, among other things, that wonderful book of Charles de Coster which Camille Lemonnier called the National Bible of the Fleming and which Romain Rolland compared to Cervantes' immortal tale. Nowadays de Coster's *Til Uilenspiegel* is more popular in Russia than it ever was in its mother country. Books have their destinies.

The various phases and incidents of Belgium's tragical struggle form the subject of a goodly part of the poetic output which has been, directly or indirectly, brought into existence by the Second Fatherland War, as the Russians sometimes call the present war, the First Fatherland War being the campaign against Napoleon (in 1812). Many of these poems devoted to Belgium, have appeared in general periodicals and also in the *Belgian Book*, which was published in Petrograd last year, to serve "as a token of reverence for the small nation who has lit the world with the light of spiritual beauty." Young and old, gifted and giftless, classicists and futurists, devotees of the strict metre and triumphant vers-librists—all have united to create the Russian version of Belgium's great legend.

In the February BOOKMAN Mr. Yarmolinsky is to contribute an article on "Russia in Arms," in which he will discuss Russia's literature resulting from the War—war sketches, fiction and drama—the Prohibition Movement, religious changes, the diffusion of democratic ideas, and the signs of a regeneration of Russia. During the coming year Mr. Yarmolinsky will prepare for THE BOOKMAN a number of papers upon the various phases of Russian national life, as well as some articles on Russia's contemporary men of letters.

"The Best Fifty American Short Stories of 1916," by Edward J. O'Brien, to appear in the February BOOKMAN, will give the author's reasons for his selection and his personal opinions regarding the stories.

THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

I

KAMINI ROY

AS SHAKESPEARE is the greatest poet of England of all times, so Kalidas is the greatest poet of India of all ages. In India Kalidas is proverbially called "The Master of Poets." And it is singular that the master poet of Germany, Goethe, immortalised our great poet by writing a little poem in eulogy of this oriental poet's drama, his masterpiece — "Sakootalá." The poem reads:

Wouldst thou the life's young blossoms and
the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is pleased, enraptured,
feasted, fed,—

Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself
in one sweet name combine?

I name thee, O Sakootala, and all at
once is said.

This poetic introduction of *Sakootala* from Goethe popularised Kalidas in the West. Even so, the eulogistic introduction of W. B. Yeats to the *Gitanjali* introduced Tagore to the Western world most auspiciously both for the poet himself and for the great country he calls his Motherland.

This Motherland of ours has not only nurtured many men poets, but has also nurtured many women poets of distinction. Some of them rank very high in the scale of pure poesy and superior craftsmanship. One summer evening, I was sitting on the roof of a New York apartment house with several American and Hindu friends. The night was quiet, and the stars were shining bright against the blue sky, and we were discussing India's poets and their poetry. Of a sudden one of my countrymen looked at the sky and in a rapturous way began to recite:

Bishal gagana majhe ek Yotirmayi tara,
Taharai lakshya kari chaliachi abiram,
Ghana ghora tamojala jagat hayacha hara
Parabashi atma mama chahe se alokadham,
etc.

The entire poem translates as follows; but it must be confessed that in translation it loses much of its profundity of rhythm:

There shines a luminous star
In the vastness of the sky,
And I am travelling on the path of life
Keeping my gaze fixed on that star as my
goal.

The world is lost in dense darkness
But my soul-guest
Wishes for that realm of light.

I am continuously travelling
To attain that realm of light,
And I do not know where I stand,
And whom can I ask
Whether I am making any progress or not?
Wherever I go in this wide world of ours
That star is always there;
Then after what have I been running all
the time?

Had I sat still before the cottage door,
That luminous star
Would never have appeared before my eyes,
I have run, I have run,
And now I find myself
On the lonely shore of the great Ocean
I am not yet certain
If I can attain to that realm of light
Even if I roam to the end of space.

I am thirsty, and yet
I am keeping on my journey
On the face of this ruthless earth.
Shall I stop here now?
Some time and somewhere
Heaven itself will take
The earth by its arms
And all darkness will disappear
In the great Ocean of Light.

The recitation over, I said: "This sounds like Tagore." "No, no," said the reciter, "This is more sublime than Tagore's things. This is so subtly sublime. This is much better than Tagore's poems."

I could not quite recall the name of the author of this poem, so inquired with curiosity. "This is not a man," replied my friend, "she is a poetess." "Kamini Roy," of course, I said "Certainly," was the emphatic answer.

Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Kamini Roy is the greatest. Three years after the birth of Rabindranath Tagore, in 1864, there was born in the province of Bengal and in the small village of Basanda in the District of Barisal a child in a comparatively wealthy family. And this child was Kamini, daughter of Chandicharan Sen, a novelist and the translator of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

As a child Kamini was wont to listen to her grandfather reciting Bengali and Sanskrit poems as she sat in his lap, and soon she learned them by heart and the family used to entertain their guests by making her recite poems. The rhythm and the melody of these verses affected the child strangely. She would smile and dance rhythmically as she would recite the poems. She behaved as if she had quite unexpectedly found something she had lost long ago.

Her mother gave her the first lessons in reading and writing. And the child was then only four. She showed extraordinary zeal for study. Other children in the village objected to study, but Kamini used to be annoyed if any one disturbed her in her studies. And after every lesson she was in the habit of reciting the hymns to Sarasnath, the Goddess of Learning:

Tang Tang Saraswati

Nirmala barana

Ratna bibhusitaw Kundala Karanay,
etc.

In the vernacular school she always captured the highest places in the examinations, and she was so efficient in

mathematics that her teacher used to call her Lilabati—the most famous woman mathematician of ancient India. She spent hour after hour in her father's excellent library studying and thinking, and quite often she was noticed looking out of the window and dreaming dreams of something she felt but did not quite know. And soon she began to write poems. She was then only eight years old. Her father was as happy as a skylark to notice the unfoldment of a poetic soul in his daughter. But in recognition of her genius and to nurture her poetic impulse he presented her with Kirtibash's Bengali Ramayana and Kashi Ram Das' Bengali Mahabharatta—two of India's greatest epics. She read the books over and over again and was intoxicated with the rhythm of these two marvelous books. Soon she memorised the best passages of them both. And this precocious poet was changed altogether.

She was trained at home for a while by her scholarly father, who taught her English, Bengali, Sanskrit and history and geography, and beside the regular lessons she was asked to study the sacred books of the different religions, and she memorised many devotional songs and poems from them all. At twelve she was sent to a boarding school in Calcutta, and at the time of her departure, her father said to her: "Remember, Kamini, that your life has a mission; you are born for a great purpose." Kamini remembered that, and it cannot be contradicted that she has fulfilled the mission of her life.

Kamini matriculated at the age of sixteen, and at twenty she graduated from the Calcutta University with the highest honors in Sanskrit, competing with thousands of young men of the university.

Soon she was offered the position of the superintendent of the Bethune College for girls. Her father, however objected to her accepting any position. Mr. Sen did not believe in studies for increasing the earning capacity, and he said with annoyance: "I have educated

my daughter so that she may increase her fund of knowledge, and to make her enjoy the pure joy of knowledge. I shall never allow her to use her education for mercenary purposes."

Several of his friends remonstrated as follows: "Your daughter is of a wealthy family, so no one would ever think that she is teaching to earn a livelihood. But there are many women in India who can and who should be self-supporting, but they dare not work for lack of stimulating examples. So if your daughter sets an example then it would be good for the community at large."

Mr. Sen was won over and Kamini accepted the position of a professor in the Bethune College in 1886. And in 1889 her first book, "Alo o Chaya," that has immortalised her, was published against her wish. Most of the poems of this famous little book were written between the age of sixteen and twenty-one. Kamini's father and friends begged of her to have the poems published in a book form, but she would never give her permission; she felt, and she still feels, that poems are the expression of the conviction of the poet's own soul, meant only for himself and for whom he sings. To publish one's own sentiments in a book is to waste the aroma of the thing that makes for poetry and that which makes poetry a sacred expression of the human soul.

At last a few of her friends conspired and stole several of her poems and handed them over to Hem Chandra Bandopadhyaya, in those days, the most famous and most beloved of all Bengali poets. Hem Chandra read the poems with more than usual interest and was so highly pleased with them that he wrote a splendid criticism: A translation in part reads: "I have enjoyed reading these poems. At times the thought is so deep and sweet that I have been simply enraptured by them. To tell the truth, I have read very few poems like these in Bengali. . . . Truly, I have been exceedingly charmed by the depth of their thought, the sim-

plicity of their language, the purity of taste and their all-round beauty."

While reading and writing this criticism, Hem Chandra did not know who wrote those poems. When told, he was jubilant with joy that it was a Hindu woman who gave our literature such a treasure. At last Kamini was induced to give her permission to publish the book, and the permission was granted on condition that the name of the authoress should not appear. In her later books, too, she simply signs "The Authoress of 'Alo o Chaya.'" So in none of her books her name appears, but every one who can read or write in Bengal knows the name of Kamini Sen, now Kamini Roy.

The changing of this great poetess' name is associated with a story of thrilling romance. While in College Kamini Sen fell in love with a young man by the name of Kedar Roy, a high British official in the Judicial Department. He, in the beginning, was a great admirer of her poetry, and when he met her, he was so highly impressed with her personality that it did not take him long to fall in love with her. And he was indeed fortunate that his love was promptly reciprocated. This spontaneous love soon deepened, but for more reasons than one their marriage was deferred. Both suffered tremendously. And the expressions of Kamini's feelings are scattered in the pages of "Alo o Chaya." She thus sings of "The Tale of Love":

Why, why in this world of ours
Are the tales of pain
And the pain of disappointment
Entwined with love?
Why so much sighing,
Why so much shedding of tears
And why, why are there heaps of thorns
On the path of love?

In the vast plain of life
When one soul seeks a mate
With impatient anxiety,
And when wandering far and wide
It finds another wanderer after its liking,



KAMINI ROY, THE HINDU POETESS

Then why, why fate stands in the way of
their union?
Why insurmountable obstacles stand in
front of them,
And they are forced to go each other's way.
Or why one offers itself
At the feet of the other
And the latter does not cast a glance at the
offering
Even in mistake,
And without mercy
Tramples it under his feet?

When will that blessed day come
In this world so full of disappointments
When one soul won't have to cry for another
all the way?
And there will be absolutely nothing
In heaven or earth
To stand in the way of the union of two
souls
That are willing to be made into one.

Listen again to her musings on "The
History of Love":

THE HISTORY OF LOVE

In the inmost chamber of the human heart
Love walks in gentle steps
Like a bride.

If its own gentle music reaches its ears,
It recoils in bashfulness like a sensitive
plant.

It startles and tries to run away
From its own shadow
And myriads after myriads of flowers
Blossom at her each step.

In its empty home
And in friendlessness
Love weeps all the time
And she weeps for she has none
Whom she can call her own.
So in implacable loneliness
Love sings tragic songs.

She wore a garland of flowers for her
beloved
And quite unknowingly
Thorns became entwined with it,
And she did not dare pull the thorns off
Lest the garland would break.

Devotee Love has ceased to cry
She has cried so much
That the fountain of her tears
Has run dry.
In the pool of her sorrow
Exquisite lotuses have blossomed
And the autumn sky is bedecked with stars
The zephyrs blow in the evening
Laden with the perfume of the lotus blossoms

But love discovers the death of some one.
Some one has truly expired
And on her funeral grounds
Has gradually risen a beautiful temple.
The priest of human benefaction
There devoutly worships the Divine Beloved
Of the universe.
He makes the world ripple with love and
liberty
And a halo illumines his face,
And a divinely sweet music
Emanates from his lips.

Undoubtedly of all of Kamini Roy's poems her "Andhare," ("in Darkness") is the most popular. Every educated Bengali man or woman, knows at least

the first stanza of this poem by heart.
And I have found that it is impossible even to mention her name without reciting, these lines silently or loudly:

Andharer Kitanu amara
Dudanda andhara Kari Khela
Andhakare bhenga jai bhul
Jiban ar marawner mela.

The poem which opens her most popular books reads thus in translation:

We are the insects of darkness,
And in darkness we play for a moment or two,
In darkness disappears
The foil of life and death.

We know not from where we come
And whither we wend
We are born and we die in ignorance
And in wonder we pass the days of our life.
Here and there in the wilderness of life
We see a few streaks of light,
Who knows whence they come?
And who has ever come in touch with
Cause?

If in wonder we have to wander
As long as we live,
Then come, beloved, come this way,
And let us wander by that streak of light.

If we can climb up
That ray of light, so much the better,
And if we can't, what's the harm?
We shall die in the halo of the light.

In the dark wilderness, beloved,
Let us enjoy the rays of light
However faint they may be
Come, beloved, let us play in the light.

Like Tennyson's "All things were born and all things will die" and "Nothing was born and nothing will die," this "In Darkness" has an antithesis in the next poem, "In Light." The poem translates:

We are children of light
And in light we meet for eternity.
In light we sleep and we awake,
And in light we play the game of life and death.

I lose myself
In this infinite light
And in this unbearable dazzling halo of light
I roam like a blind person.

We are the children of light
Then why are we afraid of it?
Come, beloved, come let us look round,
There is nothing to be afraid of here.

In this boundless ocean of light
If this little light goes out.
Let it go out, beloved,
Who can tell that it shall not light up
again?

Kamini Roy has several children, and when she became a mother, she gave up writing poems. When asked about the reason for this departure, she once said smilingly: "I am so busy now nursing these living poems that I have neither the time nor the inclination to write poems for publication."

Her life at present is consecrated to the good of her family and her Motherland. Her patriotic poems are exquisite and inspiring. Poetic and patriotic to the core, an ideal wife, a model mother, Kamini Roy is a living example and a mine of inspiration to the rising generation of India.

In his second article in this series, "The Women Poets of India," Mr. Roy will discuss the work and personality of Sarojini Naidu, a native Hindu who not only has won the highest distinction in her own country but who also has written a few of the best lyrics in English literature. This article, which will appear in the March issue, will be illustrated with two interesting portraits.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore contributes an article for the February BOOKMAN—an essay upon what is probably the greatest of the Hindu classics: Kālidāsa's "Śakoontalā." This essay, appearing in English for the first time, is expressive of Tagore's interpretation of Eastern thought and is written in his most graceful style.

Kālidāsa, the author of "Śakoontalā," is supposed to have lived and written about the beginning of the Christian era. The heroine, Śakoontalā, is compared in Tagore's essay to Miranda, the heroine of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Both heroines were brought up in seclusion, without any influence from the outside world. The story is a fanciful romance of the love affair of the heroine, Śakoontalā, and a great Indian king, Dushyanta. The story, like Tagore's "Chitra," is taken from the great Hindu epic, "The Mahabharata." This is the best drama of India's greatest poet of all ages. Tagore's essay analyses the story and gives the inner meaning in comparison to the life and love of Shakespeare's Miranda.



BUFFALO AS OWEN WISTER SAW IT

SOME SCENES OF "THE VIRGINIAN"

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

YES, it is true; they did switch the babies at the ranch-house dance, even as Mr. Owen Wister narrated it in *The Virginian*. The scene of the famous incident that has had a whole nation laughing for a decade and a half was Hank Devoe's ranch on the south fork of Powder River in Wyoming. Since book lovers have made a shrine of a House of the Seven Gables and preserved the shack where "Tennessee's Partner" lived, may they not even thus tardily admit to the jealous circle of literary landmarks this log-and-'dobe ranch-house squatting in the sage-brush of the old Cattleland? The House of the Substituted Babies!

It was Frant Osborn, a hare-brained cowpuncher with a rich imagination, who turned the trick. In Johnson County, Wyoming, the old-timers will still tell with reminiscent pride of Frant Osborn and the babies—old Frant Osborn, who used to "carry his load of poles so high, wide an' handsome! He rode with the L X Bar outfit, did Frant, and in the winter of Eighty-nine, or maybe it was Ninety, he and a bunch of the boys from the L X Bar home ranch on South Fork rode over to Hank Devoe's ranch to cut in on the dance. They must have stopped at Barrel Springs stage house, because when they hit Devoe's they were prime—yessir, fair in bloom. And nobody knew until afterwards why Frant didn't dance much and why, when folks did see him ducking out of the lean-to shed, he

looked so all-fired mysterious. No, they didn't know until they began to see his work! The Waterburys, for instance, they rode eighteen miles back home on Red Fork with a baby belonging on Meadow Creek; Mrs. Jim Bliss, on Dugout, didn't get her Jim Henry back for four days—and him teethin', too."

So runs the truth, embroidered perhaps by Johnson County's infatuation for the old free days before wire fences came to parcel the great range. Frant Osborn later drifted out of the country and joined the Northwestern Mounted Police—too many wagon tracks in Johnson County to please his untrammelled spirit. But all the old-timers along Powder River believe Mr. Wister gave Frant no more than his due by immortalising him together with his epic joke.

Indeed, Johnson County credits Mr. Wister with a sense of humour passing the average Eastern visitor's admittedly scanty endowment. "He made it funnier than it really was," the native critics aver; and this is high praise from a community jealous of its own inimitable talent for story telling. *The Virginian* carries far with these people, who fancy themselves and their neighbours walking through the virile pages of the novel. It is right—the only Western story ever written that is "right'way through," say they. It is right because Mr. Wister got his material from men who were living the life portrayed in his narrative. He always had a note-

book with him, this writing fellow who came out to visit Dr. Amos W. Barber, in the early Nineties; whether at the Occidental Hotel in Buffalo or out on the Barber place, every night before he rolled into his blankets he would sit down and write a lot of stuff in his notebook—fill pages with things he had heard.

"Of course, him being a kidney-foot, some of the boys used to load him up with pretty tall ones"—this the confession of an old cattleman and thief taker himself credited with being the prototype of Frank Spearman's *Whispering Smith*; "and he takes 'em all down in his little notebook. But when his story comes out we see he's onto us all the time."

Perhaps in this category of "tall ones" falls the Virginian's master-tale about the "frawgs" of Tulare, polished and faceted by Mr. Wister's art, or the tragedy of Em'ly, the hen who lived a parable.

Whatever timber Mr. Wister may have found to his hand for the architectural adornments of *The Virginian*, the solid core of the story—the character of the hard-riding, swift-shooting

young Southerner who masters a Vermont heart and conscience—is Mr. Wister's own powerful creation. None of the folks in the Big Country can identify the Virginian, however sure they may think themselves to be in tabbing Trampas and Steve and Judge Henry. "There was a fella' come from Virginia once," they say; "name was Zang T——, and he was a pretty likely boy until he joined in with the rustlers who were running the Hat brand, then he took up with the Hole in the Wall gang and finally was shot by a pal down in Utah after mixing into a train robbery. So *he* couldn't be the Virginian. No, this Wister must have got the Virginian right out of his own head."

Trampas all the Big Country knows. He was a gambler and short-card man whose real name easily suggests the fictitious. He used to deal monte and faro in Casper when that town was the nearest railroad point for Johnson County's freight wagons; but he sifted out of Casper in the early Nineties, and nobody knows what became of him. Steve, the one-time saddle companion whom the Virginian was forced finally to run down in the cottonwoods and hang for



THE BOY SALOON



WHEN BUFFALO WAS A FRONTIER TOWN

a horse thief; him the wise ones believe they have identified infallibly. The real Steve, whom Mr. Wister met and talked with, was one of the cowmen who "went wrong" in the feud that culminated in the war of '92 between cattlemen and rustlers, and he was killed at K C ranch. Many of the survivors of those bitter times insist Steve's prototype was guiltless of "rustling."

And Lin McLean's wife—she of the earlier sketches which Mr. Wister published under the title, *Lin McLean*. Not only did the writer tell with fidelity the grim story of her suicide in the deserted army post—Fort McKinney—but he described her funeral in detail almost photographic. Just one thing he omitted to tell: that she was buried face down—and why.

When Mr. Wister visited the country of *The Virginian*, as now, Buffalo was the only town "in the splendour of Wyoming space," which is Johnson County. Then it was an "inland town" far off the railroad; now a single track is tardily creeping toward this last outpost of the old frontier—may even be bringing its engine hoot to Main Street before this is published. The original Buffalo carelessly laid itself down from hill crest to stream and up to hill crest again, along the dust of the old military road up from the Union Pacific. Until the railroad brought a boom to Sheridan, forty-odd miles to the northward, Buf-

falo was the largest and liveliest town in northern Wyoming. There the freight wagons from a hundred miles south distributed their supplies for the great cattle outfits which ranged from Powder to Yellowstone, and there during the winter season hundreds of cowpunchers, idle and bursting with raw spirits, played the game of life Mr. Wister has pictured for us.

Giving Buffalo no alias, this is the town *The Virginian's* creator saw and knew, even though at the time of his visits the rawness was wearing from it. Then, as at present, Main Street had many smaller punctuation marks to creature joys—the Cowboy Saloon, the Fashion and the Capitol; but the heaviest exclamation point of all was the Occidental Hotel. It still stands, though neat brick has supplanted its log-and-clapboard façade, where Clear Creek brawls under Main Street bridge. Here, legend has it, Owen Wister met and chummed with Henry Smith, a popular though deservedly notorious horse thief since passed over. Quick, the Occidental's present host, even will show pilgrims the spot under the big silver poplar by the stream's side, where the Western bad man and the Eastern tale writer used to sit and yarn.

It was the Occidental Wister selected as background for his story's swift climax. Thither the *Virginian* brought

Molly Wood from the Bear Creek schoolhouse, and it was alone in her room there the Vermont girl heard the three shots which signalled the working out of a man's code beyond even her love to sway or alter. Modern Buffalo—the town with the prim electric

lights along the cement sidewalks and the hoot of the engine whistle at its borders—displays on its picture post card racks a photographic reprint of the old log Occidental. "Where the Virginian Got His Man" is the legend across the bottom.

THE PERSONALITY OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

BY BAILEY MILLARD

FROM Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, from St. Paul to San Antonio, the fiction of Harold Bell Wright is in greater popular demand than that of any other novelist. For months the printing of Mr. Wright's latest book, *When a Man's a Man*, has taxed the capacity of the largest fiction factory in Chicago, over five thousand copies having been sent out and sold daily.

Clamouring for more and more of the Bell Wright romances, the consumers of this literature, which include all classes of people from bootblacks to college deans have kept the retail book-dealers of most American cities renewing their orders from week to week. The manager of a San Francisco book-house who bought and piled up in his shop a huge stack of the latest Wright novel said, "There, I guess I've got enough copies of *When a Man's a Man* to last a year?" But the pile was gone in a little less than three weeks. Here and there a public library is found with a whole bookcase devoted to Wright. Sometimes as many as twenty copies of a single Wright novel are kept in circulation by one library.

An American railroad president made a voyage to Japan, and when somebody asked him what reading matter he was taking along he said: "Oh, I'm pretty well fixed in that line. I've got a copy of every one of Harold Bell Wright's books. Three of them I've read al-

ready, but I'm going to read them again."

Young girls are devouring the Bell Wright fiction, and so are their mothers. Young men love the Wright heroines and so do old ones. When it comes to public favour as fictionists, Chambers, Tarkington, Parker, and the Williamsons—popular and prolific as they have been—now find themselves in the cold penumbra of eclipse. Aghast they stand when they are told that over seven million copies of the novels of Wright have been printed and sold. Of all best-sellers Wright is king.

Curious to know what manner of man is Harold Bell Wright and what are his private ideas and philosophy of life, the present writer went to Southern California to see him. San Diego, where the novelist was found on a bright warm November day, was making him its guest of honour, and the society ladies were flocking to the Café Cristobel to see "the lion." The cameras were clicking as he entered one after another of the pretty mission buildings of the exposition, and predictions were made—and they came true enough—that at the Barbara Worth Theatre that night, when *The Eyes of the World* was to be given its first film production, there would be a thousand of people turned away. "Harold Bell Wright day," as the proud San Diegans called it, was a howling success, Mr. Wright was pull-

hauled by lion-hunters and reporters. He was called upon for speeches which he good-naturedly made, and altogether it was such a day of hero-worship as the Florentians gave to their great storytellers in the Golden Age.

When it was all over and the recipient of these honours was able to give **THE BOOKMAN** an hour, the first question plumped at him—one that nobody would have dared to ask Kipling or Wells—was,

"Mr. Wright, to what do you attribute your wonderful popularity?"

Without a second's hesitation the author replied: "That's an easy one. Take one of those modern skyscrapers such as they are building in Los Angeles. Say that that building represents a novel. Some builders of fiction go in for all manner of architectural filagree, scroll work and fluted columns. I pay no heed whatever to those things. My work—and I say it with all modesty—is the structural steel, the anatomy as it were, and this I clothe with what I call life. If you put the solid bones in your story, have real ribs, and real femurs and real tibias, you have a real groundwork to build upon. With such a groundwork, there is no difficulty in fiction-writing, provided you use good understandable English. People will recognise this instantly and you will be a successful novelist."

Brown as a berry, over six feet high, slim, erect and with a grey eye as alert as an Apache's, Mr. Wright looks less like an author than any man of that class I ever have met. He laughed when this fact was mentioned to him and said:

"Over in Arizona Old Bill Halsey said something of the same kind not long ago. He came into camp where I was doing some work and toward evening he asked one of our men who it was that occupied that tent up on the hillside. He was told that it was my tent and that I was at work in it.

"'Oh, that book-writin' feller!' he observed. 'Wonder if he'd care if I went up an' took a squint at him.'"

"'Why, you've been talking with him all the morning,'" was the reply.

"'What! That chap in the corduroys? Wal, if I was out gunnin' for book-writin' fellers I'd never take a shot at him.'"

Nor does Wright look much like a preacher, and yet he has been one; nor like an artist, and yet he has painted the mountains and the plains and still sees things with an artist's eye.

He was born in Rome, New York, forty-four years ago. As a boy of fifteen he worked in a bookstore in a Middle Western town and for his salary had the privilege of reading as many books as he could lay hands on. His tastes were catholic. He read Buffalo Bill, Shakespeare, Browning and Mrs. Southworth. Then he read Ruskin and decided to be a great painter. With his brushes and tubes he went out into the Ozark Mountains and began to paint pictures.

One night he went to a schoolhouse to attend "meetin'." The minister failed to appear. Some of the congregation had come from long distances and they did not want to go away without a little spiritual uplift of some kind. So one of the deacons sided over to the young artist and said, "You look like an eddicated man, will you preach to us?"

Wright said that preaching was not exactly in his line, but that he would make a stab at it.

"I thought," said the author, "that I could do almost as well as a minister I had heard a few Sundays before, who announced as his text, 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its Saviour wherewith shall it be salted?' So I mounted the rostrum and preached. It was Thanksgiving Day. I asked them what they were thanking God for. Was it that they were church people and not like the ungodly? Was it that they had some particular creed and that they felt that anybody not of their faith must surely be damned? 'This,' I said, 'makes a mockery of religion. You are wondering now what denomination I belong to—not whether I am a good



GEORGE STERLING AND HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Christian. Your different churches are always fighting each other. They worry more about the acceptance of their particular articles of faith than they do about their own salvation.' Then I told them what I thought they should be thankful for—for health, for food and shelter, and most of all, for the gospel of Christ as he preached it, not as the churchmen say it should be preached.

"They liked my talk, although I upbraided them so severely; and they kept me preaching to them all winter. I was my own janitor and paid for the lights.

"I kept up my painting and was be-

ginning to make a little something out of it in a commercial way, but somehow I was drawn to my new-found work of ministry more than to anything else. The Christian Church at Pierce City, Missouri, wanted a pastor, and I was offered the position at eight dollars a week. I accepted the call. I was not the graduate of any college or any theological seminary, but I had a profound conviction that a man should be of some use to the world. My sermons were simply worded and were plain food for plain people. I believe they did quite a lot of good. Man's ministry is work. Whatever he can do that is best for the

whole life of the race, that he should do with his whole heart.

"After a while I received a call from a church at Pittsburg, Kansas. At about the same time I received the best offer I had ever had for commercial work as an artist. I hesitated. It was a great temptation to give up the ministry and continue at my chosen profession of painting. I felt that the fine offer I had received would be a good stepping-stone to higher things in that line. I knew that the pastor whose pulpit I was asked to take had been living under an assumed name. I felt that the congregation needed me, so I turned my back on art and assumed the Pittsburg pastorate. I never have been sorry for my decision. In some way I began to feel the impulse to write, and during the five years I was at Pittsburg I scribbled a great deal. I don't exactly know why, but my writing took the form of fiction. At first it didn't satisfy me at all, and much of it was never offered for publication. When any literary aspirant asks me now-a-days what is the first essential for the production of fiction I say with all honesty, a great, big waste-basket. I tell her, too,—it's generally her—that an empty waste-basket is a literary rebuke."

While acknowledging that his novels are sermons, Mr. Wright denies having put himself into any of them as hero or other character; and yet the preacher in his first story, *That Printer of Udell's*, reminds one of him in his ideas as to Christianity and in his general outlook upon life. Like Ralph Connor, Mr. Wright likes the hero parson, and he has put him into all of his Ozark "life stories." One recognises in the Reverend James Cameron who "wished to see Christians doing the things Christ did" a strong reflection of the character of his creator. The author of *That Printer of Udell's* loves to lay stress upon the idea that in most churches the religion of Christ is so far forgotten that it rarely enters into the life of the communicants. In *The Shepherd of the Hills* and *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, and in other

Ozark stories, he brings this fact out with much force, as he did in his own ministry. All his Ozark characters have more or less to do with church. Dick, the printer, wants to know if it is necessary to "join those canting hypocrites" in order to be saved; but parson Cameron's words bring him around. Hope Farwell, of the "Dan Matthews" story, who has pronounced ideas of churchianity as against Christianity, makes Preacher Dan see that the individuality of the minister should not be lost in the church. On her account, because the elders do not like her and people are talking about her, Dan resigns his pastorate, but becomes a better servant of God than ever.

In such portrayals as these of the lives of simple, wholesome people who get away from cant and convention lie the strength of Harold Bell Wright as a fictionist. That vast mass of humanity known as the common people, whom Lincoln concluded God must love because He made so many of them, make up the bulk of this author's public. And it is proof of their sincerity, as well as his own, that in the language of the street they "eat up" his work.

"After my first novel, *That Printer of Udell's*," Mr. Wright told me, "the stories came crowding in upon me, I could hardly keep my mind off them, they clamoured so for attention. I wrote *The Calling of Dan Matthews* with one hand and *The Winning of Barbara Worth* with the other. After my first novel, my publishers and readers kept crying for more, and I had to work like a slave to keep up with them. So busy was I, in fact, and so little concerned about the social or money part of the game that it was some time before I realised what a lot of friends and what a pile of lucre I was making. One day I received a statement from my publishers and stared at it in amazement. I took it to my wife, who is a very matter-of-fact woman, and said to her: 'Frances, do you notice anything peculiar about these figures?' 'No,' said she, running over the statement with a calm



AFTER A HARD DAY'S REHEARSAL OF "THE EYES OF THE WORLD" CINEMA

eye. 'Why,' I said, 'Can't you see that we're making as much money in a day as we used to make in a year?' 'Is that so?' she said quietly, as if I had told her it was going to rain."

And yet, although he is reputed to be worth half a million, Mr. Wright remains the same simple, socialistic man, with a contempt for wealth, or, at least, of the mean uses to which so many men apply it. Nor has he any profound respect for culture, which he holds is not necessary to true life or religion.

"The illiterate backwoods man," he said, "might easily voice a great truth, inviting the attention of the whole world, while a college president might, and often does, voice a great lie. I'll take my hat off to the man who is digging a ditch, if I see that he is doing his work well and earnestly."

He is extremely unconventional. "The world sets up certain signs that direct a man this way or that," he said, "but suppose I refuse to read signs?"

It is his refusal to read signs, he thinks, that has made him such a literary oracle.

When he removed from Kansas to Redlands, California, ten years ago, he still kept up his preaching for a time.

"But," he said, "I came to see that I could reach a larger congregation with my books than from my pulpit, so I gave up the ministry and went down to El Centro in the Imperial Valley in 1908. The railroad depot at El Centro was a box car. People were building little shacks and calling them a town.

"I wrote in a tent for a while. Then I bought a ranch in the valley and made my home there, because I loved the sunshine, and the wild freedom. In a little shack, half a mile from my house I worked hard at my fiction. *Barbara Worth* was written there and parts of other stories."

He saw the rise of El Centro from a huddle of hovels to a good-sized modern town, which is so proud of his residence there that it has named its new quarter-million dollar hotel "The Barbara Worth" and decorated its walls with frescoes illustrating incidents in the lives of the characters of that novel.

"My publisher, Mr. Elsbery E. Rey-

nolds, of Chicago," said the author, "tried in every way to induce me to go and live in Chicago, or New York, where most of the other novelists live. He said that clubs and other metropolitan affairs would help me in my work and make me better known personally. I told him I couldn't think of it. I preferred the desert. The city overwhelmed me. I went to Chicago once, and I hadn't been there an hour, before I wanted to know when the next train left town for the West. Perhaps a better knowledge of city people might have helped me in writing *The Eyes of the World*, and perhaps it wouldn't. In that book I treated of certain aspects of society life as I saw them. Nothing could have changed my views, as to the rottenness of the idle rich, as depicted there. No, there are no portraits in that book, but there is a lot of bitter truth, and that is why it has met with such wide acceptance. As a matter of fact, however, the growth of my public has been cumulative. Within a given period, say, six months, each of my books has outsold its predecessor. You can see what this is going to mean in sales when you know that *The Shepherd of the Hills*, my second novel, has sold to the extent of two million copies, and that of *The Eyes of the World*, which is next to the latest, one million, six hundred and fifty copies have been sold in two years, while the sales of *When a Man's a Man* have been over six hundred thousand since its appearance a few months ago. Up to the present *The Winning of Barbara Worth* has sold most of all, or over two million copies."

It is indicative of this author's pluck and courage that he wrote *When a Man's a Man*, his latest book, under circumstances that would have kept most writers from putting pen to paper.

"While I was riding along the road," he said, "an automobile bumped into me and broke all my ribs. I was in a hospital at Tucson in February, when a telegram came from my publisher that he must have my manuscript and the illustrations I had promised for the story

by the first of May. Against the doctor's orders, and against the protestations of my nurse, I began writing on that novel on the first Friday in February, and by working very hard and fast, I finished the one hundred and thirty-five thousand words, and all the pictures, went out to the cross-triangle ranch, where the scenes were laid, read the story to the Dean and the cow-boys for their technical criticism, made the corrections they suggested and handed the manuscript in on the 29th of April."

That this performance did not kill the courageous author was the wonder of the Tucson doctors, but he is still very much alive.

He said that the Dean in *When a Man's a Man* was an old cattleman of the Arizona ranges, and that he had drawn him "pretty closely to life."

"Patches," too, was a portrait, and, he thought, a true one, but he was unwilling to reveal him.

There never was an author who believed more thoroughly in his own convictions than Harold Bell Wright. He preaches a life of simplicity, and of sincere, honest work, and he lives it. He believes what he wrote in *Their Yesterdays* about the importance of plain, wholesome home life, and he wants his boys to remain under the home influence. There are three of these Wright youngsters, Gilbert, Paul and Norman, ranging from fifteen to six years, and they are all studying at home under a pleasant broad-minded teacher.

Authorship and ranching were not found to work well together in the Wright case, as in that of Jack London. The ranch took too much of Mr. Wright's time. So he sold it and has built him a beautiful home in the San Fernando Valley.

"Just before I sold that ranch," he said, "I was told by the prospective buyer that he intended to convert the shack, which had been my study into a stable. I couldn't stand for that. I thought of the pleasant hours I had spent there with Barbara Worth and of all my dreams under its straw thatch.

So I went out when nobody was looking; mooned about the old study for a while and then quietly set a match to it and burned it to the ground. It may

seem a wanton waste, but I couldn't bear the thought of cattle and pigs living in the little cabin that had been Barbara's birth-place."

THE PLAYS OF LORD DUNSANY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

IN 1914, a slender volume entitled *Five Plays*, by Lord Dunsany, was published unobtrusively in *The Modern Drama Series*, with an introduction by Mr. Edwin Björkman.* Until that time, the name of Lord Dunsany had hardly been heard of in this country, although he had previously published, on the other side of the Atlantic, five volumes of imaginative prose,—*The Gods of Pegana* [1905], *Time and the Gods* [1906], *The Sword of Welleran* [1908], *A Dreamer's Tales* [1910], and *The Book of Wonder* [1912]. Since then, however, four of these five plays, and two other plays which have been written subsequently, have been afforded public presentations in this country; and, in the first week of December, 1916, it was possible to see no less than three of them professionally acted in New York.

This astonishing success in a country where the theatre still remains excessively commercialised is all the more remarkable because the author has never made the slightest effort to attain success in the commercial theatre. His first play, *The Glittering Gate*, was written in 1909 for the Abbey Theatre Players at the request of Mr. William Butler Yeats. His other plays have been written, at convenient intervals, to please no other person than himself. Lord Dunsany has never enjoyed, or suffered, any personal connection with the theatre of

his day, either in London or in Dublin or in any other city. He has never asked a manager to produce a play of his. He has never even met the mighty magnates who control the theatre in England and America. Yet all his plays have been acted; and, wherever they have been produced, they have been greeted with golden encomiums from the critics and the public. Without the slightest effort on his own part to exploit his wares, without even any knowledge of the eager interest that he has stirred up in America [for the man is very busy elsewhere in the world], Lord Dunsany, in the first week of December, 1916, was more talked about than any other playwright in commercialised New York. The moral of this simple fact is merely this:—that merit counts, and that it is better for a dramatist to retire to a far place and write a great play than to hang about Times Square and dramatise the views of all the mighty managers concerning "what the public wants." In the theatre, as in life itself, there is always room at the top; and, if a man can write so great a play as *The Gods of the Mountain* or *A Night at an Inn*, he need not even make an effort to secure a hearing. All the ears of the world will yearn instinctively, in the direction of his eloquence, until it shall burst forth by invitation and fill the theatre with a sound like thunder or the noise of seven seas.

Of this mysterious and mighty warrior, who has broken into our commercial theatre by assault, without so much as marshalling his forces to win a fight in which so many other men have failed, very little news has come to us except

*Five Plays. *The Gods of the Mountain. The Golden Doom. King Argimenes and The Unknown Warrior. The Glittering Gate. The Lost Silk Hat.* By Lord Dunsany. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.



"A NIGHT AT AN INN"

such information as may be gleaned from personal letters to half a dozen correspondents in this country. Mr. Björkman has summarised the entire career of this admired author in four sentences which may be quoted now:

"Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, is the eighteenth member of his family to bear the title which gives him a place in the Irish peerage. He was born in 1878 and received his education at Eton and Sandhurst. In 1899 he succeeded his father to the title and the family estate in Meath, Ireland. During the South African war he served at the front with the Coldstream Guards. He is passionately fond of outdoor life and often spends the whole day in the saddle before sitting down at his desk to write late at night. His work proves, however, that he is as fond of spiritual as of physical exercise, and that he is an inveterate traveller in those mysterious regions of the partly known or wholly unknown where the imagination alone can guide us."

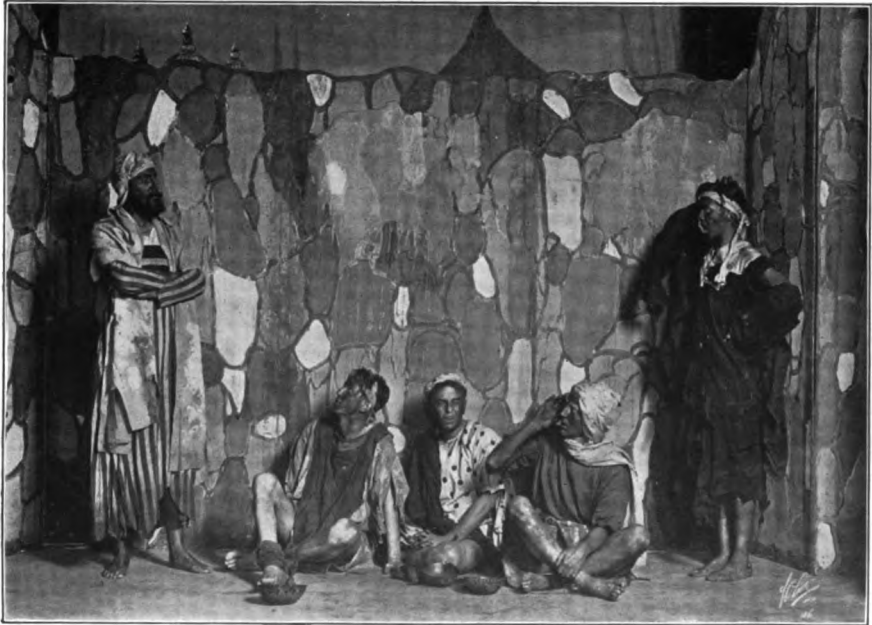
To this somewhat meagre chronicle a few facts may now be added. At the outbreak of the present war, Lord Dunsany was not sent immediately to the front with the expeditionary forces. Because of his experience under fire, he was

retained in England to help in the gigantic task of training the raw recruits of Kitchener's army. Meanwhile, he wrote to two or three people in this country that, if he happened to emerge from the present war alive, his first act, after peace had been reconquered, would be to visit the United States, for a physical and spiritual renovation.

Lord Dunsany was wounded in the Dublin riots; and, when last heard from, he was waiting at Londonderry barracks to be released by the medical board and sent to the front in France. He seems now to suffer from a premonition that he will not survive the war. In a recent letter to Mrs. Emma Garrett Boyd, a popular lecturer who has done a great deal to propagate the fame of Lord Dunsany in this country, he said:—"If I do not live to come to America, there is none who can tell you more about me nor with better understanding than my wife. I was wounded less than three weeks ago. The bullet has been extracted and I am healing up rapidly. I am also under orders for France as soon as I have recovered. Sometimes I think that no man is taken hence until he has done the work that he is here to do, and looking back on five battles and other escapes from death this theory seems almost plausible; but



"THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES"



"THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN"



"THE GLITTERING GATE"

how can one hold it when one thinks of the deaths of Shelley and Keats?"

This is all that, even now, on this side of the ocean, is positively known of the personal career of a man, still under forty, who has written at least two of the greatest plays of modern times. Lord Dunsany may be killed to-morrow,—"somewhere in France"—a land that all of us would gladly die for; or, after certain months and years, he may appear to us in khaki, smiling, with a weariness about his lips but with a glory in his eyes. In either case, the mere fact does not matter. He is one with Shelley and with Keats. He has done enough already to secure meticulous attention from the extra clerks that have been hired, of necessity in these over-busy years, by the Recording Angel. He has written seven plays that have touched his fellow-dramatists to tears and have caused them to rise up like gentlemen and cheer his name; and he may live or

die in peace. His work, although unfinished, is complete; his seven plays may be examined, one by one, in chronological succession; and, after that, some effort may be made to estimate his message and approximate a judgment of his standing in the theatre of the world.

II

The definitive point should be considered at the very outset that all seven of the dramatic works of Lord Dunsany are one-act plays. The student should not be led astray by the unimportant fact that, in the published text of *The Gods of the Mountain*, the three successive scenes are headed by the captions, "The First Act," "The Second Act," and "The Third Act." Neither should the reader be deceived by the accident that the published text of *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior* is divided into two parts which are de-

nominated "The First Act" and "The Second Act."

The purpose of a one-act play is to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis; and, in all seven of the compositions now before us, this purpose has been carefully maintained. Considered technically, *The Gods of the Mountain* is a one-act play in three successive scenes; and, in production, these scenes should be hurriedly disclosed upon the stage without any intermission. In *King Argimenes* also, the two scenes should be presented without any intermediary lapse of time, since they exhibit two projections of the same idea,—as if the dramatist should say, "Look now upon this picture, and on this!"

Lord Dunsany is as exclusively an artist in the one-act play as Edgar Allan Poe was an artist in the short-story. The strong point, with both of these technicians, is the intensity with which they are able to focus the imagination on a single definite and little project of the panorama of experience. Each of them is willing to sacrifice in range what he is able to gain in terrible intensity. Poe was not a novelist; and Lord Dunsany has still to prove that he can write successfully a three- or four-act play. Both men can seize a big idea and see it steadily; but this is a very different endeavour from seizing a great handful of experience and trying hard to see it whole.

"THE GLITTERING GATE" [1909]

In *The Glittering Gate*, we are wafted to a Lonely Place, which shows the golden Gate of Heaven in a granite wall of great slabs that overhangs an abyss hung with stars. There are only two actors, Jim and Bill, both burglars, and both lately dead. Jim has been dead for several months and has spent this time in opening innumerable beer-bottles which appear, as if by miracle, about him, and which turn out, one after another, to be empty. He has grown accustomed to the grim, sardonic Laugh-

ter of the Gods and has forgot the world. Bill joins him, freshly killed, remembering the yearnings of the life that used to be. Bill has brought along with him the "nut-cracker" that he had held in his hand at the moment when he was shot by a householder whose premises he had invaded. Bill endeavours to drill open with his "nut-cracker" the golden Gate of Heaven. Jim—the tired soul—is little interested, until the gold of the great gate begins to yield like cheese. Then both of these dead burglars give their minds up to imagining the glorious immensity of Heaven. Bill's mother will be there, and also a girl with yellow hair whom Jim remembers dimly behind a bar at Wimbledon. Slowly the great gate swings open, "revealing empty night and stars." Bill, "staggering and gazing into the revealed Nothing, in which far stars go wandering," says,— "Stars. Blooming great stars. There *ain't* no Heaven, Jim." A cruel and violent laughter is heard off-stage. As it grows louder and more sardonic, Jim replies,— "That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that!" And, as the curtain falls, the laughter still howls on.

"KING ARGIMENES AND THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR" [1911]

King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior is, perhaps, the least impressive of the plays of Lord Dunsany. King Argimenes has been conquered and enslaved by King Darniak; and we meet the hero suffering from hunger in the slave-fields of his conqueror. In passing, it may be interesting to note that the picture of hunger here presented was drawn from the author's memory of certain days in South Africa when Lord Dunsany and his soldiers sat hungry on the ground.

King Argimenes, digging in the earth, discovers the buried sword of some Unknown Warrior. The possession of this sword gives him courage to command. He slays, one by one, the six guards of the slave-fields, and arms with their

weapons six of his fellow-slaves. Then he storms the armory of King Darniak and overturns the image of the God Illuriel. This play, which appears to be an allegory of the sense of power which is given to a man when he becomes possessed of the symbols of dominion, is effectively theatrical; but the outcome seems less inevitable than that of Lord Dunsany's other plays.

"THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN" [1911]

We come now to consider the greatest, if not the most effective, play of Lord Dunsany, *The Gods of the Mountain*. This piece was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London. Mr. Austin Strong, who saw and remembered this impressive presentation, was the stage-director of the first production in America, which was shown behind closed doors by the Amateur Comedy Club of New York City in the fall of 1915. This production in every respect was masterly; and all who saw it will remember the occasion with credit to Mr. Strong and to the many other members of the Amateur Comedy Club who helped him to achieve a great projection of a great play. The subsequent professional production by Mr. Stuart Walker, of the Portmanteau Theatre, was inferior to that of the Amateur Comedy Club, because the spacious grandeur of the play was inevitably dwarfed by the diminutive proportions of the Portmanteau stage. But even a second-rate production of this masterpiece is more impressive than a first-rate production of nearly any other play by any other modern author.

Three beggars are discovered, seated on the ground outside a city wall, lamenting that the days are bad for beggary. To them appears the super-beggar Agmar, from another city, accompanied by a faithful servant, Slag. Slag asserts that his master is a man of big ideas and that he has come to captivate the city by his cunning. Agmar sends a thief into the town to steal green raiment, and explains to the beggars that

they will enter the city as gods,—the seven gods that are carved from green stone in the mountains of Marma. "They sit all seven of them against the hills. They sit there motionless and travellers worship them. They are of green jade. They sit cross-legged with their right elbows resting on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upward. We will come into the city disguised, from the direction of Marma, and will claim to be these gods. We must be seven as they are. And when we sit we must sit cross-legged as they do, with the right hand uplifted."

When the thief returns, with green garments, the other beggars wish to put them on over their rags; but Agmar has a subtler plan. They must not look like beggars disguised as gods; they must look like gods disguised as beggars. He tears the green garments into strips and makes each beggar don a shred beneath his rags so that the green shall show through only casually. Thus arrayed, the beggars enter the city of Kongros, and sit cross-legged in the Metropolitan Hall, in the attitude of the gods of the mountain.

Agmar has caused a prophecy to be bruited abroad in the market-place that the gods who are carved from green rock in the mountain shall one day arise in Marma and come to Kongros in the guise of men. Many citizens now gather in the Metropolitan Hall and wonder if these seven are indeed the gods of Marma. Agmar never actually tells them that his men are gods; but he threatens them with dire penalties if they doubt revealed divinity. A sacrifice of food and drink is brought, with due obeisance. The other beggars eat hungrily; but Agmar refuses food and pours out a precious bowl of Woldery Wine, as a libation, on the ground. By this abstention he assures the citizens of his divinity; and the seven beggars are enthroned as gods.

But still there are citizens who doubt; and these doubters send two dromedary men to go to the mountains of Marma and see if the carved gods

have actually left their places on the mountain-side. Agmar and his men are filled with fright when they learn of this expedition; and they are all the more astounded when the dromedary men return with the report that Agmar and his followers must be indeed the gods, since the ancient idols were no longer to be seen in their mountain-seat at Marma. Then a frightened messenger appears, falls prostrate at the feet of the seven beggars, and implores them not again to wander in the evening, as they walked the night before, on the edge of the desert, terrible in the gloaming, with hands stretched out and groping, feeling for the city. "Master," cries the messenger to Agmar, "we can bear to see you in the flesh like men, but when we see rock walking it is terrible, it is terrible. Rock should not walk. When children see it they do not understand. Rock should not walk in the evening."

When this crying messenger has crept away, Ulf, the oldest of the beggars, cries aloud, "I have a fear, an old fear and a boding. We have done ill in the sight of the seven gods. Beggars we were and beggars we should have remained. We have given up our calling and come in sight of our doom. I will no longer let my fear be silent; it shall run about and cry; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city; for my fear has seen calamity and has known an evil thing."

Then, off-stage, amid a horror of great silence, is heard the headlong heavy tramp of stony feet. The seven gods of Marma, carved of jade, stalk lumbering upon the stage. The leading Green Thing points a stony finger at each of the seven beggars, one by one. "As he does this, each beggar in his turn gathers himself back on to his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes stiffly upward with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the beggars sit motionless, while a green light falls upon their faces."

The gods go out. The citizens re-

turn. They find the seven beggars turned to stone. "We have doubted them," they cry, "They have turned to stone because we have doubted them." Then, in a great and growing voice, there comes a chorus, "They were the true gods. They were the true gods." It is thus that big religions are begun. The faithful soul invents the faith it feeds on.

To this simple and straightforward narrative,—so terrible, so beautiful, so true, so absolutely self-sufficient,—many critics have applied the academic adjectives "symbolical" and "allegorical." With criticism of this sort, the author is exceedingly impatient. In a recent letter to Mrs. Emma Garrett Boyd, Lord Dunsany has said:—"In case I shall not live to explain my work, I think the first thing to tell them [the American people] is that it does not need explanation. One does not need to explain a sunset, nor does one need to explain a work of art."

"Don't let them hunt for allegories. I may have written an allegory at some time, but if I have, it was a quite obvious one, and, as a general rule, I have nothing to do with allegories."

"What is an allegory? A man wants the streets to be swept better in his town or he wants his neighbours to have rather cleaner morals. He can't say so straight out because he might be had up for libel, so he says what he has to say, but he says it about some extinct king in Babylon, but he's thinking of his one-horse town all the time. Now, when I write of Babylon, there are people who cannot see that I write of it *for love of Babylon's ways*, and they think I'm thinking of London still and our beastly Parliament."

"Only I get further east than Babylon, even to kingdoms that seem to me to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World. I want to write about men and women and the great forces that have been with them from the cradle up—forces that the centuries have neither aged nor weakened—not about people who are so interested in

the latest mascot or motor that not enough remains when the trivial is sifted from them. . . .

"Take my *Gods of the Mountain*. Some beggars being hard up pretend to be gods. Then they get all they want. But Destiny, Nemesis, the Gods, punish them by turning them into the very idols that they desired to be.

"First of all there you have a very simple tale told dramatically, and along with that you have bound, without any deliberate attempt of mine—so far as I know—a truth, not true to London only or to New York or to one municipal party, but to the experience of man. That is the kind of way that man does get hit by destiny. But mind you, that is all unconscious though inevitable. I am not trying to teach anybody anything. I merely set out to make a good work of art from a simple theme, and God knows we want works of art in this age of corrugated iron. How many people hold the error that Shakespeare was of the schoolroom! Whereas he was of the playground, as all artists are."

"THE GOLDEN DOOM" [1912]

In *The Golden Doom*, the playful aspiration of a little boy becomes inextricably intertwined with the destiny of a mighty monarch. The piece is set "outside the King's great door in Zericon, some while before the fall of Babylon":—and the reading of this simple stage-direction fills the ear with singing like that which Ibsen's Hilda heard in those inspired moments when she hearkened to the music of harps in the air.

This little boy comes to beg the King of Zericon for a hoop to play with; and, in the absence of the monarch, he addresses his petition to the King's great door,—a sacred door, which it is death to touch. When the sentries are not looking, this unthinking boy scrawls upon the iron door a little doggerel poem that is running in his mind,—using as a pencil a nugget of gold which he has fished up from the river near at hand.

This golden legend on the iron door is subsequently found and regarded as a portent. The King's great prophets are summoned to interpret it. They read it as a doom from the stars. The King's pride has been too overweening, and he is marked for ruin. Therefore the King, to symbolise the sacrifice of all his pride, lays his crown and sceptre humbly before the iron door and goes away bare-headed. The little boy comes back. His prayer to the King's door has apparently been answered. He regards the King's crown as a hoop, and the sceptre as a stick to beat it with; and he frisks away, delighted with his toys. When the King returns, his sacrificial offerings have disappeared. "The gods have come," he says, "The stars are satisfied."

"THE LOST SILK HAT" [1913]

The Lost Silk Hat has not as yet been acted in this country; but it has been produced by Mr. B. Iden Payne at the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester. It is written in a lighter vein than the other plays of Lord Dunsany. Before a house in London, a young gentleman, "faultlessly dressed, but without a hat," is standing, in a most embarrassing predicament. He has just said farewell forever to the young lady in the house; but, in accomplishing his tragic exit, he has left his top-hat in the drawing-room, "half under the long sofa, at the far end." Being a conventional young man, he cannot confront with equanimity the prospect of wandering about the streets of London without a hat.

A labourer, a clerk, a poet, stroll successively along the street. The young gentleman implores each of these in turn to ring the bell and to invent some subterfuge for recovering his hat. The labourer and the clerk regard him as insane and go their ways; but the poet lingers long enough to talk the matter over with him. The upshot of their conversation is that the young man eventually re-enters the house, against the protests of the poet, who pleads that it would be much more fittingly ro-

mantic for the young man to go away to Africa and die; and that the young man, having been enticed once more within the dangerous precincts by the mere desire to recover his top-hat, nevermore returns from the toils of the young lady, to whom, once, in a dramatic moment, he had said farewell forever.

"A NIGHT AT AN INN" [1916]

On the night of April 22, 1916, three hundred people were gathered at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, at 466 Grand Street, New York City, to attend the first performance on any stage anywhere in the world of a new and theretofore unpublished play by Lord Dunsany, entitled *A Night at an Inn*.^{*} The audience which crowded the Neighbourhood Playhouse on this particular evening included less than half a dozen of those who, by professional connection, might have been expected to respond to the privilege of the occasion. Yet, when this great play by a great man was presented by the local company of Grand Street, it reached out and grabbed the casual auditors by the throat, and shook them, and thrilled them, and reduced them to a mood of inarticulate laudation.

To those of us who were present on that memorable evening, it appeared that *A Night at an Inn* was the most effective one-act play that we had ever seen. In the colder light of after-thinking, there seems to be no need to revise this judgment, except so far as to admit a reasonable rivalry on the part of *The Gods of the Mountain*, by the same author, and *Riders to the Sea*, by the dead but deathless poet, John M. Synge. One of these three is, assuredly, the greatest one-act play in the world; and the present writer will not quarrel with the choice of any critic for a verdict of uttermost supremacy among these three.

To tell in detail the story of *A Night*

^{*}*A Night at an Inn*. By Lord Dunsany. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc., 2 East 31st Street.

at an Inn would seem like the betrayal of a trust. Basically, this one-act play is nothing more than a melodrama of the "shilling-shocker" sort; but it is so irradiated with imagination that the terrible theatric thrill of the immediate performance is survived by a memory that serenely satisfies the soul. The theme of *A Night at an Inn* is identical with that of *The Gods of the Mountain*; but the later play is more terribly immediate in the medium of its appeal. Though a romantic work, it has a realistic setting; and the imaginative horror of the narrative is brought so close to the audience that the action is accompanied by audible gasps and groans and a nervous gripping of the arms of all the chairs. To write a more effective play than this would seem, in fact, to be impossible. *A Night at an Inn*, indeed, might be accepted without discussion as an answer to the academic questions, "What is a play?" and, "What is, after all, dramatic?"

"THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES" [1916]

The Queen's Enemies—as yet unpublished—was first produced at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, in New York, on November 14, 1916. It shows the author only at his second best; but the second best of such a man is better than the very best of most of our contemporary dramatists.

The story is a little reminiscent of *The Cask of Amontillado*, by Edgar Allan Poe,—an author whom Dunsany much resembles. A little Queen of ancient Egypt is annoyed by the fact that she has so many enemies. Therefore she invites them all to a banquet in an underground temple that is sacred to the Nile. They come—these mighty warriors—armed to the teeth, and accompanied by their retainers. The little Queen of Egypt is unarmed, and is accompanied only by a weakling female slave. She invites her guests to eat, to drink, and to be merry. The hostile warriors suspect the food, and feed it first to their subjacent slaves. They sus-

pect the wine as well, and sedulously watch its effect upon their underlings. But the little Queen disarms their fear of poisoning by partaking eagerly and freely of the proffered food and drink. The banquet begins to be successful. Light talk flows merrily around the board. Meanwhile, the little Queen of Egypt and her attendant female slave edge their way gradually toward the only door. They make this door, dash through it, slam and bar it. Then the little, helpless Queen prays to the great god of the Nile. The river rises, and pours through a grating in the wall of the underground temple. In utter darkness, we hear the gurgles and the gasps that mark the drowning of the incarcerated enemies of the little Queen. Then a sudden torch appears upon the outer stairs. The Queen ascends serenely to the upper air. She has no enemies any more; and she will sleep in peace.

III

That these seven one-act plays of Lord Dunsany are great works, no reader or observer will readily deny. There remains only for the critic the cold task of pointing out the various influences that have contributed, more or less, to their creation. Lord Dunsany is one of the most original dramatists of modern times. In an age of realism, he has dared to blow a brazen trumpet in celebration of the ceaseless triumph of romance. In a period when the majority of minds have worked inductively, he has dared to think deductively. He has invented facts to illustrate a central truth, instead of imitating actuality in a faint and far-off effort to suggest the underlying essence of reality. He has imagined and realised a world "some while before the fall of Babylon" which is more meaningful in utter truth than the little world that is revealed to the observer of a Harlem flat or of a hired room in Houston Street at the present hour.

But no artist, however original, is entirely devoid of predecessors. Lord

Dunsany has derived his inspiration from Sophocles, from Maeterlinck, from the English Bible, and from John M. Synge. From Sophocles he takes the theme that forever tantalises and invites his genius. This theme is the inevitable overcoming of the sin of pride, or *hubris*, by the primal power of *ananke*, or necessity. Like the ancient Greeks, Dunsany loves to show the tragic failing of a hero who has set his wits against the power of the God that rules the gods. In his greatest plays, he projects upon the stage a conflict between a super-man and a sort of idealised abstraction that may conveniently be called a super-god. In this conflict, the eternal law inevitably conquers the temporal rebellion. In this reading of the evermore recurrent riddle of destiny, Lord Dunsany agrees with Æschylus, with Sophocles, and with Euripides. Though never Greek in subject-matter, he is nearly always Greek in theme; and, in the spirit of his plays, Lord Dunsany has reminded us, more than any other modern writer, of the sheer augustness of the tragic drama of the Greeks.

In method, however, the plays of Lord Dunsany are related clearly to the early plays of Maurice Maeterlinck. Like Maeterlinck, Dunsany has the faculty of saying one thing and meaning many others. In this sense—and this alone—his writings are "symbolical." Before studying his collected plays, it would be well to re-read the famous letter concerning *The Divine Comedy* which Dante addressed to Can Grande della Scala. Most of what Dunsany writes must be read in three or four ways; and this is also true of the earlier works of the poet laureate of Belgium.

But the prose style of Lord Dunsany was derived from a source no less familiar than the Jacobean translation of the Bible. Mr. Björkman has reported him as saying, "For years no style seemed to me natural but that of the Bible; and I feared I would never become a writer when I saw that other people did not use it."

The indebtedness of Lord Dunsany to the prose style of the English translation of the Psalms of David may be indicated by the following quotation from *The Golden Doom*:—"Because if a doom from the stars fall suddenly upon a king it swallows up his people and all things round about him, and his palace falls and the walls of his city and citadel, and the apes come in from the woods and the large beasts from the desert, so that you would not say that a king had been there at all."

And sometimes, in sentences such as the foregoing, we hear a haunting echo of the voice of another Irish dramatist,

untimely silence, the ever memorable poet, John M. Synge. Synge was richer than Dunsany in amplitude of outlook and variety of mood. But, like his only immediate successor in the theatre of the world, he saw life steadily more easily than he could see it whole. Lord Dunsany would cheerfully have died to write a masterpiece like *Riders to the Sea*; and Synge, who now is dead, would cheerfully have flung his hat into the air in recognition of such a masterpiece as *A Night at an Inn*. Both these men were natives of "John Bull's Other Island." The world of art owes much—oh very, very much!—to this neglected outpost of European culture.

HEWLETT SINGS OF HODGE

BY MILTON BRONNER

SOME seven years ago when I was preparing to write a monograph on the published work of Maurice Hewlett, I received quite a number of interesting letters in response to queries of mine, pertinent and otherwise. I had praised *The Queen's Quair*, and asked whether there were to be some more novels dealing with history. Hewlett replied that history fascinated him and that he rather expected to attempt a work on England written in a new manner. Most of the books dealing with the subject treated of great captains and kings, orators and statesmen, but ignored what after all was the most important character,—Hodge on his native glebe—Hodge standing there through the centuries, always the under-dog, always the producer of what others consumed. The true history of England, he said, would be the story of Hodge and how his fortunes were affected by wars and changes in dynasties, by revolutions, laws and tariffs.

There was in this letter—eloquent and exceedingly interesting—no hint that this excursion into history was to

be anything other than prose. And now, at last, it has come in book form and is not prose at all, but a chronicle written in the iambic octosyllabics Hewlett loves so well. He has chosen the metrical scheme that Chaucer, Scott and Byron often affected. It is one dedicated, as it were, to the lighter epics in English and in which scholars find a resemblance to Anglo-Saxon verse.

For the first time in the history of English poetry a book of considerable weight is devoted to the cause of the common man. Hewlett, the aristocrat in the use of language, the painter of sophisticated heroes and heroines, here reveals himself as democrat, as patriot and as humanitarian. The note, of course, has been struck before. Crabbe did it. Gibson does it. As long ago as when "Piers Plowman" was written, we find Langland saying:

Some were for ploughing, and played full
seldom,
Set their seed and sowed their seed and
sweated hard,
To win what wastrels with gluttons destroy.

In those three lines you have almost all the story of Hodge epitomised quite as well as Ernest Jones, Chartist leader and poet, could do it five hundred years later:

We plough and sow, we're so very very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Hewlett does not attempt the allegory of Langland, nor the lyric of Jones. He eschews both the narrative of Crabbe and the dramatic dialogue of Wilfrid Gibson. Instead, he reverts to the Anglo-Saxon manner and writes an entire chronicle upon the subject. He tells us that a sense of decorum, but not common sense, forbade him to call it "The Hodgiad." Hence we have *The Song of the Plow*,* in which he sets forth his theory that in England there are two classes, a governing and a governed. Furthermore, these two are separate "nations," the governed being British with a strong English mixture of blood, the governing being preponderatingly Latin-French with a Scandinavian admixture. He admits without question that the tale he tells may be the stuff for prose, but claims also that in its broad outlines, its masses of lights and darks, it is a highly poetical subject. It is an epic subject, perhaps the only real one left, in the everlasting conflict it displays between privilege and custom, between the instinct to rule and the instinct to be free. And, furthermore, to help us, he says his theme may well be condensed in Aristotle's manner thus:

"A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourished his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand

years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, looked his master in the face, and his chains fell off him."

There is a prelude in which the author depicts Hodge as the man on the hill. Then there are twelve books dealing with twelve great periods in the history of Hodge and, finally, an envoy with a vision of England after the present war is over. In all there are some two hundred pages of verse. At times, in its style it reminds one of the pedestrian manner and the dry common sense of Pope; at times, of the jocular vein of Byron, with his air of ease, his rhymes that often come perilously close to doggerel, but illuminated by flashes of wit and genuine poetry. In the very nature of the task, with its necessary comment upon stubborn historical facts, there are often in the epic deserts where the oases are all too few. Then again these are followed by passages remarkable for trenchant comment, or for sheer beauty, or for lofty patriotism or pure humanity. This, despite the fact that in the twentieth century we have a poet who sprinkles his pages with such obsolete or unfamiliar words as "porret," "pightle," "kinch," "mesnes," "Bield," "palliasse," "chevisance," "botes," "lachesse" and "theow."

In a book of this sort the poet must needs choose only epochal events for his pen. Otherwise, instead of two hundred pages, he would require two thousand. Hewlett made choice as follows: "The Star of Senlac," being the period when the Normans conquered the Saxons; "Curtmantle," the period of Henry II and of Magna Carta; "Bonaccord," when the first Franciscan monks in England brought religion to the common man; "The Black Prince," the day of that prince and of the Black Death; "Ragged Staves," when the peasants under Wat Tyler revolted against government; "Drenched Roses," when the houses of York and Lancaster fought out their bitter fight; "The Despots," when the Tudors under Henry VIII

*The Macmillan Company, New York City.

and Elizabeth usurped all the power; "The Fall of the Kings," when Charles the First paid with his head for his follies; "Strong Deliverer," when John Wesley, for the first time since the Franciscans, brought the religion of Christ to the peasantry; "The Last Theft," when the enclosures acts, under the Georges, drove the peasants from the land; "Waterloo and Peterloo," from victories abroad to rickburnings at home; and, finally, "The Seething," being the history of Hodge from the time Victoria mounted the throne until the present war broke out.

There is wide scope here for the author. He not only presents essence of history, swift flashing pictures of men and events, but running comment upon political economy, and many allusions to things of our own day and time.

The great war has sobered and saddened Hewlett, as it has every man who thinks seriously about this world tragedy. Gone are the bright colours with which he used to delight to deck his pages,—the golds and azures and vivid greens and trumpeting reds. He realises that he is attempting an "epic of an agony." Here is no playtime task, no record of light loves, or of high-hearted days and poetic nights. He is working with the stuff that chroniclers use and like them he must "sweat deeds into words." And it must be admitted that sometimes we seem to see him sweating. We behold not the finished product, but the task of making it. The man who has given us some of our best modern stories about great men and women, now turns to the job of telling us about the trials of the plain and the humble. Hear his adjuration:

Let the dark angel teach my pen
The underchant which all the drums
That go before to cry our lord
Can never stifle, that which comes
A bourdon from the tilth and sward,
Not to be quenched, outshrilled in vain
By clarion trumpet or bare sword. . . .

And once again:

I must veer
To dip my rustic-pointed quill
In drabber ink. My ballad-scroll
Must voice the anguish deep and still
Of strife more bitter, where the toll
Was paid in heartbreak and despair,
And men made war upon the soul.

But even this feeling of seriousness does not entirely prevent appearances of the old Hewlett touch we know so well. We find it in the swiftly-told story of the love-making of old Henry II and the goosemaid, Ikenai; in the painting of the peaceful country village that Gaffer contemplates in the cool of the summer evening when the long day is done; in the magical picture of the heart of the forest, with all its various noises and sighs and whispers of animal and plant life under the shelter of night and the friendly stars. He may tell us of the time when

the blackthorn flower is shed
Like puffs of smoke on the blue sky. . . .

Or, more reminiscent of the novelist of the eternal passion:

When two wan lovers breast to breast
Cling to each other beneath the moon,
Their wattled garret is a nest,
Their rags spell out the holy rune
Which makes them high priests of the night,
And drums their hearts to a rapturous tune,
The measure of their still delight.

In his main argument Hewlett wastes little time discussing kings, but he gives an adequate picture of most of those he does mention. In one of his early poetic works, *A Masque of Dead Florentines*, he displayed the ability to tell in a quatrain much of the life story of each of the men who made Florence famous and powerful. This same capacity for condensed description is notable in the present book. Thus we have this sketch of Henry II:

There comes a man to hold this land—
A freckled man, blinking and squat,
A crook-kneed man of fidgety hand,
In an old cloak and a vile hat,
But Lord! a man!

And here is the portrait of Richard II with a line that I have italicised because it is written and conceived in the grand manner:

Now reigns King Richard in his stead,
To flare the ruinous wake of kings.
Starry at first, on meteor path,
He spurns the ground with his bright wings,
Earth for his washpot, air for his bath:
Of Edward's harvest he must mow
The whirlwind for his aftermath.

And here is a pithy description of Elizabeth in which not one word is wasted:

They say she had no God, and truly—
Only herself herself spoke plain;
They say she had no heart, unduly—
England had that and knew it bleed.
Ruler of men, herself unruly,
She school'd herself to meet her need.
Denied her sex, she play'd her part
And held all England for her seed.

But, after all, those who are placed in the seats of the mighty pass and even their names lose some of their lustre, but Hodge remains, Hodge who bends to the plough, or plies his hoe, or herds the sheep. Hodge toils for a thousand years and is worse off at the journey's end. He has the privilege of reaping in sweat what he has sown in tears. Dynasties rise, dynasties fall, but he is still lowly Hodge:

He sees his masters, he gives them hail
With hand to forelock as they ride by—
They that eat what he doth bake,
They that hold what he must buy,
They that spend what he doth make,
They that are rich by other men's toil;
They of the sword and he of the rake,
The lords of the land, the son of the soil.

The bitterness of his lot has found a poet who writes bitterly. Never, perhaps, in English poetry save in the writings of an anarchist poet like Francis Adams or a half-mad anarchist like John Davidson, have the wrongs of the lowly been chanted in more spear-tipped words. Hewlett views the whole range of Eng-

lish history from the time of William the Conqueror down and finds little, if any, justice done to the peasant until our own day; and even then he deems the relief measures mere half-measures. Parliaments passed laws and nobles fought kings, rebellions flared up and great debates raged, but Hodge was too far down in the scale to benefit by the results achieved. There was, for instance, Magna Carta, glorified in the history books. Here, they say, was liberty at last for England; at last the power of kings was curbed. And then Hewlett points out that the great and famous document was a paper which granted liberties to the few, but no liberty to the many:

Charter of Liberties, they put it:
God knows it was not Liberty's.
Liberty for a man to swing
His villeins on his own park-trees!
Freedom to make freedom a thing
Not to be hop't for! If Hodge hears
The pæan which the lawyers sing
'Twere well he'd wax to plug his ears.
For this inspires their shrilling words,
That lords have judgment of their peers,
And the terre-tenants—of their lords!

And in later days and more "civilised" times the story was the same. Enactments were made which seemed to do justice to the peasant, but which, in reality, made him more than ever the sport of his masters:

Hodge shall have leave his suit to press on
From Court to Court, and take his plea
From Petty unto Quarter Session,
From two landlords to twenty-three.

Borrowing from Byron some of his ire, some of his irony and biting sarcasm and some of his hatred for the Georges, Hewlett paints this unflattering picture of the happy, happy period when King George III could prate:

With wagging head and stammer'd word
Of England happy, free and great,
With lords in parks beneficent,
And peasants beaming—on the estate.

All's well: the farmer pays the rent.
 The labourer's worthy of his hire;
 My lords are in the Parliament,
 And God, like a reposeful squire,
 Hears Cherubim and Seraphim
 Sing Order to the tuneful lyre;
 Wonderful order, made by Him
 For angels and subservient nations,
 Whereby alone His world goes trim
 When all men keep their proper stations:
 The highly placed, in their high places,
 The lowly serving them—on rations.

So the chronicle is carried on, a story of how Hodge is pinched and cheated and starved. How Hodge is deprived of his privileges in the common land and next he is driven off his own tiny holdings until he is a mere slave for a meagre pittance when luckiest, and when most unlucky, a wanderer on the roadside, a beggar, or worse. We are told how the wicked land laws of England drove thousands of the sturdy peasants from the farms in order that privileged men might have their big estates and shooting preserves, a condition that England today, doubtless, rues, with its resultant dependency upon other nations for food, as contrasted with Germany's comparative self-sufficiency by reason of her intensive agriculture. And at last the story comes down to the beginning of Armageddon. The governing class goes out to fight, but what of Hodge, what of the governed race? Will Hodge, who had so little, offer so much that England now requires of him? Hewlett finds that the answer was a magnificent yea, one of the finest in history. And it was not due to any comprehension of English world-policy, nor to any understanding of England's needs in the North Sea or the Balkans or the Dardanelles. Hodge contemplated Belgium. He understood that a pledged word had been broken, that the mighty were oppressing the weak, that Belgium had been free and now was not. He could sense what the Belgian peasant felt when he was driven from his farm by the German hordes. He could see that England was threatened, liberty was threatened,

the common man was threatened, and two hundred and fifty thousand of his kind, one-fifth of all the agricultural labourers of England, volunteered for active service. At last he and the lineal descendants of his ancient masters found a common cause to work for, fight for and die for:

See them swing out, of open face,
 Clear-eyed and careless, having made
 The Great Assent; with quickening pace,
 With laughter and song! Ah, woodland
 glade,
 How are you silent in your gold!
 Ah, sunburnt hill and orchard-shade,
 Ah, river twinkling manifold
 Thro' meadow flats and meadowsweet,
 These lads are young and ye are old,
 Withal ye gave them of your teat;
 For they are England even as ye,
 Bone of your bone, meat of your meat—
 Weep not, but hold a solemn glee
 In that clear courage and deep pride
 Which call'd your sons of each degree
 To dare the terror side by side,
 Norman and English, sinking name
 In one—and that Tyrannicide.

The poem closes with a vision of a new Domesday when the maimed and the blinded and the injured and also the whole shall have returned from a war that has been won. There will be a universal desire to repair the wrongs of a thousand years, to restore English soil to Englishmen, to allow Hodge to stand on his own farm, master of his own life, free, independent, respected and self-respecting.

To avoid the shame

That England scorn her Empire-makers

each man will give a tithe of his land or of his money if he have no land. The belted Earl will give his thousand acres and the humbler land-owner will give his five roods.

So, the poet—Hewlett in prose is not so confident. Says he: "Some national resumption of land—if land be not offered spontaneously—must be made if

the State will heed the call of honour as sharply as the peasantry heeded that of human necessity. I hope, though not without qualms of doubt, that some great act of national gratitude will be rendered to the working classes of Great Britain, to crown the worthiest international part Great Britain has ever played." One is led to hope that Hewlett's voice will not be as of one crying in the wilderness. There is so much that is fine in the spirit that animates his poem, so much real love of the common man, so much passionate truth, that it would be an evil day for England if it were to fail of recognition. With conscription, with censorship of the press, with curtailment of the right of free speech and free assembly, there is grave danger that this war, waged to crush Prussianism and all the evils the word stands for, may merely serve to Prussianise England. The clash of arms has

placed democracy in dire danger in every one of the embattled nations. Hewlett's is a word of warning in time of great stress; his poem is a chant of democracy, of brotherhood, of liberty. Lest ye forget, he practically says to the present rulers of England, lest ye forget, here is the story of a thousand years of wrong. You say you are fighting for the liberty of the world. Do not forget to preserve liberty at home. And in your final hour of triumph—which is surely coming—do not forget the humble ones who made that great consummation possible by their sweat and their blood.

The earnestness of its appeal and the nobility of its spirit make the book a notable one of the war period, seemingly make sure for it a place in the history of English literature, and compel us to overlook its easily-discovered faults, because of its larger claims to our suffrages.

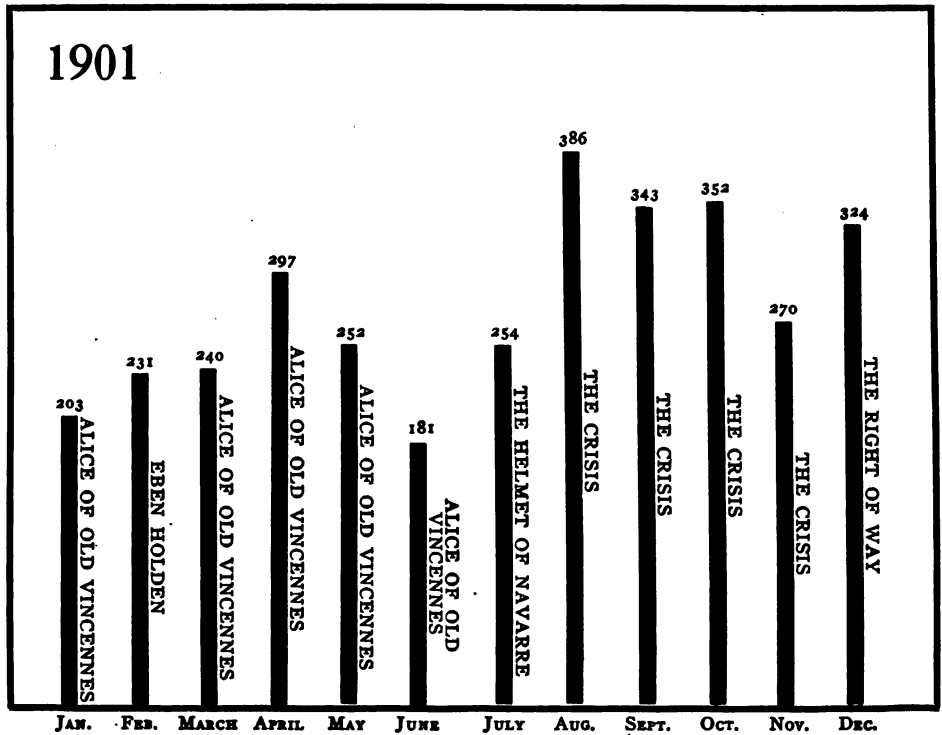
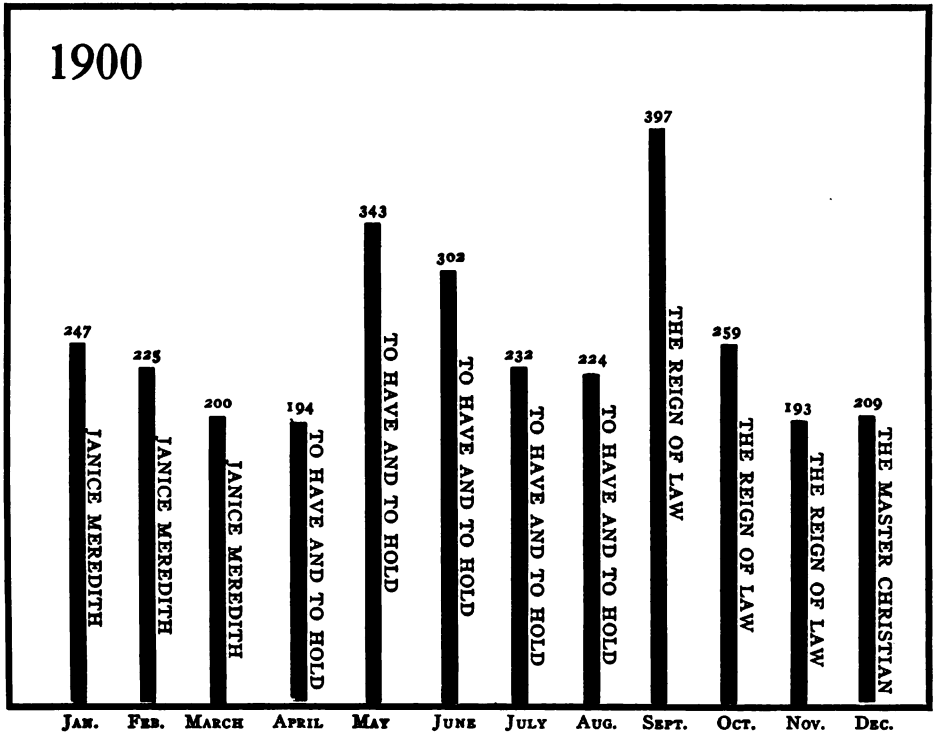
Gertrude Atherton will contribute an article for the February BOOKMAN on the remarkable and interesting work for relief in France being done by a well-known American woman, Madame Waddington. "One American Woman for France" is the title of Mrs. Atherton's article.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF FICTION

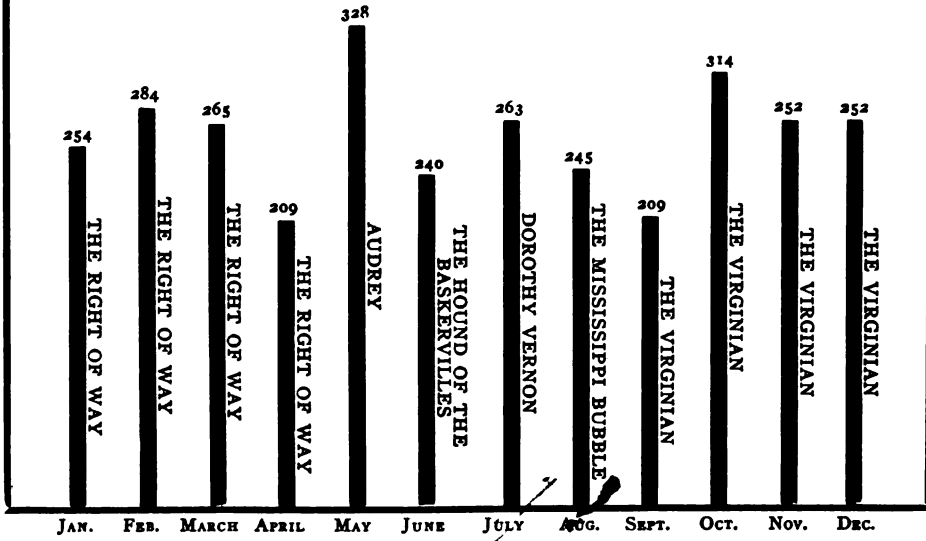
BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

SIXTEEN years ago, in the issue of *THE BOOKMAN* for January, 1901, the present writer for the first time attempted to sum up the popular fiction of the preceding twelve months as indicated by the reports received from the various booksellers throughout the country. This summing up has appeared in every subsequent January issue. It has been frankly a compilation: nothing more. There has been no attempt to draw conclusions from the figures, or to point out evidences of improvement or deterioration in American literary taste.

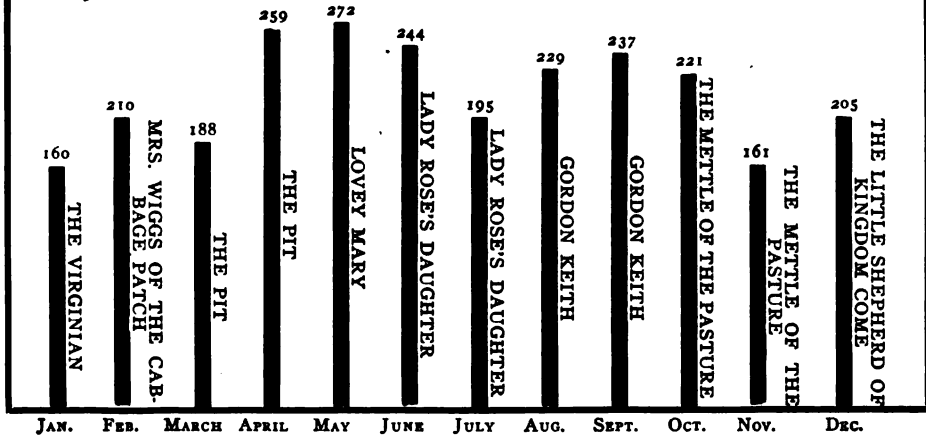
The story of the lists once told, the reader is at liberty to form his own opinions—to deplore the manner in which some favourite masterpiece has been neglected, or to flee at that obviously commercial bit of construction and writing which has held a leadership indicating large monetary returns. The story told by these charts is not the story of sixteen years of American literature. But it is the story of sixteen years of the production of fiction in its commercial aspect.

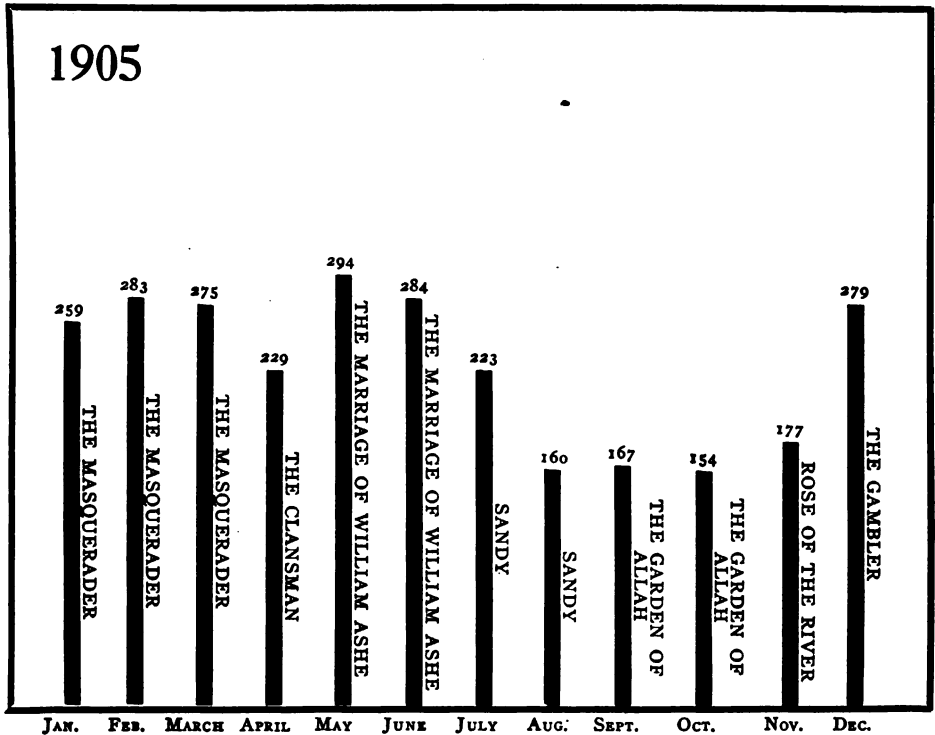
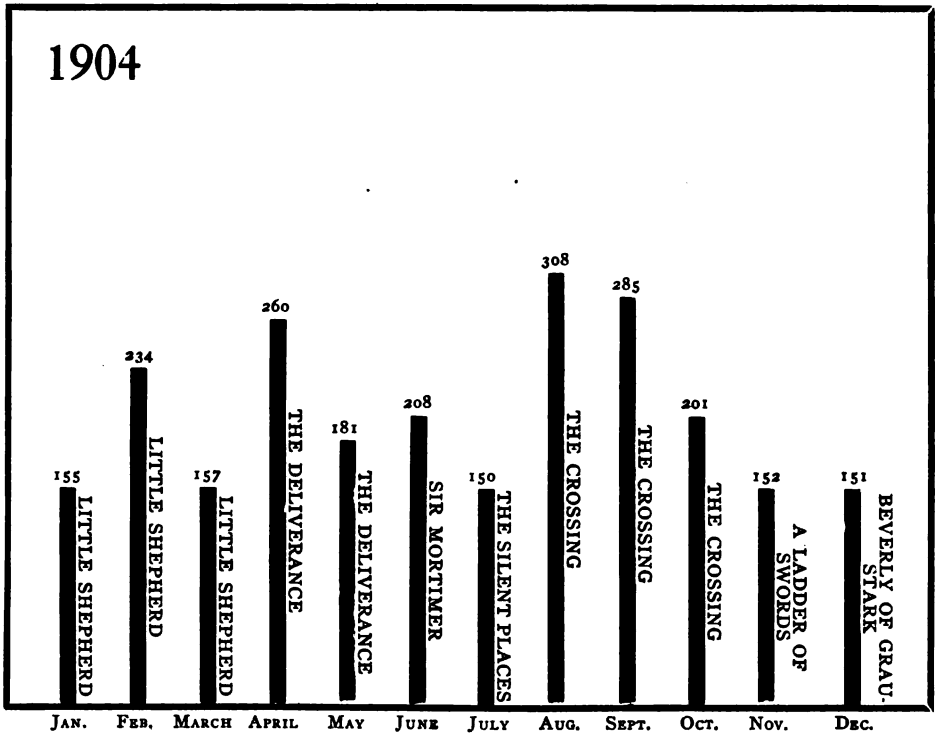


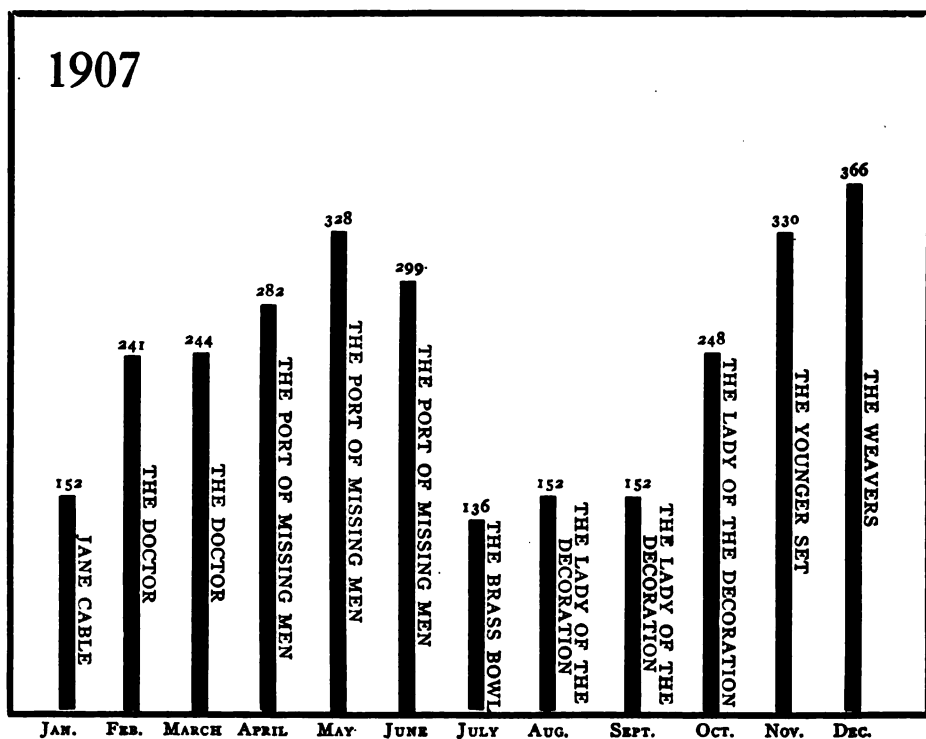
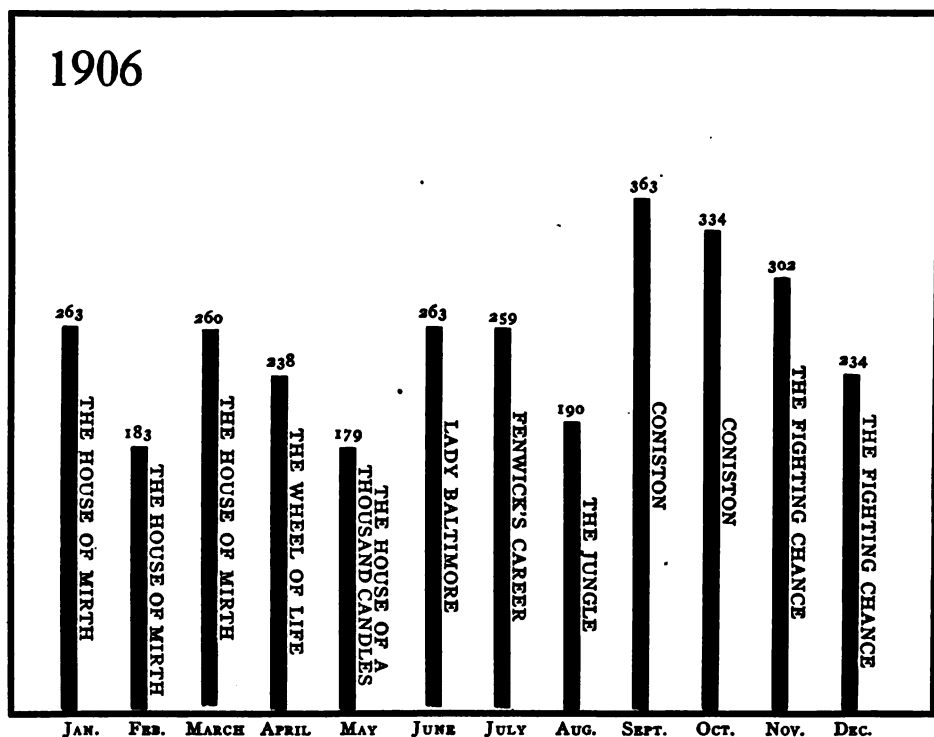
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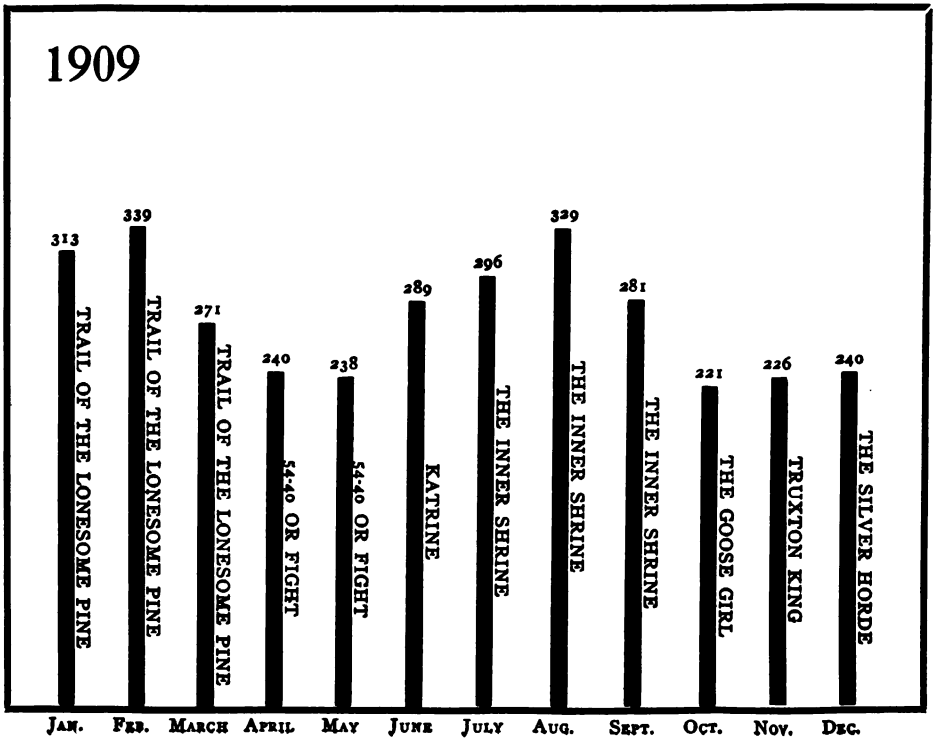
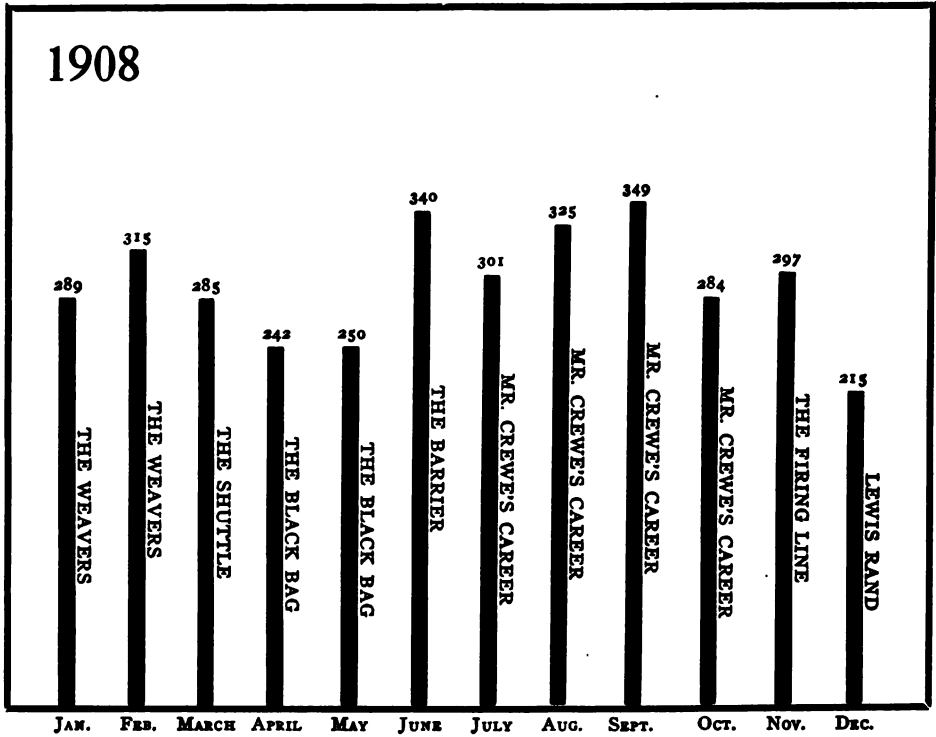


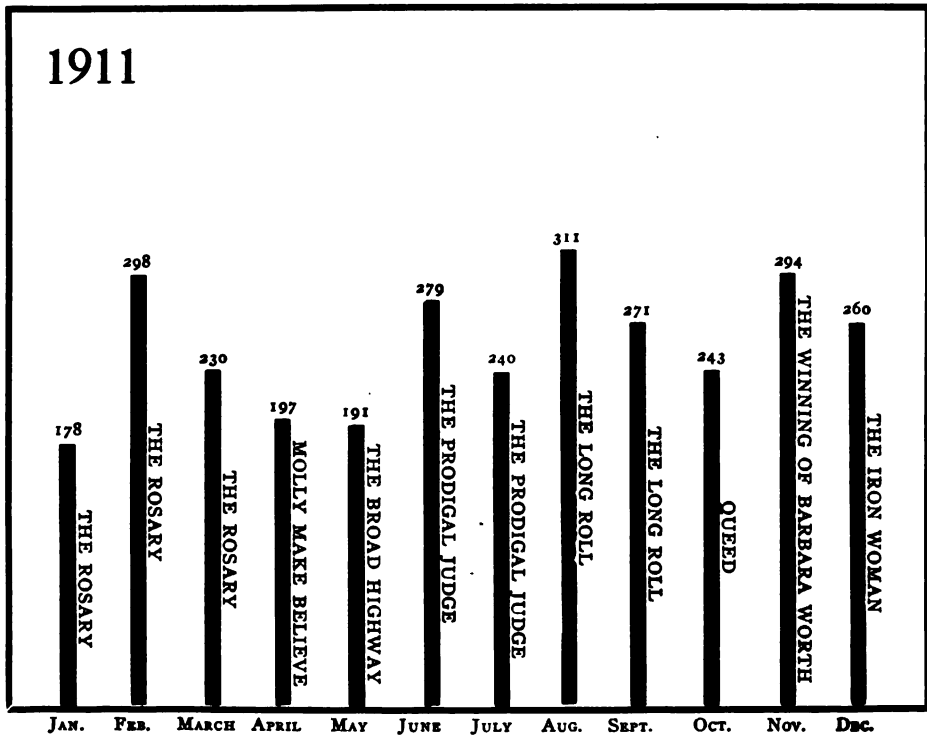
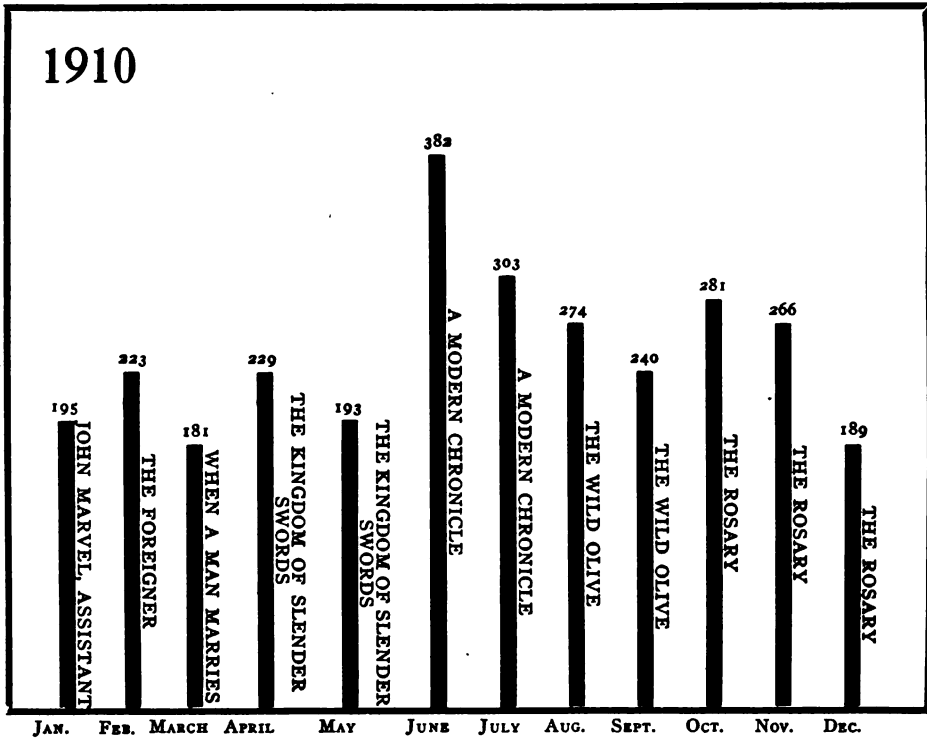
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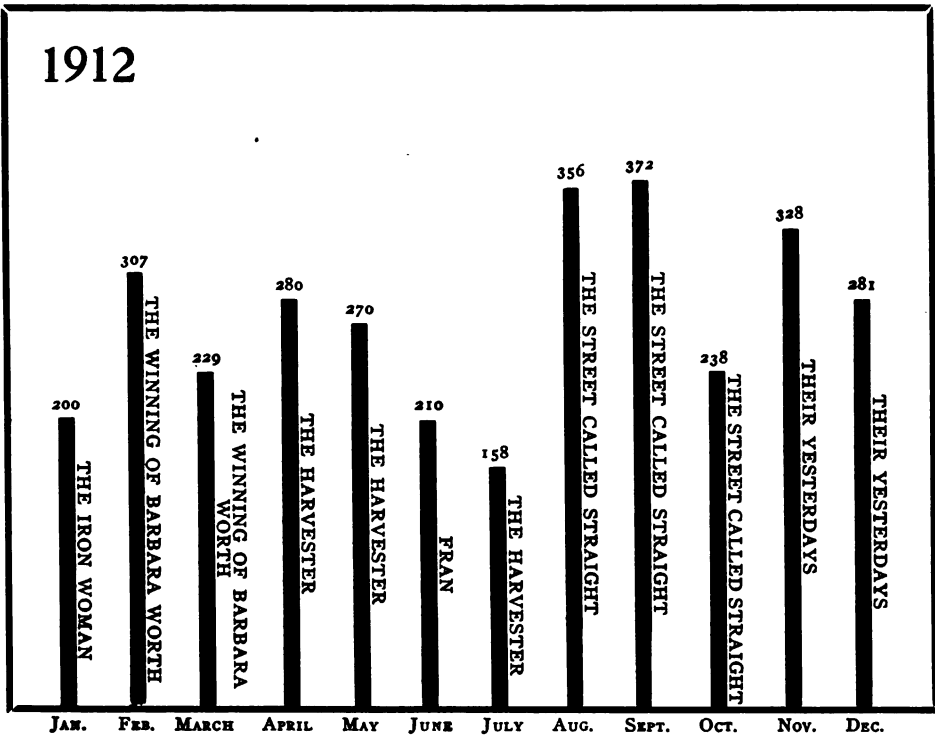




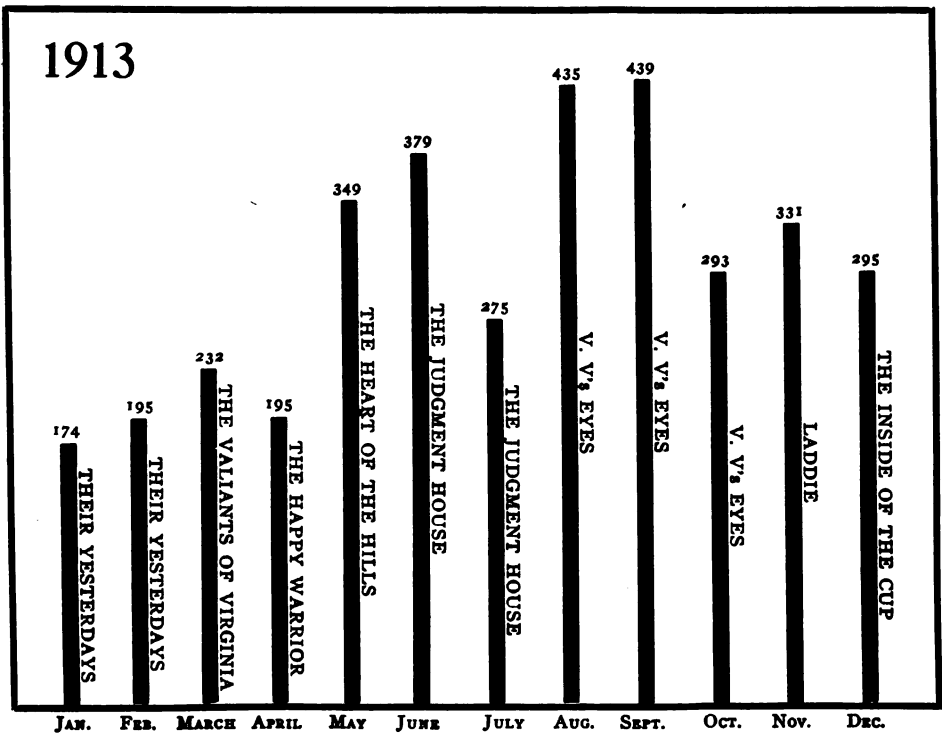




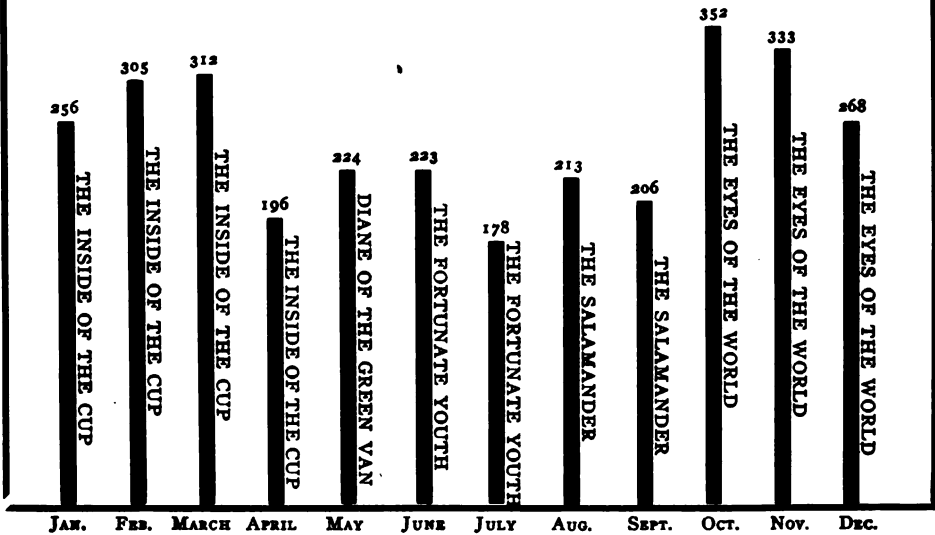
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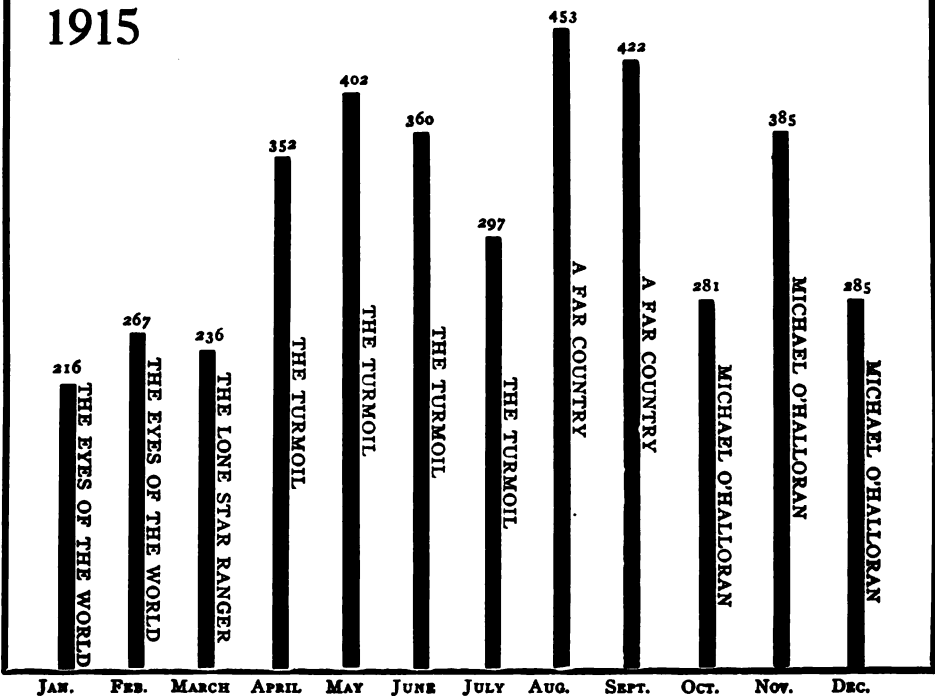
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1914



1915



CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

WITH this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who has been associated with the *Announcement* magazine since October 1, 1899, retires from the editorship, having volunteered for service with the American Relief in Belgium. Mr. Maurice's place will be taken by Mr. G. G. Wyant.

...

We have received recently a number of letters asking for an expression of opinion as to what novels published in the year of 1916 are most likely to endure. Now that of course is merely a matter of personal feeling. Since early last spring the leading article dealing with the fiction of the month has been written by Mr. H. W. Boynton. So we have asked Mr. Boynton to select ten novels. These novels are not necessarily the best that the year has produced. But they are the novels which have left the greatest impression on Mr. Boynton's mind. Here is the list:

The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Fondie. Edward C. Booth.
These Lynnekers. J. D. Beresford.
Love and Lucy. Maurice Hewlitt.
The Spinster. Sarah M. Cleghorn.
The Conquest. Sidney L. Nyberg.
Windy McPherson's Son. Sherwood Anderson.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
El Supremo. Edward Lucas White.

...

Contrast Mr. Boynton's list, which may be accepted as representing quality, with the general summing up of the books of the year from the point of view of commercial prosperity. Not one of the books mentioned can, even by stretch of the imagination, be regarded as a

"best seller." Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide* held second place in the November list and fourth place in the December list; Mr. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* was third in December. That is all. Yet among those books to be found in the popular lists which came under Mr. Boynton's personal attention were *Seventeen*, *The Side of the Angels*, *The Proof of the Pudding*, *The Border Legion*, *Nan of Music Mountain*, *The Prisoner*, and *The Heart of Rachael*. Perhaps there is some significance in the fact that these seven books, which Mr. Boynton reviewed, and then passed by in his final selection were all of American origin. For the first five novels of the ten chosen were all by English authors. All of which goes to prove that, despite our originality of theme and treatment, we are still a little behind the English in the craftsmanship of fiction.

...

It was the book of a woman that had led all the rest in the lists for October, November, and December of 1915. That book was Gene Stratton-Porter's *Michael O'Halloran*. Furthermore, the book of another woman—Mary Roberts Rinehart's "*K*"—had been second in October, second in November and third in December. Also scattered among the lists for these months were Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna Grows Up*, Leona Dalrymple's *The Loveable Meddler*, and Kathleen Norris's *The Story of Julia Page*. That feminine supremacy which had marked the closing months of 1915 was destined to hold over far into the following year. It was *Michael O'Halloran* that held first place by a margin of more than fifty points in the January list. It was a man's book, the late F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day*, that was second; but following it closely in third and fourth places were Jean

Webster's *Dear Enemy*, and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "*K*". Then came Jeffery Farnol's *Beltane the Smith*, and Rex Beach's *The Heart of the Sunset*. The February lists brought changes of merely minor importance. *Michael O'Halloran* was in first place, having increased its point total to 219. *Dear Enemy* had passed *Felix O'Day*; "*K*" was again fourth, and *Beltane the Smith*, fifth. Tied for sixth place was Stewart Edward White's *The Gray Dawn*, and Winston Churchill's *A Far Country*. The latter had been one of the conspicuous successes of 1915, and its record of 453 points for August had been the highest point total of the year.

...

With the March lists *Dear Enemy* had gone into first place. Rather closely grouped, occupying respectively second, third, and fourth places, were *Michael O'Halloran*, *Felix O'Day*, and a newcomer, Ellen Glasgow's *Life and Gabriella*. Fifth was another newcomer, Rupert Hughes's *Clipped Wings*, with Jeffery Farnol's *Beltane the Smith* in the sixth position. So far first place had been occupied exclusively by women novelists, and the April lists brought no change. This time it was *Life and Gabriella*, with a point total of 248. But threatening closely, only twelve points away, was Henry Kitchell Webster's *The Real Adventure*. The books that had been conspicuous in the first two months of 1915 were dropping out. Only *Dear Enemy*, in fourth position remained. Third in the April lists was Peter Clark Macfarlane's *Held to Answer*, and tied for fifth and sixth places, *Clipped Wings*, and Basil King's *The Side of the Angels*. With the lists for May *The Real Adventure* had just managed to squeeze past *Life and Gabriella*, the two books totalling respectively 180 points, and 178 points. Crowding the leaders closely was Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*, with 170 points. Fourth was *Held to Answer*, fifth Gertrude Atherton's *Mrs. Balfame*, and sixth *Dear Enemy*.

Seventeen had been a newcomer in the May lists. With an even later newcomer, Eleanor H. Porter's *Just David*, it shared first place in the lists for June. The two were bracketed with the unusually high point total of 329. The leaders had a margin of 169 points over the third book in the list, which was Frank H. Spearman's *Nan of Music Mountain*. *The Real Adventure* was fourth, *Life and Gabriella* fifth, and *Held to Answer* sixth. With July *Just David* had wrested the leadership from *Seventeen*, but the margin of twenty-four points was not an impressive one. Again third position was held by *Nan of Music Mountain*. In fourth, fifth and sixth places were newcomers. These were Ethel M. Dell's *Bars of Iron*, Zane Grey's *The Border Legion*, and Grace S. Richmond's *Under the Country Sky*. Close as had been the race between *Just David* and *Seventeen* in July it was even closer in August. 202 was the point total for the first named book, and 200 for the second. That margin of two points meant that a woman's book had led six and one-half times out of a possible eight in the months from January to August inclusive of 1916. Third in the August lists was *The Border Legion*, then came *Bars of Iron*, *Nan of Music Mountain*, and a newcomer, Meredith Nicholson's *The Proof of the Pudding* in sixth position.

...

With the September lists *Seventeen* turned the tables on *Just David*. This time the margin was no narrow one, Mr. Tarkington's book leading by 289 points to 158 points. *Bars of Iron*, which had been fourth in both July and August, moved up to third position. In fourth place was a new book, Alice Brown's *The Prisoner*, with *The Border Legion* fifth, and *Nan of Music Mountain* sixth. By the time the lists at the end of the October issue came to be printed the books of the late summer season were in full swing. A new Harold Bell Wright book was in the field, and such a book, no matter what we may happen



to think of its literary qualities, is always a dangerous competitor from the "best selling" point of view. This time it was *When a Man's a Man*, and in the October lists it held first place with 410, the highest point total of the year. Incidentally this was the first time that a Harold Bell Wright novel had appeared in the lists since April, 1915, when *The Eyes of the World* had occupied third place with 135 points. Second in October was a new book by another familiar author, Kathleen Norris's *The Heart of Rachael*. *Seventeen* was third. Two new books, Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Tish* and Robert W. Chambers's *The Girl Philippa*, fourth and fifth, while *Just David* held sixth place.

• • •

The point total of 345 for *When a Man's a Man* in the November lists was less impressive than had been the point total of the preceding month. Still it was sufficient to give Mr. Wright's book a margin of almost 200 points over its nearest competitor. That competitor was Margaret Deland's *The Rising Tide*. Third position was again held by *Seventeen*. This was the seventh consecutive appearance of Mr. Tarkington's book in the lists. *Michael O'Halloran*, from October, 1915, to March, 1916, had appeared in the lists for six consecutive months. Fourth place in November was held by *The Heart of Rachael*. Then came *Just David* and *Tish*. Again, not at all unexpectedly, *When a Man's a Man* was the leader in the December list. This time its point total was 306. Then came two books of English authorship making their first appearances in the lists. These were Sir Gilbert Parker's *The World for Sale* and H. G. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. A single point separated the two books. Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide* was fourth, and then came another book by an English writer, W. J. Locke's *The Wonderful Year*. By holding sixth place *Just David* scored its seventh consecutive appearance in the lists thereby equaling the record that *Seventeen* had made the month before.

JANUARY

1. Michael O'Halloran.....	197
2. Felix O'Day.....	146
3. Dear Enemy.....	142
4. "K"	130
5. Beltane the Smith.....	98
6. The Heart of the Sunset.....	77

FEBRUARY

1. Michael O'Halloran.....	219
2. Dear Enemy.....	192
3. Felix O'Day.....	161
4. "K"	119
5. Beltane the Smith.....	91
6. {The Gray Dawn} {A Far Country }	72

MARCH

1. Dear Enemy.....	191
2. Michael O'Halloran.....	133
3. Felix O'Day.....	129
4. Life and Gabriella.....	106
5. Clipped Wings.....	87
6. Beltane the Smith.....	71

APRIL

1. Life and Gabriella.....	248
2. The Real Adventure.....	236
3. Held to Answer.....	188
4. Dear Enemy.....	125
5. {Clipped Wings {The Side of the Angels }	79

MAY

1. The Real Adventure.....	180
2. Life and Gabriella.....	178
3. Seventeen	170
4. Held to Answer.....	124
5. Mrs. Balfame.....	120
6. Dear Enemy.....	103

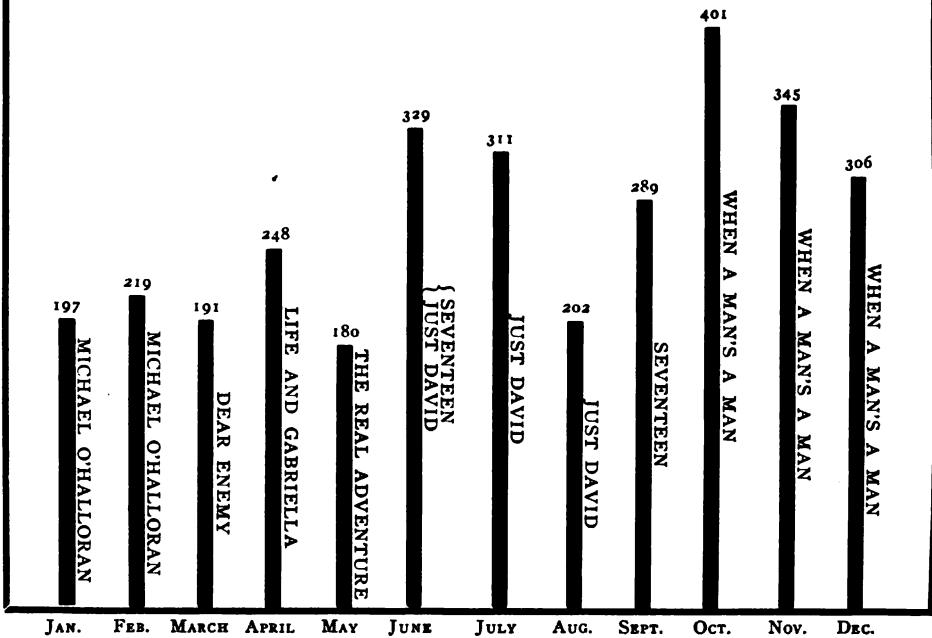
JUNE

1. {Seventeen } {Just David }	329
3. Nan of Music Mountain.....	160
4. The Real Adventure.....	105
5. Life and Gabriella.....	84
6. Held to Answer.....	76

JULY

1. Just David.....	311
2. Seventeen	287
3. Nan of Music Mountain.....	190
4. Bars of Iron.....	162
5. The Border Legion.....	85
6. Under the Country Sky.....	84

1916



AUGUST

1. Just David.....	202
2. Seventeen	200
3. The Border Legion.....	149
4. Bars of Iron.....	118
5. Nan of Music Mountain.....	83
6. The Proof of the Pudding.....	81

SEPTEMBER

1. Seventeen	289
2. Just David.....	158
3. Bars of Iron.....	114
4. The Prisoner.....	103
5. The Border Legion.....	102
6. Nan of Music Mountain.....	88

OCTOBER

1. When a Man's a Man.....	410
2. The Heart of Rachael.....	226
3. Seventeen	174
4. Tish	103
5. The Girl Philippa.....	84
6. Just David.....	77

NOVEMBER

1. When a Man's a Man.....	345
2. The Rising Tide.....	153
3. Seventeen	136
4. The Heart of Rachael.....	114
5. Just David.....	87
6. Tish	82

DECEMBER

1. When a Man's a Man.....	306
2. The World for Sale.....	173
3. Mr. Britling Sees It Through.....	172
4. The Rising Tide.....	110
5. The Wonderful Year.....	109
6. Just David.....	62

SEVEN TIMES MENTIONED

Seventeen, Just David.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

Dear Enemy.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

Life and Gabriella, Nan of Music Mountain.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

Michael O'Halloran, Felix O'Day, Beltane the Smith, The Real Adventure, Held to Answer, Bars of Iron, The Border Legion, When a Man's a Man.

TWICE MENTIONED

"K," Clipped Wings, The Heart of Rachael, Tish, The Rising Tide.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Heart of the Sunset, The Gray Dawn, A Far Country, The Side of the Angels, Mrs. Balfame, Under the Country Sky, The Proof of the Pudding, The Prisoner, The Girl Philippa, The World for Sale, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, The Wonderful Year.

...

In the lists for 1916 thirty books were represented as against thirty for 1915, thirty for 1914, thirty for 1913, twenty-seven for 1912, twenty-seven for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901 and twenty-nine for 1900. Of the books of 1916, eighteen were written by men and twelve by women. In no year has the preference for works of American origin been more in evidence. Only four of the thirty books mentioned were by English authors. This method of summing up the books and their fluctuations was first used in *THE BOOKMAN* for January, 1901. Only two authors who figured in the lists of sixteen years ago are represented in the list of the past year. These are Winston Churchill, whose *Richard Carvel* was running a close race with the late Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* toward the end of 1900, and Booth Tarkington, who was first winning recognition through the publication of *The Gentleman from Indiana*. Of the men and women who were "best sellers" sixteen years ago death has claimed Edward Westcott, the author of *David Harum*, Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, Marion Crawford, Paul Leicester Ford, Tolstoi, and Maurice Thompson.

What is the most dramatic moment in Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*? Is it Rip's discovery of the men of

The Tavern Sign

Henryk Hudson at their game of bowls,

or the awakening from sleep to find the tattered clothing, the grey beard, and the rusted musket, or the descent from the mountain to the village where the changes of twenty years are summed up by the painted sign in front of the old tavern in which the features of King George have been altered into a likeness



A TAVERN SIGN OF A RELIGIOUS ORIGIN

of General George Washington? Reference to the Union Hotel in Rip Van Winkle's Catskill Village is made in Fritz Endell's *Old Tavern Signs*, recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In his chapter on "Political Signs" the author tells how the American Revolution left its traces on the tavern signs of the Yankee land. All over the new republic in the years following the surrender at Yorktown were tavern signs similar to the one which confronted Rip after his many years of mysterious absence. Very often it was merely the old sign, which had pictured the ruby face of King George, transformed. The red coat was changed to one of blue and buff, a sword was held instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath

was painted in large characters, General Washington.

• • •

It is a delightful subject, to those who like to follow the world backward in the quest of romance, the old tavern

the hospitality that the sign beckoned. See him taking his comfort before the fireplace of the King's Arms or the Green Dragon in the High Street of his native village of Ayrshire or Dumfriesshire. If you are to travel in the



A SIGN PAINTER. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH

sign. Rudyard Kipling's dour Scotch engineer, McAndrews, might have flouted it, preferring to think of a Robbie Burns who would "sing the song of steam." But despite his expressed scorn it is morally certain that once on shore McAndrews instinctively turned toward

genial company of Shakespeare or Montaigne, you must travel, as Mr. Endell has pointed out, from one tavern sign to another. The Golden Lion of Stratford-on-Avon was known in Shakespeare's time as Ye Peacocke Inn. Even The Red Horse, to-day extremely mod-

ern and uninteresting looking, goes back to these old days. In Washington Irving's time the place probably looked more quaint and cosy, if we may believe his praise of the old inn in the *Sketch Book*. "To a homeless man, there is a

Most of the tavern names Shakespeare mentions, Mr. Endell has pointed out, are true products of the Renaissance times when classical studies were extremely popular. Such are "The Centaur," "The Phenix," "The Pomegran-



THE HALF MOON. FROM A PAINTING BY TENIERS IN LONDON

momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire."

ate," and "The Pegasus." Shakespeare simply transplanted these signs of his own time from the London he knew so well to Genoa or Ephesus, places that he had never seen. The most renowned of all the Falstaff inns is doubtless



OPPOSITE THE FALCON SHAKESPEARE DIED

"The Garter," his real home, so vividly described in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Another of Falstaff's favourite resorts was "The Half Moon," where he used to consume countless "pints of bastard," and of dark Spanish wine. "The Tiger" referred to in *The Comedy of Errors* was, also, an actual sign of the times, as we hear of a "Golden Tiger" in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. On the other hand, the name of "The Porcupine," which occurs in the same play, is probably invented as a characteristic sign for a place of evil renown. Wandering through England the traveller occasionally crosses the path over which Shakespeare went with his company of actors. The court in the "George Inn" in Salisbury, to-day transformed into a pleasant little garden, was once the scene where the "Strolling Players," of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used to give their performances, and here Shakespeare himself acted when he visited Salisbury.

...

Of all the introductions in the twelve volumes that make up the Crossroads Edition of the novels *The Crossroads* and stories of Richard Davis Harding Davis we think we like best that of Mr. Booth Tarkington which appears at the beginning of *Van Bibber and Others*. At any rate it is the least conventional of them all. Mr. Tarkington

recalls the early 'nineties, when to the college boy Davis, himself very little older than a college boy, was a great man among great men. "His stalwart good looks," writes Mr. Tarkington, "were as familiar to us as those of our own football captain; we knew his face as we knew the face of a president of the United States, but we infinitely preferred Davis's. When the Waldorf was wondrously completed, and we cut an exam. in Cuneiform Inscriptions for an excursion to see the world at lunch in its new magnificence, and Richard Harding Davis came into the Palm Room—then, oh, then, our day was radiant! That was the top of our fortune; we could never have hoped for so much. Of all the great people of every continent, this was the one we most desired to see."

...

In the introduction to *The Exiles and Other Stories* Charles Dana Gibson, who was associated with Davis for so many years, recalls their first meeting. It was when the writer was twenty-four years of age. Dressed as a Thames boatman, he entered the smoking room of the Victoria Hotel in London, after midnight one July night. "He had been



THE SIGN OF THE THREE RABBITS

rowing up and down the river since sundown, looking for colour. He had evidently peopled every dark corner with a pirate, and every floating object had meant something to him. He had adventure written all over him. It was the first time I had ever seen him, and I had never heard of him. I can't now recall another figure in that smoke filled room. I don't remember who introduced us—over twenty-seven years have passed since that night. But I can see Dick now, dressed in a rough brown suit, a soft hat, with a handkerchief about his neck, a splendid, healthy, clean-minded, gifted boy at play. And so he always remained. His going out of this world seemed like a boy interrupted in a game he loved. And how well and fairly he played it! Surely no one deserved success more than Dick, and it is a consolation to know that he had more than fifty years of just what he wanted. He had health, a great talent and personal charm. There never was a more loyal or unselfish friend. There wasn't an atom of envy in him. He had unbounded mental and physical courage, and with it all he was sensitive and sometimes shy. He often tried to conceal these last two qualities, but never succeeded in doing so from those who were privileged really to know and love him."

...

Eighteen or nineteen years ago, before he became a literary personage with the success of *Richard Carvel*, Winston Churchill printed a little book entitled *The Celebrity*. It parodied rather cleverly the poses and the eccentricities of an exceedingly youthful American novelist, and the general impression at the time was that Mr. Churchill had written the story for the purpose of lampooning Richard Harding Davis. Whatever the truth of the matter may have been, in later years, Mr. Davis and Mr. Churchill became very good friends, and in the Crossroads Edition Mr. Churchill contributes the introduction to that most delightful of dog stories, *The Bar Sinister*. The introduction recalls a day

eighteen years ago in Marion, Massachusetts. The writer, who was already a success, and the writer who was destined to be a success, were companions in the stage journeying to the station. Mr. Churchill recalls that the recognition brought him a thrill. Here was the creator of Gallagher. To quote: "It happened also, after entering the smoking car, that the remaining vacant seat was at my side, and here Mr. Davis established himself. He looked at me, he asked if my name was Winston Churchill, he said he had read my book. How he guessed my identity I did not discover. But the recollection of our talk, the strong impression I then received of Mr. Davis's vitality and personality, the liking I conceived for him—these have neither changed nor faded with the years—and I recall with gratitude to-day the kindliness, the sense of fellowship always so strong in him that impelled him to speak as he did. A month before he died, when I met him on the train going to Mount Kisco he had not changed."

...

One of Davis's closest friends of the later years was Gouverneur Morris, his neighbour at Mt. Kisco. Mr. Morris contributes the introduction to *The Red Cross Girl*. But we quoted from that introduction last July soon after it appeared as a tribute in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. So instead we shall turn to some of the recollections of another friend of later life, John T. McCutcheon, who in the volume *The Lost Road* writes of "With Davis in Vera Cruz, Brussels and Salonika." It is a delightfully human Davis that McCutcheon pictures. He carried his bath tub, his immaculate linen, his evening clothes, his war equipment—in which he had the pride of a connoisseur—wherever he went. He was the only man who wore a dinner coat in Vera Cruz. In Belgium he wore the khaki uniform which he had worn in many campaigns and across his breast was a narrow bar of silk ribbon indicating the campaigns in which he had served as a correspondent.

He so much resembled a British officer that the Germans arrested him and informed him that he would be shot at once. He escaped only by offering to walk to Brand Whitlock, in Brussels, reporting to each officer he met on the way. In November of the following year Davis and McCutcheon were again together in Salonika. The weather was penetratingly cold yet every morning would find Davis standing in his portable bath tub drenching himself with ice cold water. As an exhibition of courageous devotion to an established custom of life it was admirable, but it was hardly prudent. For some reason his system failed to react from these baths, and elsewhere, on several occasions, he caught the Balkan chill. Even in a room like an oven he complained of the cold. When he left Salonika it was on a crowded little Greek steamer. The correspondents gave him a farewell dinner after which they rowed out to his ship and saw him very uncomfortably installed for the voyage. "He came down the sea ladder and waved his hand as we rowed away," writes Mr. McCutcheon. "That was the last I saw of Richard Harding Davis."

...

The relation of Richard Harding Davis's personality to his books is the theme upon which Finley Peter Dunne harps in the introduction to *The Scarlet Car*. "His books were sold in great numbers," says Mr. Dunne, "but it might be said in terms of the trade that his personality had a larger circulation than his literature. He probably knew more waiters, generals, actors, and princes, than any man that ever lived, and the people he knew best are not the people who read books. They write them or are a part of them. Besides if you knew Richard Davis you knew his books. He translated himself literally, and no expurgation was needed to make the translation suitable for the most innocent eyes. He was the identical chivalrous young American or Englishman who strides through his pages in battalions to romantic death or romantic

marriage. Every one speaks of the extraordinary youthfulness of his mind, which was still fresh at an age when most men find avarice or golf a substitute for former pastimes. He not only refused to grow old himself, he refused to write about old age. There are a few elderly people in his books, but they are vague and shadowy. They serve to emphasize the brightness of youth, and are quickly blown away when the time for action arises."

...

The scene of Richard Harding Davis's *In the Fog* was a London club referred to in the story as the "Grill." It was, The Beefsteak Club

Mr. Davis told us, the club the most difficult of access in the world. It had black-balled Royal Dukes and Prime Ministers. The "Grill" was in reality the Beefsteak Club, which, incidentally, is described by Allan McLane Hamilton in his recently published *Recollections of an Alienist*. Although the Beefsteak, as it is to-day, dates only from 1876, it traces its lineage to the Sublime Society of the Beefsteaks, which was founded in 1709. Hogarth, and all the other celebrated men of the time, were members of the club, which was housed in a room in the upper part of Covent Garden Theatre. The present Beefsteak, whose list of members includes some of the most noted Englishmen in every profession, and where one is sure of finding a congenial companion at dinner, has a collection of quaint and antique silver, including some of the relics of the first Beefsteak, among them the ring and sword of Garrick.

...

Dr. Hamilton holds Robert Hichens and his *Garden of Allah* responsible for ruining the charm of Biskra, that curious little oasis in the upper part of the Great Desert of Sahara. *The Garden of Allah* appeared in 1905, and Dr. Hamilton visited Biskra in 1908. He writes:

I have no doubt that if one could have examined the belongings of each passenger

there would have been found at least one copy of the *Garden of Allah*, and when we reached the Hotel Royal several of the characters of the novel were on hand. There were numerous guides who claimed to be the original Batouch, and one had a card inscribed "recommandé par M. Hitching." We contented ourselves with a very good-looking young Arab, one Gatouchi whose modest claim was that he was the cousin of "the original Batouch," which was a sufficient mark of distinction for most people. We later saw in the dining-room of the hotel a rather wan-looking, middle-aged Scotch lady who had married an Austrian nobleman, and was said to be the original *Domini*, the soulful heroine of Mr. Hichens's romance, and later we had an interview with *Larbé*, the sentimental and musical young negro whose flute was ever ready to charm the sympathetic tourist for a few centimes.

...

One of Dr. Hamilton's classmates when he was a student at the old New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, when it was on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Ave-

nue, was the late Dr. E. L. Trudeau, who was so closely associated with Robert Louis Stevenson at Saranac. Hamilton was Trudeau's best man at his marriage, but lost sight of him when Trudeau sought the asylum of the North Woods—the only place where he could live without having hemorrhages. Of Trudeau as a youth he writes:

Trudeau, while not a brilliant student at college, was a most charming person, devoted to outdoor sport—a hunter and fisherman and a great deal of a Bayard. His ideals in his profession were the highest, and he devoted himself to his life's work without any reward whatever, helping the unfortunates who flocked to the North Woods. He was pathetically humorous about his own sad condition, and when at the occasion of our last meeting I asked him when he would return to New York again, he said: "Well, Allan—this left lung is all gone, and the right nearly put out of business, and it is all a matter of pulmonic economics, but I shall stick to my work to the last and see my friends as long as I last."

KEATS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Nor as the pale youth dying piteously
 Upon a lonely pallet in old Rome,
 I think of Keats, nor lying 'neath the loam,
 With violets covered and the laurel tree;
 But where the long swell of the Ægean Sea
 Upon the shores of Latmos flings its foam,
 A happy wanderer 'neath the cloudless dome
 I dream of him, a spirit blithe and free.

Here seems he one with glad Endymion,
 Roving the windings of some moon-lit dale,
 Assoiled of all the sorrows of the years;
 Hearing the rapture of the nightingale,
 And knowing love's ecstatic benison
 Beyond the poignant touch of mortal tears!

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE best stories of this holiday season seem to be almost without exception romantic. They belong more or less frankly to the world of fancy rather than to the world of fact, deal in glamour and action rather than in "real" life and character. Or, perhaps, they deal in some of those materials of reality which we assert to be stranger than fiction,—not because they are against our experience, but because they are against our theories of what experience should be. To the latter order belongs *The Leatherwood God*. In theory, the man Dylks, with his preposterous claims and incredible acceptance at the hands of apparently sensible persons, is an amazing portent. In fact, he is one of the familiar phenomena of history, the charlatan who is born with the knack of imposing himself upon his contemporaries, and often succeeds in imposing himself upon posterity. Cagliostro, Joseph Smith, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy all represent the same human fact. With Smith, as Mr. Howells's "stranger" suggests,

the parallel for Dylks is very close. "Was Leatherwood, Ohio, a narrower stage than Manchester, New York? And in point of time the two cults were only four years apart." Smith merely claimed to be a prophet, and his cult lived; Dylks professed the godhead, and therefore had a harder row to hoe; Mrs. Eddy appears to have struck the safe and happy mean. With the story of Dylks, we learn, Mr. Howells has been familiar from childhood. Leatherwood was not so far from his own Ohio home as to be beyond the range of the Dylks tradition, even after the passage of a generation. His father had seen the Leatherwood God. The episode has been in Mr. Howells's mind all his life, as matter for a tale which is now told. It is beautifully told: a faithful picture, among other things, of the frontier America of three-quarters of a century ago, and yet essentially romantic in its theme and in the little human plot developed round that theme. Dylks half believes in himself, and therefore half deserves the trust of his followers—that is the romantic feature of all charlatanry. Otherwise he dominates, as it were, by excess of weakness; and his silly death only serves to release the more credulous of his followers from the inconvenience of his bodily presence. Mr. Howells has always stood aggressively for realism, but has practised romance more than he has preached it. *The Leatherwood God* is, in the best sense, an historical romance, with a most picturesque central figure.

So is *El Supremo*, a work conceived and executed upon so large a scale, that the narrative of Mr. Howells appears hardly more than a sketch beside it. I confess to taking up this fat red book, after perusing the publishers' considerable claims for it, with languid expect-

**The Leatherwood God*. By W. D. Howells. New York: The Century Company.

El Supremo: A Romance of the Great Dictator of Paraguay. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

In Spacious Times. By Justin McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Tutor's Story: An Unpublished Novel by the late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Lion's Share. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Incredible Honeymoon. By E. Nesbit. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Unknown Mr. Kent. By Roy Norton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Far Cry. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield and Company.

tations. Its layout, as a story of Paraguay a century back, did not attract me: its seven hundred pages appalled me. And when, in the opening chapter, I found the usual bright and pushing young American gentleman preparing to show Paraguay how to attend to her own business, I sighed indeed. Now there is no denying that the story is very long—overlong, or that the young American gentleman, strictly analysed, is not less absurd than his innumerable prototypes in romantic fiction. But our staving young "Hawthorne" breaks all records, for this kind of romance, by not coming out on top. With all his enterprise and activity, he fails to be the central figure. It is Francia the Dictator about and around whom the book is written. Hawthorne is merely created for his convenience, or for our convenience in studying him. Francia was one of those powerful personalities who from time to time arise out of the welter of Latin-American politics and, almost single-handed, assert their superiority and their right to rule. That Francia was "indubitably one of the greatest men the world has ever produced and, without exception the most wonderful man ever born in either North or South America," is an assertion of the author which his narrative hardly establishes. But it does make out a very real and human as well as a remarkably strong and vital personality, a man born to rule, and instinctively grasping those means of rule which are necessary under the conditions in which he finds himself. It was this man who remained Dictator of Paraguay from 1813 to 1840. The present narrative concerns a period of his early rule when he was in some danger still from the Old Spaniards. Young Hawthorne has been for some time playing the part of soldier of fortune in South America, has fought with Bolivar and San Martin, always in the name of liberty. Now he is attracted to Paraguay by rumours of the tyranny of its Dictator, Dr. Francia. It occurs to him that it will be amusing to free Paraguay, and he at once sets about it.

He finds that Francia is in every sense absolute master, that he is governing Paraguay by one-man power. The country, it is true, is in much better care than it has been under the Spanish rule, is at peace and prosperous, and is well if tyrannically governed. But Hawthorne's American heart spurns all this in the name of liberty. Paraguay must be free to go to the devil, free to put itself once more under the rule of a Spanish governor, for example. Therefore, the young American speedily ranges himself at the head of a secret conspiracy among the Old Spaniards to oust "El Supremo," as the Dictator insists on being called. Under the guise of a promoter bent upon establishing a worldwide "yerba" trade under Paraguayan monopoly, Hawthorne presents himself to Francia, who at once appears to take him under his protection. But El Supremo knows exactly what is happening, and when the time comes to show his hand, he spares Hawthorne partly because he likes him, and partly because he finds him an honourable conspirator and not an assassin. The writer has not only taken extraordinary pains to acquire his materials, but has succeeded in assimilating them. With all its crowded stage and excess of detail, with all its occasional long-windedness of dialogue and its passages of sheer wearisome spouting, this is a book which seizes the reader's interest at the outset and holds it to the end. It is a fine, big, human treatment of what, rather against expectation, turns out to be a worthy theme.

Mr. McCarthy is an accomplished rather than inspired practitioner of historical romance. In *Spacious Times* is an amusing and sufficiently plausible tale of Elizabeth's later reign. The aged Queen is once again resuscitated and shown in her folly and vanity, an antiquated coquette. There would seem to be room for some romancer bold enough to show her in her strength as well as in her weakness: I am never able to believe that Great Eliza was such a fool as the story-tellers make her out. The

action here does not concern her primarily, though the heroine is one of her maids of honour. The fair Clarendia comes of an old but impoverished family which has been glad to place her at Court. There, however, she is in peril, especially from the attentions of a shallow beau and rake, Sir Batty Sellars. Observing her danger, my Lord Godalming asks for her hand; and despatches her into the country where she at once finds an admirer of a very different kindney from Sir Batty Sellars. This is one Hercules Flood, who, after distinguishing himself in the defeat of the Armada, and roving the seas as a privateer, has returned to his West Country and settled down there in the nick of time for our purposes. He is one of your plain blunt herculean persons with a heart of gold and a pocketful of the same. Mistress Clarendia, for want of better sport, presently undertakes to trifle with him, whereupon he carries her off to a castle and threatens to keep her there until she promises to be his wife. She thereupon, for the first time, tells him of her betrothal to the ancient benevolent Godalming, but that does not worry Hercules. He says it is all wrong, that she ought not to marry an old man, but a young and strong one, namely, one Hercules Flood. There follow excursions and alarums, ending in what looks like a rescue of the distressed maiden by Lord Godalming himself. But at this point, naturally, Clarendia relents, discovers that she loves Hercules alone, and is preparing to fly with him when Godalming appears on the scene and very cheerfully wishes them well. It is hardly more than a costume romance, but it is a good one. The doughty Flood is all that the most old-fashioned maiden could require in the way of lusty overbearing male. His feats of physical prowess are only equalled by his supreme self-satisfaction, and his knack of always coming out on top. To him the fair Clarendia, with her coquetties and her beauty and her predestined female helplessness, makes a pretty foil, if not precisely a document for feminism.

A book of uncommon beauty in form and content is *The King of Ireland's Son*, by one of the most original writers connected with the modern Irish literary revival. It belongs to the order of folk-romance, and costume romance is a secondary and sophisticated affair beside it. All of the magic and glamour of Celtic folk-literature are here, in little. It is a sort of prose epic. The central figures are the King of Ireland's Son and Fedelma, daughter of a magician. The King of Ireland's Son has to win her by performing, with her secret aid, three amazing feats. This is of course one of the prime situations in folk-legend, recurring again and again in the Grimm tales, and, for example, in Hans Andersen's "The Travelling Companion." But its fresh savour here fairly renews an old charm. The King of Ireland's Son and Fedelma set forth together in the general direction for home and matrimony, but are destined to have many adventures by the way, and all along the road there is story-telling, "sphere within sphere," a nest of marvels. The remarkable thing about this writer, in contrast with many of his associates in the Irish Revival, is his genuine simplicity. With them—with W. B. Yeats, not least of them—one feels the simplicity of artifice, a studied childlikeness. Mr. Colum seems to strain for nothing; as he writes, he *has* the heart and tongue of a child or a peasant. His prose is Irish in feeling rather than surface: it displays few of those quaintnesses and mannerisms which Yeats and Synge and the rest have made familiar. A rhythm here, a subtle turn of phrase there, give the racial mark to a sound prose: but no signboards. Such matters can only be guessed at, but this book has to my eye the look of a permanent if slender beauty. Only time can seal it as a classic, but I almost expect that much of time. To the physical beauty of the volume, the pictures and decorations of Willy Pogany add much.

The Tutor's Story is of our own time neither in theme nor in source. But it

is far more than a relic or a fragment, thanks to the piety and skill of Mrs. Harrison. Her Prefatory Note gives the interesting history of the book. Kingsley's note-books and manuscripts came nominally into his daughter's hands a quarter of a century ago; but she was never able to examine them thoroughly till within a year or so. She knew that her father had left, partly done, two novels, one about the suppression of English monasteries under Henry VIII., the other a tale of French refugees in the New Forest after The Terror. But of *The Tutor's Story*, involving one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript—finished chapters and notes—she knew nothing. From internal evidence she judges that it was "written before and probably put aside in favour of *The Water Babies*, which was published in 1863." Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") found the story so well begun and so thoroughly blocked out as to offer a good opportunity for completion. We have had plenty of instances of this kind of experiment (the current *Enoch Crane*, for instance, of F. Hopkinson Smith, completed, under similar conditions, by his son), few of which have been happy in the outcome. Mrs. Harrison, whose own style is quite different, has had extraordinary success in maintaining her father's manner throughout, so that it would be difficult even for the reader who had been warned to detect points of break in the narrative. She has succeeded, moreover, in her attempt "to maintain, further, a certain freshness and simplicity of outlook which has the rather pathetic charm of a 'day that is dead.'" By this and by that, it is a story well worth reading for its own sake as it stands. The tutor who tells the story and plays a not inconsiderable part in the action, is, one may say, a sort of male Jane Eyre—a creature destined to dwell among those who are admittedly his superiors, by virtue of birth and wealth, but to make as good a showing as such a creature may. Our Brownlow is a sort of faithful lame dog, who from his

very devotion for his master develops, now and again, an amazing prowess. In fact, he does most of the deeds of daring recorded here—saves the sacred County Pack, at the risk of his own neck, rescues the maiden from the burning building, and in general performs prodigies of cunning and valour for the sake of his adored pupil and protégé, Lord Hartover. Hartover is a fine example of the young noble who may so easily go the primrose way if he chooses. And in this instance certain other persons choose—his wickedly charming step-mother, and her lover who stands next in succession to the family title and estates. It is a very handsome coil of intrigue and youthful passion from which the good Brownlow and Fate at last disentangle this Hyathincine lovable hero. To him, as a final sacrifice, Brownlow piously commits the woman of his own worthy but relatively ineligible heart. It is all quaint, of course, but admirable of its vintage and kind.

The other romances which are before us at the moment are very much in the modern mode. Mr. Bennett's *The Lion's Share* plays with suffragism and other matters of "timely" appeal. It must be owned, however, that he is not of those who exult in the present as something like a final goal of progress. However strictly he may tie himself down to facts of the moment (not that he does that in the present story, which is more in the tone of *Buried Alive* than of *The Old Wives' Tale*), it is plain that he is always interested in human nature not only as the main thing, but as a pretty stable thing, fundamentally the same as the generations pass. Miss Ingate and Audrey and Madame Piriac represent for him that eternal feminine which is not to be suddenly metamorphosed by the militance of the Jane Foleys and the Rosamunds who make so brave and public a display for Woman as she ought to be. Sweet Audrey has her hour of passionate independence, her fling at militancy even. But she is only experimenting, and is not to find herself in that direction. Her best of life, her

"lion's share" is not to be won, she discovers, through the championship or success of any public Cause. Subtle Madame Piriac perceives the truth about Audrey long before the girl is ready to see it—and puts it forcibly: "You ask me if I sympathise with suffragism. You might as well ask me if I sympathise with a storm or with an earthquake. Perhaps I do. But perhaps I do not. That has no importance. Feminism is a natural phenomenon; it was unavoidable. You Englishwomen will get your vote. Even we in France will get it one day. It cannot be denied. . . . Sympathy is not required. But let us suppose that all women joined the struggle. What would happen to women? What would happen to the world? Just as nunneries were a necessity of other ages, so even in this age women must meditate. Far more than men they need to understand themselves. Until they understand themselves, how can they understand men? The function of women is to understand. Their function is also to preserve. All the beautiful and luxurious things in the world are in the custody of women. Men would never of themselves keep a tradition. If there is anything on earth worth keeping, women must keep it. And the tradition will be lost if every woman listens to Madame Rosamund. That is what she cannot see." If Audrey also fails to see this with her mind, she presently sees it with her instinct, and confesses, by her need of union with Musa, the truth of Madame Piriac's estimate of her personality: "I see that you are in a high degree what all women are to a greater extent than men—an individualist. . . . With you, above all, the individual should count. Unless you use your youth and your freedom and your money for some individual, you will never be content." But Mr. Bennett meant this book to be an amusing trifle and not a document, and would rather see us look pleased with it than edified.

"E. Nesbit" is an experienced compounder of modern romances. In *The Incredible Honeymoon* she has applied

her skill to the discreet handling of one of the staple themes—the adventures together of a young pair concerning whose legal relations there is some doubt. Edward Basingstoke (like Mr. Bennett's Audrey Moze) is a young person abruptly released from humdrum by sudden inheritance of wealth, and hastening to prove his freedom. Basingstoke takes blithely to the road, with the intention of being carefree forever. But in a very short time he has tied himself up, first with a dog which he deliberately buys, and a little later with a girl whom he acquires on more chivalrous terms. She is, in fact, the Audrey kind of girl, half stifled by relatives and conventions, and longing for freedom without being in the least capable of license. It falls to Basingstoke to rescue her, at her innocent request, and thereby hangs a series of blamelessly piquant adventures through urban and rural England, a supposed mock marriage which keeps them at arms' length for a considerable time, and the eventual and not unforeseen discovery that it was not a mock marriage at all, but a very real and satisfactory one. This business of the marriage is pretty fishy, since it is quite clear that our lovely girl would not have been capable, on the grounds alleged, of consenting to anything of the sort, far less of urging it, if the author, for her own ends, had not been very insistent. But every romance is built upon an absurd premise or two, and if we cannot accept them we may as well admit our unworthiness of this form of literary art. "E. Nesbit" has been wont to deal with the hearts of children, and of such is the kingdom of romance. Her story, as usual, is told gracefully and with a free flow of feminine humour.

The Unknown Mr. Kent is a lively variation upon a still more familiar theme. It is also a very modern variation. The theme is the Zenda-theme—a little European kingdom with its intrigues, its out-of-date ways, its glitter, its rhetoric,—above all its beautiful princess; and a Western youth coming to dominate it, and her. It is, to be sure,

the Zenda-theme as we have Americanised it. For the unknown Mr. Kent is one of our pushing fellows, and comes to the Kingdom of Marken quite as much in the name of efficiency as in the name of sentiment. He is understood to be the agent of a great American financier named Rhodes. Rhodes has disappeared upon a private vacation of unpredictable length, and, for some reason not explained until the event explains it, this appears to Kent a proper time for a holiday on his own account. Rhodes has lent five millions to the Kingdom of Marken, and Kent happening to be in that neighbourhood at the moment when a revolution breaks out, takes a hand, primarily in the interest of those millions. The King is a good-natured but inefficient young man, and Kent tells him so. So Kent, with the King's consent, takes everything over except the nominal authority, and proceeds to apply the principles of efficiency to the government and affairs of Marken. In no time at all he straightens things out, confounding the King's enemies, achieving an industrial conscription, converting the people from discontented idleness to contented labour, and so on. He gets back Rhodes's five millions, and after having procured an invaluable concession in manganese, returns it magnanimously to the King and Marken. By this time he has won the haughty Princess, by virtue of his sterling worth and manly charm ("virile," the word should have been); and it is then in order for us to discover that Kent is none other than Rhodes himself, which is no more than the Princess deserves.

This is a brisk and capable, but tolerably raw and magazinish performance. *The Far Cry* has far greater merit, from the literary point of view—by which I do not at all mean that it is prettily written, but that it is more solidly made, rings truer as a work of fancy in contrast with ingenuity. But it is

not free from artifice. The writer has always puzzled me. Ten years ago he published his first book of fiction, *Beached Keels*, a group of tales which showed perhaps some over-consciousness of the "realistic" influence, but had a good deal of intensity and power. Since that volume, Mr. Rideout has issued book after book of romantic adventure, often of a rather flimsy sort. It is all well enough to conclude that the *Beached Keels* may not have paid, and that *White Tiger* and *Dragon's Blood* may have paid; but it is hard to see how a man who was capable of doing the earlier thing could have been content to drop it outright. *The Far Cry* is an episode of adventure of certain shipwrecked Anglo-Americans on an islet in the Southern seas. There dwells an aging Englishman, Fraye, with his granddaughter, surrounded by affectionate and cowardly natives. Their peace and their possession of the islet are menaced by the neighbourhood of another white adventurer, one Mace, who has designs upon both the girl and the property. To them, at a critical moment, come the three shipwrecked ones. They are all young men, two of them gentlemen, the other a common sailor. It is Godbolt, the seaman, who shows the other two their duty, leads them in taking sides with the Frayes against Mace. That villain is duly frustrated, and dies by act of God in order that Godbolt's hands may be clean in the eyes of his lady. Here, I think, Mr. Rideout has rested his action upon an unstable support. The Frayes are English, and it is hardly credible that beautiful Katherine would have loved and chosen him for her mate without a qualm. He has a heart of gold, nobody can deny that, but he has the breeding and speech of a navvy, and this, if our reading of English fiction is any sort of guide, would have disposed of him, for a Katherine, at the outset.

THE POETS ENLIST UNDER MARS*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE poets have had their baptism of fire, some of them in reality and others only in the spirit and afar off. But nearly all of those who write verses in the English tongue have enlisted under Mars and either in the body or in imagination have marched up to the very muzzle of the big guns and looked upon the fields of slaughter. What is the result? How has war affected them? What new strain has it put into their song? Mankind has been prone always to look upon the servers of Apollo as being seers also, able to interpret for it the puzzles of life and straighten somewhat the tangled and baffling threads of destiny, so that men may understand a little better the meaning of the things that seem intolerable. So now, these poets that are tuning their measures to the thunder of the guns, what have they to tell us of the significance of the awful struggle? Do their spirits beat upward "above the battle" and from that vantage point of the seer do they send back to the rest of us, aghast and anguished, some message of comfort and hope and reassurance?

So far as the half dozen volumes of verse reviewed here are concerned, who

*Poems of the Great War. Selected by J. W. Cunliffe. On Behalf of the Belgian Scholarship Committee. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. By Robert W. Service. New York: Barse and Hopkins.

Ballads of Battle. By Corporal Joseph Lee, 4th Black Watch. Illustrated by the author. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

Poems. By Alan Seeger. Introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

turns to the poets represented in them for hope, for assurance, for renewal of faith, for glimpse of light above and beyond the smoke of battle, will be disappointed. They have little to tell us upon which our souls can lean. They bring us no message that would give strength through understanding. In spirit or in body they have marched up to the muzzle of the guns and they have heard the guns thunder, and have seen blood and tears—but little else.

One curious effect the war has had upon some of the poets has been to send them to the cave-man for inspiration. Military observers say that, no matter how averse a soldier may be to the business of killing his fellow-man, when once he has plunged his bayonet into the flesh of his adversary and heard the squeal as of a stuck pig he becomes a changed man and a new light shines in his eyes. Doubtless his transformation is a part of that refining and ennobling result of war of which we have heard much during the last two years. That thrill of the stained cold steel seems to have touched the war poetry. Perhaps the consequent verses are photographic of war's emotions. But can the poetry of a world war, declared to be a titanic struggle for liberty and justice and the freedom of the nations, give us nothing better than psychological photography? The extent to which the war poets—and nearly a hundred and fifty of them are represented in these volumes—are concerned with the portrayal of personal emotion of many varied kinds gives one an appalling sense of the spiritual bankruptcy of the age.

"POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR"

Selected with admirable taste and judgment by Professor Cunliffe of Co-

lumbia University from the great mass of war poetry written in English during the last two years, this volume of nearly three hundred pages enables the reader to study the varied moods in which the poets have written of the great war and the wide variety of their product. It contains more than a hundred and forty poems by as many different authors and in its pages are represented writers of Australia, Canada, India, the United Kingdom and the United States. Professor Cunliffe explains in a brief preface that while poetic merit has been the paramount consideration governing his selections, he has endeavoured to exercise a catholic judgment and to give representation to various schools of thought and expression as well as to the various phases of the war. Therefore it may be taken for granted that the volume fairly sets forth the best that the English speaking world can do when it endeavours to voice in poesy its imaginative and spiritual reaction to the most stupendous war in history.

In their poetic technique, as the literary expression of emotion, the contents of the volume are of surprisingly high and uniform excellence. One is struck by the fine poetic quality of many of the poems whose authors are making apparently their first—and sometimes, alas, their last essay in verse. There are quite as many unfamiliar names as of those more or less well known. Nearly all the best known living poets of the British Empire and the United States are represented among the selections, although one notes wonderingly the absence of Mr. Kipling.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the book is the extent to which its authors have been engaged, as I mentioned above, with the concerns of the individual. They run pretty nearly the whole gamut of the emotions felt by the soldier before and after he enlists, at the front, in battle, and afterward, and also by his loved ones left at home. Sometimes these leap out into a flashing white light burning with that nobility and universality of emotion that makes a great

poem. Of that sort is Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier," beginning

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England

whose passion of patriotism is likely to set it among the great poems of the English people. It would be difficult also to excel the stark, bitter irony of the four stanzas in which Florence Kiper Frank's "Jewish Conscript" voices his thoughts when sent "bravely forth to shoot my own in a foreign land," ending thus:

We are the mock and the sport of time!

Yet why should I complain!—

For a Jew that they hung on the bloody
cross,

He also died in vain.

But, although so many of the poems are concerned with personal reactions, to the facts of the war as to make that quality seem the outstanding characteristic of the collection, one finds some that attempt philosophic discussion of the reasons for the existence of war, such as the long quotation from Lincoln Colcord's "Vision of War," or write a vivid, lilting description, such as Wilfrid Campbell's ballad, "Langemarck," or voice a glowing wrath, or burn with indignation. An especially fine and noble note is struck by Alfred Noyes in "The Searchlights," having for its text Bernhardt's declaration that the state is above moral considerations.

"BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS"

Only a small part, forty pages out of two hundred, of Mr. Gibson's book is devoted to poems of the war. Of the rest another small section contains short poems on a variety of themes while more than half the work is filled with seven playlets, or dramatic poems, written, a footnote says, ten years ago.

The war poems, all of them very brief, are notable for the naked simplicity with which each one presents its picture or its idea. Startlingly vivid are

the pictures he makes in ten or a dozen lines, with just the essentials in each one. With equal economy of material he goes straight to the heart of an emotion and sets it out bare and uncomplicated, but by its own living force able to bring forth a swarm of ideas in the reader's mind. "The Return," a little poem of only eight lines, carries in its last stanza a world of implications of a mother's vision of war:

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What he will say if I'm reported dead

There is a hint also of a vast stretch of soul land waiting for psychological exploration in the ten-line poem entitled "Back" in which the returned soldier is puzzled by what seems to him a difference in identity between himself at home and the himself who had "killed men in foreign lands." There is grim humour in several of the poems, as in "His Father," in which a young soldier at the front who when leaving home had forgotten to put the spigot in a beer keg wonders how "jumping-mad" his father was and

would give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

"RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN"

Robert W. Service is known for a certain Kiplingesque flavour, as of free winds and wide horizons and untrammelled, divining spirit, that he has put into several volumes of Canadian verse. These "songs from out the slaughter mill" show the qualities of lilting rhythm, vivid description, vigour of spirit, and understanding of human nature that won for him a wide audience in times of peace. It is all spirited verse and it gives many a picture of battle fields and trenches and of the inside of men's souls when they are fighting, or have lately been fighting, well worth reading. Mostly the poems present only individual reaction, personal feeling

about personal emotions and experiences, whether of stay-at-homes or of gutter-rats become men by the simple operation of killing their fellow-men, or of cockney clerks risen to nobility of soul by reason of courage and self-sacrifice. But now and then Mr. Service makes an interesting excursion into psychology, as when he questions the effect of prolonged warfare upon the men who take part in it, in "The Revelation," wherein "scornful men who have dined with death under the naked skies" wonder whether or not they will be able to "stick it" when they go home after "the Great Adventure:"

We've bidden good-bye to life in a cage,
We're finished with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of rebellious rage,
They're showing us how to be men;
We're only beginning to find ourselves;
We're wonders of brawn and thw,
But when we go back to our Cissy jobs,
Oh, what are we going to do?

"BALLADS OF BATTLE"

Soldier, poet and artist, Corporal Joseph Lee acquits himself well of two of his three occupations in this little volume whose poems for the most part deal with the experiences and emotions of the soldier in his varied duties. In one of the poems, however, he wonders over that dual nature of man that impels him to be cruel and merciless as well as soft and tender—that enables him, in short, to be at the same time a soldier and a fellow-man. There is a lilting tribute to the value to marching soldiers of a humble musical instrument which deserves the quotation of a stanza:

He has a twist upon his mouth,
A twinkle in his e'e,
A roguish air,
A deil-may-care,
Like the Piper o' Dundee;
Faith! we would dance thro' half o' France,
And a' the trenches carry,
If Jimmy Morgan
On his old mouth organ,
Did but give us "Annie Laurie"!

"WAR AND LAUGHTER"

Only a few pages of Mr. Oppenheim's new volume are given to verse of war, but those few pages are worth much. For he, almost alone of all the poets, tries to rise "above the battle," to see something besides the slaughter, the blood and the tears, to hear the still small voice speaking above the thunder of the guns. From hilltops of vision afar off he tries to divine why war is and then with creative imagination to foresee how mankind can rid itself of so horrible a companion. Crying out against war the poet looks into his own breast and in that mirror of mankind sees the poisons, the hates, the contending armies that breed the world slaughter of wars. But, instead of being "crushed by the horror of blood and carnage" he would have man arise with hope and determination, to create for himself a new vision of peace that should mean also justice and hope and joy.

Would you end war?

Create great Peace . . .

The Peace that demands all of a man,

His love, his life, his veriest self;

Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work
that becomes his child;

Give him a hard Peace, a Peace of discipline and justice,

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy
and adventure,

Set him to work, not to create *things*

But to create *men*,

Yea, himself.

Mr. Oppenheim handles the forms of *vers libre* with exceptional skill and reveals in a masterly way its possibilities of music and of beauty.

"POEMS BY ALAN SEEGER"

Alan Seeger was one of forty or more young Americans who at the beginning of the war enlisted in the Foreign

Legion of France. He was killed on the evening of July Fourth, 1916, at Belloy-en-Santerre, as the Legion charged to drive the Germans out of that village. Only twenty-eight years old he had some years before chosen literature as his profession and this volume of nearly two hundred pages is filled with poems he had already produced. Some thirty pages of the work have been inspired by the war and these breathe pleasure in the adventure, belief in the glory, delight in the companionship of war. Perhaps the strongest note in them is a fatalistic philosophy as to the necessity, the inevitability, of war and, after that, belief in the glory and the exaltation of the soldier's life. Imaginative beauty and much nobility of expression mark all of these poems, but their viewpoint is always that of the conventionally romantic and, fine in spirit and pleasing in form although the poems are, one looks in them in vain for any glimpse of forward shining light. Representative of the quality and the spirit of the war poems are these lines from an "Ode" which Mr. Seeger had purposed to read in Paris on last Decoration Day and in which, while paying tribute to those Americans who have fallen in France, he rebukes the United States because it is not fighting beside France in the European war:

And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground

Where the forlorn, the gallant, charge expires,

Where the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,

And on the tangled wires

The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,

Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers;

Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;

Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

THE GOSPEL OF LITERARY MUSH

BY JAMES L. FORD

IF THE passing moods of a nation could leave their enduring marks on its history, like rings in a forest tree, the present era would be revealed to the future investigator as one of absurd, mushy sentimentality. If the chronicler working in days to come, will consult the files of that tree of literary knowledge, THE BOOKMAN, he will find in its records of best-selling fiction, satisfying proof of this assertion. He will find it difficult, however, to determine exactly how much this taste for sentimentality has influenced public thought or what passes with us for thought, and what effect it has had on our country's growth.

Our book counters are laden with mush of every variety, suited to every age and every condition of ignorance and bad taste. Much of it is designed for children and finds a ready market, as the modern parent is notoriously indifferent to the reading habits of its offspring. There is also adult mush which appeals powerfully to persons of mature age whose reasoning faculties are insufficiently developed.

I think it was pious little Eva of ante-bellum days, who led the long procession of sentimental infants. Generations of playgoers have wept over this pantelleted heroine of evangelistic mush. I myself have watched her final passing scores of times and heard the doleful jubilee singers intone her requiem, while the hounds, but recently employed in chasing Eliza across the ice, uttered faint, sympathetic growls from their place of confinement beneath the stage. Eva was a product of the era of Sunday School literature, a distinct brand of juvenile fiction that in ante-bellum days and even later, commanded a wide sale. In tales of this class, it was generally some child of

physical malformation who furnished the motive power. *Little Sore-Eyed Billy and How He Found the Lord*, *A Twisted Knee as a Means to Grace* were justly favourites then. The children of fiction who preceded these infant reformers, were all thoroughly repressed, as in *Harry and Lucy* and *The Fairchild Family*, who did exactly as they were told and served as "feeders" to the elders of the family, by endless strings of questions. At the present day, we have a race of self-assertive brats, who dominate their respective environments, and never ask questions, because they are shown to know more than their elders.

Pollyanna is a leading figure in the school that exists for the dissemination of juvenile mush. She has been billed as the "glad child" and the term is not misplaced, for she is always glad no matter what happens. She is glad when she comes to live with her cross and tedious aunt, and glad when she has nothing but bread and milk for her supper. She is glad when her father dies because she knows that he has gone to Heaven; glad when she meets the virtuous because they are so good, and glad when she meets sinners because she can convert them. She would be glad if she saw a submarine show its periscope near a steamer on which she was sailing. At present her "gladness" threatens to spread over the entire country for her appearance on the stage has given her a new lease of life.

Another disseminator of mush is *Daddy Longlegs*, in which an orphan girl, impersonated by a young woman remarkable for her lack of dramatic talent, has delighted thousands of the thoughtless and caused the judicious to weep. I have also encountered in my reading at least two musical brats, each

one of whom played on the fiddle and one of whom, at least, *Just David*, deserves a place on the contemporary stage.

The making of one of these sloppy books seems to me quite a simple matter. The leading character must be a combination of kindness and misfortune, and if possible, blessed with some infirmity like the Sunday School children of old. Self-sacrifice, to the point of reckless idiocy, must play a prominent part in the unfolding of the tale. The hero or heroine must always contribute to the support of somebody of even less opulence. Hovering in the background, we always find that *rara avis* of real life, the benevolent banker, whose mission it is to set everything right in the end. Sometimes he does this by educating the mushy child or remaking his will in its favour and in certain extreme cases he goes to the length of adoption, declaring that it is for the purpose of bringing a little sunshine into his home. In my own opinion, locks are placed on doors for the express purpose of keeping these snivelling infants out in the cold.

Curiously enough, these books find their most enthusiastic readers among the meanest classes. The husband who never gives his wife a dollar without compelling her to account for it, will sob like a child over the recital of how a washerwoman brought up two families or how a one-legged newsboy called a trained nurse "the Joy Lady." The woman whose tongue is the terror of her vicinage, will read *Pollyanna* till tears from her eyelids start. And both are just as mean as ever when they have reached the end of the final chapter.

In books designed for children of a larger physical growth, crime and extreme poverty offer the most secure and popular foundation for mendacious romance. A favourite character in recent fiction is the young man who goes down to one of the lower wards of New York to "live among the poor and share their sorrows" as his admiring feminine friends phrase it, and who eventually

becomes a power in politics and marries a girl as sentimental as himself and much stronger in purse. The Honourable Peter Stirling was the first of this breed of reformers and I well recall his virtuous East Side saloon-keeper, whose only aim in life was to prevent his customers from drinking too much. I also recall the fact that not once in the whole course of the story did the author allude to the handling of the "labour tickets," which are the real source of the machine politician's power over the men who must look to him for their bread and butter. Nor do I find any allusion to this system in any of the other books on the same subject. The successors of Peter Stirling copy him in another respect, and that is in the matter of lodgings. These are always luxurious and tastefully decorated, in order that the hero may entertain a great many charming women and thus advance his own social position. Indeed, to read one of these works of adult mush is to realise that the congested district can be utilised by pushers as a broad gateway into society.

As to the manner in which the occupant of these delightful rooms acquires political influence in the lower wards, it is so absurd that it seems incredible to me that any one should be fooled by it. Such an organisation as the Sullivan clan of recent years, would have made short work of such an invader had it deemed his efforts worthy of notice.

The female of this living-among-the-poor species, is usually a settlement worker and feels that her mission in life is to rescue erring girls and convert hardened criminals. In this adventurous philanthropy she meets a noble-minded Socialist who always is keenly alive to his own interests, or in some cases, one of those reporters of fiction, who is let loose on the town every morning with instructions to "show up" any form of iniquity that he encounters in his rambles.

My chief objection to this school of mendacious and mushy fiction is, that

it does harm by portraying life as it might be rather than as it is. A burglar might be moved to tears by seeing his mother's picture, but it will take more than that to make him stop stealing. Unfortunately, however, this kind of sentimentality which has a powerful appeal for the idle mind, has served to awaken among those who might well be better employed, a morbid interest in crime and criminals—an interest that has not done a particle of good for it is the product of sentimentality and not of reason or benevolence. To those who are swayed by surface emotions rather than by the sterling qualities of heart and brain, the question of giving prisoners two kinds of pie for dinner outranks in importance that of helping the proud and deserving poor. A great deal of what I may venture to call "college-settlementality" is the direct fruit of the school of thought engendered by constant perusal of this mush. It is the disciples of this school who rejoice in evil, who love to free their minds by the discussion of what they call "subjects of vital interest concerning the primal facts of life," and who have at times caused the Night Court to smell like a sachet bag.

In certain cases sentimentality of the kind that feeds on literary mush, has had serious results. The white slave agitation, begun in a widely read magazine some years ago, raged like a forest fire among the sentimental classes and spread a slime of mendacity over the whole country. It resulted in an hysterical appeal to our legislators which they had not the courage to resist and the consequence was the Mann Act conceived of ignorance and passed in haste, and now known as the greatest incentive to blackmail that the country has ever known.

I do not, of course, say that we owe this Act directly to mushy literature, but I do assert of my own knowledge, that books of this class fed the maudlin emotions to which it owes its existence.

And I may add, that the peculiar form of cowardice known as pacificism finds its chief support among those who are the most eager devourers of literary mush.

But whatever its effect on politics or on national intelligence—and I admit that this may be a disputed point—there is no question about the deleterious influence of mush on our literature. Again I advise my readers to consult THE BOOKMAN'S list of best-sellers. They will not only find mush triumphant but will be forced to realise the extent to which it has literally crowded from the book-counters the very best kind of fiction.

Another school of mushy fiction, written exclusively by women, to the delight of their own sex, is responsible for a novel called *The Man in Lonely Land*, which deals with a New York bachelor who possesses wealth, health, good looks, breeding, friends—almost everything, in fact, that makes life desirable. And yet he is lonely. Why he should be lonely with the variety of companionship that the town affords to men in his circumstances, can be accounted for only on the supposition that it is necessary to the making of the novel. A young woman whose charm and beauty are described by the author rather than revealed by what she herself says and does, comes to New York from her southern home. The lonely one, at first indifferent, soon loses his heart, but finds his wooing no easy matter. The beauty, who is quite adept in the manifold arts of "pulling on" suitors, always has "letters to write" when this one calls and it is not until he follows her to her home, thus enabling the author to introduce that novelty, the "old-fashioned southern Christmas," that the engagement, which any reader could have predicted from the first chapter, is announced. I may add that I doubt if marriage to an exacting beauty will add to the happiness of this lonely man.

SUCCESS

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

A TREE there stands by the dead, dead sea
 And it bears a fruit of gold,
 And the shimmering sheen of its shifting leaves
 Mocks at the air so cold,
 And its root is fixed in the bitter earth,
 While its top to the sky doth hold.

There's never a breeze that ruffles the tree
 But rives the soul apart,
 And there's never a sound that comes from the sea
 But the sob of a breaking heart,
 And the silence is so terrible
 That it makes the senses start.

Now, should you win to the shimmering tree
 In the land of fear and frost,
 And find the shore of the sobbing sea
 With its black waves shoreward tossed,
 Grasp quick and eat the golden fruit
 And forget the fearful cost.

For it gets its gold from the sky above
 As it splendidly shineth there
 But its strength it draws from the bitter earth
 Of silent, dank despair,
 And the billows of the dead, dead sea
 Bear sorrow from everywhere.

POE'S STUDENT DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

NINETY years ago Edgar Allan Poe became a student in the University of Virginia. His entire sojourn here lies between St. Valentine's Day and Christmas, while his connection with the University covered exactly ten months and a day. There was at the time nothing strange, surprising, or even exceptional in his career, which would readily have been merged into hundreds of others equally uneventful and been forgotten but for his subsequent fame. But this re-

nown has carried the University's name to remote lands and made every incident of his student days, however insignificant in itself, of universal interest. Indeed, any fact in Poe's life is of value in enabling us to determine his erratic orbit and in furnishing us substantial material out of which imagination may make real the full picture of his perplexing life.

There was displayed by his earliest biographers a singular and perverse fa-

518 Poe's Student Days at the University of Virginia

cility in creating for him an incongruous and impossible University experience, but the later students of his life here have striven zealously to discover and to disclose every fact. This they have done frankly, but not always with a due appreciation of the significance of these facts, and certainly not always with full sympathy for Poe himself.

Among the investigators of his University period Mr. Douglas Shirley (*University of Virginia Magazine*, March and April, 1880) and Mr. Schuyler Poitevent (*idem*, December, 1897) were most successful in adding to our limited store of knowledge. The facts furnished by them and by earlier students have, as far as possible, been verified as a basis for this sketch, which, however, contains other material, procured by a minute examination of all University records and by personal interviews.

The University of Virginia, for

largely given up to disciplining students guilty of the use of ardent and vinous liquors, or of gambling. There were open outbreaks as well as personal rebellion against rules. The University seemed in imminent peril from within, because of the unrestrained wildness, rampant disrespect, and obstreperous conduct of a body of immature young men, who mistook this new liberty for license.

The second session began on February 1, 1826. On that day thirty-four students matriculated. After that they came in day by day, until by Tuesday, February 14th, one hundred and thirty-one students had matriculated. On the 14th five students entered, among them Edgar Allan Poe, who was No. 136 out of a total enrolment for the session of one hundred and seventy-seven.

In the matriculation book, at the very bottom of the page, as shown in the cut, the line runs:

				Long	Blätter	Remarks
Edgar A. Poe	19 Jan: 1809	John Allen	Richmond	1	1	

many years lingering an unfinished creation in the fruitful brain of its prescient founder, Thomas Jefferson, was so far completed in 1825 that on Monday, March 7th, the first session began, but without ceremony or celebration. There were fifty students present on that day, and during the whole session, which closed on December 15th, there were one hundred and sixteen students.

The session was peculiarly stormy. The professors, who were mainly English, and seem to have been unpopular because of that fact, were the victims of unpardonable disrespect. The faculty-meetings in the first session, when so many matters of policy should have engaged the attention of those called to direct aright the infant University, were

Unfortunately this is not in Poe's handwriting. The lists of students for both 1825 and 1826 were neatly copied out by the same hand that wrote the formal pledge required of all students in 1827 and since that day. Presumably the copyist was Mr. Brockenborough, the Proctor. The blank space under Remarks is itself of interest, and is *prima facie* evidence that Poe did not at any time during the session sever his connection with the University; for comments in this column show that of the one hundred and seventy-seven students of the session six withdrew, three were suspended, three dismissed, and three expelled, but no one of these records stands against Poe.

According to the unimpeached testi-

mony of a college mate and warm personal friend, Thomas Goode Tucker, Poe roomed at first on the Lawn with Miles George, of Richmond. There is no evidence of any kind to show the location of this Lawn room. Miles George (born September 17, 1807), the son of Bird George, of Richmond, Virginia, matriculated on February 3, 1826, entering the classes of Professors Long and Key, and remained at the University two sessions. While he does not seem to have been engaged in any of the disturbances or guilty of any misdemeanours, he was not reported by any of his professors among those who excelled in their examinations. He afterward graduated from the Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Early in the session Poe and George had some difficulty. The cause of this youthful disagreement is unknown, and in all probability was not at all serious. The result, however, of the discord was a fisticuff in a field near the University, after which the participants shook hands and parted in peace. George remained in possession of the Lawn room and Poe moved to West Range.

If remaining in possession of the territory formerly occupied is good ground for inference as to the victor, then Poe was probably whipped by his older companion. Perhaps, however, Poe's withdrawal was merely one of the conditions of their amicable settlement and does not point to his defeat.

It is true that Poe was just past seventeen, but his athletic record was already well established. He was "rather short of stature, thick and somewhat compactly set, but very active, being quite an expert in athletic and gymnastic arts." It may spoil a poetic illusion to add that "he was bow-legged and walked rapidly, with a certain jerkiness in his hurried movements." His greatest athletic achievement dates from June, 1825, when he swam, under a hot sun, from Ludlam's Wharf (Richmond) to Warwick, a distance of six miles, against a very strong tide. "Any swimmer in the Falls in my days," says Poe, "would

have swum the Hellespont and thought nothing of the matter." This feat on the James, which is duly attested, was indeed remarkable for a boy, and in a measure justifies his boast that he could swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais. But Poe's prowess was not confined to swimming. He had the reputation of being the best young boxer in Richmond; and if in fights he ever had to exercise the valourous discretion of flight, he could readily have outstripped most contestants, for his swiftness in running was noted among his companions. His athletic record in field sports, however, would have been made in the running broad jump, for during his early life, probably here at the University, he jumped twenty-one feet six inches on a level, with a running start of twenty yards. His chief competitor in athletic contests here was one of the Labranche brothers, of New Orleans, who had been educated in France and trained in physical exercise. But the sad-faced Poe took his sports seriously, and exhibited little boyish enthusiasm or spirit in his triumphs.

On April 29, 1826, William Matthews, formerly a cadet of West Point, was "allowed the use of the Gymnasium [then where the chairman's office now is] for the purpose of giving instruction upon military tactics to such of the students as may choose to be drilled. Mr. Matthews is held responsible to the faculty for all riots or other disturbances of the peace happening during his attendance upon the students composing his class." The first physical director proved worthy of his appointment, and so commended himself to the faculty that later in the session he was assigned one of the elliptical rooms in the Rotunda. Still later in the session, when his name was mentioned in connection with a local scandal, he was not only completely exonerated, but the faculty took occasion, officially, to commend him. As his class was not officially recognised, there is extant no list of his students and no account of their progress, but it is natural to suppose that among those who took

particular interest in his course was the ex-lieutenant of the Junior Volunteers of Richmond.

But we have wandered too far from his matriculation and the early experiences of the session. Poe, after the difficulty with George, moved to West Range. There was for some while a tradition here that his room was No. 17, but no evidence of any kind can be found for this number. On the other hand, Mr. Tucker's confident assertion that it was 13 is in part confirmed by the memory of Mr. Jesse Maury. Mr. Maury's memory goes back some years prior to 1826, and still holds securely the important events of that year. During that session young Maury, who was never a student at the University, was put in charge of his father's teamsters, who were frequently employed in hauling wood to Conway's boarding-house. The wood-pile was just back of the block on West Range, containing rooms 5 to 15 (odd numbers). This block was then known as Rowdy Row. It was in this row, beyond any doubt in Mr. Maury's mind, that Poe roomed. Mr. Maury recalls vividly the charcoal decorations on his walls and his marvellous penmanship, of which Poe was then so proud. Poe used to entertain himself and his friends by writing on a bit of paper of fixed size the largest possible number of words. These independent reminiscences of Mr. Maury are themselves confirmed, for John Willis tells of Poe's talent for drawing and of the crayon sketches on his walls; and Thomas Bolling relates that he once found Poe engaged in copying on the ceiling of his dormitory an interesting plate from an English edition of Byron's poems.

With Poe now domiciled for the session in 13 West Range, we can turn to his occupations. The round of lectures—lectures—lectures, of which Dr. Emmet complained, had begun, and Poe, on the day he entered, had to elect what courses of lectures he would attend. Poe had shown at Stoke-Newington, in England, as well as under Masters Clarke and Burke in Richmond, not only an

aptitude and fondness for literary and linguistic studies, but also an unusual skill in construing Latin and in "capping" Latin verses. In addition, he had exhibited a marked facility in French conversation. It was natural, then, that Latin and French should be among the subjects elected. The matriculation book shows that he took the classes of Professors Long and Blaetterman. The announcement for 1826 thus outlines these courses: "In the school of Antient Languages are to be taught the higher grade of the Latin and Greek languages, the Hebrew, rhetoric, belles-lettres, antient history and antient geography. In the school of Modern Languages are to be taught French, Spanish, Italian, German, and the English language, in its Anglo-Saxon form; also modern history and modern geography." It seems almost preposterous to suppose that any student would be required to pursue work in all these branches, yet we find that Henry Tutwiler at the end of the session is reported as having excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish and mathematics, while Gessner Harrison, whom Mr. Tucker mentions with Tutwiler among the "hard students," excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German and medicine. It may, then, be true that Poe was a member of the classes in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, though there is no mention of him in connection with Greek.

Of his class-room career we know little except that Mr. Wertenbaker, a fellow-student and librarian, avers that Poe was tolerably regular in his attendance upon the French, Italian and Spanish classes, and was a successful student. He was publicly commended for a verse translation from Tasso. It is easy to believe that, with his previous training, he had little difficulty in keeping up with classes composed of young men, for the most part, with far less preparation than his. And, even if he were not a close student, he possessed, in addition to his training, a quick eye and an alert mind that made the perilous process of "read-

ing ahead" less hazardous for him. According to the schedule of lectures made out by Mr. Jefferson in his own handwriting, Poe's classes came between 7.30 and 9.30 each day of the week, including Saturday. After the lectures were over there was the long day and the evening hours at his disposal. How did he pass his time?

To proceed gradually from studies to practices far removed therefrom, it is in place to mention first that he spent much time in the library. Mr. Tucker, who enjoyed his intimate friendship, gives a pleasing account of their reading together Lingard and Hume, their favourite historians. In view of the fact that Poe's writings have been declared not immoral, but *unmoral*, it is interesting to note that Lingard had encountered the censure of strict Protestants, and Hume, by his philosophy, fallen under the temporary obloquy of all Christians. But these young readers turned willingly from history to English poetry, from Chaucer to Scott. From their chosen poets each copied for the other his own favourite passages.

During the early part of the session Central college building (Pavilion VII., West Lawn, later occupied by Professor Noah K. Davis) was used as a meeting-place of the Board of Visitors, and for a library and reading-room. The library was in the front room upstairs. But the Rotunda had been begun in the spring of 1823, and on November 5, 1824, was under roof and so far advanced that it was used for the famous entertainment given Lafayette. In October, 1825, Jefferson reports that the circular room, destined for the receipt of books, had been pressed forward, and "we trust will be ready for them." In October, 1826, Madison, the rector, says: "The library room in the Rotunda has been nearly completed and the books put in it." Exactly when this transfer of the books was made it is impossible to ascertain, and so we are forced into some uncertainty in picturing Poe in the library. He may have read in the somewhat restricted quarters of the upper room in the

"Old Library," as Pavilion VII. was called as late as the forties, and he was certainly a frequenter of the large and meagrely supplied circular room in the Rotunda as it existed before the fire of 1895.

Poe not only used the books in the library, but, according to Mr. Wertenbaker, the librarian, borrowed during the session the following books: Rollin, *Histoire Ancienne*; Robertson's *America*; Marshall's *Washington*; Voltaire, *Histoire Particulière*; Dufief, *Nature Displayed*.

The class-room and the library could not fully meet the requirements of his retiring and reflective nature. Love of moody solitude led him on long and lonesome walks in the Ragged Mountains, where he was surely a "first adventurer" in many a secluded dell. From these long walks, or rather on them, he found material for weird tales, written out and read to some boon companions, and, if favourably received, repeated perhaps to a larger audience, spellbound but somewhat irreverent toward art. His sensitive nature, so exacting of his own work as to destroy these college efforts, recoiled from harsh or jeering criticism. For example, the good-natured taunt that gave Poe the nickname of "Gaffy," because a character of that name was so prominent in one of his stories, cost the world this tale, for the author petulantly tossed the manuscript into the flames.

In the invention and elaboration of these stories Poe served his apprenticeship as a short-story writer, and enrolled himself as perhaps first in time, as he certainly became one of the first in importance in this art. It could hardly fail to be true, though it is now no longer capable of demonstration, that Poe, who was so frugal of his themes and so disposed to use his material over and over, has embodied the substance of some of these college stories in his famous tales.

Poe began to write verse at an early age, and kept up the practice during his student days. Bolling recalls that sometimes while Poe was taking part in con-

versation he would also write verse, training himself to listen and think of something else at the same time. This rhyming, pronounced creditable, was after all but a sign of his skill in versification, which was also shown in his translation from the Italian. There is good reason for believing that during the session he was seriously busied with poetry. His first volume of poetry was published prior to August, 1827; it probably went to press prior to May, 1827, when he enlisted in the United States army as a private under the name of Edgar A. Perry.* Between December 20, 1826, and May 26, 1827, there was not very much time for writing poetry, because he was first in a Richmond counting house, then on a visit to Baltimore, then on his journeying to Boston. But Poe says that the contents of this volume were written in 1821-22, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. Very little credence can be given to this claim, for many of these poems show unexpected maturity of mind for a youth of seventeen, and could hardly have been written by a boy of twelve; and some of them were distinctly influenced by Byron, in whom Poe was especially interested during his University days. As this volume of 1827 was not, in all probability, written in the troublous months succeeding his University career, and could not have been written at a very early age, it is fair to conclude that some of the poems in this volume were written, and perhaps all of them, with a single exception ("The Song"), were revised while he was a student in the University of Virginia. His alma mater may justly claim him as her poet, though with his unique disregard of time and location he nowhere pays her a passing tribute.

Athlete, student, saunterer, story-teller and poet, he aspired also to another honour, and became very much interested in the debating society organised that

year and named after the University's founder. Is it worth while now to prove that a boy of seventeen, so multifariously busy, could not have found time to be a habitual drunkard or an untiring gambler? There is no attempt to gloss over Poe's failings, but he is entitled to justice.

The students divided themselves into two classes; those like Gessner Harrison, Henry Tutwiler, and others who were noted for their quiet, studious habits, and those like the Brunswick County group, Dunn, Creighton, Gholson, and Tucker, who gave their studies a small share of their time. But in this large number who were not altogether studious there were all varieties of delinquents. There were the confirmed gamblers, who met over Jones's book-store, or in one of the rooms clearly designated in the faculty minutes, to play loo or all-fours, at from one to ten dollars a game. There were those who played occasionally for large stakes, but more frequently played whist or seven-up for small amounts, or indulged in the forbidden game of backgammon. In the faculty minutes, filled in that year with trials of students, we read of visits to Mosby's and Daffan's confectioneries, where all manner of drinks, such as mint-sling, mixed and unmixed wine, toddy, Madeira, eggnog, peach and honey, and ardent and vinous liquors, might be had; and we learn further of dormitory entertainments, where such beverages were known. But in all these records we nowhere find any mention of the name of Edgar Poe; and when a long list of students summoned to appear before the Albemarle grand jury was made out Poe was not included, though many of his boon companions were. Poe was not, then, among the offenders known to University or civil law, but from the private testimony of his college mates it is evident that he did sometimes play seven-up and loo, his favourite games, for money. That he was not so expert as Tucker considered him and his companions, would seem to be established by his considerable losses.

*Just a few names above Poe's in the matriculation book (see Appendix 2) is that of Sidney A. Perry. Does this not suggest the source of his borrowed name?

His partner, afterward a devout clergyman, and his adversaries, including frequently two friends, who became respectively a well-known divine and a pious judge, were far better known to the University sporting circle than was Poe.

That there was much gambling at the University in the first sessions is, unfortunately, true. At one of the numerous trials conducted by the Faculty a certain witness deposed that there were not fifty students at the University who did not play cards. With as much readiness and no less accuracy he might have affirmed that not fifty of the fathers of these students were free from the same vice. The sentiments against it in the Faculty could not have been unyielding, for in 1825 three out of seven of the members wished gambling removed from the infractions punished seriously and transferred to the list of minor offences punishable by insignificant fines. It is no excuse for gaming that it was common, and but little extenuation that sentiment against it was not strong, but when gaming was both common and but mildly condemned, it is uncharitable to select one out of many and pronounce him the arch-criminal. It is unreasonable and unjust to select as this arch-criminal Edgar Poe, who, when others were tried and expelled for this offence, never at any time fell under any kind of official censure.

In the scurrilous and irresponsible indictment drawn up by Griswold in his notorious *Memoir of Poe* is the count that at the University of Virginia Poe "led a very dissipated life," and "was known as the wildest and most reckless student of his class." Mr. Wertenbaker, on the contrary, who as librarian and class-mate saw him perhaps every day, says: "He certainly was not habitually intemperate, but he may occasionally have entered into a frolic. I often saw him in the lecture-room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors." Mr. Wertenbaker evidently did not know of his own knowledge that Poe even occasionally entered into a

frolic, but presumed this to be true because there was later a rumour to that effect. The rumour was true, but it does not seem to have been substantiated until Mr. Tucker wrote to Mr. Shirley in 1880, and his account probably states the whole case against Poe. "Poe's passion for strong drink was as marked and as peculiar as that for cards. It was not the taste of the beverage that influenced him; without a sip or smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without water or sugar, and send it home at a single gulp. This frequently used him up; but, if not, he rarely returned to the charge."* "He was very mercurial in his disposition and exceedingly fond of peach and honey," adds Mr. Tucker. There is nothing astonishing in this account of Poe's drinking. As a tiny tot he had been trained to stand on a chair at dinner parties, and with a glass of wine pledge the brilliant company in Richmond or at the Old White Sulphur Springs. He lived in a land veritably flowing with peach and honey, where every sideboard held its full weight of inviting decanters. Drinking habits then prevailing in the Colleges were naturally transferred in part to the University, and Poe did not entirely escape the temptation. Nor need we be surprised that Poe was so easily affected. He was a nervous, sensitive boy, and a full glass might, according to his physical condition, readily excite him to "wild and fascinating conversation," or render him unfit for any companionship.

Filled for Poe with the duties, diversions, and occasional dissipations, the session passed with but one event of public moment and few of local interest. The faculty in June passed this resolution: "That the students be permitted to celebrate the Fourth of July next by an oration and by a dinner within the Gymnasium." But before this day came Mr. Jefferson was seriously ill, and it took all the skill of Dr. Dunglison (then chairman of the faculty) to prolong his ill-

* Thomas Goode Tucker to Douglas Shirley, April 5, 1880. Printed in Wadberry's *Poe* (American Men of Letters Series).

trious patient's life until July 4th, a date for which he anxiously inquired. There is nothing more said of the celebration, which presumably was given up. On July 5th the faculty passed most appropriate resolutions drafted by Professor Tucker, and determined to wear mourning on the left arm for the space of two months and to attend individually the interment at the family burying place. This decision on the part of the faculty was no doubt operative among the students, who were probably present on the same sorrowful occasion.

The summer, as hot then as now, if we may judge from the complaints of the students of 1825, soon yielded to the golden autumn days, when rambles in the Ragged Mountains must have been a genuine delight. As December approached there was doubtless then as now the somewhat feverish preparations for the final examinations. In the previous session the Board of Visitors had decreed that there should be public examinations, which they themselves would attend, but at which by faculty resolution no strangers should be present unless specially invited. In issuing invitations, preference was to be given parents and guardians (of the male sex). These public examinations began on Monday, December 4th, in the elliptical room of the Rotunda, and were attended during that week by Madison (rector), and Monroe, Joseph Cabell, and General John H. Cocke. The examination in modern languages was held on Tuesday, December 5th; presumably ancient languages came on the previous day. If so, then Poe stood all of his examinations in the presence of these four distinguished men. There is no record of the length of the examinations, which were oral, but in July, 1827, they were either two or three hours long and began at the very unseasonable, if not unreasonable, hour of 5 A.M. They could hardly in midwinter have begun earlier than the usual lecture hour, 7.30.

The examinations were over on December 13th or 14th, and on the next day December 15th, the Faculty met.

The very first resolution offered indicates that the method of examination had not proved satisfactory, and provides for material changes next session. It was further resolved "that, for publishing the result of the examinations, a brief statement from each professor be subjected to the Faculty." The reports of the several professors were then submitted. "Mr. Long made a report of the examination of the classes belonging to the school of ancient languages and the names of the students who excelled at the examination of these classes." For the first time in the Faculty minutes for 1826 the name of Edgar Allan Poe appears, as fourth in a list of nineteen who excelled in Senior Latin. These distinguished students are divided into groups, and Poe is third in the second group, Gessner Harrison standing alone in the first group. At the same meeting "the names of the students who excelled in the Senior French class" were reported by Professor Blaetterman. The eight names are arranged alphabetically, so Poe's stands sixth in the list. Mr. Wertenbaker says that under regulations existing in 1869 Poe would have been entitled to diplomas as a graduate in these two languages. This is not to be reconciled with the fact that Gessner Harrison, who heads the list in 1826, is again reported as excelling in Senior Latin in July, 1827. In other words, Poe was not necessarily a graduate in these languages, but he had excelled in the examinations, and this was a high honour.

At the Faculty meeting on December 20, 1826, "the Chairman presented to the Faculty a letter from the proctor giving information that certain hotel-keepers during the last session had been in the habit of playing at games of chance with the students in their dormitories; he also gave the names of the following persons, who, he had been informed, had some knowledge of the facts." Then follows a list of nine, including Edgar Poe. Except in the official lists of those who excelled in examinations, this is the very first time Poe's name had ever been before the Faculty and this time it was

merely as a witness. The proctor, however, seems to have been misinformed as to the knowledge possessed by some of the witnesses summoned, for several have no information in point. Among these is Poe, for "Edgar Poe never heard until now of any hotel-keepers playing cards or drinking with students." It is not at all necessary to suspect this clear and explicit statement, for Poe's circle of gaming friends was perhaps select and was almost certainly small.

In his reminiscences Mr. Wertenbaker says: "As librarian I had frequent official intercourse with Mr. Poe, but it was at or near the close of the session before I met him in the social circle. After spending an evening together at a private house [could this possibly have been the evening when Professor Long led to the altar the beautiful Widow Seldon?] he invited me on our return into his room. It was a cold night in December, and, his fire having gone pretty nearly out, by the aid of some tallow candles and the fragments of a small table, which he broke up for the purpose, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted and of the debts he had contracted during the session. If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at \$2,000, and, though they

were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honour to pay at the earliest opportunity every cent of them. . . . I think it probable that the night I visited him was the last he spent here. I draw this inference not from memory, but from the fact that, having no further use for his candles and table, he made fuel of them."

Whether Mr. Wertenbaker's inference is sound or not, Poe's confession to him contains the real reason why he never returned to the University. Edgar Allan Poe was not expelled, nor dismissed, nor suspended, nor required to withdraw, nor forbidden to return, nor disciplined in any wise whatsoever at the University of Virginia; but Mr. Allan was shocked and incensed at the extent of his dishonourable "debts of honour"—which he at first refused to consider, but finally settled—and determined to put his extravagant foster son in his counting-room.

Like Hawthorne, Poe may have been guilty of "doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for him," but it is too late now to expel him for vices then undetected, or disgrace him for faults long ago outlived by his former college-mates and companions—the respected planter, the upright judge, the saintly clergyman.

OF LITERARY FORGERS

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY

THE forgery of literary documents is a trade that commends itself to certain limited talents on more than one ground: it may be pursued anywhere, and, as the newspapers say, "without detriment to previous employment." The knowledge required is neither deep nor wide; the reward is often wealth and always notoriety. The enterprise of the literary forger, moreover, is spiced with a splendid uncertainty; he is never quite sure when or how he will be found out, and since his crime is seldom visited with a heavy penalty, he may enjoy all the excitement of the uncaught criminal without fearing the boredom of a trial and the pain of a long imprisonment. True, the most ingenious forger of modern times—Vrain Lucas—was rewarded by two years of enforced inaction; but he was foolish enough to mix himself up in a scientific scandal, and did not pursue his art for its own sake. Of the rest, there is scarce one that has not been openly flattered by scholars and courted by the great. To recognise a brilliant discovery before one's fellows is to share the glory of the discoverer, and the clumsiest forgery has never failed to win the adherence of half a dozen reputable enthusiasts. In other words, the seeds of deception always fall upon some small patch of fertile ground, and he is a bad husbandman indeed who does not gather a rich harvest.

Consider, for instance, George Psalmanazar, a soldier of fortune, who could boast no humour and little learning. Yet this Frenchman not only forged books; he forged a religion, he forged a language, he forged himself. Born in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he left his native city to seek his fortune, and, finding that the door of common success opened only at the knock of industry,

he speedily resolved upon a course of what in less happy days he called "pride, folly, and stupid villainy." Tired of carrying a musket now for the Dutch, now for the Germans, he proclaimed himself a native of Formosa, got himself converted to Christianity by Mr. Innes, as fine an artist in forgery as himself, and enjoyed such a career of honoured ease as falls to the lot of few. He came to England, duly heralded, was petted by the clergy, interviewed the Archbishop of Canterbury, who could not understand his Latin, and finished at Oxford the studies which he had begun in a French monastery. It is difficult to say which got the greater glory, the pious Formosan, or the devout clergyman, who had shown him the error of his savage faith; but they both prospered exceedingly, and were wise enough to play their part with gravity and thoroughness. Psalmanazar, that no touch of realism should be wanting, lived upon raw meat, roots and herbs, and was soon used to this savage diet, though the fragrant cookery of the south should have given him a delicate palate. But while he pretended to live upon Formosan fare, he did not neglect the weightier matters. With Innes's aid, he had already sketched the language of his Eastern home, and he submitted specimens of the dialect to the scholars of England. "By means of his unhappy readiness at inventing of characters, languages, etc."—to quote his own words—he translated into pure Formosan a passage from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, and thus aroused the curiosity of the philologists. Then, that the historians also might profit by his experience, he composed a treatise upon Formosa, which, translated from the Latin, had an immediate and triumphant success. Now, Psalmanazar, having a thorough knowl-

edge of his public, was at no pains to make his treatise reasonable or consistent. Its facts, he tells us, were borrowed from Varenus's description of Japan, and the booksellers were so loudly impatient that he could only devote to its composition the leisure snatched from two months' dissipation. It was, therefore, "crude, imperfect and absurd," but it answered its purpose perfectly. It set London in a blaze of curiosity; it procured its author a convenient apartment in one of the most considerable colleges at Oxford, and made him "a great favourite with the fair sex." What more could an adventurer desire? And he won it all by a fraud which ten minutes' candid criticism might have exposed.

But if his erudition was small, his cunning was great. At Oxford he lived a life of gossip and laziness, while he was awake, and let a burning candle demonstrate his industry while he slept. He feigned a limp, that he might be thought to have contracted gout by overwork, and still escaped suspicion. In fact, had he not foolishly lent his name to an obvious imposition, called "white Formosan ware," he might have continued his chicanery without let or hindrance. Such success as he attained he owed, no doubt, to a gift of persuasion, which enabled him not only to deceive the many eminent clerics who believed what they hoped to be true, but to win the admiration of Samuel Johnson, a critic not usually tolerant of charlatans. Of course, it was Psalmanazar's affected piety which disturbed the lexicographer's judgment, who declared that he would as soon contradict a bishop as the repentant Formosan. But Johnson loved the man's company for its own sake. Of all the men he had known he sought George Psalmanazar the most. "I used to go and sit with him," said he, "at an ale-house in the city," and one would gladly give up all the specimens of the Formosan tongue if only Boswell had been present for an hour.

Yet, expert as he was in adapting his slender means to a great end, Psalmana-

zar was no sooner detected than he lost all pride in his exploits. The *Memoirs*, published after his death, are a long and wearisome apology for the only enterprise which he was capable of conducting to success. Throughout this lachrymose performance the note of hypocrisy is loud and clear. Psalmanazar was a forger from his cradle, and had he not called himself a Formosan he would have masqueraded as an Irishman—he did for a while—or a Hottentot. But whether or not this candid confession of "youthful follies" and "shameful imposture" be a mere forgery like the rest, we admire him least in the guise of a penitent, which becomes him not half so well as the taste for raw meat, the leg lamed by study, and the candle which burned all night in his room at Oxford. In defence of William Ireland, the nearest rival to Psalmanazar, it may be said that he never stooped to so nonsensical an apology. Detection did not diminish his pride, and his confession is as cynical as his forgery. He was, as it were, dedicated to the craft from his childhood, and Chatterton was at once his hero and his example. In his scrapbook, which still exists, snippets relating to the author of Thomas Rowley's poems are piously treasured, and he himself has described a visit reverentially paid to the shrine of Chatterton at Bristol. While he was delighted at the tumult of applause which greeted the exhibition of his famous relics and manuscripts, his delight burned just as brightly when all men knew him for an impostor as when royalty itself chattered of his valuable discovery. The shout of laughter which greeted Kemble's delivery of the famous line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," saddened the author, but did not shake his vanity. No vile penitence for him! He would not whine, like the wretched Psalmanazar, in sorrow at a misspent youth. He did but confess the forgery, when deception was no longer possible, and bragged of his conquests, as well he might. Great scholars had signed a profession of faith; the ingenious Mr. Boswell, after a tumbler of

warm brandy-and-water, had declared, "Well, I shall now die contented since I have lived to witness the present day," and knelt down "to kiss the invaluable relics of our bard." Such was the forger's triumph, and he recorded it with satisfaction. But nothing reveals the arrogant character of William Ireland so clearly as the indignation which he felt and expressed at Malone's ruthless criticism. It was Malone who pilloried him without pity, inviting the world to pelt him with what missiles they chose, and he retorted with a lofty indictment of Malone's scholarship. He made no pretence that his documents were genuine, but he would not admit the grounds of condemnation. It is truly a noble spectacle: the detected forger proudly contemptuous of friends and foes alike. Those who accepted his documents were no better than fools; those who rejected them were poisoned by the venom of jealousy. In brief, Ireland played the game at all points with perfect skill. His forgeries were just bad enough to escape the sanguine eye of the people, and he presented them in such a manner as may justly be styled heroic.

The other forgers who displayed their talent in England during the last century had neither Ireland's skill nor Ireland's luck. Of course the gentleman who persuaded Moxon to publish and Robert Browning to introduce the sham letters of Shelley enjoyed his little jest; and it is certain that Simonides's great attainments fitted him to deceive the great librarians. But even Simonides met with a sharp rebuff at the Bodleian when he showed a masterpiece to Mr. Coxe with the question, "To what period does that belong?" and was told offhand, "To the middle of the nineteenth century." For the rest, George Gordon Byron was a clumsy botcher, and the clerk who, ten years since, forged letters of Burns and Scott to gratify the patriotism of Scottish-Americans, deserved no more than he got—a term of imprisonment. Yet, if the art has languished in England since the time of Ireland, the France of the nineteenth

century may boast a literary forger of admirable skill and unexampled success. That the name of Vrain Lucas should be forgotten already is an untoward accident of fate, for he completely mystified the Academicians of France and set the professors of Europe by the ears. Moreover, he may be taken as a model of his kind. He possessed all the qualities, good and bad, which go to the making of a successful forger—facile half-knowledge, industry, courage, optimism. Above all, he had the tact to find a victim perfectly suited to his talent, whom he humoured with remarkable address, and he has left such a record of artistic achievement as is still unrivalled.

Vrain—Denis Lucas—or, as he was commonly known, Vrain Lucas—was born at Lanneray, in the department of the Eure-et-Loir, some three years after the battle of Waterloo. Like many another great man, he was of narrow circumstances and humble parentage. His father followed the ungrateful trade of a day labourer in the fields; and there is reason to believe that the son, unmindful of the distinction which awaited him, also handled the spade. But the country could not long hold captive so fine a spirit, and Vrain Lucas soon left home to seek his fortune in the great world which lay outside Lanneray. At first his poverty compelled him to take menial service in a gentleman's family; but this was a mere incident in a life of adventure, and had no other influence upon our hero than to give his manners the polish which made him famous. Far more congenial was an employment which he found in a notary's office at Châteaudun, where he was presently promoted to be clerk in the law court. Many a useful hint did he gather from the parchments which he conned or copied here; but what was of greater import to the future, he devoted his scanty leisure to a serious course of study. While his colleagues sunned themselves on the boulevard, sipped absinthe, or rattled the dominoes on the marble table of a café, he read in the public library or composed poems, which

gave him the same sort of reputation at Châteaudun as Lucien de Rubempré enjoyed at Angoulême. Though his education had been sadly neglected, he had an unmistakable taste for polite letters, and when once he had found encouragement he wasted no time in the idle pursuit of vain fiction or vainer journalism. Historical research was his passion, and day after day his slim figure, bent with study, might be seen flitting among the shelves of the public library. The *History of the Academy*, the *Library of Authors Who Have Written History*—such were the tomes which engrossed his leisure; and so highly was he esteemed, that when he left Châteaudun, a librarian wrote upon his *registre de prêt* these words: "The industrious M. Lucas is going to live in Paris. He deserves to succeed. A young man from Laneray, self-educated." And succeed he did, far beyond the expectation of the sympathetic librarian.

In 1851, then, Vrain Lucas arrived in Paris, with no baggage save a bundle of poems, and an ambition fixed upon antiquarian pursuits. He was not precisely a youth—he had passed his thirty-third birthday. But precocity is no virtue; and as that fruit is sweetest which ripens slowly, so the finest talents come late to efflorescence. His poems, as their titles—"La Guirlande de Flore" and "Ce que j'aime à voir"—suggest, were too classic for the taste of the time. He could not hope to challenge the supremacy of Victor Hugo. Moreover, as the librarian confessed, he was self-educated. No kindly monk had taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, as they taught the youthful Psalmanazar, whose quick precocity and quicker extinction make him a striking contrast to his ingenious compatriot. Like Shakespeare, Vrain Lucas had no Greek and little Latin:

On ne m'a, grâce au destin,
Appris ni grec, ni latin.

Thus he wrote in his elegant verse; and this ignorance of the classic tongues, as will presently be seen, profoundly in-

fluenced his art. At the outset he knew not what to do in Paris; he had neither friends to aid him nor such genius as could be readily turned into gold. His one resource was to take what work offered itself; and by great good luck he found employment in the *cabinet généalogique* of a certain Letellier. Here at last was proper scope for the antiquarian zeal which burned within him. For Letellier was ready at a moment's notice to invent a pedigree or sketch a coat-of-arms. His office was a factory of false titles and forged documents; old parchments, curious inks, fantastic names and phrases were his stock-in-trade; and Vrain Lucas learned under his tutelage many a secret contrivance which he afterward turned to good account. Above all, he plumbed the depths of human vanity. He saw with what ease a man may be deceived who wishes to believe in falsehood, and he acquired a keen insight into the credulous character upon which a literary forger must work. So while he performed the duties of Letellier's tout he practised himself in the subtle arts of deception, and was able, when the time came, to gull M. Chasles as he chose.

Meanwhile, though Paris and the office of Letellier gave him every opportunity for the historical research which he loved, he was not content. He was not satisfied even with a ready access to all the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias of what was then called the Bibliothèque Impériale. Vain as his victims, he sighed for the wealth and notoriety which seldom come to the humble inventor of pedigrees. His election, as a corresponding member, to the Société Archéologique du Département d'Eure-et-Loir was a momentary triumph, and so well cultivated was his faculty of persuasion that soon afterward he was appointed head of a provincial library. But none knew better than Vrain Lucas what he could and could not do. He dared not attempt to catalogue a library on the very scanty Latin that was his, and, rather than expose himself to failure, he remained in

Paris, living among old books, old manuscripts, and autographs of all ages.

His real chance came when he met M. Chasles, the celebrated mathematician, for in M. Chasles he found precisely the victim which his ingenuity demanded. Now, M. Chasles, though he was a distinguished member of the Académie des Sciences, and had been honoured by our own Royal Society, was a man of simple faith and exquisite trustfulness. Moreover, he was a zealous collector of autographs and old books, and he accepted with enthusiasm whatever was brought him by Vrain Lucas. The few real treasures that he possessed he gladly sold, in order to buy the most impudent forgeries ever devised by the wit of man. His confidence in Vrain Lucas was unshakable. "We are of the same country," he said pathetically, "and I thought him incapable of deceiving me." Such is always the attitude of the pigeon who soon grows to love the friendly rook. Nor was Vrain Lucas the man to lose the most brilliant opportunity which ever came to a literary forger. His materials were ready to his hand; he had not served his apprenticeship in Letellier's workshop for nothing; and his knowledge was not so deep as to destroy his faith in that which his own hand created. So he fabricated letters from the great men of all ages, and sold them as fast as he could turn them out to the trusting mathematician. The story told of their origin was ingenious and convincing: they came, said he, from the famous cabinet of the Chevalier Blondeau de Charnage, whose collection, made in the middle of the eighteenth century, was still remembered by scholars. At the Revolution the cabinet was purchased by M. le Comte de Boisjourn-dain, who during the Terror emigrated to America and took his treasures with him. The adventures of these precious papers, however, did not end with their arrival in America. On their homeward voyage they suffered shipwreck, and were one and all stained by salt water. Their present possessor, whom Vrain Lucas always called with air of

mystery *le vieux monsieur*, loved them like his life, and they were wrung out of him one by one by the stress of poverty. Whatever money was paid for the priceless letters was, of course, handed over to *le vieux monsieur*, and the forger kept no more for his pains than twenty-five per cent. It is but natural, then, that sometimes he was hard up, and asked the confiding M. Chasles for a small sum, which should come to him alone. Nor was *le vieux monsieur* too easy to manage. Now and again he was tortured by remorse that priceless relics should be lost to his family, and his remorse was acuter when a fire-eating relative, called in the secret correspondence *le vieux militaire*, angrily protested that they should be repurchased. It was the prettiest comedy to all concerned, save M. Chasles, who in his anxiety was more than once inclined to have the forger arrested, not because he had been swindled, but because he feared that these valuable papers should be sold and sent out of France, whose chief ornament they were.

Thus, in the course of a few years, Vrain Lucas sold to M. Chasles 27,472 forgeries for the comfortable price of 150,000 francs. To give the names of the correspondents would be to exhaust the roll of fame. They belonged to all countries and all ages. The letters of Sappho, Thales, Virgil, Julius Cæsar, Zeno, St. Luke, Lazarus, Montaigne, Rabelais, the Cid, Molière, Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Louis XIV., and countless others jostled each other in the ample chests of M. le Comte de Boisjourn-dain. The impartiality of Vrain Lucas was unique; he neglected nobody who had a place in the *Biographie Universelle*, and when he professed a doubt as to a signature which he had devised himself, he would ask M. Chasles, with an ingenuous smile, to consult that repertory of useful knowledge. But whether they came from Greece or Italy or from modern France, they were all written upon paper of the same age and the same quality, pleasantly stained by time or travel, and water-marked with a *fleur-*

de-lis. Of this paper the forger was very sparing. The great correspondents wrote always upon half sheets and curbed their eloquence. But not only was the paper uniform; the letters, one and all, were written in French. And here, I think, Vrain Lucas showed his real grandeur. Latin and Greek had been denied him at school, and so he cheerfully made the best of it. Having precisely gauged the credulity of his victim, he harmonised his means to his end like a true artist. He made one concession to antiquity: the letters of Sappho and Julius Cæsar, to name but two, are written in what he thought was old French, and in a bold handwriting which evidently betokened age. Besides, if the paper were suspicious, if the language would have made any other than M. Chasles roar with laughter, the ink was impeccable. How it was made remains the secret of Vrain Lucas, but true it is that it resisted all the tests which commonly expose the ink of modern fabrication, and won over many an expert to the forger's side.

The style of the letters is simple and impartial. There was no nonsense about Vrain Lucas; he had no more ambition to mimic the manner than to reproduce the handwriting of his august correspondents. He was quite content if the writer of a masterpiece was contemporary with its recipient, and what was good enough for him was obviously good enough for M. Chasles. A specimen will best illustrate his method, and no better specimen can be chosen than the following letter, addressed by Sappho to Phaon: "Sapho à son très amé Phaon Salut. Très chier amé pres de ces bords charmans où la vue admire en s'égayant une immense estendue, où la pleine des mers et la vouste des cieux semblent dans la lointaing se confondre, non loin d'icelle rive est un lit de verture qu'ombrage un orme épais et qu'une onde pure arrose," and the rest. Wherever you turn in this astounding correspondence, you find the same exquisite commonness of thought, the same superb absurdity of language. After Sappho comes Thales

with a letter to the "très illustre et très redouté prince Ambigat, roy des Gaules," in which the "très puissant prince" is informed that water is "le principe de toutes choses." In like manner Archimedes salutes his beloved Hiero, Alexander Rex offers a few words of comfort to his "très amé Aristote," Vercingetorix grants a safe-conduct to "Troque Pompée." More amazing still, "Magdeleine" sends greeting "à son très amé Lazare," whom she addresses as her brother, which proves that Vrain Lucas knew the *Biographie Universelle* better than the Bible. "Mon très amé frère," writes Magdeleine, "ce que me mandez de Petrus de nostre doux Jesus me fait esperer que bien tot le verrons icy et me dispose l'y bien recevoir, nostre seur Marthe sen rejouit aussy. Sa santé est fort chancelante et je crains son trespas," and so on. Grotesque as it is, it was sufficient at once to delight the heart of M. Chasles and to fill the pocket of Vrain Lucas.

Still more curious is the praise of France, which is the excuse for most of these astounding letters. M. Chasles had a strenuous love of his country, and Vrain Lucas played on his patriotism as on a pipe. Greek and Roman, Egyptian and Hebrew agree in hymning the glory of France, and, oddly enough, they all display a guilty knowledge of the vast correspondence brought to light by Vrain Lucas. When Aristotle writes to Alexander, it is to request that he may visit Gaul, and there study the science of the Druids. Alexander affably replies that he could not be better employed. Cleopatra, in addressing "son très amé Jules Cesar empereur," declares that when "nostre fils Cesarion" is old enough to bear the voyage, she will send him to Marseilles, that he may receive his education at the centre of the universe. Not even Lazarus, quaintly styled by himself "Lazare le ressuscité," can escape this passion for Gaul, and in writing to his "très amé Petrus" he professes his agreement with Cæsar and Cicero, who assert that "the Druids indulge in human sacrifice." All this, of course, was highly

flattering to M. Chasles's national pride, and doubtless he took pleasure also in the opinion of Charlemagne (confided to his "très docte et très amé Alcuin") that the Celtic tongue was the mother of all languages. Such was the supreme cleverness of Vrain Lucas: he discovered previously what his client wanted, and found it for him. No difficulty baffled his research. For instance, the letters of Charles Quint are no less rare than those of Rabelais, yet M. Chasles possessed a considerable correspondence which had passed between these two distinguished men. Again, La Bruyère put pen to paper as seldom as might be; the united collections of the world can only discover a poor score of his letters; yet Vrain Lucas obtained from *le vieux monsieur* no less than seven hundred and thirty-nine specimens of La Bruyère's penmanship!

But at last the tardy foot of retribution overtook the ingenious author. M. Chasles could no longer control his pride; he could no longer forbear to trumpet his triumph abroad. On July 6, 1867, the learned mathematician communicated to the Académie des Sciences two letters addressed by Rotrou to Richelieu, proposing the foundation of an academy in Paris such as Clémence Isaure had established at Toulouse, and dated some thirty years earlier than the birth of that institution. Paris was still agog with interest in a rewritten chapter of history, when (a week later) M. Chasles laid before the same Academy two letters from Blaise Pascal to Robert Boyle, and four notes, signed "Pascal," which proved conclusively that Pascal had forestalled Newton's great discovery. The pride of France was aflame in a moment. Once more, it was said, perfidious Albion had filched the honour which belonged to another. M. Chasles woke up to find himself a national hero, and the lightest word spoken in contempt of his documents was accepted as a plain proof of treachery. MM. Duhamel and Fougère, who threw doubt upon the letters of Pascal, were denounced as enemies of their

fatherland; and every objection which pedantry could raise was instantly controverted by new letters drawn from the endless store of *le vieux monsieur*. During the anxious weeks which followed, Vrain Lucas worked with unceasing energy. A set of letters which passed between the aged Pascal and the boy Newton convinced some waverers, and Galileo, suddenly introduced (with a sheaf of documents) into the discussion, proved a welcome diversion. But meanwhile Sir David Brewster and other men of science on our side of the Channel denounced the letters as clumsy forgeries. M. Chasles answered them by a new sheaf of letters from Pascal, Kepler, anybody, and thought the matter settled. Why, indeed, should he trouble to confute a mob of Britons, impervious to argument, when their pride was wounded? The discussion endured for two years, until in 1869 the Académie, through its perpetual secretary, declared that M. Chasles had proved his point, and that the letters were genuine. It was decided that no impostor could imitate "the noble simplicity" of Louis XIV., whose opinion of Galileo was held sacred. Had the letters been forged, said the Abbé Moigno, the forger must have been a demi-god. Paris was jubilant, M. Thiers embraced the Academician in the name of patriotism, and patriots cheered Blaise Pascal in the streets with an enthusiasm which would have delighted that master of irony. Truly the love of country has been responsible for many follies, but never for a greater folly than that which put poor, well-meaning M. Chasles upon a pinnacle of glory.

Then came ruin. On April 12, 1869—a belated All Fools' Day—M. Chasles received the formal approval of France. A week later, M. Breton, an official of the Observatory, discovered sixteen of the forged letters from Pascal and one of Galileo's in M. Saverien's *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes* (1761). M. Chasles was unabashed; he declared that M. Saverien had stolen his originals without acknowledgment,

and promptly produced a letter from Montesquieu to Saverien recommending him to Madame de Pompadour, who, as is known, possessed a vast collection of autographs. At every fresh step taken by M. Breton and his friends, Vrain Lucas was ready with a fresh letter. The innocent M. Chasles told him what he desired to prove, and the forger instantly obliged his patron. How long this see-saw of proof and counter-proof would have lasted is uncertain; but after two months of idle discussion Le Verrier summed up the case with pitiless logic. He tore the fabric of M. Chasles's patriotism to shreds, and at last that amiable philosopher was forced to confess that he had been duped. But even in the act of confession he still expressed a wavering belief in the man who had befooled him. "La collection s'étend," said he, with a pensive naïveté, "aux premiers temps, et même au-delà." *Même au-delà* is a charming revelation of implicit trust, and one almost regrets that it was ever disturbed. Justice, however, claimed her victim, and Vrain Denis Lucas was duly arraigned. To prove his guilt was easy enough: he had defrauded the poor old mathematician of some six thousand pounds, and the most interesting problem offered for solution was, what did he do with the money? He was a man of simplicity and refinement; the most diligent inquiry revealed no more than the good order and regularity of his life. He lived quietly in the Rue St. Georges with an amiable mistress. He received no company, and sought none, save that of M. Chasles. When he was well off, he dined at the Café Riche, for he was of those who prefer a cutlet with elegance to a Gargantuan feast ill-served. If for the moment he lacked money, he was content with a *crêmerie*. Examined by the magistrate, he preserved a dignified reticence where his private life was touched, but he justified his public actions with eloquence and ingenuity.

In face of the jury he once more beat the drum of patriotism. "Whatever is said or done," said he, "my conscience is

calm. I have the conviction that I never did any man a wrong. If to reach my end I did not act with perfect discretion, if I sometimes followed a tortuous path, if I used a trick to strike the attention and to arouse the curiosity of the public, it was merely to recall certain historical facts which are easily forgotten or unknown even to the learned. . . . I blended instruction with amusement. . . . M. Chasles had never before been listened to so patiently. . . . Yes, whatever happens, I shall always be conscious that I acted, if not with discretion, at least with uprightness and patriotism." There is a directness in this oration worthy a hero of old Rome; but the jury was unmoved, caring, it is evident, no more for science than for patriotism. The forger was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and it was only after his condemnation that the worst piece of luck befell him. He was sentenced in February, 1870; five months later war was declared against Germany, and Paris was packed with soldiers eagerly shouting "À Berlin!" Thus in a moment he lost the hope of glory. His marvellous achievements were forgotten in the misery which settled upon Paris when the outburst of military enthusiasm was spent. M. de Goncourt complained that one of his masterpieces missed the chance of a triumphant success by the declaration of war; but poor Vrain Lucas suffered more deeply than the author of *Charles Demailly* from the German invasion. Though his ingenious forgeries brought him a comfortable income, he could not be content without notoriety, and he forfeited all chance of immediate fame by a foolish turn of the political wheel. But the war is now docketed in the pigeon-holes of history, and it is time to remember those who have distinguished themselves in the arts of peace. Not while patriotism beats in the breast of a single Frenchman should the humble antiquarian be forgotten, who, for the glory of France, persuaded Sappho to address Phaon in the French tongue, and who restored to Blaise Pascal, their true discoverer, the laws of gravity.

Vrain Lucas was, like all of his kind—half-educated. His natural was travelled faster than his knowledge, and no course of painful research had dulled his fancy. Too facile to be critical, he allowed himself such freedoms as would be impossible for a schoolboy; yet he never lost faith in himself, he never shook the confidence of his dupe. But one gift he shared with others of his kind—a gift higher and rarer than mere erudition—eloquent persuasiveness. His manners, one is sure, were irresistible, and even had poor M. Charles attempted to resist, it would have been useless. For successful forgery is a species of hypnotism. As the Indian juggler persuades the spectators that he disappears

at the end of a rope flung into the air, or that he brandishes a sword red with an infant's blood, so the forger induces his willing victim to believe that a letter written yesterday in ill-spelt French is the true Greek of Sappho. M. Charles was, during the eight years of fraud, completely hypnotised. He believed what he hoped and what he was told. Yet it should be remembered that a forgery only succeeds when the credulity of the victim keeps pace with the forger's skill. The victim, in truth, is of the rarer clay, and assuredly the world will match Vrain Lucas a dozen times before it again encounters so simple, credulous, and kindly an old gentleman as M. Michel Charles.

THE FABIANS

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

THE Fabian Society has made its great impression upon social conditions in England because it had dominant personalities motivated by a serious purpose. Setting out courageously with only a few members, the Society has, in thirty years, lived to see its name indelibly stamped upon legislation and itself to be hailed as one of the most potent educational forces of the decades. A casual observer may easily think it merely an organisation of radical men and women gifted with a keen sense of publicity and a faculty of stirring up unfavourable comment from the established order. But a reading of Mr. Pease's *History of the Fabian Society** will soon disillusionise him. In fact, its genial former Secretary has gathered together such a record of endeavour and accomplishment that one feels the Fabians were and still are one of the most healthy forces in the Empire. It was their intention to form an association "whose ultimate aim shall be the recon-

struction of Society in accordance with the highest moral possibilities." How much they have accomplished toward that defiant task may be deduced from the last chapter of this absorbingly interesting record. The spell of Marxism was definitely broken; English socialism was taken from that intellectual bondage. We must bear in mind, too, that the Fabians very early stated that their intention was not revolution but evolution, and it was through their efforts that the German's "fantastic creed" was lessened in its destructive effect before their more constructive effort of legislation *via* education. The Fabians have never become crystallised into an orthodoxy because no one was ever the authorised spokesman of the faith. Freedom of thought was their collateral intention and one senses that the percolating value of new ideas, even when formal converts were not made, has been their greatest contribution. The mere record of the *Fabian Essays* as well as the hundreds of pamphlets is sufficient testimony of this.

But quite aside from the history of

*The History of the Fabian Society. By Edward R. Pease. New York: Dutton and Company.

the Society and this careful compilation of its achievements one is never forgetful of the remarkable personalities which from time to time have worn its label. Mr. Pease has in many instances been careful to avoid comment and much remains unsaid, but there are glimpses here and there which serve to excite our curiosity. Certainly few associations gave opportunity for the more gifted to step into fame. It is indeed a question whether the Society made them or they made the Society.

In the early days, for example, Mrs. Besant was perhaps the best known in the outer world. Already a famous speaker and organiser, she was also "notorious as an advocate of Atheism and Malthusianism, the heroine of several law cases, and a friend and colleague of Charles Bradlaugh." She belonged, in a sense, to an earlier generation. Though an active member for several years and one of the original essayists, she soon became converted to theosophy, "which at that time accepted the Buddhist doctrine that spiritual conditions alone mattered, and that spiritual life would flourish as well in the slum amidst dirt and starvation as in a comfortable cottage." Naturally this new belief led to her resignation, though later she gave some lectures for the Society and attended the dinner celebrating its thirtieth anniversary. Aside from Mrs. Pankhurst, later to gain fame in Suffrage, Mrs. Sidney Webb is perhaps the most conspicuous woman on its muster. It is difficult to speak of her without mentioning her remarkable husband, so intimate and correlated are their thought and social outlook. A friend of the present writer tells of a dinner at the Webb's during which Mr. Webb was giving some information of a highly statistical nature. In the midst of one very complicated maze of figures he was called to the phone. Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Webb finished the figures and took up the line of argument at the exact place in which it had been broken off. So far as the actual achievements in the Society are con-

cerned many of the reports are collaborations of these two striking mentalities. On many occasions Mrs. Webb has lectured from notes furnished by her husband—possibly because her own handwriting is indecipherable even to herself. Though elected a member of the Fabians in 1893 she really took little part in the proceedings till 1906. The transformation from a "socialist of the chair" into an active propagandist originated when she became a member of the Commission on the Poor Law. Without examining this in detail it is interesting to note that the fight Mrs. Webb made for her minority report, also signed by George Lansbury, caused her to discover her own powers as a speaker and organiser. To-day she is without doubt the strongest personality in the Council of the Society. Her twenty years' membership and intimate private acquaintance with its members made her familiar with its possibilities—but she was free from past failures.

The greatest Fabian of them all is of course the indomitable Shaw. Somehow many Americans have the impression that he was the whole society—and judging from its most conspicuous tracts he might have seemed its Master of Words. Mr. Pease has the greatest admiration for him, even if at times he feels a bit perplexed. The first record of his appearance at one of the meetings is the Irishman's own pencilled comment upon the minutes: "This meeting was made memorable by the first appearance of Bernard Shaw." As Mr. Pease comments: "The influence of his intellectual outlook was immediate and already the era of 'highest moral possibilities' seems remote." He immediately began to publish tracts, the first characteristically being *On Burglars*. Here, in this speech, is one of the first glimpses of the future satirist:

It was the desire of the President that nothing should be said that might give pain to particular classes. He was about to refer to a modern class, the burglars, but if there was a burglar present he begged him

to believe that he cast no reflection upon his profession, and that he was not unmindful of his great skill and enterprise: his risks—so much greater than those of the most speculative capitalists, extending as they did to risk of liberty and life—or finally of the great number of people to whom he gave employment, including criminal attorneys, policemen, turnkey, builders of gaols, and it might be the hangman. He did not wish to hurt the feelings of shareholders—or of landlords—any more than he wished to pain burglars. He would merely point out that all three inflicted on the community an injury of precisely the same nature.

Shortly after this Shaw became the Editor of the *Fabian Essays*. Mr. Pease says that Shaw did not take to editorial duties lightly since he “corrects his own writings elaborately and repeatedly, and he does as much for everything which comes into his care.” It may be interesting here to mention that the first edition of these *Essays*, which was a modest thousand, was immediately exhausted, much to Fabian astonishment. A second edition was immediately followed by a shilling edition. In fact in all nearly forty-six thousand copies have been sold of this remarkable collection in England alone. Much of the success of this was due to Shaw and Sidney Webb. The list of lectures which Shaw contributed is too long for mention, though Mr. Pease notes that after *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, discussion was asked “but it seemed as out of place as a debate after an oratorio.” When later it became necessary for the Fabians to adopt some attitude toward the Boer War Bernard Shaw was selected for the delicate task.

Bernard Shaw is fond of posing as the most conceited of persons, but those who had had to do with him in literary matters are aware that no pose was ever more preposterous. When he has acted as the literary expert of the Fabian Society he has considered every criticism with unruffled courtesy, and dealt with the many fools who always find their way into extreme parties, not according to their folly, but with the

careful consideration properly accorded to eminent wisdom. The business of examining over a hundred marked proofs of a document of 20,000 words, every line of which was more or less controversial, was an immense one, but the author gave every criticism, its proper weight, and accepted every useful amendment. . . . He has accomplished many difficult tasks, but none of them, in my opinion, excels that of drafting for the Society and carrying through the manifesto called “Fabianism and the Empire.”

Shortly after his controversy with Wells he retired from the Executive though still retaining membership.

His freedom from office does not always make the task of his successors easier. The loyalist of colleagues, he has always defended their policies, whether or not it was exactly of his own choice; but in his capacity of private member his unrivalled influence is occasionally somewhat of a difficulty. If he does not happen to approve of what the Executive proposes he can generally persuade a Business meeting to vote for something else.

The first mention of H. G. Wells is typical. One of the mottoes on an early tract mentioned an alleged historical utterance:

For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain, and fruitless.

Mr. Wells called attention to the fact that Fabius never did strike hard. This attitude on the part of Wells was somewhat indicative of his contribution to the Society, for some years later he began his effort to reform it. The substance of this controversy was whether the members “desired to hand over their Society to be managed by Mr. Wells alone, or whether they preferred to retain their old leaders and only to accept Mr. Wells as one amongst the rest.” Without going into this episode in detail it is amusing because of the sidelights thrown upon the author by Mr. Pease.

Mr. Wells at that time was apparently not an effective public speaker. His efforts to broaden the scope of the Society lead to his appointment on a committee and rumour says that "the meetings were anything but dull."

Mr. Wells himself, then as always mercurial in his opinions, but none the less intensely opinionated, and unable to believe that anybody could honestly differ with him, was by himself, sufficient to disturb the harmony of any committee. . . . We knew by this time that he was a masterful person, very fond of his own way, very uncertain what that way was, and quite unaware whither it necessarily lead. In any position except as leader Mr. Wells was invaluable, as long as he kept it. As leader we felt he would be impossible. . . . He is a man of outstanding genius, and in so far as he used his powers appropriately, his work was of enormous value to Socialism; and his

energy and attractive personality added radiance to the Society only equalled in the early days when the seven Essayists were all in the field and all fighting at their bravest. . . . For us Mr. Wells was the spur which goaded us on, and though at the time we were often forced to resent his want of tact, his difficult public manners, and his constant shiftings of policy, we recognised then, and we remember still, how much of permanent value he achieved.

When one recalls many other names which adorn the pages of this record—names like Graham Wallas, Havelock Ellis, Mrs. Constance Garnett, Hubert Bland, Mrs. Blatch, Granville Barker, Frank Podmore, Mrs. Philip Snowden—one senses how much personality played its part in driving home the reforms to which their fine spirits have been dedicated.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Mechanisms of Character Formation: An Introduction to Psychoanalysis. By William A. White. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

A general introduction to psychology based on the theories of Dr. Sigmund Freud, the noted psychiatrist of Vienna.

Philosophy

The Creative Will: Studies in the Philosophy and the Syntax of Æsthetics. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50 net. An explanation of art in its numerous manifestations. Contents: "Art and Life," "Problems of Æsthetics," "Art and the Artist," and "Art and the Individual."

A History of Mediæval Jewish Philosophy. By Isaac Husik. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

An interpretation of Jewish thought of the middle ages based for the most part on a study of original sources.

Religion and Theology

A Book of Family Worship. Philadelphia: The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 50 cents.

Suggestions for Bible reading and prayers for family worship.

The Conflict of Jesus. By George Shaw. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.

An attempt to show the true spirit of Christ's teachings as against the dogmatism of the Pharisees. In the *Library of Religious Thought*.

God's Minute. A Book of 365 Daily Prayers Sixty Seconds Long for Home Worship. By 365 Eminent Clergymen and Laymen. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Company. 35 cents net.

Jesus and the Christian Religion. By Francis A. Henry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00 net.

The author contends that religion to Jesus was personal, that his followers failed to grasp the inwardness of his teachings, and that the early Church was alien in origin and antagonistic in spirit to the Gospel.

The Juniors: How to Teach and Train Them. By Maud Junkin Baldwin. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 45 cents.

A book of suggestions for the teacher in what is known as the "Junior Department" of the Sunday School, in which are

grouped children of from nine to twelve years of age.

Main Questions in Religion: A Study of Fundamentals. The Crane Theological School Lectures and Other Essays. By Willard Chamberlain Select. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.

Discusses such questions as "What Is the Great Reality in Religion?" "What Can We Know of God?" "Traditional Christianity and Essential Christianity," etc. In the *Library of Religious Thought*.

One Hundredth Annual Report of the American Bible Society. 1916. Together with a List of Auxiliary Societies, Their Officers, and an Appendix. New York: American Bible Society.

A report of the work done by the society during 1916.

Vision and Restraint. By Robert L. Jackson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

The author asserts that the malady of the age is immoderation, and that because of this men have lost their vision. He suggests as a remedy a return to prayer, the study of the Bible, and public worship. In the *Library of Religious Thought*.

Sociology and Economics

Distributive Justice. The Right and Wrong of Our Present Distribution of Wealth. By John A. Ryan. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A discussion of the justice of the processes by which the product of industry is distributed. The author is Associate Professor of the Catholic University of America.

The Hope of the Great Community. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

Essays written during the last year of the author's life. Among the topics discussed are "The Duties of Americans in the Present War," "The Destruction of the *Lusitania*," "The Possibility of International Insurance," and "The Hope of the Great Community."

How the World Makes Its Living. By Logan Grant McPherson. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00 net.

A popular exposition of the economic life of society.

Property and Society. By Andrew Alexander Bruce. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.

A discussion of the right to private property. In the *National Social Science series*.

Slavery of Prostitution: A Plea for Emancipation. By Maude E. Miner. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Facts bearing on one of the greatest

problems of modern society. The work is based on the author's experience as Probation Officer in the Night Court.

The War

Gallipoli. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The Dardanelles Campaign described by the English poet.

My-Man: Letters from a Wife to a Husband "Somewhere in France." By C. E. L. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Letters of sympathy and cheer written by an English woman to her husband at the front.

The Possible Peace. A Forecast of World Politics After the Great War. By Roland Hugins. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25 net.

An analysis of the international situation. The author argues that a stable peace between the nations is possible, but shows the difficulties that must be surmounted.

Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea-Dogs. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories of the exploits of the British navy during the war.

The Story of the Great War. New York: F. P. Collier & Son. Illustrated. 10 volumes.

An historical record of events to date. The work is edited by Francis J. Reynolds, Allen L. Churchill, and Francis Trevelyan Miller; and prefaced by articles on "What the War Means to America," by Major General Leonard Wood; "Naval Lessons of the War," by Rear Admiral Austin M. Knight; "The World's War," by Frederick Palmer; "Theatres of the War's Campaigns," by F. H. Simons; "The War Correspondent," by Arthur Ruhl. Illustrated by drawings, maps and photographs.

Their Spirit. Some Impressions of the English and French During the Summer of 1916. By Robert Grant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

A little book describing for the most part the everyday and unspectacular conditions at the front. Contributed originally to the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Understanding Germany: The Only Way to End the War, and Other Essays. By Max Eastman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

Essays on the war by the editor of *The Masses*. Most of the essays have appeared in various magazines.

The War and Humanity: A Further Discussion of the Ethics of the World War and the Attitude and Duty of the United States. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Some of the topics discussed are "The Submarine Controversy," "The Case of Edith Cavell," "The Foreign Policy of President Washington," "America and the Allies," "Appeal of the Belgian Bishops," etc.

War Bread: A Personal Narrative of the War and Relief in Belgium. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The author is American Delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in charge of the Province of Antwerp. His book tells what America has done for Belgium.

With a Field Ambulance at Ypres. Being Letters Written March 7 to August 15, 1915. By William Boyd. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A diary of the author's personal experiences and impressions.

With the Flying Squadron: Being the War Letters of the Late Harold Rosher to His Family. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The letters were written between August, 1914, and February, 1916, by Flight-Lieut. Harold Rosher. They give a picture of an airman's life in war.

Domestic Science

The Art of Interior Decoration. By Emily Burbank and Grace Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A book which sets forth many of the practical results achieved by the author, as well as the artistic principles underlying her work.

Eat Your Way to Health. By Robert Hugh Rose. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.00 net.

A discussion of food values.

Feeding the Family. By Mary Swartz Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.10.

An account of the way in which modern knowledge of the science of nutrition may be applied in ordinary life. The food needs of men, women, children, and infants are discussed in separate chapters, and there is a chapter on the feeding of the sick.

Fine Arts

The Art of Looking at Pictures. An Introduction to the Old Masters. By Carl H. P. Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A guide to the study of old paintings.

The Blue-China Book: Early American Scenes and History Pictured in the Pottery of the Time. With a Supplementary Chapter Describing the Celebrated Collection of Presidential China in the White House at Washington, D. C., and a Complete Checking List of Known Examples of Anglo-American Pottery. By Ada Walker Camehl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

Famous Sculpture. By Charles L. Barstow. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A handbook intended to awaken appreciation and to provide material for a general elementary knowledge of the art and its history.

Gibson: New Cartoons. A Book of Charles Dana Gibson's Latest Drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Drawings which have appeared in *Life*.

A History of Ornament. By A. D. F. Hamlin. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A history of the development of decorative styles during the ancient and mediæval periods. The work is profusely illustrated.

Raemaekers' Cartoons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$5.00 net.

A collection of one hundred and fifty cartoons, constituting a history of the war. There is an appreciation by Herbert H. Asquith, and notes by Eden Phillpotts, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, and others.

Music

A History of Music. By Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

The work is designed to supply students and amateurs with a complete history of music from the earliest times to the present day.

Music and Bad Manners. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.

Essays on various phases of music. Contents: "Music and Bad Manners," "Music for the Movies," "Spain and Music," "Shall We Realise Wagner's Ideals?" "The Bridge Burners," "A New Principle in Music," "Leo Ornstein."

Nature Books

The Indigenous Trees of the Hawaiian Islands. By Joseph F. Rock. Honolulu, Hawaii: E. Herrick Brown. Illustrated. \$6.00 net.

The work includes descriptions of two hundred and twenty-five species of trees which are natives of the Hawaiian Islands. The book was issued in 1913.

The Moose Book. Facts and Stories from Northern Forests. By Samuel Merrill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

A book having to do with the sport of moose-hunting. The work is divided into two parts dealing with I—The American Moose, and II—The Old-World Elk.

My Garden. By Louise Beebe Wilder. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Informal talks on matters pertaining to the garden.

Our Field and Forest Trees. By Maud Goings. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A study of trees, beginning with the sowing of the seed, and taking the reader through the various stages of tree growth and tree life.

Studies in Animal Behaviour. By S. J. Holmes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$2.50 net.

Studies based on investigations covering a number of years. The author is Associate Professor of Zoology at the University of California.

Studies in Gardening. By A. Clutton-Brock. With a Preface and Notes by Mrs. Francis King. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

Articles on the theory and practice of gardening.

General Literature, Essays

Are You Human? By William DeWitt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Short essays on what the author calls "the twelve humanites,"—athletics, society, science, art, history, philosophy, business, politics, wealth, love, morals, religion.

Boy of My Heart: A True Book. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

A mother's story of her son from his infancy to his early death at the front.

Dante. By G. H. Grandgent. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.50 net.

A study of the life of Dante Alighieri and of the period in which he lived. The first volume in a series called *Master Spirits of Literature*.

Everyman's World. By Joseph Anthony Milburn. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.50 net.

Essays on the "philosophy of life." Some of the titles are: "Personality," "A Fine Egotism," "Larger Vision," "Playing the Game," "The Sacrament of Love," etc.

Fellow Captains. By Sarah N. Cleghorn and Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25 net.

A little book of home philosophy, in prose and verse, written out of the authors' own experiences.

Hawaiian Legends of Volcanoes. (Mythology.) Collected and Translated from the Hawaiian. By W. D. Westervelt. Boston: Ellis Press.

Folklore of Hawaii, with an introduction and notes.

How to Read. By J. B. Kerfoot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

Essays on the art of reading. Contents: "Learning to Read," "Muckraking the Dictionary," "Watching the Wheels Go Round," "What's the Use," "A Sense of Direction," "The World Outside Us and the World Within," "Intellectual Digestion," "How to Read a Novel," "The Cosmos of à la Carte."

It's All in the Day's Work. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An essay analyzing five different and common attitudes towards life, by the President of Oberlin College.

Motives in Education and Other Essays. By D. F. K. Bertolette. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.

Three essays: "Motives in Education," "The French Huguenots in Early Florida," and "Trees as a Means for Beautifying Our Cities."

The New Reservation of Time, and Other Articles Contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* During the Occupancy of the Period Described. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

A collection of papers by the former president of Dartmouth College on such topics as "The Progress of the Social Conscience," "The Crux of the Peace Problem," "On the Control of Modern Civilization," etc.

Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00 net.

An analytical essay on literature.

Pepys on the Restoration Stage. Edited by Helen McAfee. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

- A compilation of material which aims to show how remarkable was Pepys' familiarity with the Restoration stage, actors, playwrights and audiences.
- The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord, and Other Essays.** By Samuel McChrod Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.
- A new collection of the author's whimsical essays. Besides the title essay, the volume includes "Protective Colouring in Education," "Concerning the Liberty of Teaching: Epaphroditus to Epictetus; Epictetus to Epaphroditus," "The Charm of Seventeenth-Century Prose," "Thomas Fuller and His 'Worthies,'" "A Literary Clinic," "The Alphabetical Mind," "The Gregariousness of Minor Poets," "The Taming of Leviathan," "The Strategy of Peace."
- Tannhauser and the Mountain of Venus. A Study in the Legend of the Germanic Paradise.** By Philip Stephan Barto. New York: Oxford University Press. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- A volume in the series published under the title *Germanic Literature and Culture: A Series of Monographs*, edited by Julius Goebel, Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Illinois.
- The Triumph of the Man Who Acts and Other Papers.** By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.35 net.
- A number of essays on various problems of life. Some of the titles are: "Daily Guides to Success," "The Efficient Optimist," "Causes of Unhappiness," "The Boon of Concentration," "Efficiency Is Service," "Save Your Nerves," etc.
- The Uses of Adversity and Other Essays.** By Charles W. Collins. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company.
- Essays on a variety of themes, among them being "The Blessing of Necessity," "The Futility of Bitterness," "Great and 'Little Men,'" "Ignorance and Education," "Acrobats," "Childhood."
- John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama.** By Rupert Brooke. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50 net.
- An essay on John Webster, the Elizabethan dramatist. This is the "dissertation" with which the author won his Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1913.
- Poetry and Drama**
- Amores.** By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.
- A collection of miscellaneous verses.
- The Arcades.** By Lollie Belle Wylie. Atlanta: A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company. Frontispiece.
- A collection of miscellaneous verses.
- Brand: A Dramatic Poem.** By Henrik Ibsen. Translated Into English Verse, Rhymed, and in the Original Metre. By Miles Menander Dawson. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.50.
- The Chicago Anthology. A Collection of Verse from the Work of Chicago Poets. Selected and Arranged by Charles G. Blanden and Minna Mathison. With an Introduction by Llewellyn Jones.** Chicago: The Roadside Press.
- The Collected Poems of William H. Davies.** New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.
- A collection of verse representing the author's own selection from all of his work, and some new poems that have not before been published.
- The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay. Including Many Poems Now First Collected. With an Introduction by Clarence L. Hay.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$5.00 net.
- A limited edition.
- The Cycle's Rim.** Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.
- A volume of sonnets.
- Dust of Stars.** By Danford Barney. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.
- A collection of verse.
- Four Short Plays.** By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.
- Contents: "Big Kate, a Diplomatic Tragedy," "The Real People," a Sawdust Tragedy," "Aren't They Wonders? a Holiday Tragedy," and "Look After Louise, an Everyday Tragedy."
- Friendship and Other Poems.** By B. H. Nadal. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.00 net.
- A collection of poems, mostly of a humorous nature.
- From the Hidden Way: Being Seventy-five Adaptations in Verse.** By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.35 net.
- A collection of miscellaneous verse.
- Fruit Gathering.** By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.
- A collection of new poems by the Bengali poet.
- The Great Valley.** By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- A new collection of verse by the author of *Spoon River Anthology*.
- Harvest Moon.** By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

- A volume of poems revealing war in a new spirit.
- The Inspector-General: A Comedy in Five Acts** Translated by Thomas Seltzer from the Russian of Nicolay Gogol. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00 net. The translation of a Russian comedy written in 1835. Volume IV. in *The Borzoi Plays*.
- Lamp of Poor Souls and Other Poems.** By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net. A volume of verse including the poems that appeared in *The Drift of Pinions*, and a number of new poems.
- Loves and Losses of Pierrot.** By William Griffith. New York: Robert J. Shores. With frontispiece and decorations. \$1.00 net. A small volume of lyrics.
- "Moral."** A Comedy in Three Acts Translated by Charles Recht from the German of Ludwig Thoma. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00 net. Described by the translator as a "polemic against the 'men higher up,' churchmen, reformers, and social hypocrites. Volume III. of *The Borzoi Plays*.
- Mountain Interval.** By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25 net. Verses of rural New England.
- Pilgrim's Joy. Verses.** By Arthur Shearley Cripps. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents net. A book of religious verses.
- Play Production in America.** By Arthur Edwin Krows. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. A book about the theatre. It follows the course of a play from its acceptance at a big theatre to its last nights in rural stock.
- The Port O' Calabar and College Verse.** By Vale Downie. Cumberland, Maryland: The Eddy Press Corporation. \$1.00 net. A collection of miscellaneous verses.
- The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus.** Translated by Marion Clyde Wier. New York: The Century Company. 65 cents net. Translated from the Greek with notes.
- The Quest.** By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25. A collection which brings together some of the poet's earlier published work, as well as his latest contributions.
- Read-Aloud Plays.** By Horace Holley. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.00 net. Nine short plays intended for reading rather than production. The titles are "Her Happiness," "A Modern Prodigal," "The Incompatibles," "The Genius," "Survival," "The Telegram," "Rain," "Pictures," "His Luck."
- Responsibilities and Other Poems.** By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25. A collection of some of the author's latest poems.
- Screencraft.** By Louis Reeves Harrison. New York: Chalmers Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$2.00. A study of the art of the photoplay.
- Smoky Roses.** By Lyman Bryson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A collection of some of the best of the author's poetical work, most of which has appeared in various periodicals.
- Songs of Childhood.** By Walter de la Mare (Walter Ramal). New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents net. A new edition of a volume of verse first published in 1902. One or two poems which appeared in the former edition have been omitted and a few new ones added.
- Spoon River Anthology.** By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00. A new edition with some new poems, with illustrations and decorations by Oliver Herford.
- The Story of Eleusis. A Lyrical Drama.** By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25. A dramatic poem dealing with the story of Persephone.
- Swords for Life.** By Irene Rutherford McLeod. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00 net. A collection of verses.
- The Sunlit Hours.** By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.00 net. A volume of love-songs.
- Things As They Are. Ballads** by Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00 net. A collection of verses, most of which have appeared in various periodicals.
- Wild Earth and Other Poems.** By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25 net. A book of Irish verse.

Fiction

- The Agony Column.** By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

- The story of a romance which began in an advertisement in the "Personal Notices" column of an English newspaper.
- Belle Jones.** By Allan Meacham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents.
- A short story telling how a woman achieved a spiritual victory despite her sordid surroundings.
- A Circuit Rider's Widow.** By Corra Harris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.
- The amusing experiences of a Methodist preacher's widow in a little country community in the south.
- The Darling and Other Stories.** By Anton Chekhov. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. With an Introduction by Edward Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- A group of short stories dealing with Russian life including "The Darling," with "Tolstoi's Criticism on "The Darling," "Ariadne," "Polinka," "Anyuta," "The Two Volodyas," "The Trousseau," "The Helpmate," "Talent," "An Artist's Story," "Three Years."
- The Delight Makers.** By Adolf F. Bandelier. With an Introduction by Charles Lummis and a Prefatory Note by F. W. Hodge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.
- A story of the Pueblo Indians.
- The Eternal Feminine and Other Stories.** By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
- A group of short stories. Contents: "Her Fling," "The Eternal Feminine," "Coals of Fire," "The Very Lilac One," "A Play to the Gallery," "The Fifth of October," "A Political Tip," "The Healer," "The Fugitive," "Taki's Career."
- The Far Cry.** By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.25 net.
- A tale of romance and strange adventures among the South Sea Islands.
- Fibble, D. D.!** By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.20 net.
- A satire on a certain type of clergyman. Written in the form of a diary, it tells of a young curate's experiences when he tries to shepherd a boy's camp, chaperone a group of young ladies through Europe and teach the giggling students of a young ladies' seminary.
- The Five-Barred Gate.** By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.40 net.
- A story of the tangles and readjustments of married life.
- Frederica Dennison, Spinster.** By Elizabeth Price. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.
- The story of the influence of a young woman who is a genius at making friends and helping her companions over hard places.
- The Genius of Elizabeth Anne.** By Mabel H. Robbins. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.
- A tale of humble life in a crowded city.
- A Gilded Vanity.** By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.40 net.
- A story of English society life.
- Hatchways.** By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.40 net.
- A novel of modern English social life.
- Helen.** By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.
- The story of the wooing of a beautiful girl by two men, one an American, the other a Frenchman, set against the background of Parisian diplomatic and social life.
- Her Father's Share.** By Edith M. Power. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
- The story of a young Irish girl's visit to relatives in Portugal. The interest centres in a mystery.
- Her Golden Hours.** The Confidences of a Modern Girl. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.
- The diary of a debutante.
- The Incredible Honeymoon.** By E. Nesbit. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
- A tale of a happy summer spent in wandering through England.
- In Spacious Times.** By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35 net.
- A romance of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.
- Introducing William Allison.** By William Hewlett. New York: Duffield & Company.
- The story of a young man's career in London.
- The Invisible Balance Sheet.** By Katrina Trask. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40 net.
- A novel of New York society life, the interest centring about a young man who has to choose between the woman he loves and an immense fortune.

- Kinsmen.** By Percival J. Cooney. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.
A romantic novel with scenes set in Canada in the year 1837. Tells the story of a Scotch chieftain and his loyal clansmen.
- King of the Khyber Rifles: A Romance of Adventure.** By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A tale of romance and perilous adventures with India for a background.
- The Klondike Clan: A Tale of the Great Stampede.** By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A tale of the North, centring about the rush to the gold fields of the Yukon.
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A novel of love, peril and adventure in the Far East.
- The Lion's Share.** By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50 net.
The story of a girl who wanted the "lion's share," and got it after a series of amusing and startling experiences with suffragists, detectives, Paris artists, and others.
- Local Colour.** By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.
A volume of short stories. Besides the title story there are: "Field of Honour," "The Smart Aleck," "Blacker Than Sin," "The Eyes of the World," "The Great Auk," "First Corinthians: Chap. XIII, v. 4," "Enter the Villain," "Persona Au Gratin," "Smooth Crossing."
- A Man of Athens.** By Julia D. Dragoumis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.
A romance picturing life in the highest social and diplomatic circles of modern Athens.
- Mary 'Gusta.** By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
Another of the author's Cape Cod romances, this one telling of the little girl who "mothered" her guardians in spite of their attempt to bring her up.
- Men, Women and Guns.** By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
Humorous and dramatic stories of the men and women affected by the war.
- The Mysterious Stranger.** A Romance. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.
- A story of the supernatural, with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth.
- The New Fraternity.** A Novel of University Life. By George Frederick Gundelfinger. Sewickley, Pennsylvania: The New Fraternity. \$1.35 net.
- Penrod and Sam.** By Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.
A new volume of the author's humorous stories of boyhood.
- The Rise of Ledger Dunstan.** By Alfred Tressidder Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50 net.
Tells the story of the career of a man who failed.
- The Secret Trails.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
Stories of out-of-door life in which wild beasts and birds are the principal actors.
- The Shining Adventure.** By Dana Burnet. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.30 net.
A fanciful tale telling how the youthful Knight of Gramercy Park set out in search of adventure, and what he found.
- The Snow-Burner.** By Henry Oyen. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.
A story of a northern lumber camp.
- Tales of the Labrador.** By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.
Short tales of shipwreck, peril and adventure among the fishermen of Labrador. Contents: "That Christmas in Peace Haven," "Sainte Anne de Beaupre," "The Christmas Voyage of the Handy Lass," "The Gifts of Poverty," "Paingo, the Longely One," "The Northern Chief," "Uncle 'Lige's Story," "White Fox," "Three Eyes," "The Luck of the Little Rover," and "Kommak the Innuk."
- The Taming of Calinga.** By C. L. Carlsen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.35 net.
A romance of the Philippine Island under the rule of Spain.
- The Vermilion Box.** By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35 net.
A novel woven about the confidences of a London letter-box.
- The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables.** By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.
A volume of short Irish fables and tales.

When the Yule Log Burns: A Christmas Story. By Leona Dalrymple. New York: Robert A. McBride & Company. Frontispiece. 60 cents.
A short Christmas tale.

The Whirlpool. By Victoria Morton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50 net.

A story of criminals and law-courts, and of a woman's redemption. The scenes are laid in New York and in Maine.

The Wishing Moon. By Louise Dutton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

A love story set in an old New England village.

Juvenile Books

About Harriet. By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

The story of the doings of a little city girl through the days of the week.

The Allies' Fairy Book. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

Fairy tales selected from the literature of the different allied countries. The illustrations are by Arthur Rackham.

Amateur Circus Life. A New Method of Physical Development for Boys and Girls. Based on the Ten Elements of Simple Tumbling and Adapted from the Practice of Professional Acrobats. By Ernest Balch. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Around the "circus" idea the author builds up a system of physical training aimed to be of special benefit to the growing lad.

Arabian Nights' Entertainment. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

Aunt Sadie's Rhymes and Rhyme-Stories. By Aunt Sadie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
Rhymes and pictures for children of kindergarten age.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Frank Woodworth Pine. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

With illustrations by E. Boyd Smith and some reproductions of Franklin's work.

Baby Reindeer and Silver Fox. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

An animal story for young children.

Baldy of Nome. By Esther Birdsall Darling. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.

The story of an Alaska dog, leader of a racing sled team.

Betty's Beautiful Nights. By Marian Warner Wildman Fenner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.75 net.
Nature and fairy stories, telling how a little girl helped the fairies in their work of changing the seasons.

Blithe McBride. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25.

The story of a brave little girl of the seventeenth century.

Bobby of the Labrador. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A story of adventure in the Far North.

The Boy with the U. S. Mail. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Tells in story form of the romance of the United States Mail Service. The latest volume in the *U. S. Service* series.

Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories relating deeds of personal daring by the "Men in Gray."

The Clan of Munes. By Frederick J. Waugh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

The story of a new tribe of fairies. Illustrated by forty-seven full-page pictures in colour and black and white.

Dorothy Dainty's New Friends. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

The latest volume in the *Dorothy Dainty* series telling of the little heroine's public school experiences.

Fairy Tale Plays. By Marquerite Merington. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

"Little Red Riding Hood," "Cinderella," and "Blue Beard" arranged for acting by children.

Favourites of a Nursery of Seventy Years Ago, and Some Others of Later Date. Compiled by Edith Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Reproductions of quaint, old rhymes, stories and pictures.

Good-Night Stories. By Clara Ingram Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Short animal stories for little children.

Historic Events of Colonial Days. By Rupert S. Holland. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories of some of the most dramatic events of Colonial history.

Jane Stuart, Comrade. By Grace M. Remick. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.
The latest volume in the *Jane Stuart* series.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Mallory. Edited by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A new edition of an old favourite edited for young people from ten to fifteen years of age.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A romance based on the folklore and traditions of Ireland.

The Know About Library: A Toy Book of Universal Knowledge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 10 cents per volume.

A series of twenty booklets, each treating of some one subject of interest to children. Each volume is accompanied by twelve picture pasters which illustrate the text. Subjects included in the series are Mother Goose rhymes, fairy tales, flowers, birds, babies of the different nations, Indians, animals, ships, etc.

Letty's Springtime. By Helen Sherman Griffith. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A new volume in the *Letty* series telling of Letty's visit to a university town.

Little Folks in Busy-Land. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

A book for children of kindergarten age. It tells the story of Clara Clay on her journeys through Shadow-Land, Paper-Land, Colour-Country, etc., and gives instructions for making the various articles which are described in the story.

A Little Maid of Bunker Hill. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents net.

A story for girls. The heroine is a little girl who lived in Charlestown at the outbreak of the Revolution.

The Lure of the Black Hills. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A story of the Sioux Indians in the Black Hills and Bad Lands regions of South Dakota.

Mark Tidd's Citadel. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00 net.

The story of an ingenious fat boy and his friends.

Miss Anne and Jimmy. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents net.

The story of a small boy "hustler" and a kind-hearted woman who helped him.

The Memoirs of a White Elephant. By Judith Gautier. Translated from the French by S. A. B. Hatvey. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The story of the Great White Elephant of Siam and a little princess.

Morning Face. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Nature studies in prose and verse written for the author's granddaughter. The illustrations are from photographs made by the author.

The Owllet Library of Art and Wisdom. Things Every Child Wants to Know Shown in Paster Stamps. New York: Picture Paster Publishing Company. 10 cents each.

A series of twelve instructive booklets, illustrated with picture pasters. Subjects treated are Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales, birds, animals, flowers, ships, etc.

Pictured Knowledge: Visual Instruction Practically Applied for the Home and School. Editor-in-Chief; Calvin N. Kendall; Associate Editor, Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson; Director of Visual Instruction, A. W. Abrams; Managing Editor, Francis B. Atkinson; Art Editor, Seymour Jones. Chicago: Compton-Johnson Company. Two volumes.

Articles and pictures intended to supplement the ordinary school work in Nature Study, Geography, Science, Civics, etc.

Pilot and Other Stories. By Harry Plunket Greene. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The title story has to do with a roguish dog. Other tales in the collection are "Bluebells," "The Pariah," "One at a Time," "Iron-Blue," and "The Birthday."

Polly Trotter, Patriot. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

An historical tale for girls, telling of the important part played by a little girl in the Revolutionary cause.

The Princess Pocahontas. By Virginia Watson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

One of the notable romances of American history told in story form for children.

The Rambler Club in Panama. By W. Crispin Sheppard. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A new story in *The Rambler Club* series, telling of the adventures of five boys in Panama.

Paul Revere. *The Torch Bearer of the Revolution.* By Belle Moses. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The story of Paul Revere's boyhood and youth for younger readers.

The Ruby Story Book. *Tales of Courage and Heroism.* Retold by Penrhyn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50 net.

The third book in the *Jewel* series. A collection of short tales relating to courage and chivalry.

A Russian Garland of Fairy Tales. Being Russian Folk Legends. Translated from a Collection of Chap-books Made in Moscow. Edited by Robert Steele. New York: Robert H. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones. By Sara Cone Bryant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Stories, finger plays and songs for very young children. The illustrations are by Willy Pogany.

The Story of Glass. By Sara War Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

The book tells in story form how most kinds of glass are made. Other books in the series tell the stories of cotton, gold and silver, lumber, wool, iron, and leather.

The Three Gays at Merryton. By Ethel C. Brown. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents.

A sequel to *The Three Gays*, telling of the children's summer vacation spent on a New England farm.

Tom Anderson: Dare-Devil. *A Young Virginian in the Revolution.* By Edward Mostyn Lloyd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The story of the adventures of a young lad who served as scout for General Sumter.

This Way to the House of Santa Claus. *A Christmas Story for Very Small Boys in Which Every Little Reader Is the Hero of a Big Adventure.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A story book for young children.

Uncle Sam's Outdoor Magic. *Bobby Culen with the Reclamation Workers.* By Percy Keese Fitzhugh. New York:

Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

Telling in story form for younger readers the romance and adventure of reclamation in desert and forest.

Wonder Box Stories. By Will Bradley. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

Ten original fairy tales with illustrations by the author.

Wonderdays and Wonderways Through Flowerland. *A Summer Adventure of Once Upon a Time.* By Grace Tabor. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

The story of the adventures of some children in an old garden, written with the aim of interesting children in gardening.

The Woodcraft Manual. *The Fifteenth Birch Bark Roll.* By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, for The Woodcraft League of America. Illustrated.

The official manual of the Woodcraft League for 1916, giving full information as to the carrying on of the work of the Woodcraft Girls.

The Young Folks' Book of Ideals. By William Byron Forbush. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A book of general culture for young people. The work is divided into four parts under the headings "The Sturdy Body," "The Alert Mind," "Good-Fellowship," and "The Awakened Self."

History

A Brief History of Poland. By Julia Swift Orvis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Maps. \$1.50 net.

The Death of a Nation or, The Ever Persecuted Nestorians or Assyrian Christians. By Abraham Yohannan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrations and Maps. \$2.00 net.

A brief history of the Nestorians or Assyrian Christians and of the persecutions, past and present, which they have endured. The work includes an account of the sufferings as a result of the present war.

France: Her People and Her Spirit. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

A book on France—her history, geography, politics, people, society, etc.

History of the Medieval Jews. From the Moslem Conquest of Spain to the Discovery of America. By Maurice H. Harris. New York: Bloch Publishing

Company. With Illustrations, Maps and Notes.

A second edition, revised, enlarged, and indexed.

The New Map of Africa (1900-1916). A History of European Colonial Expansion and Colonial Diplomacy. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. With maps. \$2.00 net.

Poland's Case for Independence, Being a Series of Essays Illustrating the Continuance of Her National Life. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.00 net.

A collection of articles on the various aspects of Polish social, political and economic development, by eminent Polish writers.

The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. By Florence Howe Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

The history of the song written by the daughter of its author.

The Vampire of the Continent. By Ernst Zu Reventlow. Translated from the German, with a Preface by George Chatterton-Hill. New York: The Jackson Press. \$1.25 net.

An interpretation of European political history, in which the author denounces England's "insatiable greed, in her limitless craving for the riches of this world."

Travel and Description

The Gateway to China: Pictures of Shanghai. By Mary Ninde Camewell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

A book dealing with the manners, customs, people, politics and enterprises of the Far East.

A Hoosier Holiday. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. \$3.00 net.

An account of an automobile tour through Indiana where the author was born and spent most of his youth. A book of travel and reminiscence.

More Wanderings in London. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Chatty descriptions of places of interest in London. This volume supplements the work brought out in 1906 under the title of *A Wanderer in London*.

Old Seaport Towns of New England. By Hildegard Hawthorne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A chronicle of the author's trip through some old towns of New England—Portland, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Marblehead,

New London, New Haven, and others—with emphasis placed on their quaint and picturesque aspects.

A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A description of the well-known naturalist's walk from Indiana to Florida, in 1867, his trip thence to Cuba, and finally to California. The work is edited by William E. Badé.

Biography

The Heart of Washington: An Intimate Study of the Father of His Country from the Personal Human Side. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A series of anecdotes and reminiscences of Washington.

Andrew Johnson: Military Governor of Tennessee. By Clifton R. Hall. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50 net.

Traces the personality and career of Andrew Johnson through the years 1862-1865, when the burden of military government and reconstruction rested principally upon his shoulders.

Letters from My Home in India. By Mrs. George Churchill. Edited and Arranged by Grace McLeod Rogers. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

The author's letters, covering a period of about fifty years, describing her life and work as a Baptist missionary at Bobbili, Central India.

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

A new edition of the *Beacon Biography of Lincoln*, illustrated, corrected, and printed from new plates.

George Moore. By Susan L. Mitchell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.00 net.

A critical study of the personality and work of the Irish novelist, dramatist and critic.

Our Fellow Shakespeare. How Everyman May Enjoy His Works. By Horace J. Bridges. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.50 net.

A study of the life and works of Shakespeare.

Recollections of an Alienist. Personal and Professional. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

During his years as a physician in New York, and as a traveller in Japan, China, Africa, and Europe, the author has been

continuously in contact with interesting people. His work includes anecdotes of such people and of his experiences as expert witness in the trials of Molineux, Thaw, Patrick, Robin, etc.

Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.50 net.

A study of Bernard Shaw as revealed in his plays, with an estimate of each of the plays. There are also chapters on "The Social Thinker," "The Poet and Mystic," "The Theatre Craftsman," and "Shaw's Place in Modern Drama." The work contains a bibliography and an index.

Stevenson: How to Know Him. By Richard Ashley Rice. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

A study of the personality and work of the author.

Superwomen. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Character studies of some notable women of history—Lola Montez, Ninon de l'Enclos, Peg Woffington, Helen of Troy, Madame Jumel, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Cleopatra, George Sand, Madame du Barry, Lady Blessington, Madame Recamier, Lady Hamilton.

Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The authorised biography of the founder of Tuskegee Institute.

Years of My Youth. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The facts and impressions of the author's life until the time when he went abroad as United States Consul.

General Works, Miscellaneous

A Book of Burlesques. By H. L. Mencken. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.

A collection of satires and extravaganzas, chiefly with American Philistinism for their target.

City Types: A Book of Monologues Sketching the City Woman. By Marian Bow-

lan. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. \$1.25.

A collection of twenty-one humorous monologues.

The Colour of Life: Being Rapid-Fire Impressions of People As They Are. By Emanuel Julius. Published by author at Girard, Kansas. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A collection of anecdotes, short stories and sketches.

A Dictionary of Similes. By Frank J. Wilstach. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$2.50 net.

A collection of more than fifteen thousand similes selected from a wide range of English and American literature.

Football days. Memories of the Game and of the Men Behind the Ball. By William H. Edwards. With an Introduction by Walter Camp. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A book of football reminiscence and anecdote.

Garden Ornaments. By Mary H. Northend. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

A discussion of the various kinds of ornaments and furniture which add to the charm of a garden—pergolas, tea-houses, pools, sun-dials, steps, pottery, etc.—and how best to fit them into the garden scheme.

A History of English Literature for Students. By Robert H. Fletcher. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.

A text-book for students in colleges and universities.

Maeterlinck: Poet and Mystic. A Handbook of Six Lectures. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch. A guide to the study of Maeterlinck and his works.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary: Third Edition of the Merriam Series. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. With illustrations. \$5.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

An abridgement of Webster's *New International Dictionary*. The appendix contains vocabularies of names, rhymes, and foreign words, tables of arbitrary signs, and a glossary of Scottish words and phrases.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Trufflers	Rainbow's End
New York City.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Further Side of Silence
Albany, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Casuals of the Sea
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass.....	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	A Gilded Vanity
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Cleveland, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Dallas, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Des Moines, Iowa.....	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Houston, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	In Another Girl's Shoes
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Penrod and Sam
Louisville, Ky.....	The Sailor	Local Colour
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Leopard Woman
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Norfolk, Va.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Portland, Me.....	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Providence, R. I.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Rochester, N. Y.....	Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man
St. Louis, Mo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
St. Paul, Minn.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Antonio, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	The Wonderful Year	The Bent Twig
San Francisco, Cal....	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man
Seattle, Wash.....	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Ont.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Waco, Tex.....	The Career of Katherine Bush	From the Housetops
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Second Choice	Penrod and Sam	The Lion's Share	Local Colour
Love's Inferno	The World for Sale	Xingu	Kingdom of the Blind
Mary 'Gusta	The Wonderful Year	The Lion's Share	The Dark Tower
When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron	Romance of a Christmas Card	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	Bars of Iron	The World for Sale	The Way of All Flesh
The Dark Tower	The Wonderful Year	Romance of a Christmas Card	Lady Connie
The Wonderful Year	Lady Connie	The World for Sale	Watermeads
Mary 'Gusta	Romance of a Christmas Card	A Sheaf	The Wonderful Year
Just David	Penrod and Sam	Mary 'Gusta	Told in a French Garden.
When a Man's a Man	The Dark Tower	Just David	Seventeen
Dr. Nick	The Wonderful Year	Tish	Penrod and Sam
Seventeen	Under the Country Sky	Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam
Georgina of the Rainbows	Enoch Crane	Rainbow's End	The Wonderful Year
Seventeen	Fibble, D.D.!	Georgina of the Rainbows	Little Billy Bowlegs
The Wonderful Year	A Voice in the Wilderness	Chloe Malone	Penrod and Sam
When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Georgina of the Rainbows	Mary 'Gusta
The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale	Enoch Crane	The Worn Doorstep
Rainbow's End	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Leatherwood God
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	Kildares of Storm	Penrod and Sam
The Short Cut	Mary 'Gusta	Kildares of Storm	The Wall Street God
When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	Chloe Malone
The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	Lady Connie	The Sins of the Children
The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Wonderful Year
Happy Valley	Rainbow's End	Cappy Ricks	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Penrod and Sam	The Rising Tide	The Lion's Share	The Wall Street Girl
The World for Sale	Penrod and Sam	The Wonderful Year	Richard, Richard
Marion	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows	Every Soul Hath Its Song
The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	The Worn Doorstep	Georgina of the Rainbows
Georgina of the Rainbows	Rainbow's End	Come Out of the Kitchen!	The World for Sale
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Kingdom of the Blind	When a Man's a Man	Green Mansions
Emmy Lou's Road to Grace	A Sheaf	The Thirteenth Commandment	A Strong Man's House
When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End	Tish	Just David
Just David	The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	Georgina of the Rainbows
Lady Connie	When a Man's a Man	From the Housetops	The Girl Philippa
Seventeen	Lady Connie	Casuals of the Sea	The Wonderful Year
The Kingdom of the Blind	The Lion's Share	In Another Girl's Shoes	Penrod and Sam
When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows		Just David

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 The Wrack of the Storm. Maurice Maeterlinck.
 Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
 The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
 Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
 My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
 The Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
 Years of My Youth. William Dean Howells.
 O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 Charles Frohman: Manager and Man. Isaac F. Marcossan and Daniel Frohman.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 550 and 551) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " 8	
" " " 3d " " " " 7	
" " " 4th " " " " 6	
" " " 5th " " " " 5	
" " " 6th " " " " 4	

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the

order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells (Macmillan.) \$1.50	247
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35	230
3. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.40	117
4. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35	115
5. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35	83
6. Penrod and Sam. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35	61

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Trufflers. Samuel Merwin.
 Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
 Second Choice. Will N. Harben.
 Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
 The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
 Local Colour. Irvin S. Cobb.
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 The Further Side of Silence. Hugh Clifford.
 Love's Inferno. Edward Stieglbauer.
 The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
 Xingu. Edith Wharton.
 The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.
 Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
 The Romance of a Christmas Card. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
 Casuals of the Sea. William McFee.
 The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
 The Way of All Flesh. Samuel Butler.
 Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 Watermeads. Archibald Marshall.
 A Sheaf. John Galsworthy.
 Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
 The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
 Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
 A Gilded Vanity. Richard Dehan.
 Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
 Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
 Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnston.

Dr. Nick. L. M. Steele.
 Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
 Under the Country Sky. G. S. Richmond.
 Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith.
 Fibble, D.D.! Irvin S. Cobb.
 Little Billy Bowlegs. Emilie B. Stapp.
 In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
 A Voice in the Wilderness. G. L. H. Lutz.
 Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
 The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
 The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
 The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.
 The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
 Kildares of Storm. Eleanor Mercein Kelly.
 The Leopard Woman. Stewart E. White.
 The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
 The Wall Street Girl. F. O. Bartlett.
 The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton.
 Happy Valley. A. S. Monroe.
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
 Richard, Richard. Hughes Mearns.
 Marion. Anon.
 Every Soul Hath Its Song. Fannie Hurst.
 Emmy Lou's Road to Grace. George Madden Martin.
 The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes.
 A Strong Man's House. Francis Neilson.
 The Career of Katherine Bush. Elinor Glyn.
 From the Housetops. George Barr McCutcheon.
 The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1917

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

THE POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN THE TWO REPUBLICS

BY JULES BOIS

I

THE Statue of Liberty, which, as someone has said, "welcomes and enlightens" those who land in America, was given thirty years ago, by France, to the government and the people of the United States. Her illumination furnished to President Wilson the opportunity of uttering memorable words. The address of this great scholar, one of the most able of leaders, is full of ingenious and profound ideas. Concerning the actual occasion, the President has exactly expressed the motives, not artificial or temporary, but in a way, vital, which form the "long and delightful friendship" binding France and America, "which comes of a community of ideals and an identity of aim." He added, "One republic must love another republic," and he observed that "there is a common pulse in us all; there is a common contact with life; there is a common body of hope; there is a common stock of resolutions." His prophetic conclusion, that "The peace of the world is not going to be assured by the compact of nations, but by the sympathies of men," deserves to be pondered. It points out to us our conduct, for it counts upon all that is durable in the instinctive and re-

flective attractions of the two nations; attractions which it is our duty to all to explain and enlarge.

The points of contact between France and America are too many to enumerate and dwell upon here; we will only touch upon some of the most vivid glimpses. Essential truths bind our spirits each to each, truths as necessary to the vitality of a people as is oxygen to the lungs of a man. These truths form the consciousness of, and the reason for action. Love of Liberty is their mother; from them springs love of justice, and that love of humanity which is the mark of peoples of real strength. From them results the organisation of democracy and its attitude, within and without. Liberty creates Peace. Despotism is a fatal preparation, sooner or later, for war. "With all the respect due to those who represent forms of government other than our own," to quote Mr. Wilson again, "I may permit myself to say that a definite peace cannot come so long as the destinies of humanity shall be in the hands of little groups who let themselves be influenced by their own selfish ends."

Liberty! Evidently Americans and French alike, we must weep over the

crimes committed in her name; but no one, under any pretext whatsoever, may condemn her. Liberty! Who will deny that her apprenticeship is delicate and difficult? Free peoples have their crises, as do all organisms which attain superior health only through physiological shocks. Liberty implies argument, contention, a certain internal strife which testifies to its vitality and growth. Silence is death, silence is suffocation; obedience without preliminary deliberation is servitude. But, divided in times of peace, when war comes, the nations which govern themselves know how to furnish an example of the most substantial unity, more effective, because conscious and voluntary.

In the midst of the fearful cataclysm which has allowed, for a time, the despotic powers to acquire momentary advantages, let us have no doubt of liberty and democracy and of their future. If, before a sudden attack, liberty and democracy predispose to a certain remissness of preparation, they have the enormous advantage that *all* will becomes *good* will. And this good will is coalescent, because men know that it has not been able to invoke, but only to endure, war. Assured of their rights, not by illusion or suggestion, but by exact knowledge of affairs, republicans may have been surprised, just because they had not foreseen guilty intent, but they will never allow themselves to be cast down. Through patience and through the spirit of sacrifice, they will rise superior to all difficulties.

Our republic now puts to the proof of acts, the principles upon which yours also is founded. It is plain that this drama inflames you, and that you must find comfort in the example which we furnish. Having no selfish ambition, conspiring against no one, the true democracy is never abandoned by God or man. I grant you, autocracies are better constituted, speaking from a military standpoint. Let our trials during the first months of the war be to you a warning! Do not fear to be strong! You must be strong, or else become vic-

tims. Prepare yourselves better than we did. Do not, however, hypnotise yourselves by your armament. Enervated by militarism, our enemies believed that "Might makes Right," to quote the well-known words of Hegel. While to-day, thanks to the national and the international conscience, it is "Right which ends in making Might."

So, profiting by experience, and growing more prudent, or at least less ingenuous, we may, we must, persevere in an ideal of liberty, of generosity, of good faith, of firmness, of watchful benevolence. For this is not merely the right solution of the actual problem, it is, besides, progress, future, it is true patriotism, at the same time it is the highest conception of humanity.

II

Need we say that personal liberty implies respect for the liberty of others? Your democracy has never desired oppression of the individual, nor has ours. We have replaced the policy of menace and discontent with that of benevolence and "entente." This has been the glory of Republican France. This has been the policy of the French parliament and of French ministers. It is the policy, not of the clenched fist, but of the open hand. The words and the deeds of eminent men who have had the responsibility of our Foreign Office upon their shoulders are faithful witnesses to this.

Between the two republics, separated by the ocean but united by their ideals, and by their way of conforming to such ideals, there is another point of contact which I must do more than mention—I must clearly establish. During the forty and more years of our republic we have never resorted to violence, even in the gravest conflicts. Because the Fashoda question resulted in the Entente Cordiale, see how it now rings not only with praise of England and of France, but even more with the principles of reason, of justice, of good faith,—the attributes of these two nations. We have concluded "entente" terms with

Spain and Italy; we have gone with Austria and especially with Germany to the extreme limit in the matter of concessions. Bulgaria and Turkey have betrayed us; manifesting in those races a spirit of ingratitude and deceit which, there is no need to inform you, dates not from the era of democracies but from prehistoric times.

On your side, you have spoken and acted with equal loyalty. And it is not the programme of this party or of that, but the unanimous sentiments of Americans which on July 31, 1906, at the congress at Rio de Janeiro, prompted by this profession of faith to Senator Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, a profession of faith which is yours, and none the less, I assure you, ours.

We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privilege, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth that we may all become greater and stronger together.

III

It would be strange if states so alike in their political foundations should not also meet on the heights of thought and of feeling. Philosophy and poetry, for example, are as personal and national in America as in France. They reveal, the one no less than the other, typical and unexpected affinities. This likeness has not been dwelt upon sufficiently, and I cannot dwell upon it in

all its aspects. I shall content myself with an outline, which may, I trust, spur you on to make further investigations.

Poetry, the spontaneous song of the soul, its cry, its aspiration—in a way unconscious—witnesses invariably to the characteristic tendencies of a people. Now, on two occasions, America has given to France the signal for a new poetry in Edgar Allan Poe and in Walt Whitman. Let us say at once that there has been no imitation from any quarter. There has been, rather, sympathy and, if I may say so, "telepathy." Your Edgar Poe is of great value not only because of his strange stories which have been so happily translated in French by Baudelaire—one of our poets most expressive of the end of the nineteenth century; he has created a poetry resembling nothing that has gone before. His short poems have peered into the feminine heart as into the depths of life and death, and discovered there a perception of things mysterious which has been adopted by a whole school of our lyricists, having at their head Baudelaire, Rollinat and Mallarmé. The symbolic school owes much to Edgar Poe. Like him, many among us have sung the Beyond, the Unknown, the tremor inspired by rare love, or the contemplation of the infinite in the passing moment.

Like America, France has always loved what is new. Like you, we are investigators in the psychological and ethical realms as well as in the physical. For there are two sources of investigation,—the Supernatural and the Natural. They are not, moreover, separated, one from the other, by insurmountable barriers. They exist, one through the other, one in the other. Poe sang, above all, the Supernatural; Walt Whitman is the prophet and the chosen poet of Nature. So, lest our spirit weary of the traditional forms of versification and of this inspiration of the bookshelf which leads only to the indefinite reproduction of ancient dreams, already hoary with time, let us look about

us. "Bibliopolis" and museums have left an ashy grey deposit on inspiration. Let us open the window. Let us see the fields and rivers, the mountains, the cities too, with their palpitating life, and these new "cathedrals" of man's activities,—harbours and railway terminals—a whisper of æsthetic liberty has passed through their hearts and brains. Let us sing the simple idyll, the splendour of the landscape; let us force ourselves to discover new beauty in the manifestations of modern life.

Has Walt Whitman been our guide? I cannot say that. But at the very time that this genial American was disjointing and stretching out traditional prosody from its narrow limits, we were doing the same thing; the four winds of heaven discarded it—blew it away. We sang of intimate things, of nature, of unanimity. We were the young schools—"intimism," "naturism," "unanimism"—which have not always furnished the absolute master, but which have cleared bright paths through the confused underbrush of the future. After the twilight of the symbolists the clear and liberating sunlight has burst upon us and we have walked the earth among men. After the war, this impulsion of truth and humanity will certainly grow more and more urgent and potent in all literature. There again America and France will be in accord.

As to Philosophy, which also makes her appeal to the most secret hopes of the race, as well as to the highest visions of the spirit, she has revealed a very surprising concord between the two republics in the last fifty years, in the contemplation of the universe, the soul, and action. The transcendentalism of Emerson as well as the pragmatism of William James has found response in our thought and in our feelings. The two republics have freed themselves at the same time from Germanic metaphysics—and this, strange to say, as in politics, by the cult of individualism and love of liberty. Montaigne—Emerson's journal is my authority—exerted a strong influence over the mind of the great

Bostonian. William James was always in harmony with our discoveries, our aspirations. At Columbia University, as well as in Emerson Hall at Harvard, where I explained some ideas on French culture, I had an opportunity to say that if we have proclaimed the "human" rights of man, Emerson himself had recognised the "divine" rights of humanity, and this for the humble, the simple, for those who are the stirring sap of the nation. In these latter, particularly for democracies, the spirit of conscious sacrifice, the idea of duty enlivened by the taste of liberty, have manifested themselves in very fact during this great war. There has been the rôle of heroes, equalling in deed the greatest thinkers of all time who have only formulated the higher truths, whereas these, unknown, have realised them by suffering and immolation. Thus the "poilu," without knowing it, is Emersonian; he is also a pragmatist, direct disciple of William James; for demonstrating on the battlefield by his action, or at the rear, by his patience and civic courage, the primordial virtues and doctrines, he has proved that nothing is useful or beautiful except the ideas which may be put into practice, even at the expense of happiness or of life itself.

France to-day is transcendental and pragmatic in the *French manner*. Our modern philosophers—to cite only Ravesson, Renouvier, Boutroux and Bergson—have restored their prestige to Idealism, which controls deeds, to Sentiment, to Faith, to Inborn Instinct transformed into Clearseeing Intuition. They have been, like Henri Poincaré in science, liberators. They have prepared the heroic explosion of national will for service, not with the idea of a selfish leadership, but with the most noble of human aspirations, such as formed the inspiration of their great predecessors—Victor Hugo, prophetic poet, and Jules Michelet, moralist and historian.

Literature has followed Philosophy along this path; sometimes, perhaps, has even taken the lead. Did not Paul Bourget, in his preface to *Le Disciple*,

before the end of the nineteenth century recommend to the young man of France "those two great virtues, those two forces without which there is nothing but present decay and final agony—Love

and Will"? America, the land of character, of lofty, generous soaring, understood from long ago—long before this war—that we were both marching toward like goals.

A POLITICAL COMING-OF-AGE

THE WEST AND WILSON

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

It was a wonderful experience, that of watching—and helping—the alchemy at work that transformed Republican into Democratic majorities and gave the country a new political alignment of its States. During the presidential campaign it was my privilege to work among the women voters of Kansas, although my audiences, aids and co-workers often included as many men as women. And as I was thus in closest touch for six weeks with the intellectual and spiritual influences that gave to President Wilson 170,000 more supporters than he had in Kansas four years ago, the same influences that gave him his majorities in other Western States, I think I can say with more surety what they were than can those theorists who have done much surveying of the results of the election from the vantage ground of tables of figures. From what I saw of the Western voters I am inclined to believe that this new political alignment of the country is very likely to continue, at least during the near future, although that will depend largely upon issues and candidates and the forces behind candidates. But of this I feel sure: That party domination *per se* has suffered its Waterloo in that part of the country west of the Mississippi River.

During my six weeks of campaigning in Kansas for the re-election of Woodrow Wilson I visited each of the eight congressional districts and worked in twenty-two counties, nearly all of them

in the closely populated eastern half of the State. By the time the campaign was half over I felt sure, and my confidence grew with every subsequent day, that rock-ribbed Republican Kansas, for the first time in its history in a straight contest between national Republican and Democratic parties, would give a majority for the Democratic candidate. All of us in the State who were working for the success of the Democratic national ticket felt equally confident as to that popular majority, although we were all surprised, finally, by its size, 36,000. For the silent vote had proved to be a bigger factor than we had estimated. But the ideas, feelings, convictions, that were stirring among the voters were so general and so evidently potent that we never doubted they would overcome the usual Republican majority.

So far as Kansas is concerned it is a mistake to say "the women did it," and I think the same is true of most of the other Western States that have woman suffrage, except, perhaps, where the Wilson majority was very small. In Kansas it is my conviction that Wilson would have won, but by a narrow majority, if the women had not voted at all. I found that the men who were disregarding their former party allegiance to vote for President Wilson were being influenced by the same considerations that were proving powerful in the case of the women. But there were more converts among the women than

among the men and they felt more intensely about it. The men would have carried the State, but the women piled up the big majority. The men and women who were already of Democratic allegiance worked with equal enthusiasm and devotion for the re-election of President Wilson. But among the converts from other political faiths it was the women who more frequently were openly zealous in the work. They seemed to feel the harness of party allegiance weighing less heavily upon them.

Nothing is more misleading than the assertion that it was the slogan, "he has kept us out of war," which won the election for Wilson in the Western States. The many and complex forces that produced that result cannot be reduced to so simple a formula. Among those forces was a very deep conviction that the European war is not our affair, and that we can be of more service to civilisation by staying out of it than by getting into it and a very strong desire to see the policy of neutrality continued in force at Washington. But the sneering intimation that has been made so many times in the East both before and since the election that cowardice is at the bottom of that desire is so false that it would be amusing if the charge were not one that always arouses the ire of any human being. My friendly advice to the scoffing East is to "drop it," or the indignant West may feel it necessary to administer still more political castigation.

Anyone who last summer observed and compared the mobilisation of the National Guard in the Eastern and the Western States would hardly be so fatuous, in the light of that comparison, as to accuse the West of showing "a yellow streak." As for myself, after comparing the complaints, the cry-babying and the disloyal utterances and resentments of the one section, of both troops and populace, with the soldierly efficiency and readiness and willing patriotic service of the other and after coming into close touch with the people of the West through the campaign, I have come to

this conclusion: That the Eastern seaboard might, with very great advantage to itself and the country, go to school to Kansas for instruction in genuine patriotism and loyalty to American ideals.

A woman of refinement and broad culture, a warm supporter of President Wilson's policies, said to me as we talked of the European war:

"At first I suspected that my shrinking from the possibility of our being drawn into the war and my feeling of horror over it might be due to cowardice. And I was ashamed and afraid to be afraid, for it is so despicable to be a coward. So I gave myself a searching examination and I found that it wasn't and isn't cowardice at all. It's the deep conviction that war is not necessary, that there are better ways of settling international difficulties, that the losses of war are bound to be greater than its gains."

Her case is representative of the convictions that moved three hundred thousand and more men and women of Kansas—and of many hundred thousands more in other Western States—to rally to the support of the President who "has kept us out of war." Their convictions were not by any means a mere simple, cowardly sentiment, but the outcome of much serious thinking and of much deep and solemn communing with their own souls. When I would sometimes say in my speeches that if it were a question of the invasion of the country or of the preservation of American ideals Kansas men and women would be ready to lay down their lives to the last one, the round of answering applause would have in it a peculiarly earnest quality that showed from what depths of their hearts it came.

But the fact that we are still at peace with all the nations of a world ablaze with war was only one factor, and in my opinion not the chief one, among the many that led an army of voters to turn from the Republican and enlist under the Wilson banner. The progressive, constructive domestic legislation of this administration had more to do with causing the Western landslide than did

any other factor. In Kansas the women who changed their political allegiance to vote for Wilson were deeply moved by it. Even when they were not fully informed upon the details of the policies that have been enacted into law they knew that those policies had for their purpose the same things that have been woman's chief concern throughout the history of the race, the saving, the conserving and the bettering of human life. They understood that here was a man in high place who stood for the same things that woman has always stood for, and they came loyally to his support. It was belief in these policies also, my observations convince me, that chiefly influenced the men voters who helped to turn the presidential vote of Kansas from Republican to Democratic.

Among the contributory causes which added their influence among both men and women was the feeling, which I frequently heard expressed, that President Wilson has had so many and such great difficulties to contend with that it would be unfair not to give him another term in which to work out more fully his purposes and policies. This phase of the matter appealed to them as an argument of simple justice and I am sure, from the way in which so many spoke to me about it, was the deciding influence in the changing of many a vote from Republican to Democratic. One ran across also many individual points of view which showed how independently a majority of the Kansas people were thinking about the issues of the campaign. One woman, for instance, who for some time was undecided about her presidential vote, told me that what finally turned the balance in Wilson's favour was the conviction that the character and judgment of any man who would cast aside a position of such high importance and honour as that of Justice of the Supreme Court for the possibility of being elected President are not worthy of confidence and that it would be unsafe to trust him with the responsibilities of the presidency.

The personality and the arguments of

the Republican candidate for the presidency and his general attitude toward the issues at stake were an important factor in the way Kansas snowed him under the ballots which had been expected to pile up a big majority for him in that State. Surprise, dismay, outright disapproval were the successive stages with which thousands upon thousands of Republican voters in the West read his speeches and watched his campaign. And the same was true of Mr. Roosevelt, who drove an army of Republican voters to the support of the Democratic candidate. We who were working for Wilson in Kansas could so plainly see this influence growing more potent as the Roosevelt speeches grew more and more Rooseveltian that we used to say he alone would assure Wilson's success in the Middle West. It was very evident that, at least in Kansas, the Colonel's former followers were turning from him in sorrow, anger and disgust. Neither he nor Mr. Hughes understood the quality and direction of Western thinking during recent years.

The so-called "Woman's Party" and its ally, the Congressional Union, worked hard and long, mainly in the larger cities, but from what I saw and was told I do not believe they won a hundred votes for Mr. Hughes, while I am very sure that they helped to turn away from him more votes than they won. Over and over again intelligent women who were strong woman suffragists said to me, "We worked for the ballot in Kansas and we won it ourselves and now we know its value. The women of the other States will appreciate it all the more if they win it the same way." The spectacular "Women's Special" Hughes Alliance train was another effort to win votes for Hughes which, at least in Kansas, worked the other way and made recruits for Wilson. Women resented and ridiculed it from end to end of the State because of all that it connoted financially and because of the singular lack of intelligent, convincing argument in the speeches made by the women of the train.

The Kansas people whom I met, hundreds upon hundreds of them, had no time to waste upon ordinary "spellbinding" campaign oratory, upon appeals to the emotions or irrelevant argument. They wanted facts and honest, straightforward interpretation of facts and conditions and logical, truthful exposition of the issues at stake. They were doing a wonderful amount of quiet, sane, careful, independent thinking. And the chief reasons, as I observed them, which turned so many voters of other political faiths to the support of President Wilson were these: First and most potent was ardent response to the administration's domestic policies because the voters believed them to stand for the rights of human beings rather than the rights of money and for the interests of the great masses of the people rather than for those of the privileged few; the conviction that it would be a disastrous wrong to Mexico and a denial of our own national ideals to send an army of intervention and conquest into that country and that therefore the administration's Mexican policy should not be repudiated; the conviction that the administration's policy of neutrality in the European war is right and just and sanely far-seeing and the desire to uphold it and see it continued; the conviction that Woodrow Wilson as President can be depended on to have recourse to war for the settlement of international difficulties only as a last possibility.

But the mere statement of these convictions gives no idea of the ardour and intensity of purpose with which the people moved by them were inspired. Everywhere I met with such a quiet depth of feeling, amounting among the women almost to a religious fervour, as made my campaign experience one never to be forgotten. There was no emotional enthusiasm. The feeling which gripped the people's hearts was too deep for that. A casual onlooker might sometimes have thought the audiences cold. But no speaker addressing them, seeing the quiet tenseness of the listening faces

and feeling the living force of the subtle bond between speaker and audience, would make that mistake. Sometimes women who had listened for an hour without so much as a single hand-clap would tell me afterward in a few words of earnest, halting speech and with tears in their eyes what they felt about the issues at stake. Once, after my speech, among the people who crowded about me were two old, white-haired men, a solemn light shining in their faces, and as they gripped my hands one of them exclaimed: "The greatest message that has come to us since the days of the sainted Annie Diggs! We're two old Pops!" And anyone who knew of the fervour that swept Kansas in the days of Populism, of which Annie Diggs was one of the leaders, and of its causes and significance, would have found, as I did, in these old men and in other "old Pops" whom I frequently met, assurance of what Kansas would do for Woodrow Wilson. For the same leaven was at work.

I cannot close this article without paying a well-deserved tribute to the intelligence and the independence of the women voters of Kansas. I found many and many a woman who could turn aside from her washtub or ironing table and with a child in her arms discuss the issues of the campaign with knowledge and with understanding of their significance. The result of the election shows that large numbers of them were not dominated by party lines, although every Republican speaker in the State had besought them to be loyal to the grand old party which had freed the country from slavery and not to scratch their ballots. And I found that some of the party politicians, of both parties, formerly in favour of woman suffrage, are a little inclined to be doubtful about it now, solely because, they confessed, "you can never tell how the women are going to vote." I want to testify also to the fact that differences in political faith do not, under woman suffrage, necessarily entail home dissensions. For I talked with hundreds of women whose hus-

bands, they told me, would vote for Hughes who themselves either had been lifelong Democrats or who, more frequently, having been Republicans, had decided to vote for Wilson. When I sometimes said to such a woman, "Can't you convert your husband?" the reply was always a smiling, "No, I'll let somebody else try to do that." There were many thousands of women in Kansas whose husbands voted for Hughes who cast their own ballots, with a prayer in their hearts, for Wilson. And the home life of Kansas appears still to be running as smoothly as ever.

From what I saw of the thinking, the hopes, the purposes and the temper of the people of Kansas during the recent campaign and from what I know of the manifestation of these in the other Western States it seems to me that the people of the East do not yet realise the full political significance of what happened at the presidential election. If you will look at a map of the country picturing the presidential vote you will see north of the Ohio and east of Nebraska, with the exception of two States, a solid section of the country voting for the Republican candidate. West of that north-and-south line, a region which formerly was in large part a safe Republican stronghold, all but two of the seventeen States gave majorities for the Democratic candidate. Because of the unexpected right-about-face of much of that region it came about that thirty of the forty-eight States of the Union lined up behind President Wilson. The peculiar, block-like character of these two sections of the map is what makes the situation significant. For the first time in the history of the country the East and the West stand facing each other, politically opposed.

Two highly important meanings are easy to read in this new alignment. One is that these two sections of the country are thinking differently and facing toward different purposes as to most of the

questions that now concern our national life, the direction of our national development, the character of our national ideals. The other is that for the West the day of party domination is over, that the old party slogans and the old party appeals and the old party prejudices have lost their power. If one knows what a ferment was working in that almost solid block of Western States that scratched its ballots until the sound thereof went up to heaven one does not need to be told that the people out there are doing their own thinking, that they are living in the present and have their eyes on the future and that any party which wants their support will have to square its promise and performance with their convictions.

During the campaign, when we in Kansas would get reports of how it was going in other Western States, thinking, far-seeing men among the Wilson supporters would say, "If we can just win this election without the help of New York!" And I think that West-of-the-Mississippi—politically there is no longer a Middle-West—purposes seeing to it that New York will no longer be a dominating factor in presidential elections. Between the political, economic and social ideas of the eastern seaboard and the West there is a wide gulf, and if New York wants to be hereafter an important factor in the political life of the nation it will have to cross that gulf and teach itself to look at life and democratic ideals and the future of the nation as the West sees them.

The recent election means that the West has reached its political coming-of-age, and with Western ideals of democracy and human progress, purposes hereafter to dominate the political affairs of the country. The sooner the East realises and accepts that fact the better for its political future and the better also for the harmonious life of the nation.

THE BEST FIFTY SHORT STORIES OF 1916*

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

IN accordance with my annual custom, I am choosing from the large number of short stories published in American periodicals during the year, the stories which may fairly lay claim to the highest distinction by reason of their substance and form. After reading twenty-seven hundred short stories during 1916, I have selected for the annual roll of honour, which is published in *The Boston Transcript* and in *The Best Short Stories of 1916*, a list of one hundred and ten stories which deserve preservation in book form. From this list, I have been guided by standards partly personal in picking fifty stories which in my belief represent the best contributions of the year to American fiction. I purpose now to take up these fifty stories one by one, and tell briefly just why they seem to me worthy of this high praise. The first twenty stories on this list are selected by reason of their exceptional qualities as those most adapted to reprinting in a year-book of the American short story.

1. "The Sacrificial Altar," by Gertrude Atherton (*Harper's Magazine*), portrays with fine psychological insight and reticence the spiritual reactions of a young French novelist to whom life is essentially a fascinating intellectual problem for analysis rather than a vital experience of the spirit. His longing for elemental emotions and their realisation for the purposes of art leads him to commit murder, and the necessity for self-sacrifice, after the first prolonged reaction, brings to a close a story moved essentially by fate to an inevitable conclusion. With rigorous economy of means and suppression of detail, a noteworthy problem is solved in a superb work of art.

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2. "Miss Willett," by Barry Benefield (*Century*), is noteworthy because of its compellingly warm human substance, and the fine tender art with which the author's heroine is delineated. The temptation to sentimentalise a sentimental subject is tremendous, but Mr. Benefield has succeeded in clothing his story with sentiment, while completely avoiding sentimentality. The store window demonstrator with her starved emotional life finds the fulfilment of her womanhood in a dream whose human disappointment is transformed by a mystical gentleness into a very real fulfilment of her desire.

3. "Supers," by Frederick Booth (*The Seven Arts*), is a study in brief compass of human derelicts swept together by common need, of their hopes and disappointments, and of their dispersal. I find in it a sense of characterisation altogether unusual, and believe that this new writer will win an important place for his work in the next few years. Although the story makes few demands in plot construction, it has a different sort of craftsmanship to commend it, which can best be described as a passion for etched background and salient human portrayal rather than for event or sustained situation. Circumstances would distract from the significance of these figures, and they have their eternal moment here before they separate and recombine in other entities.

4. "Fog," by Dana Burnet (*McBride's Magazine*), is, I believe, as finely realised a story of the supernatural as the year can show. The passionate longing of an inland boy for the sea and a face glimpsed once in dreams creates its own subjective heaven of fulfilment, and the story is persuasively set forth with imaginative power and a fine atmospheric sense. It has the contagion of

youth in it, and a sad undercurrent of knowledge which has a universal note. I think the opening is more or less of a *cliché*, but with this qualification I do not see how the story could have been more finely presented.

5. "Ma's Pretties," by Francis Buzzell (*Pictorial Review*), which I regard as one of the three best American stories of the year, fulfils the promise of Mr. Buzzell's story, "Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie," which I found to be one of the two best short stories of 1914. In Mr. Buzzell, America has found a new realist whose heart is touched by the poignancy of little things. He is a passionate observer of human nature, and has given realism a new method of characterisation, whereby suggestion in dialogue is substituted for descriptive statement. In economy of material and richness of human values, Mr. Buzzell's art is destined to be one of the most potent influences on American fiction during the next ten years. This story is assuredly a classic of our literature.

6. "The Great Auk," by Irvin S. Cobb (*Saturday Evening Post*), gives American literature a new legend adequately realised in dialogue and situation, and touched with a spirit of human sympathy never mawkish nor sentimental. It is altogether superior to Mr. Cobb's other short stories of the past two years by reason of its imaginative characterisation. The atmosphere of the story is as vividly conjured up by personification as that of Dickens, and the rich colouring of Mr. Cobb's descriptive touches is memorable.

7. "The Lost Phoebe," by Theodore Dreiser (*The Century*), is one of the three best short stories of the year, in my opinion, despite serious faults of style and a certain willful verbosity. I find in the story much of Hawthorne's plaintive singing quality, a dull richness of background, and a sharply delineated portraiture, which by a reiterative monotony conveys a poignant effect of tragic futility. It comes out of the folk spirit of the people, as do the stories of Francis Buzzell, and if an Englishman

sought for what was most characteristically American in our fiction during the year, I should point to this story and "Ma's Pretties" with considerable pride.

8. "The Silent Infare," by Armistead C. Gordon (*Scribner's Magazine*), is also a transcript from the folk life of a people, touched with deft and insinuating humour, and a rich poetic sense of human values. It is told very quietly in an old-fashioned style, and, with much literary skill, chronicles for the first time the life of the house-Negro of Virginia after the war. The atmosphere is softened by finely rendered shadows, and an instinctive sympathy with his subject has led Mr. Gordon safely to his goal.

9. "The Cat of the Cane-Brake," by Frederick Stuart Greene (*Metropolitan*), is a grim tragedy of horror, and with directness and power it is Greek in the relentless logic of its unfolding. It reveals striking originality in plot, adequate characterisation, carefully handled suspense, and a natural though completely unforeseen *dénouement*. Its stark exposure of elemental forces is unforgettable, and its compactly wrought structure is a triumph of successful technique.

10. "Making Port," by Richard Matthews Hallet (*Every Week*), is, in my opinion, the best short story of 1916. It is elemental tragedy played out worthily against an eternal background, with an intimately human foreground of intensely realised personal experience. Mr. Hallet's style, always mannered, is here at its simplest and best, and the subtlety of his substance is lucidly conveyed through deft characterisation, clearly revealed atmosphere, and richly coloured speech. This story ranks with the best of Conrad, with whom Mr. Hallet shares much in sympathy, although their literary methods are very different.

11. "Ice Water, Pl——!" by Fannie Hurst (*Collier's Weekly*), is intimately woven of the very stuff of life. Dealing with sentimental types and yet avoiding

sentimentality, the perfect fidelity of her dialogue and the subtle definition of her characters are fused into a vitally compelling substance. Miss Hurst's stories, among which this deserves to rank among the very best, may prove to be the most essential literary documents of our city life to the inquiring literary historian of another century. Their defect is a lack of economy and selective power.

12. "Little Selves," by Mary Lerner (*Atlantic Monthly*), is little more than a succession of dream pictures portrayed as they cross the consciousness of an old woman who has lived well and is dying happily. But these pictures are so delicately woven, and so tenderly touched with beauty, that they will not easily be forgotten. I am tempted to say that a success such as this could not be repeated. It is a happy accident.

13. "The Sun Chaser," by Jeannette Marks (*The Pictorial Review*), is another folk story of permanent literary value to be added to the store of American legends by reason of its imaginative persuasion of reality and its lucid insight into life. Its frankly mystical substance has a propagandist value, but this has not weakened its story interest. It is in the best tradition of Hawthorne, though with less deliberate spiritual repression. I found it elusive at a first reading, but this elusiveness is partly the secret of the story's charm. The atmosphere is very completely realised, and the story has a rhythmical progression that fascinates me.

14. "At the End of the Road," by Walter J. Muilenburg (*The Forum*), confirms the high hopes of this new author's future which I was led to form from reading his two stories in *The Midland* during 1915. With a substance not unlike that of Francis Buzzell, he has a sense of nature brooding over human effort with impending portent, almost as vivid as the same sense in Thomas Hardy, and very completely realised in his work. Moreover, I find in these stories remarkable distinction and individuality in literary style. It

seems incredible to me that his important gifts have not yet found recognition in the better national magazines.

15. "The Big Stranger on Dorchester Heights," by Albert Du Verney Pentz (*Boston Evening Transcript*), is a very brief recollection of an incident in the life of Lincoln, and true, I am informed, in all essential details. But it is told here with such life-like imaginative truth and sharp characterisation that it deserves a place of some permanence. Accepting the slightness of its texture, I prefer to judge it by the goal which the author set himself, and judged by this standard it cannot be said to fail.

16. "The Menorah," by Benjamin Rosenblatt (*The Bellman*), is a compellingly realised tragedy told with the authority of the Russian masters in an alien speech. Mr. Rosenblatt has not yet attained ease in English idiom, but this is essentially irrelevant, and regarding it as we would a translation, I do not know what other American writer could have rendered his dream so poignantly and with such an economy of personal emotion. Mr. Rosenblatt has an instinct for avoiding accentuated climaxes of event. For this reason his spiritual climaxes are all the more overwhelmingly real. They leave us quiet with their "dying fall." But this is something we have been wrongly taught to regard as a defect.

17. "Penance," by Elsie Singmaster (*The Pictorial Review*), is as finely wrought a story as "The Survivors," which I included in last year's Roll of Honour. Mrs. Lewars writes out of a passion for the spirit of the Civil War, and is the noblest chronicler of its spiritual triumphs and defeats. With severe regard for form, her imagination shapes a situation of extreme difficulty in handling into a masterpiece of dramatic fulfilment. Her story has the illusion of history as well as the truth of all imaginative art.

18. "Feet of Gold," by Gordon Arthur Smith (*Scribner's Magazine*), is a delicate romantic study of Bohemian temperament, unfolded with much magic

of touch, and a kind of fine sentiment which is not too deliberate. To compare the art of Mr. Smith with that of Leonard Merrick would be slightly unfair to either artist. He lacks Leonard Merrick's nonchalance in narration, but he handles character with a less ready acceptance, and with a more reticent feeling for sentimental values.

19. "Down on Their Knees," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper's Magazine*), is in the most vivid contrast to the preceding story. It is freighted with the warm colouring of the Portuguese life the author knows so well, and instinct with sharply contrasted dramatic values. The fusion of plot and characterisation in a fully realised picture cannot be studied to better advantage in any other American writer. Mr. Steele and Mrs. Gerould are the leaders of their craft among the younger generation of American story-tellers.

20. "Half-Past Ten," by Alice L. Tildesley (*The Black Cat*), is a grim and mordant study etched almost too brutally, but with intense power and vigour of expression. The psychological reactions upon his nearest of kin of a wrongly convicted man, who is executed, are memorably portrayed. I suppose that this is the first story of a new writer. If this is so, here is an excellent chance for someone to make a discovery.

21. "Hands" (*Masses*) and 22. "Queer" (*Seven Arts*), by Sherwood Anderson, are two studies by a new and original artist of power who belongs to an important literary group in Chicago which bids fair to dominate the course of our American letters during the next ten years. Both of these stories are abnormal and most unlikely to be popular, but they are realised with a fulness of vision which is unique, and inaugurate a new craftsmanship which has much to teach American writers. I confess frankly that I dislike both these stories, but they move me to unwilling admiration by their power and sincerity.

23. "The Band," by Edwina Stanton Babcock (*Harper's Magazine*), is akin

by certain qualities to the stories of Francis Buzzell. It seeks to render character by indirect suggestion rather than by direct statement, and pores with a fondness of observation on the most minute and revelatory details of character in humble individuals. Here action is reduced to an essential minimum in order that passion may be revealed in an eternal instant arrested through half-realised aspirations and desires.

24. "Simply Sugar Pie," by Barry Benefield (*Seven Arts*), is a bitter study in realism which contrasts sharply with *Miss Willett*, of which I have spoken above. The same tenderness interprets human life in both cases, but in this story Mr. Benefield has seen life from an entirely new angle and has set down what he found with quiet emotional integrity.

25. "An Awkward Turn," by Phyllis Bottome (*Century*), is a distinguished study in realism in which the power of contrast is permitted to reveal the finer grain in a woman's character. It is skilfully composed and attuned with repressed art to the demands of its subject. It may possibly offend the susceptibilities of unimaginative readers, but I should consider the story to be an excellent test of its readers' finer grain.

26. "The Belgian," by Alden Brooks (*Collier's Weekly*), ranks with "The Eighty-Third," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, as one of the two distinguished short stories inspired during the past year by the terrible reality of the war. The vivid pictorial quality of Mr. Brooks's narrative is appalling in its ruthless brutality, but its ruthlessness is that of the surgeon who would heal a wound, and the story rises to high moments of imaginative spiritual power. I think that the story lacks a certain economy of narrative force, but nevertheless the author's passion has fused his substance into notable artistic form.

27. "Nicholas Woodman," by Alice Brown (*Harper's Magazine*), reflects with quiet humour the perversities of New England character while rendering faithfully at the same time the warm human qualities of character which it in-

instinctively prefers to conceal. Miss Brown's gift of selection is admirable. The freshness of vision which she brings to familiar substance is only to be found in the work of a very fine artist.

28. "The Prince's Ball," by Alice Brown (*Harper's Magazine*), shares with "A Retreat to the Goal" the distinction of carrying on adequately the fine New England literary tradition. The story is told with a quiet human glow that is very charming and with a certain emotional relaxation. Miss Brown has the virtue of dignifying what would prove to be comparatively slight substance in the hands of another writer. This story does not exhaust by any means the emotional values of its substance. It deftly hints them and leaves the rest to the reader.

29. "Down River," by James B. Connolly (*Scribner's Magazine*), is to my mind the most imaginative rendering of reality that Mr. Connolly has given us in several years. It lacks the mannered quality of his sea stories, and he has not sentimentalised his material at all. The relation between white and black furnishes a new psychological contrast in this story and Mr. Connolly has made the most of his advantage.

30. "The Doctor of Afternoon Arm" (*Ladies' Home Journal*), 31. "The Last Shot in the Locker" (*Saturday Evening Post*), and 32. "The Last Lucifer" (*Saturday Evening Post*), are three stories of somewhat permanent literary value which we shall esteem the more because their author, Norman Duncan, will no longer add to their number. These three stories rank with the best that Norman Duncan gave us in his prime, when he was surpassed by none in the direct biblical quality of his narrative style, springing as it did from a background of experience entirely novel in substance and realised with complete fidelity and human sympathy. These tales of the Labrador have more of the sea's stern reality in them than those of any other American writer, although Richard Matthews Hallet and Lincoln Colcord promise to carry on the

tradition which Norman Duncan inaugurated with such sincerity and power.

33. "A Retreat to the Goal," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (*Harper's Magazine*), ranks with the finest stories that Mrs. Freeman has given us in the past. Her smouldering art has always been preoccupied with a certain austerity of substance. She is at her best when dealing with the psychology of suppressed emotion as in this story. Such a preoccupation affords her opportunities for irony that remind one of the Greek tragedians, yet she never sacrifices the slightest human value on this account. The passion for things difficult informs her work. She has handed this passion down as a tradition to many writers who are inspired by her example.

34. "In the Home Stretch," by Robert Frost (*Century*), is surely a masterpiece of the short story regardless of the fact that it is also an admirable poem. It has passion, magic, and truth for its virtues as poetry: rich human characterisation, finely conceived background, and quiet dramatic power for its virtues as a short story.

35. "Snow," by Robert Frost (*Poetry*), is to my mind a finer story than "In the Home Stretch." As a fine poem I am not concerned with it here, but as a short story full of skilfully suggested mystery, bitingly etched psychology and dramatic contrast, I believe it ranks with the finer short stories of the year.

36. "The Eighty-Third," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (*Harper's Magazine*), is probably the most completely realised study of horror that American literature has produced since "The Fall of the House of Usher." Once read, it will never be forgotten by the most callous reader. You may question it, as I do, on the score of taste, but however you regard it, you will be compelled to acknowledge the awful reality of its substance and the utter persuasiveness of Mrs. Gerould's presentation of that substance. The story is irresistible in its movement, and inconclusive, as life is, in its ending.

37. "Louquier's Third Act," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (*Harper's Magazine*), is a subtly rendered psychological study of a fixed idea, rendered with all of Mrs. Gerould's usual faithfulness to the premises which you must grant her, and completely persuasive in its poignant sufficiency of background.

38. "The Sixth Canvasser," by Inez Haynes Gillmore (*Century*), is a gently related story of the supernatural which unfolds in an atmosphere of dream. The veil which is interposed between the action and the listener permits the author to weave into her fabric an illusive substance that is essentially romantic, and yet so near as to come home in its reality to us all. Nowhere is the outline too faint, nor any detail given undue emphasis of nearness. I think that the author has achieved with happy deliberation the end which she had in view.

39. "The Quest of London," by Richard Matthews Hallet (*Everybody's Magazine*), is a mannered piece of work. I frankly confess it. But the mannerism of this story seems to me to mark a transition from euphuism to style, and in this story Mr. Hallet's style is almost adequate to the richness of his substance. If it be true, as I have been told, that sailors read Masfield with avidity and reject Conrad with scorn, they will surely choose the former course with this story. It is told with all the prolixity of a sailor in the fore-castle, but also with all the passionate sense of reality and hardship that the sea breeds in a man. The romance of reality is set forth here with eager faith against an eternal background.

40. "Sob Sister," by Fannie Hurst (*Metropolitan*), must be added to the gallery of permanent portraits which Miss Hurst has added to American literature. Handled by an artist of less imaginative power this story might easily have taken on excessive sentimental values which would have destroyed its truthfulness entirely. Handled by Miss Hurst it gains tremendous

emotional values without any sacrifice to sentimentality.

41. "They Both Needed It," by Fanny Kemble Johnson (*Century*), unfolds in a leisurely and old-fashioned way, but its substance is new and rather completely realised. The spiritual conflict between father and son is portrayed with reticence and skill, and with an undercurrent of humour whose roots lie in a tragic seriousness. Granted that the story is in a minor key, it is more than competently told, and the portrait of the boy is an interesting piece of characterisation.

42. "The Cross Roads," by Amy Lowell (*Poetry Review of America*), although it is classified as a poem by some and as polyphonic prose by the author, may safely be left to others for classification. The important fact here is that it is a masterly short story, told with the utmost economy of form, and yet freighted with a rich and shadowy background of mysterious beauty. It seems to me memorable for its poignancy of realisation, swift and flashing directness of statement and freshness of imaginative truth.

43. "Brothers of the Road," by Walter J. Muilenburg (*Midland*), like its fellow-story of which I have written above, vividly portrays the relations between nature and man with a certain tinge of delineative power that marks the author definitely as one who has come to stay. He takes his substance very quietly, but handles it with an imaginative earnestness which is exceedingly rare. If I can gain even a small sympathetic audience for the work of this man and that of Francis Buzzell, I shall regard the labour of reading twenty-seven hundred stories this year as fully justified.

44. "Olivia Mist," by Vincent O'Sullivan (*Century*), introduces to America once more the work of a native artist whom Wilde and Mallarmé were glad to accept as a fellow-artist, but whom America does not as yet appear to know at all. Until the republication of his novels during the coming year, this story with its quietly veiled satire and charm-

ing narrative style must serve as an introduction to Mr. O'Sullivan's work. I believe that it has qualities of humour which entitle one to set it not far below *Daisy Miller*.

45. "Pansies," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Atlantic Monthly*), is a very quietly told study in contrasts which suggests a rich preoccupation with backgrounds, and a sympathy for the less often expressed emotions of the heart. Now that Henry James is dead, Anne Douglas Sedgwick continues his tradition more competently than any other American artist, and with a subtle feeling for all the nuances of human relationship, she composes admirably toned studies of adjustments within her experience.

46. "Staking a Larkspur," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Century*), is very like "Pansies" in its portrayal of quiet human responsiveness to environment. The humour of the situation is less self-consciously concealed and the story lacks entirely the reproach of oversophistication, to which much of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's work must plead guilty.

47. "The Killer's Son," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper's Magazine*), is almost as vividly realised a work of art as "Down on Their Knees." These two stories show a measurable advance over "The Yellow Cat" and "Romance," which seemed to me to be among the most permanent contributions of the American short story to literature during 1915. I find more passion in the work of Mr. Steele than in most of his contemporaries, as well as a more flashing directness of vision.

48. "The Smile Factory," by George Kibbe Turner (*McClure's Magazine*), accepts a tawdry substance and confers upon it rich human values through simplicity of approach and sympathetic reticence. I find in the story something of Fannie Hurst's art coupled with a detachment of viewpoint which is more

European than American in its quality. The story is told with easy narrative power, and though its course is leisurely it is not loosely put together.

49. "Kerfol," by Edith Wharton (*Scribner's Magazine*), is a ghost story of familiar substance treated with restrained art in a new and unfamiliar way. After one forgets its competence, which is a little bit too self-conscious, one begins to admire the soft tones of the story's background, and the suggestiveness of things unspoken that the environment reveals. The brooding strangeness of the landscape is in harmony with the brooding strangeness of the story, and the two are fused by the author with consummate art.

50. "The Knitter of Liège," by Beth Slater Whitson (*Southern Woman's Magazine*), relates with grim passion and a certain unsophisticated art the tale of a Belgian woman to whom the war brought the predestined significance of fate. Despite a conscious echo of "A Tale of Two Cities," the complete realisation of her substance endows the author with adequate means of telling her story. It will be interesting to see whether her later work will equal the promise of this story.

And now that I have brought you to the end of this list of fifty short stories I should like to suggest that you should approach them, not as the best fifty stories of the year, chosen by absolute standards, but rather as fifty stories which have commended themselves to one sympathetic reader, who has patiently searched for them, as those whose sincerity and imaginative interpretation of life are most nearly adequate and hopeful for the future. I claim no dogmatic sanctions whatever for this selection, but I do claim for it the significant value of an honest desire to find the best which we are producing in America to-day.



RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET. AUTHOR OF "MAKING PORT" (EVERY WEEK)



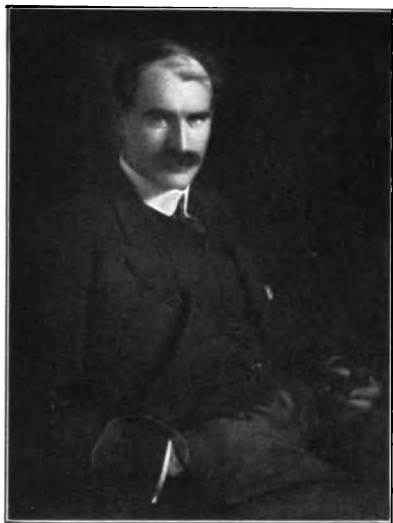
JEANNETTE MARKS. AUTHOR OF "THE SUN CHASER" (THE PICTORIAL REVIEW)



ARMISTEAD C. GORDON. AUTHOR OF "THE SILENT INFARE" (SCRIBNER'S). FROM A PICTURE PAINTED IN 1911



BARRY BENEFIELD. AUTHOR OF "MISS WILLETT" (CENTURY)



FREDERICK STUART GREENE. AUTHOR OF
"THE CAT OF THE CANE-BRAKE"
(METROPOLITAN)



GORDON ARTHUR SMITH. AUTHOR OF
"FEET OF GOLD" (SCRIBNER'S)

CROSSING THE FERRY AT SUNSET

BY ETHEL WENDELL TROUT

THE day's work over, and we go our way
Down from our lofty aeries, through the city street
Where noise and clangour, rush and clamour meet,
Down to the quiet river and the bay.

The sun is setting, jewelled, midst the haze
Of soft grey, smoke-cloud mist,
Touched with the palest amethyst,
And all the city's maze of pinnacles is kissed
To softness by its gentle rays,
While the huge ferryboats go slipping, slipping
Like beetles, in and out amidst the silent shipping.

The works of God and man combined,
By the soft glory of the sunset glow refined
To something beautiful—no longer cruel,
But kind.

THE YEAR IN ART*

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

THE impression is still widespread that an art book is a book "about" art, a pleasant but parasitic description of paintings or pieces of sculpture, a sort of opera-glass through which the reader may gaze at inaccessible masterpieces. It

is a plausible belief. We take it for granted that the artist is striving to imitate nature with paint or marble; what could be more logical than for the critic to try to imitate pictures with words? Many useful and entertaining writers

- *1—Famous Sculpture. By Charles L. Bastow. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.
- 2—The Russian Arts. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.
- 3—The Russian School of Painting. By Alexandre Benois. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.
- 4—French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspinwall Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.
- 5—Pontormo: His Life and Work. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$7.50.
- 6—Catalogue of the Jarves Collection at Yale University. By Osvald Sirén. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$7.50.
- 7—Venetian Painting in America: The XVth Century. By Bernhard Berenson. New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman. \$4.00.
- 8—The Quest of the Quaint. By Virginia Robie. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00.
- 9—English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. By Herbert Cescinsky. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$50.00.
- 10—Chinese Pottery and Porcelain. By R. L. Hobson. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$25.00.
- 11—Jacobean Furniture. By Helen Churchill Candee. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.
- 12—The Blue-China Book. By Ada W. Camehl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.
- 13—Ivory and the Elephant. By George F. Kunz. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$7.50.
- 14—The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Abbot McClure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$6.00.
- 15—The Art of Interior Decoration. By Grace Wood and Emily Burbank.

- New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.
- 16—The New Interior. By Hazel H. Adler. New York: The Century Company. \$3.00.
- 17—A History of Ornament: Mediæval and Modern. By A. D. F. Hamlin. New York: The Century Company. \$3.00.
- 18—Parks: Their Design, Equipment and Use. By George Burnap. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$6.00.
- 19—The San Diego Garden Fair. By Eugen Neuhaus. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company. \$1.50.
- 20—Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. By Christian Brinton. New York: John Lane Company. \$3.00.
- 21—Certain Contemporaries. By A. E. Gallatin. New York: John Lane Company. \$3.00.
- 22—Journalism versus Art. By Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00.
- 23—Famous Painters of America. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.
- 24—Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders. By George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. \$5.00.
- 25—Raemaekers' Cartoons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$5.00.
- 26—One Hundred Cartoons by Cesare. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.00.
- 27—Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00.
- 28—Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint and Pencil. By James H. Worthington and Robert P. Baker. New York: John Lane Company. \$15.00.
- 29—Art. By Auguste Rodin. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.50.
- 30—The Creative Will. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

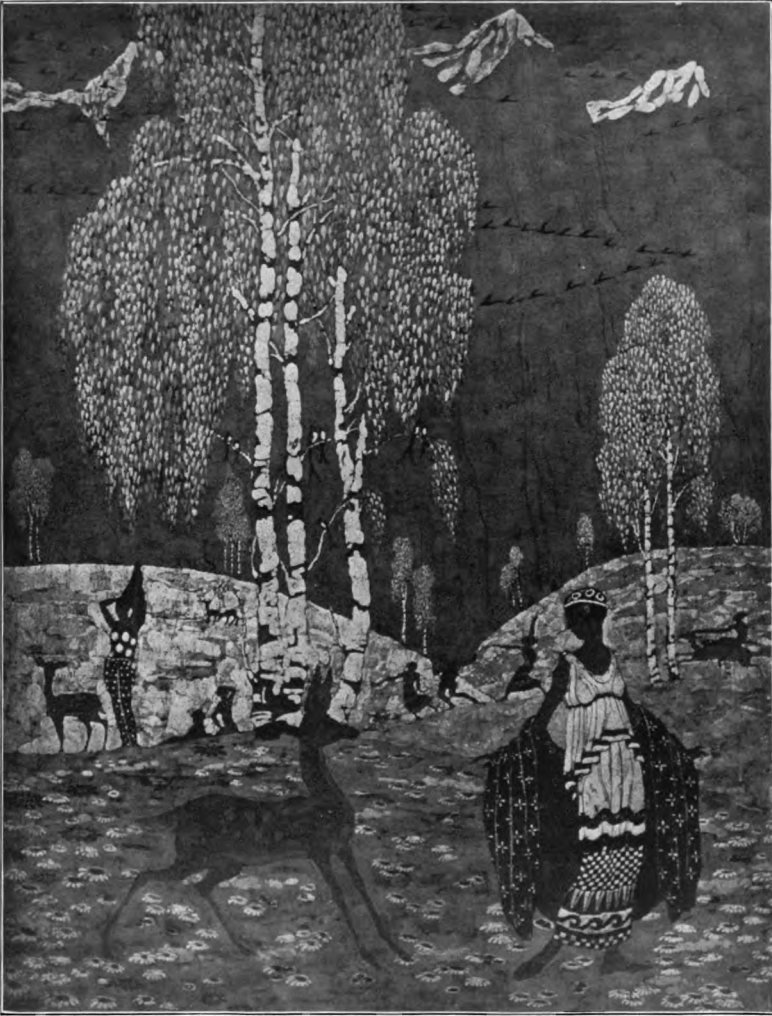
have done little else; and as for the artist himself, however fiercely he may deny the first proposition, he has little to gain by combating the second. Why not let people think of him as a comet who accumulates a somewhat diaphanous literary tail in the course of his meteoric flight toward the sun? This was all true at one time, but the character of our art books has been slowly changing. The majority of them are now soundly built, intricately organised, and well able to stand alone. It is from this constructive standpoint that we must view them to gain an adequate idea of their full value.

The change, of course, has been due to our increasing knowledge of the original works of art. Mere descriptions have ceased to interest us. Younger readers, naturally, need books like *Famous Sculpture*,¹ which describe, explain, and repeat the classic things that others have said. And the rest of us, likewise, in view of our vast ignorance of all the Russian arts which have never been transcribed, or translated, or transported to America, want our first books on the subject to be chiefly reportorial. *The Russian Arts*² is very properly a vigorous, well-knit sketch of the whole development of architecture, painting, sculpture, and the minor allied arts from earliest times up to the last fantastic novelty of the modernists. Alexandre Benois,³ himself a Russian and a painter, writes of his more limited subject with that peculiar blend of ease and authority which is the hall-mark of thorough knowledge, but never assumes too much familiarity with the subject on the part of his readers. Mrs. Newmarch's book has the advantage of clearer illustrations and an index. *French Etchers of the Second Empire*⁴ deals with better known material, and Mr. Bradley accordingly exerts himself to build more definitely with it. In the first essay, from a few of Meryon's letters, from his visits to Baudelaire, and from the morbid contemplative poems which he engraved on copper after the manner of Blake, but which are more akin in spirit to Tur-

ner's "Fallacies of Hope," he constructs a vivid portrait of that haunted genius. In the second, he sketches not the man Lalanne but his artistic personality. Still others are group portraits. Over fifty etchings are well reproduced.

With *Pontormo*⁵ we reach the full height of constructive scholarship. Among books of American authorship, only Berenson's monograph on that other recluse and visionary of sixteenth century Italy, Lorenzo Lotto, can be compared with it. Mr. Clapp has devoted five years to the accumulation and preparation of his material. He has visited every accessible fragment of Pontormo's work; he has delved through seven hundred catalogues of sales and exhibitions and countless Florentine documents, and has examined the accumulated criticism of four centuries; and he has taken over three hundred photographs. The mass of material thus acquired is not thrown at random at the reader's head, but has been carefully fitted together into a catalogue *raisonné*, which gives an unusually complete description, history, and discussion of every picture known to be Pontormo's or attributed to him; and a biographical sketch of the artist himself, in which all the threads that make up an artist's life are woven into a single strand of smoothly flowing narrative. Unlike many who rediscover neglected artists, he makes no extravagant claims for his hero. We see Pontormo as a supersensitive soul, keenly alive to decorative values, but unfortunately never able to hold firmly to one artistic path, lacking confidence in himself, solitary, wistful. He first followed Albertinelli, then Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo, and Dürer, and finally went to a splendid ruin with Michelangelo. The illustrations are very sensibly grouped together in the middle of the book, for easy reference, instead of being scattered through the text.

*The Catalogue of the Jarves Collection at Yale University*⁶ is a long-delayed continuation of the main stream of constructive art work in America.



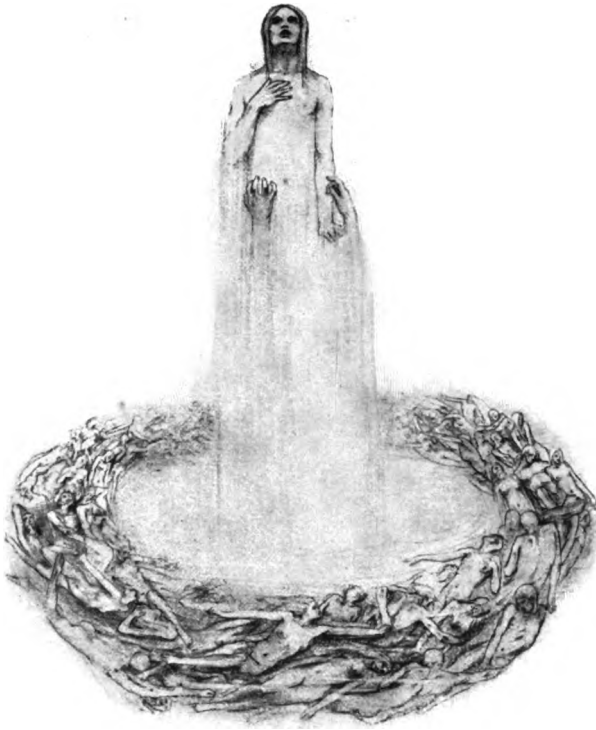
SILK BATIK. PIETER MEYER AND BERTRAND HARTMANN. FROM "THE NEW INTERIOR"

James Jackson Jarves, for whom the collection is named, was the Columbus, the Galileo, and the George Washington of the collecting of pictures in this country. Forced to leave college on account of his health, he travelled considerably for several years and finally settled in Florence early in the '50s. Like many other nineteenth century Americans, he felt keenly the lack in his own country of the mellowing and inspiring influence of art, and, being an earnest and patriotic soul, he sat down at once to attack the problem with his pen. His numerous books are thoughtful, high-minded, and still readable. After finishing the first one, however, he was struck with the absurdity of writing about Old Masters

for a public that had hardly seen one; and with true American practicality and shrewdness he set about making a collection of his own. In 1860, when he had accumulated one hundred and forty-five, he took them to New York and put them on exhibition. For eleven years he literally hawked them about the country, trying in vain to induce some city to buy them as the nucleus for a public museum. In 1871 they were sold at auction to Yale University; and in the galleries of the Yale Art School they have remained ever since, well known to experts as one of the finest collections of early Italian paintings in the world but ignored by the general public. A manual compiled by Russell Sturgis, Jr.,



PHILOSOPHER-ON-THE-ROCK. GEORGE BELLOWES. FROM "JOURNALISM VERSUS ART"



APOTHEOSIS III. ROBERT P. BAKER. FROM "SKETCHES IN POETRY,
PROSE, PAINT AND PENCIL"

in 1868, has done duty as a catalogue ever since, although in the meantime the modern science of the attribution of pictures has been sweeping through other galleries, seeking what it might devour. At first glance Dr. Sirén's work seems chiefly destructive, for many of the proudest names of the old catalogue do not appear in the new one,—Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Pinturicchio, Perugino, Francia, Bartolommeo, Sodoma, Giorgione, Bellini, Veronese, Velasquez, Dürer, Holbein, and Raphael. Yet anyone who has read his brilliant interpretations and analyses of the pictures, and his discussions of the reasons for attributing them to lesser men, must feel that he has added much more to the interest of the pictures than

he has taken away. The book contains reproductions of over eighty of the pictures.

It is needless to say that Mr. Berenson's book⁷ does not fall below the standard of the last two either in scholarship or in charm. It is not a formal catalogue of Venetian paintings in America, but a running comment on them arranged to illustrate the development of painting in Venice during the fifteenth century. There is little history and less biography, and all too little of the special charm of the four volumes on the *Painters of the Renaissance*. It is first of all a book for the student who has become fascinated by the problems of attribution and of tracing the influence of some dominant painter down through the third and fourth generations. The

numerous hints as to the exact methods pursued in that somewhat mysterious science remind one, however, of the prestidigitator who pretends to explain his tricks. The reader whose chief interest is in the appreciation of pictures will be especially interested in Mr. Berenson's broader view of Crivelli, in his theory that the Bellini brothers began their independent career only in middle age, and in seeing full justice done to that much-patronised artist, Cima da



"ST. ANTHONY TORMENTED BY THE DEMONS." STEFANO DI GIOVANNI, CALLED SASSETTA. FROM "CATALOGUE OF THE JARVES COLLECTION AT YALE UNIVERSITY"

Conegliano. Many pictures from private collections that are inaccessible to the public appear among the illustrations.

Since Mr. Jarves's day we have become a nation of collectors. Not all of us have begun to collect Old Masters, but we have advanced beyond Mark Twain's uncle, who collected brickbats. The books which cater to these hobbies are beginning to rival the collections themselves in beauty and interest. They range from books like *The Quest of the*

Quaint,⁸ which might have for a subtitle "the charm of the chase," to such monumental works of reference as Mr. Cescinsky's *English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century*,⁹ whose three volumes contain over a thousand pages and more than thirteen hundred illustrations. Most of them might be described, in constructive phraseology, as textiles. They try to weave the collectible objects and their historical background into an attractive and entertaining tapestry. The variety of the quotations and digressions in Mr. R. L. Hobson's beautiful and authoritative volumes¹⁰ makes them a picture, not merely of a single industry, but of a whole civilisation. Mrs. Candee¹¹ sketches in lively fashion the influence of clothes, customs, politics, and wives on the chairs in which our great-ancestors sat and the tables from which they ate. *The Blue-China Book*¹² sets our "old blue platters" from the Staffordshire potteries in a framework of early American history. Mr. Kunz¹³ has had the happy idea of writing of ivory "on the hoof." His book is a collection in itself,—of amazing and amusing legends, anecdotes, and scientific facts about the elephant, from the days when he roamed through Egypt as a Moeritherium up to the time of Barnum and Bailey, and about the methods of collecting, handling, and carving his front teeth. *The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts*¹⁴ is not merely a practical manual for the collector of the products of all the American crafts up to the time of the Revolution; the authors have hoped as well to increase the "patriotic appreciation" of these things and to "yield encouragement to the more vigorously constructive task of reviving for our own use what was best in the practice of past generations."

And, after all, for a really dynamic hobby one must turn from collecting antiquities either to a craft of one's own or, lacking the knack for that, to the discovery of the innumerable living makers of beautiful things who are still awaiting recognition. It is like leaving

some dusty occupation to go out on the bleachers and root for the home team! There is one art, at least, which combines both craftsmanship and collecting and is not beyond anyone's powers, *The Art of Interior Decoration*.¹⁶ The book which bears that title happens to emphasise the accumulation of old furniture—one gathers, in fact, that a period possesses the same finality in decoration that it has in written speech—and it has more of interest for the woman with \$10,000 than for her sister with two soap-boxes and a piece of cheese cloth; yet the principles which it emphasises and the colour schemes which it suggests are as applicable to a cottage as to a palace. *The New Interior*,¹⁶ however, is a ringing appeal for the frankness, simplicity, and vigour of the modern styles of decoration, and the majority of its inviting rooms are not impossible for a limited purse. The chapter on the little-known Taylor scale of colour harmonies is particularly valuable.

Four other books in this field also deal with the larger, synthetic arts. Professor Hamlin's *History of Ornament*,¹⁷ the first work of its kind in English, is intended first of all for the student of architecture. The general reader, nevertheless, if he has any interest in either history, science, or art need not avoid it for fear of finding it purely technical. A later volume will take up modern and Oriental ornament. *Parks*¹⁸ points out that a park is not merely a green spot in a dirty city, but a complex organ of city life with many functions. Mr. Burnap analyses each one, and shows how various conditions should influence design and treatment. It is a book for city fathers, for inexperienced superintendents, for public-spirited citizens, and even for those dispirited citizens who like to sit around on benches. There are two books on that noblest and most inclusive of our arts, exposition-building. Both Mr. Neuhaus¹⁹ and Mr. Brinton²⁰ are retrospective and constructive rather than merely appreciative; they have an eye, in their comment, to the expositions that are yet to be built and to the in-

fluence that has radiated and will radiate from the two that have recently closed. Mr. Neuhaus's illustrations are as perfect, in their way, as the exposition of which he writes.

Yet all these things are passed over by those who complain that we have no American art, and not without a certain justice. They are, after all, body and not spirit; the daily food that keeps alive the sense of beauty rather than the concentrated expression of the full strength of the spirit. That, among the plastic arts, is found only in sculpture and painting, and our attainments here have not been so great. Yet the day of the complainers is surely past. We have already as rich an art as we deserve. Sargent, Melchers, Hawthorne, Bellows, Carlsen, Schofield, Weir, Dougherty, and as many more are producing pictures that are rich, distinctive, complex, vigorous, and beautiful. They are neither imitating nor repeating; each new picture is an individual and its appearance an event. The time has come when it is less important for us to judge our artists by any absolute standards than to find out what they may be worth to us, to judge them as the French judge Lamartine or the Germans Feuerbach. They have done their share; it is time for the writers to point out to an indifferent public just how large that share is, to give them a little of that glamour of words with which all the Old Masters are surrounded and which is responsible for no small part of their charm. As the war bulletins say, it is not so important to advance as to consolidate the ground already gained.

This season's books have contributed comparatively little to the work,—perhaps it is a task for magazines rather than for books. Mr. Brinton has a sympathetic and illuminating chapter on the most revolutionary tendencies in modern painting, but the work of the more conservative men who were permitted to exhibit at San Francisco stirs him to very little enthusiasm. Mr. Gallatin²¹ writes appreciatively of Glackens, Sloan, Lawson, John Marin, and Boardman Robin-

son; but he is content to classify them for the connoisseur by means of certain labelling phrases which have little meaning for the uninitiated instead of interpreting them to the public which can only stand and stare, and does not care to do that very long. Max Eastman,²² the most watchful of our radicals and the one with the lightest touch, calls none of these men by name but explains brilliantly why they prefer to paint and draw as they do instead of turning out conventional work designed to "please everybody a little and displease none." His illustrations will startle anyone who has been brought up on a diet of popular magazines. Mr. McSpadden²³ works for the cause by the indirect method of gossiping pleasantly about fourteen American artists, from Benjamin West to Childe Hassam. A few such tales as that of West's first work in colour would surely transform any painter into as delightful and legendary a figure as Rip Van Winkle or George Washington.

Perhaps the five books which offer the reader art itself and not merely words will achieve the most. Mr. Edwards's²⁴ sketches are sombre, dignified, and simple, as memorials should be. There is a touch of mournfulness in them all, and the tower of St. Rambauld at Malines looks like a widow in her weeds. The text is the usual pleasant jumble of books of travel; the war appears only at intervals, like a sad refrain. Raemaekers²⁵ and Cesare²⁶ do not handle it so gingerly. Raemaekers, in fact, often goes beyond the limits of his medium in his attempts to portray its horrors at full strength. Yet fully half his power lies in his unusual faculty for conveying raw, stinging sensation with a few pencil strokes,—the sharpness of a sword, the squeamishness that comes at sight of blood, the softness of decaying flesh. Cesare has not his remarkable gamut of emotional expression, from the purely comic through the bitter and the pathetic to the sublime; his choice of details is not so powerful; and, as he works more with masses than with line, his figures

are never so poignant as the Dutchman's. Yet he is always dignified, impressive, intellectually and aesthetically satisfying, and he does not fail altogether as often as Raemaekers. His themes are more fundamental and less bitterly partisan; and in this particular volume he is not encumbered with the mass of pious, stupid, and venomous text under which his rival struggles.

Joseph Pennell introduces his volume of lithographs²⁷ with a brisk essay in praise of Work as the greatest of all subjects for an artist, and he spares neither his predecessors nor his contemporaries who have ignored it. What is the surprise of the reader, then, to find on turning over the pages that follow that there is hardly a labourer of any description to be found in all Mr. Pennell's fifty-two lithographs! Except for the clouds of smoke and steam they might all have been drawn on Christmas morn! He has merely drawn the places in which men are accustomed to work. And one feels that even then he has not let these towers and excavations and huge masses of moving steel tell their own story of strength and relentlessness, but that he has used them as a basis for a set of very attractive decorations according to his own taste.

The most interesting of the five is Mr. Baker,²⁸ and it is not altogether because he is making his début. At first, one is apt to be misled by the simplicity, the serenity, and almost academic regularity of his sketches into dismissing them as mere life-studies tinged with a little symbolism; but their simplicity soon transmutes itself into unity, their serenity into the serenity of flame, and their regularity into a classic unwillingness to descend to excess or strain. His designs have a restrained yet limpid beauty that is rare in modern art; his symbolism needs no labels, his abstract ideas have incarnated themselves comfortably in living forms. He carries on the tradition of the great Idealists, Vedder, Burne-Jones, Blake, and the Botticelli of the *Paradiso*.

The ultimate constructive function of



PRINTEMPS. CESARE. FROM "ONE HUNDRED CARTOONS"

books on art is to build a theory of beauty, of genius, of the true goal of the artist,—of everything that may be included under the forbidding term æsthetics. The writers of this season do little more than gather together stones of which a building may sometime be made. Mr. Worthington contributes such epigrammatic definitions as "Art imitates truth only in so far as truth is needed to make her falsehoods charming," "Art is the method of arousing in man the consciousness of godhead," and "Only the lazy or the weary see things as they are." Auguste Rodin, whose much-quoted book²⁹ has been reprinted

at a more popular price, deals with single problems, such as movement, drawing and colour, mystery, and form.

Willard Huntington Wright's *The Creative Will*³⁰ is the most stimulating contribution to the subject since Lafarge's *Considerations on Painting*, but it can hardly be called constructive. He has placed many important truths side by side in a series of two hundred and fifty-one numbered *pensées*, but has not tried to articulate them. There is not even an index. There are serious defects and gaps in his reasoning. He assumes, rightly, that art can be tested

only by the reactions of the human body, but arbitrarily asserts that only certain reactions are important, and dismisses art that appeals to any others as really beneath contempt. He declares that painting must become an abstract art like music, merely because one of its elements, colour, is capable of abstract treatment; he fails to discuss at all the remaining elements which demand that painting remain a representative art. He never defines adequately words or

phrases which he distorts into special meanings of his own. It is, of course, possible to do none of these things and still produce a valuable book, but Mr. Wright has unfortunately chosen to be both dogmatic and contemptuous, and to anyone who has dabbled at all in the complexities of æsthetics, dogmatism and contempt from a writer who avoids all the fundamental problems and never alludes to the work of any other æsthetician is somewhat irritating.

THE HATEFUL RIDGE

AN INCIDENT ON THE SOMME FRONT*

BY FREDERICK PALMER

SOMETIMES it occurred to one to consider what history might say about the Ridge and also to wonder how much history, which pretends to know all, would really know. Thus, one sought perspective of the colossal significance of the uninterrupted battle whose processes numbed the mind and to distinguish the meaning of different stages of the struggle. Nothing had so well reflected the character of the war or of its protagonists, French, British and German, as this grinding of resources, of courage, and of will of three powerful races.

We are always talking of phases as the result of natural human speculation and tendency to set events in groups. Observers also may gratify this inclination as well as the contemporaneous military expert writing from his maps. It is historically accepted, I think, that the first decisive phase was the battle of the Marne, when Paris was saved. The second was Verdun, when the Germans again sought a decision on the western front by an offensive of sledge-hammer blows against frontal positions; and, perhaps, the third came when on the Ridge the British and the French kept up their grim, insistent, piecemeal attacks, holding the enemy week in and week out on the defensive, aiming at mastery as the scales trembled in the new turn of the balance and the initiative passed from one side to the other in the beginning of that new era.

This scarred slope with its gentle ascent, this section of farming land with its woods growing more ragged every

day from shell fire, with its daily and nightly thunders, its trickling procession of wounded and prisoners down the communication trenches speaking the last word in human bravery, industry, determination and endurance — this might one day be not only the monument to the positions of all the battalions that had fought, its copses, its villages, its knolls famous to future generations, as is Little Round Top with us, but in its monstrous realism an immortal expression, unrealised by those who fought, of a commander's iron will and foresight in gaining that supremacy in arms, men and material which was the genesis of the great decision.

The German had not yielded his offensive at Verdun after the attack of July 1st. At least he still showed the face of initiative there while he rested content that at the same time he could maintain his front intact on the Somme. The succeeding attack of July 15th broke his confidence with its suggestion that the confusion in his lines would be too dangerous if it happened over a broader front for him to consider anything but the defensive. Thus, the Allied offensive had broken his offensive.

Now he began drawing away his divisions from the Verdun sector, bringing guns to answer the British and French fire and men whose prodigal use alone could enforce his determination to maintain his morale and prevent any further bold strokes such as that of July 15th.

His sausage balloons began to reappear in the sky as the summer wore on; he increased the number of his aeroplanes; more of his five-point-nine how-

*From *My Second Year of the Great War*, by Frederick Palmer, to be published on the 24th of February.—*Editor's Note*.

itzers were sending their compliments; he stretched out his shell fire over communication trenches and strong points; mustered great quantities of lachrymatory shells and for the first time used gas shells with a generosity which spoke his faith in their efficacy. The lachrymatory shell makes your eyes smart, and the Germans apparently considered this a great auxiliary to high explosives and shrapnel. Was it because of the success of the first gas attack at Ypres that they now placed such reliance in gas shells? The shell when it lands seems a "dud," which is a shell that has failed to explode; then it blows out a volume of gas.

"If one hit right under your nose," said a soldier, "and you hadn't your gas mask on, it might kill you. But when you see one fall you don't run to get a sniff in order to accommodate the Boche by asphyxiating yourself."

Another soldier suggested that the Germans had a big supply on hand and were working off the stock for want of other kinds. The British, who by this time were settled in the offensive, joked about the deluge of gas shells, with a gallant, amazing humour. Going up to the Ridge was going to their regular duty. They did not shirk it or hail it with delight. They simply went, that was all, when it was a battalion's turn to go.

July heat became August heat as the grinding proceeded. The gunners worked in their shirts or stripped to the waist. Sweat streaks mapped the faces of the men who came out of the trenches. Stifling clouds of dust hung over the roads, with the trucks phantom-like as they emerged from the gritty mist and their drivers' eyes peered out of masks of grey which clung to their faces. A fall of rain came as a blessing to Briton and German alike. German prisoners worn with exhaustion had complexions the tint of their uniforms. If the British seemed weary sometimes, one had only to see the prisoners to realise that the defensive was suffering more than the offensive. The fatigue

of some of the men was of the kind that one week's sleep or a month's rest will not cure; something fixed in their beings.

It was a new kind of fighting for the Germans. They smarted under it, they who had been used to the upper hand. In the early stages of the war their artillery had covered their well-ordered charges; they had been killing the enemy with gun fire. Now the Allies were returning the compliment; the shoe was on the other foot. A striking change, indeed, from "On to Paris!", the old battle-cry of leaders who had now come to urge these men to the utmost of endurance and sacrifice by telling them that if they did not hold against the relentless hammering of British and French guns, what had been done to French villages would be done to their own.

Prisoners spoke of peace as having been promised as close at hand by their officers. In July the date had been set as September 1st. Later, it was set as November 1st. The German was as a swimmer trying to reach shore, in this case peace, with the assurance of those who urged him on that a few more strokes would bring him there. Thus have armies been urged on for years.

Those fighting did not have, as had the prisoners, their eyes opened to the vast preparations behind the British lines to carry on the offensive. Mostly the prisoners were amiable, peculiarly unlike the proud men taken in the early days of the war, when confidence in their "system" as infallible was at its height. Yet there were exceptions. I saw an officer marching at the head of the survivors of his battalion along the road from Montauban one day with his head up, a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth at an aggressive angle, his unshaven chin and dusty clothes heightening his attitude of "You go to—, you English!"

The hatred of the British was a strengthening factor in the defence. Should they, the Prussians, be beaten by New Army men? No! Die first! said Prussian officers. The German staff

might be as good as ever, but among the mixed troops—the old and the young, the hollow-chested and the square-shouldered, mouth-breathers with spectacles and bent fathers of families, vigorous boys in their late 'teens with the down still on their cheeks and hardened veterans survivors of many battles, east and west—they were reverting appreciably to natural human tendencies despite the iron discipline.

It was Skobeloff, if I recollect rightly, who said that out of every hundred men twenty were natural fighters, sixty were average men who would fight under impulse or when well led, and twenty were timid; and armies were organised on the basis of the sixty average to make them into a whole of even efficiency in action. The German staff had supplied supreme finesse to this end. They had an army that was a machine; yet its units were flesh and blood and the pounding of shell fire and the dogged fighting on the Ridge must have an effect.

It became apparent through those two months of piecemeal advance that the sixty average men were not as good as they had been. The twenty "funk-sticks," in army phrase, were given to yielding themselves if they were without an officer, but the twenty natural fighters—well, human psychology does not change. They were the type that made the professional armies of other days, the brigands, too, and also those of every class of society to whom patriotic duty had become an exaltation approaching fanaticism. More fighting made them fight harder.

Such became members of the machine gun corps, which took an oath never to surrender, and led bombing parties, and posted themselves in shell-craters to face the charges while shells fell thick around them, or remained up in the trench taking their chances against curtains of fire that covered an infantry charge, in the hope of being able to turn on their own bullet spray for a moment before being killed. Sometimes their dead bodies were found strapped to their guns, more often probably by their own request, as

an insurance against deserting their posts, than by command.

Shell fire was the theatricalism of the struggle and the roar of guns its thunder; but night or day the sound of the staccato of that little arch devil of killing, the machine gun, coming from the Ridge seemed as true an expression of what was always going on there as a rattle-snake's rattle is of its character. Delville and High Woods and Guillemont and Longueval and the Switch Trench—these are symbolic names of that attrition, of the heroism of British persistence which would not take No for answer.

You might think that you had seen ruins until you saw those of Guillemont after it was taken. They were the granulation of bricks and mortar and earth mixed by the blasts of shell fire which crushed solids into dust and splintered splinters. Guillemont lay beyond Trônes Wood across an open space where the German guns had full play. There was a stone quarry on the outskirts and a quarry no less than a farm like Waterlot, which was to the northward, and Falfemont, to the southward and flanking the village, formed shelter. It was not much of a quarry, but it was a hole which would be refuge for reserves and machine guns. The two farms, clear targets for British guns, had their deep dugouts, whose roofs were reinforced by the ruins that fell upon them against penetration even by shells of large calibre. How the Germans fought to keep Falfemont! Once they sent out a charge with the bayonet to meet a British charge between walls of shell fire and there through the mist the steel was seen flashing and vague figures wrestling.

Guillemont and the farms won, and Quinchy, which lay beyond, won, and the British had their flank on high ground. Twice they were in Guillemont but could not remain, though as usual they kept some of their gains. It was a battle from dugout to dugout, from shelter to shelter of any kind burrowed in debris or in fields, with the British never ceasing here or elsewhere to continue

their pressure. And the débris of a village had particular appeal; it yielded to the spade; its piles gave natural cover.

A British soldier returning from one of the attacks as he hobbled through Trônes Wood expressed to me the essential generalship of the battle. He was outwardly as unemotional as if he were coming home from his day's work, respectful and good-humoured, though he had a hole in both arms from machine gun fire, a shrapnel wound in the heel, and seemed a trifle resentful of the added tribute of another shrapnel wound in his shoulder after he had left the firing-line and was on his way to the casualty clearing station. Insisting that he could lift the cigarette I offered him to his lips and light it, too, he said:

"We've only to keep at them, sir. They'll go."

So the British kept at them and so did the French at every point. Was Delville Wood worse than High Wood? This is too nice a distinction in torments to be drawn. Possess either of them completely and command of the Ridge in that section was won. The edge of a wood on the side away from your enemy was the easiest part to hold. It is difficult to range artillery on it because of restricted vision, and the enemy's shells aimed at it strike the trees and burst prematurely among his own men. Other easy, relatively easy, places to hold are the dead spaces of gullies and ravines. There you were out of fire and there you were not; there you could hold and there you could not. Machine gun fire and shell fire were the arbiters of topography more dependable than maps.

Why all the trees were not cut down by the continual bombardments of both sides was past understanding. There was one lone tree on the skyline near Longueval which I had watched for weeks. It still had a limb, yes, the luxury of a limb, the last time that I saw it, pointing with a kind of defiance in its immunity. Of course it had been struck many times. Bits of steel were imbedded in its trunk; but only a direct hit on the trunk will bring down a tree.

Trees may be slashed and whittled and nicked and gashed and still stand; and when villages have been pulverised except for the timbering of the houses, a scarred shade tree will remain.

Thus, trees in Delville Wood survived, naked sticks among fallen and splintered trunks and upturned roots. How any man could have survived was the puzzling thing. None could if he had remained there continuously and exposed himself; but man is the most cunning of animals. With gas mask and eye-protectors ready, steel helmet on his head and his faithful spade to make himself a new hole whenever he moved, he managed the incredible in self-protection. Earth piled back of a tree-trunk would stop bullets and protect his body from shrapnel. There he lay and there a German lay opposite him, except when attacks were being made.

Not getting the northern edge of the woods, the British began sapping out in trenches to the east toward Guinchy, where the map contours showed the highest ground in that neighbourhood. New lines of trenches kept appearing on the map, often with group names such as Coffee Alley, Tea Lane and Beer Street, perhaps. Out in the open, along the irregular plateau, the shells were no more kindly, the bombing and the sapping no less diligent, all the way to the windmill where the Australians were playing the same kind of a game. With the actual summit gained at certain points, these had to be held pending the taking of the whole, or of enough to permit a wave of men to move forward in a general attack without its line being broken by the resistance of strong points, which meant confusion.

Before any charge the machine guns must be "killed." No initiative of pioneer or Indian scout surpassed that exhibited in conquering machine-gun positions. When a big game hunter tells you about having stalked tigers, ask him if he has ever stalked a machine gun to its lair.

As for the nature of the lair, here is one where a Briton "dug himself in" to

be ready to repulse any counter-attack to recover ground that the British had just won. Some layers of sand-bags are sunk level with the earth, with an excavation back of them large enough for a machine-gun standard and to give the barrel swing and for the gunner, who back of this had dug himself a well four or five feet deep of sufficient diameter to enable him to huddle at the bottom in "stormy weather." He was general and army, too, of his little establishment. In the midst of shells and trench mortars, with bullets whizzing around his head, he had to keep a cool aim and make every pellet which he poured out of his gun muzzle count against the wave of men coming toward him, who were at his mercy if he could remain alive for a few minutes and keep his head.

He must not reveal his position before his opportunity came. All around where this Briton had held the fort there were shell-craters like the dots of close shooting around a bull's-eye; no tell-tale blood spots this time, but a pile of two or three hundred cartridge cases lying where they had fallen as they were emptied of their cones of lead. Luck was with the occupant, but not with another man playing the same game not far away. Broken bits of gun and fragments of cloth mixed with earth explained the fate of a German machine gunner who had emplaced his piece in the same manner.

Before a charge, crawl up at night from shell-crater to shell-crater and locate the enemy's machine guns. Then, if your own guns and the trench mortars do not get them, go stalking with supplies of bombs and remember to throw yours before the machine gunner, who also has a stock for such emergencies, throws his. When a machine gun begins rattling into a company front in a charge the men drop for cover, while officers consider how to draw the devil's tusks. Arnold von Winkelried, who gathered the spears to his breast to make a path for his comrades, won his glory because the fighting forces were small

in his day. But with such enormous forces as are now engaged and with heroism so common, we make only an incident of the officer who went out to silence a machine gun and was found lying dead across the gun with the gunner dead beside him.

Those whose business it was to observe, the six correspondents, Robinson, Thomas, Gibbs, Philips (and Irvin when Philips was absent), Russell and myself, went and came always with a sense of incapacity and sometimes with a feeling that writing was a worthless business when others were fighting. The line of advance on the big map at our quarters extended as the brief army reports were read into the squares every morning by the key of figures and numerals with a detail that included every little trench, every copse, every landmark, and then we chose where we would go that day. At corps headquarters there were maps with still more details and officers would explain the previous day's work with us. Every wood and village, every viewpoint, we knew, and every casualty clearing station and prisoners' inclosure. At battalion camps within sight of the Ridge and within range of the guns, where their blankets helped to make shelter from the sun, you might talk with the men out of the fight and lunch and chat with the officers who awaited the word to go in again or perhaps to hear that their tour was over and they could go to rest in Ypres sector, which has become relatively quiet.

They had their letters and packages from home before they slept and had written letters in return after waking; and there was nothing to do now except to relax and breathe, to renew the vitality which had been expended in the fierce work where shells were still threshing the earth, which rose in clouds of dust to settle back again in enduring passive resistance.

There was much talk early in the war about British cheerfulness; so much that officers and men began to resent it as expressing the idea that they took such

a war as this as a kind of holiday, when it was the last thing outside of Hades that any sane man would choose. It was a question in my own mind at times if Hades would not have been a pleasant change. Yet the characterisation is true, peculiarly true, even in the midst of the fighting on the Ridge. Cheerfulness takes the place of emotionalism as the armour against hardship and death; a good-humoured balance between exhilaration and depression which meets smile with smile and creates an atmosphere superior to all vicissitudes. Why should we be down-hearted? Why, indeed, when it does no good. Not "Merrie England!" War is not a merry business; but an Englishman may be cheerful for the sake of self and comrades.

Of course, these battalions, officers and men, would talk about it when the war would be over. Even the Esquimaux must have had an opinion on the subject by this time. That of the men who make the war, whose lives are the lives risked, was worth more, perhaps, than that of people living thousands of miles away; for it is they who are doing the fighting, who will stop fighting. To them it would be over when it was won. The time this would require varied with different men—one year, two years; and again they would turn satirical and argue whether the sixth or the seventh year would be the worst. And they talked shop about the latest wrinkles in fighting; how best to avoid having men buried by shell bursts; the value of gas and lachrymatory shells; the ratio of high explosives to shrapnel; methods of "cleaning out" dugouts or "doing in" machine guns, all in a routine that had become an accepted part of life like the details of the stock carried and methods of selling in a department store.

Indelible the memories of these talks, which often brought out illustrations of racial temperament. One company was more horrified over having found a German tied to a trench *parados* to be killed by British shell fire as a field punishment than by the horrors of other men equally

mashed and torn, or at having crawled over the moist bodies of the dead, or slept among them, or been covered with spatters of blood and flesh—for that incident struck home with a sense of brutal militarism, which was the thing in their minds against which they were fighting.

With steel helmets on and gas masks over our shoulders, we would leave our car at the dead line and set off to "see something," when now the fighting was all hidden in the folds of the ground, or in the woods, or lost on the horizon, where the front line of either of these two great armies, with their immense concentration of men and material and roads gorged with transport and thousands of belching guns, was held by a few men with machine guns in shell-craters, their positions sometimes interwoven. Old hands in the Somme battle become shell-wise. They are the ones whom the French call "varnished," which is a way of saying that projectiles glance off their anatomy. They keep away from points where the enemy will direct his fire as a matter of habit or scientific gunnery, and always recollect that the German has not enough shells to sow them broadcast over the whole battle area.

It is not an uncommon thing for one to feel quite safe within a couple of hundred yards of an artillery concentration. That corner of a village, that edge of a shattered grove, that turn in the highway, that sunken road—keep away from them! Any kind of trench for shrapnel; lie down flat unless a satisfactory dugout is near for protection from high explosives which burst in the earth. If you are at the front and a curtain of fire is put behind you, wait until it is over or go around it. If there is one ahead, wait until another day—provided that you are a spectator. Always bear in mind how unimportant you are, how small a figure on the great field, and that if every shell fired had killed one soldier there would not be an able-bodied man in uniform left alive on the continent of Europe. By observing these sim-

ple rules you may see a surprising amount with a chance of surviving.

One day I wanted to go into the old German dugouts under a formless pile of ruins which a British colonel had made his battalion headquarters; but I did not want to go enough to persist when I understood the situation. Formerly, my idea of a good dugout—and I always like to be within striking distance of one—was a cave twenty feet deep with a roof of four or five layers of granite, rubble and timber; but now I feel more safe if the fragments of a town hall are piled on top of this.

The Germans were putting a shell every minute with clockwork regularity into the colonel's "happy home" and at intervals four shells in a salvo. You had to make a run for it between the shells, and if you did not know the exact location of the dugout you might have been hunting for it some time. Runners bearing messages took their chances both going and coming and two men were hit. The colonel was quite safe twenty feet underground with the matting of débris, including that of a fallen chimney overhead, but he was a most unpopular host. The next day he moved his headquarters, and not having been considerate enough to inform the Germans of the fact, they kept on methodically pounding the roof of the untenanted premises.

After every battlefield "promenade" I was glad to step into the car waiting at the "dead line," where the chauffeurs frequently had had harder luck in being shelled than we had farther forward. Yet I know of no worse place to be in than a car when you hear the first growing scream which indicates that yours is the neighbourhood selected by a German battery or two for expending some of its ammunition. When you are in danger you like to be on your feet and to possess every one of your faculties. I used to put cotton in my ears when I walked through the area of the gun positions as some protection to the eardrums from the blasts, but always took it out once I was beyond the big cali-

bres, as an acute hearing after some experience gave you instant warning of any "krump" or five-point-nine coming in your direction, advising you which way to dodge and also saving you from unnecessarily running for a dugout if the shell were passing well overhead or short.

I was glad, too, when the car left the field quite behind and was over the hills in peaceful country. But one never knew. Fifteen miles from the front line was not always safe. Once when a sudden outburst of fifteen-inch naval shells sent the people of a town to cover and scattered fragments over the square, one cut open the back of the chauffeur's head just as we were getting into our car.

"Are you going out to be strafed at?" became an inquiry in the mess on the order of "Are you going to take an afternoon off for golf to-day?" The only time I felt that I could claim any advantage in phlegm over my comrades was when I slept through two hours of aerial bombing with anti-aircraft guns busy in the neighbourhood, which, as I explained, was no more remarkable than sleeping in a hotel at home with flat-wheeled surface cars and motor horns screeching under your window. A subway employee or a traffic policeman in New York ought never to suffer from shell-shock if he goes to war.

The account of personal risk which in other wars might make a magazine article or a book chapter, once you sat down to write it, melted away as your ego was reduced to its proper place in cosmos. Individuals had never been so obscurely atomic. With hundreds of thousands fighting, personal experience was valuable only as it expressed that of the whole. Each story brought back to the mess was much like others, thrilling for the narrator and repetition for the polite listener, except it was some officer fresh from the communication trench who brought news of what was going on in that day's work.

Thus, the battle had become static; its incidents of a kind like the product of some mighty mill. The public, falsely

expecting that the line would be broken, wanted symbols of victory in fronts changing on the map and began to weary of the accounts. It was the late Charles A. Dana who is credited with saying: "If a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is."

Let the men attack with hatchets and in evening dress, and this would win all the headlines in the land, because people at their breakfast tables would say: "Here is something new in the war!" Men killing men was not news, but a battalion of trained bloodhounds sent out to bite the Germans would have been. I used to try to hunt down some of the "novelties" which received the favour of publication, but though they were well known abroad the man in the trenches had heard nothing about them.

Bullets, shells, bayonets and bombs remained the tried and practical methods there on the Ridge with its overpowering drama, any act of which almost any day was greater than Spionkop or Magersfontein, which thrilled a world that was not then war-stale; and ever its supreme feature was that determination which was like a kind of fate in its

progress of chipping, chipping at a stone foundation that must yield.

The Ridge seeped in one's very existence. You could see it as clearly in imagination as in reality, with its horizon under shell-bursts and the slope with its maze of burrows and its battered trenches. Into those calm army reports association could read many indications: the telling fact that the German losses in being pressed off the Ridge were as great if not greater than the British, their sufferings worse under a heavier deluge of shell fire, the increased skill of the offensive and the failure of German counter-attacks after each advance.

No one doubted that the Ridge would be taken, and taken it was, or all of it that was needed for the drive that was to clean up any outstanding points, with its sweep down into the valley. A victory this, not to be measured by territory; for in one day's rush more ground was gained than in two months of siege. A victory of position, of will, of *morale*! Sharpening its steel and wits on enemy steel and wits in every kind of fighting, the New Army had proved itself in the supreme test of all qualities.

THE NEW NOBEL PRIZE WINNER VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE conscientious person who tries to be "up in literature" is truly to be pitied in these cosmopolitan days. From a strenuous pursuit of the latest French and German masters he is called upon first to cross the dreary steppes of the Russian novel. Then come excursions into widely diverging districts to get at such authors as Ibsen, Fogazzaro, Tchekov, Verhaeren and Strindberg. Finally, after being lured to the Far East by the charm of Tagore, he is compelled by the last Nobel award to return to the North and contemplate the genius of Verner von Heidenstam.

But perhaps, after all, our sympathy with the "keep-posted" crank is misapplied. Has he not confused himself by mistaking opportunities for obligations? He is in fact no wiser than a man at a table d'hôte dinner who insists on eating everything, regardless of whether he really wants it or can digest it. Now that fashions in literature begin to be as imperative as fashions in dress, we may ask ourselves whether the common-sense advice of Mr. A. C. Benson should not be more heeded. It is inspiring to find so scholarly an author as Mr. Benson saying in substance: Do not read what you think you ought to read, read what you want to read.

Let us then regard Heidenstam in the light of an opportunity. I remember two years ago in London, just before the war broke out, talking with Mr. William Heinemann, the well-known publisher, on the subject of Continental literature. He remarked that as most people who cared for French or German works could read them in the original, the future of translations would lie in Russian, and—he added—in Scandinavian. How true the prediction

was for Russian I need not say; it was of course much hastened by the war. Scandinavian has come more slowly, but Strindberg in the drama and Selma Lagerlöf in the novel have assuredly won their way to general recognition. We may then safely assume that it will not be long before other Swedish writers of eminence are given a favourable hearing.

There are many reasons why Swedish literature should be congenial to American readers. It is Teutonic, it is virile and close to the soil, it is markedly individual in form and yet often exquisite in artistic finish, it is full of geniality and keen humour, and it is modern in the progressive, not in the decadent, sense. Selma Lagerlöf's novels illustrate many of these qualities, and their popularity is likely to increase indefinitely. Strindberg is better known for the cosmopolitan—the unpleasant—side of his genius than for his vigorous and thoroughly healthy plays of Swedish history. It is, however, in poetry that the spirit of Sweden has found its fullest expression, and of Swedish poetry we in America know as yet practically nothing. The names even of such great modern masters of metre as Rydberg, Fröding, and Karlfeldt have been heard in America only by their compatriots.

The Nobel Prize for Literature has most certainly had a stimulating effect on the international spirit. Spanish drama, Italian poetry, the Provençal revival, Indian mysticism—how much attention should we have paid them had it not been for the recognised ability and impartiality of the Nobel Jury? We may be sure therefore that Swedish poetry has something of value to offer us when its principal living exponent is

selected to receive the distinguished award.

Born in 1859, Verner von Heidenstam first came into literary prominence in 1888 with a volume of lyrical poems entitled *Pilgrimage and Wanderyears*. This volume was the result of a long period spent in travel, principally in Italy and the Orient. The marked success of these poems was due not only to the sincere and individual personality of the author, but to the fact that they came as a relief in a period of exaggerated realism. Their remote setting and the romantic treatment of the material at once caught the Swedish imagination. People were glad to forget social questions and problem-plays of sex either by losing themselves in the colourful representation of the East, or by entering into the intimate recesses of the poet's own consciousness. For Heidenstam has almost equally the gifts of clear-cut objectivity and of deep self-analysis.

But it is not only as a poet that Heidenstam has won his high reputation. Shortly after the lyrical volume already mentioned he brought out a novel, *Hans Alienus*, much in the same idealistic vein, describing a pilgrimage through many lands in search of beauty. In the prose style, as in the poetry, there is an earnestness, a depth of vision that holds the reader even though he be out of sympathy with the immediate subject in hand. Heidenstam has a fascination for us like that of the student or the collector who is so powerfully engrossed by his speciality that he impresses even the most casual acquaintance with whom he happens to talk.

At first Heidenstam's appeal was chiefly to the clique of dilettanti. He was admitted to be a new phenomenon in literature, but his point of view was felt to be somewhat morbid and self-absorbed, and his style was characterised as "exotic." This impression was largely modified by the appearance of a second volume of verse, *Poems*, and of a second novel, founded on Swedish history, *The Carolines*. In both of these works, written after he had set-

tled definitely in his native land, Heidenstam showed the growing love and understanding for Sweden which have since made him a popular idol. There is also a strong infusion of realism into his style; not the realism of the social statistician, but the realism of the fine-spirited artist who, as he develops, becomes more and more conscious of the need for observed fact as a basis for imagination. Always self-analytical, Heidenstam evidently began to appreciate the responsibility of his high calling. Consequently, striking his roots deeply into his native soil, he soon began to exhibit a forceful sturdiness which could never have been developed in a southern climate.

It is this national element in his work that Heidenstam has cultivated up to the present time. It appeared in three later novels, in various historical studies, and in the volume entitled *New Poems*, which, though it was only published in 1915, contained many pieces already famous through magazines. Thus Heidenstam has come to represent to the Swedish people the principle of their new nationalism, of their new striving to be a great and united people. He means to them much what Mistral meant to the south of France, or Carducci to Italy. The nearest thing we have to it in English is the spirit found in Henley's "England, My England," and in some of the well-known pieces of Kipling. It would be hard, I fear, to discover anything approaching it in American literature to-day.

If we were asked to state in a few words the reason why the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1916 was given to Heidenstam, we should probably be right in saying that it was because he has become the recognised spokesman of Sweden. His vividness in the portrayal of beauty, his psychological insight, and his stylistic ability *per se* count for comparatively little in this connection. A glance at the previous prize winners will convince us of this. Björnson, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz in his later work, Carducci, Kipling, Heyse, Lager-

lōf and Tagore are all figures of national importance, their names awaken a thrill in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen. Prudhomme, Mommsen, Eucken, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann compose a more scholarly and æsthetic group, a group that appeals much less to the imagination, but they stand for ideas that are potent in the development of their respective lands. Rolland, the last choice previous to Heidenstam, was doubtless selected for his fine international spirit as shown both in *Jean Christophe* and in his attitude on the war. The writers who are unthinkable as Nobel prize winners despite their artistic achievements are such men as D'Annunzio, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Andreyev and George Moore. As for us in America, we might once have advanced the claims of Whitman, of Mark Twain, even of Riley. Now whom have we?

But a knowledge of why Verner von Heidenstam has received the Nobel Prize does not by any means convey a full knowledge of his genius. There are, as we have noted, two distinct phases of his work: the first, personal and introspective; the second, national and self-dedicatory. His style in the former field is extremely difficult; being involved, compressed and very rapid in its changes from idea to idea or figure to figure. In marked contrast is the clear, direct style of the poet when he loses himself in thinking of his country. It is impossible to recognise two poems in these conflicting manners as being by the same author, unless perhaps we notice a certain tendency to over-compactness and an abrupt shifting of thought as common to both. Intensity is a constant quantity in Heidenstam's writing, but the intensity of, for instance, "Thoughts in Solitude" would never suggest that of "Invocation and Promise."

But to convey any understanding of Heidenstam's peculiar essence we must resort to illustration. The following poem is like a glimmer in the twilight. Others of a similar kind make us fancy

ourselves on the brink of a deep and narrow crater, gazing at the lurid gleams that pierce the darkness below. Gloom, hyper-sensitiveness, spiritual isolation—these are the moods induced by such of Heidenstam's poems as that which we are about to examine.

THE DOVE OF THOUGHT

Lone the dove of thought goes lagging
Through the storm, with pinions dragging
O'er an autumn lake the while.
Earth's aflame, the heart's a-fever.
Seek, my dove,—alas! thou never
Comest to Oblivion's isle.

Hapless dove, shall one brief minute,
Flaming, fright thee to a swoon?
Sleep thou on my hand. Full soon,
Hushed and hurt, thou'lt lie within it.

This is a rather morbid and complex, but in its way very affecting, poem. The difficulty of it lies in the entangling of the physical with the metaphysical world. The flaming of the earth in autumn colours is apparently identified with the feverishness of the restless human heart, a not very apt metaphor. But the picture of the dove conveys with delicate skill the fluttering feeling of spiritual uncertainty to which all of us can bear witness. It is to this class of interest that most of Heidenstam's poems and much of his prose belong.

But the other class, though smaller, is of far wider significance. In it we are inspired not only by the author's love of Sweden but by his thorough democratic spirit. It is very remarkable that a man of aristocratic background and idealistic training should so fully sympathise with the common people. For instance, Heidenstam has said that no man did so much harm to Sweden as did Charles XII, one of the great national idols. With the truly modern historic sense he perceives that a world-conquering hero, a Hannibal or a Napoleon, is worse than nothing compared with the steady development of a people in their natural sphere, however small. Charles wasted men and money,

and his victories only brought upon him the hostility of the neighbours whose rights he had invaded.

But we cannot better display the spirit which has given Heidenstam his literary eminence, and incidentally the Nobel award, than by quoting in extenso the ringing summons to his people in the lines of

INVOCATION AND PROMISE

If three of my neighbours should cry: "Forget

Our greatness of bygone ages!"

I'd answer: "Arise, oh North, who yet
Mayst be what my dream presages!"

The vision of greatness may bring again
New deeds like those of our betters.

Come, open the graves—nay, give us men
For Science and Art and Letters!

Aye, give us a folk by the deep-sea strand,
Where a fool his poor neck may shatter.
There are other things, men, to hold your
hand

Than a brim-ful Egyptian platter.

It were better the plate should be split in
two

Than that hearts should rot when still
living.

That no folk should be more great than
you,—

That's the goal, why count we the
striving?

It were better to feel the avenger's might
Than that years unto naught should have
hasted,

It were better our people should perish
quite

And our fields and cities be wasted.

It is braver the chance of the dice to take
Than to mope till our fire is expended;

It is finer to hear the bow-string break
Than never the bow to have bended.

I wake in the night, but I hear no sound
Save the waters seething and churning.

Like a soldier of Judah, prone on the
ground,

I could pray with passionate yearning.

I ask not a year of sunshine bright,
Nor for golden crops I importune.

Kind Fate, let the blazing thunderbolt
smite

This folk with a year of misfortune!

Yea, smite us and lash us into one,
And the bluest of springs will follow.

Ye smile, my folk, but with face as of
stone,

Ye sing, but your joy is hollow.

Ye rather would dance in silk attire
Than solve your own riddle clearly.

To youthful deeds ye might yet aspire
If again ye could weep sincerely.

Then on, fair daughter, in hardship bred,
Let shyness and sloth forsake thee.

We love thee so that, if thou wert dead,
Our love to life could awake thee.

Though the bed be hard, though the mid-
night lowers,

We'll be true while the tempest rages,

Thou people, thou land, thou speech that is
ours,

Thou voice of our souls to the ages!

ONE AMERICAN WOMAN FOR FRANCE: MADAME WADDINGTON

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

ONE has learned to associate Mme. Waddington so intimately with the brilliant surface of Europe, that although everyone knows she was born in New York of historic American parentage, one recalls with something of a shock now and then that she was not only educated in this country but did not go to France to live until after the death of her father in 1871.

This no doubt accounts for the fact that, meeting her for the first time to-day, one finds her unmistakably an American woman. Her language may be French, but she has a directness and simplicity that no more identifies her with European women of any class than with the well-known exigencies of diplomacy. Mme. Waddington strikes one as quite remarkably fearless and downright; she appears to be as outspoken as she is vivacious; and as her husband had a highly successful career as a diplomatist, and as his debt to his brilliant wife is freely conceded, Mme. Waddington certainly is a notable instance of the gay persistence of an intelligent American woman's personality, combined with the proper proportion of acuteness, quickness and charm which force a highly conventionalised society to take her on her own terms. The greater number of diplomatic women, as well as ladies-in-waiting I have met, have about as much personality as a door-mat. Many of our own women have made admirable helpmates to our ambassadors, but I recall none that has played a personal part before the world. Not a few have contributed to the gaiety of nations.

Mme. Waddington has had four separate careers, quite aside from the always outstanding career of girlhood. Her

father was Charles King, President of Columbia College and son of Rufus King, second United States Minister to Great Britain. When she married M. Waddington, a Frenchman of English descent and educated at Rugby and Cambridge, he was just entering public life. His château was in the Department of the Aisne and he was sent from there to the National Assembly. Two years later he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and in January, 1876, he was elected Senator from the Aisne. In December of the following year he once more entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction, later accepting the portfolio for Foreign Affairs.

During this period of course Mme. Waddington lived the brilliant social and political life of the capital. M. Waddington began his diplomatic career in 1878 as the first Plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin. In 1883 he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation in Moscow of the Czar Alexander III; and it was then that Mme. Waddington began to send history through the diplomatic pouch, and sow the seeds of that post-career which comes to so few widows of public men.

Mme. Waddington's letters from Russia and later from England, where her husband was ambassador from 1883 until 1893, are now so famous (being probably in every private library of any pretensions) that it would be a waste of space to give an extended notice of them here. Suffice it to say that they are among the most delightful epistolary contributions to literature, the more so perhaps as they were written without a thought of future publication. But be-

ing a born woman of letters, every line she writes has the elusive qualities of style and charm, besides the selective gift of putting down on paper even to one's own family only what is worth recording. When these letters were published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1902, eight years after M. Waddington's death, they gave her an instant position in the world of letters, which must have consoled her for the loss of that brilliant diplomatic and political life which she had enjoyed for so many years.

Not that Mme. Waddington had ever dropped out of society, except during the inevitable period of mourning. In Paris, up to the outbreak of the war, she was always in demand, particularly in diplomatic circles, the most brilliant in any European capital. I was told that she never paid a visit to England without finding an invitation from the King and Queen at her hotel, as well as a peck of other invitations.

I do not think Mme. Waddington has ever been wealthy in our sense of the word. But, as I said before, her social career is a striking example of the possession of that most precious of all gifts, personality. And if she lives until ninety she will always be in social demand, for she is what is known as "good company." She listens to you, but you would far rather listen to her. Unlike many women of brilliant pasts, she lives but little in hers. It is difficult to induce the reminiscent mood. She lives intensely in the present and her mind works insatiably upon everything in current life that is worth while. She has no vanity. Unlike many ladies of her age and degree in Paris, she does not wear a red-brown wig, but her own abundant hair, as soft and white as cotton, not a "grey" hair in it. She is now too much absorbed in the war to waste time at the dressmaker's or even to care whether her placket hole is open or not. I doubt if she ever did care much about dress, or "keeping young," for those are instincts that sleep only in the grave. War or no war they are as much a part of the daily habit as the morning bath.

I saw abundant evidence of this immortal fact in Paris last summer.

Nevertheless, the moment Mme. Waddington comes into a room she seems to charge it with electricity. You see no one else, and you are impatient when others insist upon talking. Vitality, an immense intelligence without arrogance or self-conceit, a courtesy which has no relation to diplomatic caution, a kindly tact and an unmistakable integrity, combine to make Mme. Waddington one of the most popular women in Europe. I must apologise to her for this frank statement of observations and impressions—it sounds rather like one of those analyses of a book heroine with whom you have no hesitation in taking liberties; and I must add in justification that I was asked by the editor of *THE BOOKMAN* to give those readers who know her only through her books some idea of her personality.

This brings me to Mme. Waddington's fourth career. The war, which has lifted so many people out of obscurity, rejuvenated a few dying talents, and given thousands their first opportunity to be really useful, simply overwhelmed Mme. Waddington with hard work and a multitude of new duties. If she had indulged in dreams of spending the rest of her days in the peaceful paths of literature when not dining out in the gayest capital in the world, they were rudely dissipated on August 1, 1914.

The ladies of Paris were the first to rally to the help of the government during those early weeks of the war when thousands of women were thrown out of work or left without support, and when the miserable refugees came streaming in from Belgium and the invaded districts of France. The women in happier circumstances opened and served in soup kitchens, and emptied their wardrobes: it was said that for two years after the war broke out not a woman in Paris of even the wealthy class had a superfluous garment to her back. Just as I arrived, in May, 1916, they were all getting new clothes for the first time.

Mme. Waddington opened the Ouvroir Holophane on the 15th of August, 1914, her first object being to give employment and so preserve from starvation some fifty sewing-women, shop-girls, teachers, music-mistresses, women and girls of all ages and conditions who suddenly found themselves without work of any kind and no reserve funds. Mme. Waddington, speaking of them, said: "We had such piteous cases of perfectly well-dressed, well-educated, gently bred women that we hardly dared offer them the one-franc-fifty and 'gouter' (bowl of café-au-lait with bread and butter), which was all we were able to give for four hours' work in the afternoon." However, these poor ladies were very thankful for the work and sewed faithfully on sleeping suits and underclothing for *poilus* in the trenches and hospitals. Mme. Waddington's friends in America responded to her call for help, and M. Mygatt gave her rooms in his building in the Boulevard Haussmann.

When the Germans were rushing on Paris, and invasion seemed as inevitable as the horrors that were bound to follow, Mr. Herrick insisted that Mme. Waddington and her sister, Miss King, who was almost helpless from rheumatism, follow the government to the South. This Mme. Waddington reluctantly did, but returned immediately after the battle of the Marne. It was not long before the Ouvroir Holophane outgrew its original proportions, and instead of the women coming there daily to sew, they came only for materials to make up at home. For this *ouvroir* now sends to the front garments of all sorts for soldiers, ill and well, pillow cases, sheets, sleeping bags, slippers. Moreover, as soon as the men began to come home on their six days' leave they found their way to the generous *ouvroir* on the Boulevard Haussmann, where Mme. Waddington, or her friend, Mrs. Greene (also an American), or Mme. Mygatt always gave the poor men what they needed to replace their tattered undergarments, as well as coffee and bread and butter.

The most difficult women to employ were those who had been accustomed to make embroidery and lace, as well as many who had led pampered lives in a small way and did not know how to sew at all. But one-franc-fifty a day stood between them and starvation and they learned. To-day nearly all of the women assisted by these first *ouvroirs* are more profitably employed, for although Mme. Waddington cannot pay more—in fact she finds it harder and harder to raise money to keep her *ouvroirs* going at all—France has adjusted itself to a state of war, and many women are either in government service or in the shops, open once more. Nevertheless, there is still a large number of women and girls that have to be looked after, and this is particularly the case in the country.

The Waddingtons, being the great people of their district, were, of course, looked upon by the peasants and petit bourgeoisie as aristocrats of illimitable wealth. Therefore, when the full force of the war struck them—they were in the path of the Germans, who treated them ruthlessly—they looked to Mme. Waddington and her daughter-in-law, Mme. Francis Waddington, to put them on their feet again. Francis Waddington, to whom the *château* descended, was in the trenches, but his mother and wife did all they could as soon as the Germans had been driven back to relieve the necessities of these dazed and miserable people whose farms had been devastated and shops rifled or razed. Sometime, by the way, Mme. Waddington may tell the dramatic story of her daughter-in-law's escape. She was alone at the *château* with her two little boys when the mayor of the village came dashing up with the warning that the Germans were only six kilometres away, and the last train about to leave. She had two automobiles, but her chauffeur had been mobilised and there was no petrol. She was dressed for dinner, but there was no time to change. She threw on a cloak, and thinking of nothing but her children went off with the mayor in hot

haste to catch the train. From that time on for five or six days, during which time she never even took off her high-heeled slippers with their diamond buckles, until she reached her husband in the North, her experience was one of the side dramas of the war.

I think it was early in 1915 that Mme. Waddington wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* a description of her son's château as it was after the Germans had evacuated it. But the half was not told. It never can be in print. Mme. Huard, in her *My Home on the Field of Honour*, is franker than most of the writers have dared to be, and the conditions she found when she, too, returned after the German retreat, may be regarded as a prototype of the disgraceful and disgusting state in which these lovely country homes of the French were left; not by lawless German soldiers, but by officers of the first rank. Mme. Francis Waddington did not even wait to snatch her jewel case, and of course never saw it again. Even her dresses had been taken from the wardrobes and slit from top to bottom with swords. But these outrages are almost too mild to mention.

The next task, after getting the Ouvroir Holophane in running order, was to teach the country women how to sew for the soldiers and pay them for their labours. The region of the Aisne is agricultural, where it is not heavily wooded. Few of the women knew how to sew. The two Madame Waddingtons concluded to teach these poor women with their coarse red hands how to knit until their fingers grew more supple. This they took to very kindly, knitting jerseys and socks; and since those early days both the Paris and country departments of the Holophane had sent last June twenty thousand packages to the soldiers. Each package contained a flannel shirt, drawers, stomach and waist-coat, or jersey, two pairs of socks, two handkerchiefs, a towel, a piece of soap. Donations of tobacco and cigarettes were also included.

This burden in the country has been augmented heavily by refugees from the invaded districts. Of course they come no more these days, but when I was in Paris they were still pouring in, and as the Waddington place was often in their line of retreat they simply camped in the grounds or stables. Then, of course, they had to be fed, clothed, and generally provided for. As Mme. Waddington's is not one of the picturesque *ouvroires* she has found it difficult to raise enough money to keep it going, and no doubt contributes all she can spare of what the war has left of her own income. Moreover, she is on practically every important war relief committee, sometimes as honorary president, for her name carries great weight, often as vice-president, or as a member of the "Conseil." All this means contributions. Nevertheless, and although money grows scarce and more scarce in France, she has so far managed somehow, as well as to provide amusement for the regiments of soldiers quartered in the villages near her son's château, *poilus* whose business it is to cut down trees for the army, and who wandered about, desolate looking objects, until the two Madame Waddingtons furnished a reading-room, where they could also use the letter paper and post-cards provided, read, get up little plays, or smoke about the fire. (Perhaps some kind person has sent the gramophone I asked for in the December number of *THE BOOKMAN*.)

One wonders what Mme. Waddington (who is, by the way, physically the most active person I ever saw) will do after the war is over—if she has still another career tucked away in the future. Certainly there will be no rest for her and for those other devoted women who are working for France as steadily and efficiently as the soldiers. For years to come they must help rebuild, reorganise. It is doubtful if any of them look forward to rest this side of the tomb. Probably they would not welcome it. A purposeless life after two or three years of real usefulness, of absorbingly inter-

esting, often dramatic work in the cause of one's country, to which all the higher qualities of the mind and character have

been invited, would be tolerated only by those whom the long ordeal has drained of the last ounce of vitality.

Mrs. Atherton writes the Editor that BOOKMAN readers may send contributions or subscription for Mme. Waddington's Ouvroir direct to Mme. Waddington, 28 Rue de la Tremoille, Paris, France. Mrs. Atherton's letter, which appeared in Chronicle and Comment in the December BOOKMAN, gives a fuller description of the needs of this Ouvroir.

BALLADE OF ÆSTHETES

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

THE lily and the sunflower lie
Neglected in this later day;
No more the poet flutters by
In smalls, or sits in some café
Sipping a laudanum frappé.
What lyric and what errant feet
Once tripped the Danse Macabre—say,
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

There are no sinners now to vie
With those who sang in many a gay
Ballade of worms that never die,
And dramatised the soul's decay!
No more will Ibsen's "ghastliest play"
Be quaffed like purple liqueur, sweet
With dissolution. Where are they—
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

The green carnation and the eye
That looked too long on feet of clay;
The vices that were vogue—oh, why
Are all these fashions laid away?
Adieu, Verlaine et Mallarmé,
Adieu, mon cher, mon pauvre Æsthete!
Shades of the Eighteen-nineties, pray,
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

ENVOI

Prince, if we pipe a lustier lay,
Need we renounce them, obsolete?
Beauty has gone, and Grace—but stay!
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

RUSSIA IN ARMS

I. SOCIAL ASPECTS

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

THE present clash of nations has brought into play vast forces and deep-seated energies; it has called anew into being immemorial brutalities as well as long vanished sanctitudes; it has put to the test of fire not only the flesh but also the spirit; in fact, it is, in a sense, an event of the spiritual order. The changes which the war has so far wrought in the map of Russia's territory are surely less significant than those wrought in the map of her spirit. While the body of the country has suffered losses, its soul has grown—grown with the fabulous rapidity which is so characteristic of these days when Time seems to have increased infinitely the speed of its ceaseless race. The light-bearing ray often comes to us in the shape of a thorn, and Pain is a harsh but efficient master. Under its ferule, men and women in Russia have gone through mighty transformations, the effect of which cannot as yet be appraised.

Some of the processes that to-day ferment Russian minds and hearts throughout the length and breadth of the country are still latent, hidden in the deep undercurrents of consciousness. Others have already resulted in definite and visible changes, which conjure up the vision of Russia, emerging from the crucible of this war regenerated, chastened by losses, internally strengthened, free from age-old fetters and sins, ready for great tasks and high missions.

II

“RETRO, SATANAS!”

He who in these days would go to Russia and enter her silent villages and

bustling towns, would find there fewer concrete changes than he might be led to expect. But he could hardly fail to notice that a multitude of new ideas and evaluations have eaten their way into the minds of the people and have prepared the soil for the seeds of the future. Our hypothetical visitor, in wandering along the endless streets and roads of Russia, would be struck by the amount of constructive work which is going on everywhere in the country. Even more impressed would he be by the change on the part of the Russians in their general attitude toward practical, socially organised activities.

“Somewhere deep in the Russian soul,” says Maxim Gorky, “no matter whether it be the master's or the muzhik's, there lives a petty and squalid demon of passive anarchism, who infects us with a careless and indifferent attitude toward work, society, and ourselves.” There is a great deal of bitter truth in this utterance of a man who has a deep and intimate knowledge of his people. It is impossible to understand the Slav type of civilisation without allowing for the fact that to the Russian culture is essentially a spiritual phenomenon, not to be projected into the outer world, but to be lived internally. The Russian is a dreamer who loves fairy-tales of beauty, but his interest in the practical activities which lead to the upbuilding of a beautiful life is but weak and transient, and his distaste for every-day unassuming duties and responsibilities is often appalling. These peculiarities, in combination with the Slav individualism and the chaotic, unbalanced and undisciplined social will of an over-governed race, have been both the glory and the tragedy of Russian

culture, this living conglomeration of glaring contradictions, this treasure-house of created beauty, lacking the elementary norms of law and order, which are the very atmosphere of Western civilisation.

Now, under the influence of the crisis brought about by the war, people in Russia are realising that it is necessary to say to the demon of passive anarchism: "*Retro, Satanas!*" They have awakened to the necessity of freeing and educating their vast innate powers and applying them to the solution of practical social problems. "*Matushka Rossia*," Mother Russia, meek, passive, essentially feminine, is striving to develop all her manhood potentialities. Mary, lost in contemplation, has heard the insistent call of life and has come to envy Martha's part. Hence, the propaganda of organised public effort, which is to assume the form of "organisation," either in the sense Wilhelm Ostwald uses it or in the peculiarly Russian sense of a kind of co-operation which does not restrain the spiritual autonomy of the co-operating individuals. The propaganda of organisation goes hand in hand with the so-called "economism." This movement deals with the mighty economic problems which face Russia, such as the exorcising of German influence and the utilisation of the inexhaustible natural wealth which lies dormant in the Russian soil. Another manifestation of the same tendency is the interest society is taking nowadays in the growth of higher educational institutions, especially technical ones. Several such institutions, which owe their existence mainly to private initiative and enthusiasm, have already begun functioning. The government is planning to add a number of universities to the ten which existed before the war.

III

ORGANISING FOR VICTORY

Nowhere did Russia's newly awakened constructive energies find a more brilliant expression than in the patriotic

work of the Zemstvos (County Councils) and municipalities. The story of how the people of Russia fought for the right to take a direct part in the mobilisation of the forces of the country in the rear, and how free public organisations were formed for that purpose, in spite of the opposition of governmental agencies—an opposition which is still in full force—this story, it is hoped, will be some day told in detail. It will once more reveal to the world all the utter inefficiency and lack of vision manifested by the Russian bureaucracy in the hour of crisis.

As early as July 30, 1914, the Zemstvos, organs of self-government, in peace-time exclusively local, organised into an All-Russian Union, under the leadership of Prince G. E. Lvov. Somewhat later, the towns formed a similar union, with its main centres in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, Voronezh, Tiflis, and Irkutsk, and the manufacturers and merchants organised the so-called Military-Industrial Committees. After a while, the two unions consolidated into a combination called Zemgor. At first, the activity of the Unions was restricted by the government to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. But, as the inability of the heavy bureaucratic machine to cope with the situation became more and more apparent, the authorities yielded reluctantly, and the Unions' sphere of activity has gradually come to include a vast range of tasks. Nowadays Zemgor is a most important factor in the life of the army, and it is with these public organisations that the hopes of the country are bound up rather than with the bureaucratic agencies. The Unions not only take care of the wounded, the refugees, the families of soldiers; through their local branches they also build mills, factories, workshops, garages, and manufacture munitions and clothing for the army. Alexander Kuprin, the eminent author, has recently visited one of these newly built Zemstvo factories. He conveys in the following terms the impression which the headquarters of the local branch of the Union

made on him (quoted from the *Soul of Russia*, edited by Winifred Stephens):

This place is like a government office, but a government office without arrogant, irascible, and uncivil bureaucrats, with useless and aimless wanderings from department to department, whither one is waved by indolent arms, without fatiguing and humiliating hours of waiting in corridors and vestibules, without crowds of insolent extortioners, without surly door-keepers, without the ominous "To-morrow—in a week—in a month." Everything, great or small, is done at the Union quickly and smoothly, accurately, as upon a war footing.

IV

EXIT VODKA

In one of his numerous utterances, connected with the problems of the day, Leonid Andreyev, the well-known author, says: "The thirst for self-respect—that is, the fundamental feeling which now, in the days of the most terrible war, has seized the entire Russian society, which has exalted the people to the heights of heroism, and which makes us fear all that reminds us of our sad past." It is this feeling, aided by a tremendous effort of the national will, awakened by the world conflagration, that accounts for the success with which the "miracle measure," to use the expression of an American author, of prohibition has been carried out in Russia.

As is known, the government wine-shops were closed and the free sale of alcoholic liquors strictly prohibited in Russia right after the outbreak of hostilities. Many sins will be pardoned Russian officialdom for this measure. The ukase of July 18, 1914, was truly an act of genuine faith and great courage. For years the governmental traffic in vodka was one of the main sources of Imperial revenue. In 1914, for instance, the income from the governmental vodka monopoly amounted to 936 million rubles, while the entire income was 3,080 million rubles. It may be said that, in a sense, drinking was forced

on the population by the government, which lived by what was the scourge of the country and which, hence, was far from encouraging the prohibition movement among the people.

Enthusiasts compare the prohibition act with the Emancipation of the Serfs and even with the reforms of Peter the Great. In fact, it is hardly possible to over-rate the salutary effect of the measure, especially on the life of the village. Here all the observers of Russian life are perfectly unanimous. As high an authority as Professor Ozerov asserts that "the universal sobriety of Russia has been equivalent to an annual investment in our national industries of vast sums of money." The economic value is but one side of this social experiment. The reports of Provincial Chambers of the Exchequer, summarised and recently published by the Ministry of Finances, as well as other authoritative studies, show that universal abstinence has been highly instrumental in the adjustment of the population to the new burdens of the war and that it has laid a solid foundation for the happiness of innumerable homes. If things keep on going as they have been for the last two and a half years, the classical Russian tramp, eternalised by the writings of Maxim Gorky, is seriously threatened by the danger of becoming a fossil. Immorality, pauperism, and criminality have decreased, the health of the population has been improved and the standard of living raised, while a new era of economic prosperity and thrift has been inaugurated,—all this as a direct result of the prohibition measure. It is true that in some places, especially in the towns, a number of deaths have been caused by the use of poisonous substitutes for vodka. In this connection Mr. Richard Washburn Child, in his book *Potential Russia*, retells a Moscow anecdote about a little girl who was asked by a kindly old gentleman why she was wearing mourning. "Father is dead," answered the child candidly. "Father could not get any vodka because the Czar has forbidden vodka to

be sold. So father drank the fuel spirits from mother's stove, and now he is dead. God bless our dear Emperor!"

The abolition of alcohol in Russia is only a temporary measure. After the war, the government wine-shops may be re-opened, although public opinion is decidedly for the maintenance of prohibition. It is believed in Russia that the spread of education and the organisation of rational forms of recreation, such as are furnished by libraries, neighbourhood centres, cinematographs, will keep the country permanently temperate, whether or not the prohibition act will remain in force. Here is one of the many fields in which American experience can be of great use to the Russians.

V

THE NEW NATIONALISM

The mighty momentum of the struggle has overcome Russia's immense inertia and brought forth all her powers of resistance and aggression. In addition, the concerted efforts and common trials have vastly intensified her national self-consciousness. The reality of this New Nationalism is to-day plainly written across Russia's complex mind. In fact, it is nowadays one of the most conspicuous features of her life and one of the storm centres of her thought. It would be rash to assert that this nationalistic spirit is free from Chauvinism or "zoological"—as the Russians say—patriotism. This is but the spiritual counterpart of the physical scars and deformities left by the war. It is essentially, however, a progressive phenomenon: it stands above all for national self-knowledge and self-criticism. It is primarily an emotional attitude—a feeling of a new responsibility and a new devotion, even unto death, to *otcheezna*, the abstract entity of the fatherland. The intellectuals have been especially affected by this change of heart. They have always felt themselves in their own country strangers, homeless and superfluous. And now they have suddenly discovered, so to speak, their native land

and learned to love it not only as one loves his mother, but also as one loves his child, frail and needing all your loving care and help. And if Russian *Intelligentsia* has seen in these days the fall of many of its long-cherished ideals, it had never been nearer the realisation of its old longing to see filled the gulf between it and the plain people, the voiceless millions of bast-shoed peasants.

This newly awakened national spirit has nothing to do with official Nationalism, which has heaped upon Russia an unspeakable disgrace by practising most ruthlessly what Treitschke calls "*Volker mord*." It must not be forgotten that the leviathan, stretching over one-sixth of the entire land-surface of our planet, and commonly known as Russia, is a polyglot conglomeration of races, some of which are bearers of ancient cultures, more or less impervious to assimilation. One of the many ideas this war is driving home to people in Russia is the absolute necessity of giving these various nationalities full freedom of development, instead of forcing down their throats the civilisation of the sovereign Great-Russian race, as it has been done until now. It is the hope of progressive Russia that the war will lay a firm foundation for the future peaceful co-operation of the various people who go to make the huge empire and who are now shedding their blood for their common fatherland.

A sign of the times is the interest which has arisen to-day in Russia in the cultural strivings and achievements of the *inorodtzy* (Russian subjects of non-Russian birth), and which has brought into existence a number of special publications. One of these is a series of volumes, edited by Maxim Gorky and devoted to the literature of the various non-Russian languages spoken in Russia, including the literatures of the Tartars, Finns, Lithuanians, Jews, and so forth. In this connection, it is interesting to mention another publication edited by Gorky, in collaboration with Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub, and entitled *The Shield*. It is a sym-

posium of representative Russian men-of-letters and scientists on the Jewish question in Russia. There can be no better proof that the best minds of Russia side with the Jews in their struggle for equal rights. In these days, when the ancient nation is living through the most tragic period of its troubled history, thinking Russia has done well to have raised her voice to demand the removal of Jewish disabilities and to protest against the unspeakable crime which the Russian state has been committing for years against an entire people.

VI

PROPHETIC RUSSIA

A goodly portion of the speculative thought produced by the war in Russia is devoted to the national problems and cognate matters. In the light of her newly awakened self-consciousness Russia is pondering over the riddle of her existence. The storm of the war has wrecked many of the Western idols which had commanded the worship of intellectual Russia. By a natural reaction the minds of men are turning to their own national altars and shrines, and the pendulum of Russian thought once more comes near the pole of Slavophilism, with its belief in Russia's predestined mission on earth. It is remarkable that the religious element plays a conspicuous part in the philosophical manifestations of the New Russian Nationalism, and the vision of future Russia is often mingled with the mystic vision of New Jerusalem. In this connection an interesting attempt to interpret Russia's soul has been recently made by Nikolay Berdyayev, a brilliant philosopher of the Moscow school of mystic thought.

To this religious thinker the symbol of Russia is a pilgrim journeying in quest of Kitezh, the City Invisible of the old Russian legend. While German mysticism is a plunging into the depths of the spirit, the mystic temper of the Slav expresses itself in a quest for the

City Divine, in a yearning for absolute and final values, in moods intensely apocalyptic and prophetic. Russia's religion is that of prophets, not that of priests. It is in the light of this inner restlessness, this ceaseless seeking of God, this spiritual thirst, that Russia's national mission must be interpreted and the "Russian Idea" formulated. It is also these essential characteristics of Russia's spirit, that distinguish her from the West, with its genius for the relative and the practical; its age-old domesticity and its deep-rooted *amor loci*. In contrasting Russia with the Western culture, Mr. Berdyayev does not, however, share the traditional contempt of the Slavophiles for "the rotten West." He would rather agree with Goethe that "Gottes ist der Orient, Gottes ist der Occident." It is his belief—a belief characteristic of Russian thought to-day—that the great schism of war will result in the union of East and West, and that after the conflict Russia, conscious of her separate mission in the world, will be finally ushered into the family of Western nations. In fact this union of the two worlds is, according to Berdyayev, one of Russia's world tasks. But she is not as yet ready for her mission; her mystic spirit is thwarted and marred by a fatal tendency to passivity. Her eyes ever on the vision of the City Heavenly, she has neglected to build up her City Terrestrial, and so "Holy Russia" is in many respects a most unholy place, swayed by dark powers. Mr. Berdyayev believes that Russia will reach the active paths of the spirit not by importing ideas and methods essentially strange to her innermost nature—and here our philosopher is again a Slavophile—but by revealing and developing the masculine, creative element which is potentially present in her mystic quest for truth and holiness.

This interpretation is one of the many contributions made by philosophers and publicists to the store of Russian national self-knowledge. Whatever their value may be, they all point to the fact that amidst the storm and stress of the

struggle, Russia is realising that she has come of age. This feeling of maturity leads her to the desire for an independent and untrammelled development of her native powers. The New Nationalism is thus necessarily a freeing and constructive force. It stands back of the young and frail constitutionalism and marches at the head of the armies. Without this national spirit the war would be little more than "a revolt of the conquered," as the Germans are said to have referred to the Russian cam-

paign at the outbreak of the hostilities. And it is well to remember that Russia's success in this war will be eventually a double triumph. For the war which she is now waging against the Teutons is also a war against her inner foes, whose stronghold is Russian officialdom. It is unthinkable that the people, having discovered and tested their strength in shaking off the German's grip, should long tolerate the swaddling-clothes of an inefficient and superannuated political system.

With the sensational death of the Russian monk, Rasputin, the Czar's confessor, and the even more sensational revelations of Rasputin's predecessor, the ex-monk, Iliodor, Russian political and court influences are thrust into the limelight of world-attention. For the March issue, Mr. Yarmolinsky will discuss these and related events and will describe the personalities of Rasputin and of Iliodor; and he will have some interesting remarks also upon the so-called disclosures being made by Iliodor in the New York press.

Mr. Yarmolinsky's second paper, under the title of "Russia in Arms," will deal with "Her New Moods in Literature." This paper will appear in the April issue.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

MR. GEORGE MOORE is making plans for a visit to the United States during this year. He has never been to America, and America where, like some other English authors, he has probably his largest audience.

"Major Pond has been after me for a lecture tour in America for a long time," he is reported to have said in a recent interview in the *London Observer*. "He made me an offer which called for thirty lectures in six weeks. This proposal I referred to a friend who knows the United States well. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is a very tempting offer. I only make one suggestion. It is that you should take your coffin with you. For you certainly will return in it if you attempt to carry out this programme.'

"From what he added," Mr. Moore went on, "I can imagine what I should have had to undergo. I am a bad railway traveller. A journey of twenty-four hours would annihilate me. I can picture myself arriving, after such a journey, in some strange city—probably in the rain! I am told that I should not be able to go to a hotel—that there is always some well-known citizen who receives the lecturer. I should have to be his guest. In the spare room; probably with a gas stove!

"And there I should be surrounded by all the paraphernalia of somebody else's happiness! Introduced to crowds of people! And to deliver a fixed lecture. Toshiery about Walt Whitman (though I admire him greatly) or something like that. After the first two or three times it would bore me to death. It would be chilling at my age—at any age!

"No," he added, "I am most anxious

to go to America, but not in such a fashion. I should like to go to visit the Eastern States—what I call Anglo-America. I am not interested in meeting Japanese-America or Polish-America. I should like to visit New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington—Boston, of course, and then to go on to Quebec and Montreal. That would satisfy me. If I lecture, moreover, it will not be on some set theme over and over again. I shall want to say something useful, and I think I could say something useful. That is my plan, and I shall carry it out as soon as it becomes possible.

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"Do you know personally any leading American authors?" Mr. Moore was asked. "Do you consider Henry James an American?" replied Mr. Moore. "I knew him very well. A strange case that of James! He was a delightful, extremely cultured gentleman, with almost no originality of thought, and no real gift for fiction. You know that in my *Confessions of a Young Man* I say that James came abroad and read Turgeneff, and that Howells stayed at home and read James.

"The amazing thing in connection with Henry James, however, was that the thing in his writing which latterly impressed people most was really nothing else than a symptom of disease of the mind. Up, say, to fifty-five (he was seventy-three when he died) he was clear at all events. After that he became unintelligible. His later books, like *The Wings of a Dove*; *The Golden*

Bowl, and the rest, are simply the literature of a decayed mentality. In these and all his subsequent books he tried to create characters by making other people talk about them. In every one of them various persons sit down and discuss somebody else. And because of this his characters are fashion-plates, not human beings. We hear names all through his books, but we never visualise the individuals.

"James and I," Mr. Moore went on, "were once fellow-guests at a certain country house. It was while I was revising the proofs of my *Ave*. In it I had written a line that I feared as I had put it might give offence to an old friend. It was on the simplest of subjects—about a professor of Trinity College, Dublin. I asked James if he would write another sentence for me with which to replace it, and I shall never forget the effect this request had upon him. He rolled his eyes like a man in convulsions. Then he snatched the proof from me and started for his room with it. Finally, he came down, having composed a line and a half. It looked profound, but what it meant I had no idea. However, I put it in. When my secretary came to type it, she asked me if it was written correctly, as she could make no sense of it! Later, when the book was being set up, Heinemann, my London publisher, came to me with the proof containing that sentence. 'Will you please tell me what you mean by this?' said he. 'Neither I nor my reader can make it out.' I told him that I couldn't, and then explained to him who had written it.

"I can never think of that," Mr. Moore added, "without recalling my first meeting with that great French master, Jules Lemaitre. At that time he had read nothing of mine, and he said, 'Tell me, are you clear or are you obscure?' 'I am clear, Monsieur Lemaitre,' said I. 'I have not talent enough to be obscure.' That remark seemed to please him."

This is the day of the poets and America the land of their thriving. Another English poet has just come to our shores to lecture and to read from his work—and, of course, to see America. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson belongs to the younger English school of realists, writing of our own times, and having a passion for beauty—the beauty of form and expression and the beauty that shines through the ugliness and sordidness of so much of modern life. For Mr. Gibson is a poet of the people—the people who live in slum tenements, on the moors, who do the hard work of the world in mines, factories, freight-yards, the people who face the storms and winds, who are concerned with the large and simple things of life—dying and being born and working for their daily bread. These and the England he loves are his inspiration—and the work of Rupert Brooke, whose disciple he is.

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In tune with the fall of empires, poetry is said to be achieving democracy. In the matter of **New Movements in Poetry** form the exponents of "polyphonic prose" have successfully broken through the hitherto accepted conventions, while in content modern poetry is more and more searching out and expressing the lives and thoughts of our work-a-day world. Also, judging from the increasing output of books of verse, poetry is achieving a popular market; and in this month's "Book Mart" two works of poetry, Robert W. Service's *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* and Tagore's *Poems*, are listed among the books of non-fiction most in demand—though, indeed, Service, with Alfred Noyes, regularly holds the disputed distinction of a "best seller" and Tagore bids fair to form with them a "dreibund of discontent." But this is foreign work, while America, too, has her poets of distinction and her new movements in poetry. And to give our readers an opportunity to see and compare the latest

work of America's leading contemporary poets, we are beginning in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* a series of poems illustrative of the best types of modern poetry. These poems will appear at first anonymously; and for this series, "The Masque of Poets," the contributors are writing somewhat in the spirit of the old Elizabethan contests, when poetry was in its heyday and the poets and their works on everybody's tongue. At the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be disclosed; though in the meantime, a brief biography and critical description of their work will be given for these authors, quite independently of their contributions, in *THE BOOKMAN* "Brevities" section.

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We have received the following letter from Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the dramatic critic of *THE BOOKMAN*, regarding his article in the January issue on "The Plays of Lord Dunsany":

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:—

At the moment when I wrote my recent article in review of seven plays by Lord Dunsany, which appeared in the January number of *THE BOOKMAN*, I was unaware of the existence of an eighth play from the same gifted pen, entitled *The Tents of the Arabs*. This one-act piece was published, some little while ago, in *The Smart Set*. I have recently been informed of this fact by my friend, Mr. George Jean Nathan, who is one of the editors of that interesting and enterprising magazine. I have also been informed that *The Tents of the Arabs* has lately been produced at a little theatre in Detroit, under the direction of that gifted artist of the theatre, Mr. Sam Hume. Mr. Theodore Steinway, of the Amateur Comedy Club, has presented me with a printed copy of the text. From the literary point of view, the play is one of the most serenely lovely compositions that have proceeded from the pen of Lord Dunsany. *The Tents of the Arabs* is also an effective acting play. It is certain to excite enthusiasm so soon as it

shall be presented in New York. Meanwhile, admirers of Lord Dunsany may be advised to apply to the office of *The Smart Set* for back numbers of that magazine in which the play was published.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

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The recent little social unpleasantness at Princeton is indicative of the leaven of democracy working in the college microcosm as well as in the great war-stricken world outside. It seems that an influential body of sophomores, led by a son of Grover Cleveland, pledged themselves not to join any of the much-desired clubs that have so long dominated the social atmosphere of Princeton, although these men undoubtedly would have received invitations for membership. Some years ago, something of the same sort of a revolt occurred at Yale against the secret Senior Societies and many rumours of disturbances and "larks" at the expense of the Society men reached the outside world. Although undergraduates at the time denied it, and although active members of the University deny it now, it is nevertheless probable that Owen Johnson's *Stover At Yale*, a classic of modern college life, brought the revolt to a head if it did not actually begin it. And that it has borne due fruit is disclosed in the announcement this fall of the completion of a handsome new chapter house for one of the Yale Junior Fraternities, which is the first to be made an "open house" free to all members and their guests and friends—a happy contrast to the closed tomb silliness that hitherto has been accepted with stuffy acquiescence by the undergraduate body. Of course, the Clubs at Princeton and at Harvard and the Societies and Fraternities at Yale and other colleges, East and West, are undemocratic and ought to be reformed; but it is just as surely certain that it is a part of human nature for groups of men to herd together into smaller groups along lines of mutual interests as it is that modern

man is a product of society and can function only in society. The trouble comes when these lines dividing mutual interests are artificially drawn or are superimposed by antiquated standards, false ideals or external pressure. Of course, it is to be regretted that the ultra-sophisticated, over-matured and cosmopolitan-bred undergraduates should be allowed to segregate themselves in aloofness—it is so interesting to see them close at hand and to be able to admire their lofty, omniscient and self-complacent bearing (see *Stover At Yale!*). But on the whole the recent developments in the social thought of undergraduates would indicate that we may with some peace of mind send our sons along, that they too may work out their college salvation as their fathers did before them.

...

A poetical tribute to Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist of the present European war, is printed by Don Marquis in "The Sun Dial," his column of comment in *The Evening Sun*, of New York. Inspiration was doubtless found for the following lines in the recent New York exhibition of Raemaekers's cartoons, a collection of which has been printed in book form. A discussion of Raemaekers's work will be found in the article "The Year in Art" elsewhere in this issue.

The war-wracked world he spreads before us here,
Pity and terror—bitter mirth—and woe;
The homeless Belgians, fainting as they go.
A shield before their spoilers! and the mere
Unhallowed where November leaves fall
sere
On sodden heaps . . . that once were friend
and foe
And wistful wraiths rise from the sea;
but lo!
The War Lord reads his *Zeitung* with a
sneer!
Raemaekers, with thy soul of quenchless fire,

Cry, still, their sorrows!—and the endless
shame

Of those who to no nobler good aspire
Than fat-jowled ease! Ah, measureless our
blame

If Belgium by her ravished hearth expire—
If Liberty to us is but a name!

...

An ingenious correspondent has pointed out to us the fact that in practically all the cities reporting *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* as a "best seller," Mr.

Hughes was the favourite candidate in the last election. Whether Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wells is to be the more complimented it is hard to determine. Certainly Mr. Wells's effort was the more successful. And yet, one hesitates to speak of *Mr. Britling* as an "effort." Rather does it seem a spontaneous expression of the thought, the underlying philosophy, of a civilisation in a great crisis of its existence. For Mr. Wells's brain is like a clear, many faceted crystal, reflecting from its depths in accentuated and brilliant form the complex and fundamental thoughts and motives of its human environment. This is not the first time that Mr. Wells has done this. *Tono-Bungay*, published in 1909, is more than a story—it is a prose epic of the English civilisation of its time, a civilisation that had "arrived" and was showing signs of stagnation. Its prominent men were parasites upon the economic and social structure, and its prominent women were sterile. Now, in *Mr. Britling*, we see this same civilisation, organised for "being" rather than for "doing," with all that implies of inefficiency, muddling, self-complacency, suddenly aroused by a colossal threat, and, through the medium of Mr. Wells and the characters of his books, so representative of English types, this civilisation finding itself and learning the lessons of efficiency and democracy, and discovering the spiritual consciousness that results from a terrible experience of personal anguish.

It is said that there are three stages of a man's development, physical, mental and spiritual. Mr.

The Spiritual Wells, and perhaps the **H. G. Wells** society of which he is a good psychic barometer, is now in the last stage, and it bids fair to be his most valuable and interesting period of creative work. In *The Research Magnificent*, Mr. Wells hinted at salvation for society through the spiritual development of the individual—a note quite new and distinct from his socialistic and sociological ventures. In *Mr. Britling*, it is that gentleman himself, well along in middle age, experienced of the world and of its many theories and propaganda, who comes through mental suffering (his son was killed at the front) and spiritual contemplation to know God: "Our Sons Who Have Shown Us God." And in recent magazine articles, Mr. Wells has definitely preached "The World Kingdom of God" as the only possible unifying force to succeed patriotism, nationalism, class and race consciousness, and all the artificial divisions of society, and to bind together in one ideal of sufficient commanding force and of so universal a standard "the Barrister, the Duchess, the Red Indian, the Limehouse Sailor, the Anzac Soldier, the Sinn Feiner, and the Chinaman."

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To return to *Mr. Britling*, it is in the expression of England's attitude to

Mr. Britling take a very keen interest. **and America** Mr. Wells presents two conceptions—two notes that undoubtedly represent the division of opinion in England:

The idea of America as a polity aloof from the Old World system, as a fresh start for humanity, as something altogether too fine and precious to be dragged into even the noblest of European conflicts. America was to be the beginning of the fusion of mankind, neither German nor British nor French nor in any way national. She was to be the great experiment in peace and

reasonableness. She had to hold civilisation and social order out of this fray, to be a refuge for all those finer things that die under stress and turmoil; it was her task to maintain the standards of life and the claims of humanitarianism in the conquered province and the prisoners' compound, she had to be the healer and arbitrator, the remonstrance and note the smiting hand. Surely there were enough smiting hands.

• • •

And then this from Mr. Britling himself in a moment of mental tribulation and worry:

I'm sick of this high thin talk of yours about the war. You are a nation of ungenerous onlookers—watching us throttle or be throttled. You gamble on our winning. And we shall win; we shall win. And you will profit. And when we have won a victory only one shade less terrible than defeat, then you think you will come in and tinker with our peace. Bleed us a little more to please your hyphenated patriots. You talk of your New Ideals of Peace. You say that you are too proud to fight. But your business men in New York give the show away. There's a little printed card now in half the offices in New York that tells of the real pacifism of America. They're busy, you know. Trade's real good. And so as not to interrupt it they stick up this card: "Nix on the war!" Think of it!—"Nix on the war!" Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake, and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, and no end of grumbling when we hold up a ship or two and some fool of a harbour-master makes an overcharge. Otherwise—"Nix on the war!"

To live up to Mr. Wells's first programme sounds interesting and improbable; to live down to his second seems unthinkable.

• • •

Then, for the opposing peoples, equally devoted to this war, there has just been published a valuable descriptive "Inside the Fortress-Empire" book. *Inside the German Empire*, by Herbert Bayard Swope, is the result of a

number of months spent in Germany during the latter part of 1916 by Mr. Swope in behalf of his paper, the *New York World*. The work is sponsored by Ambassador Gerard with a brief foreword, so that its reliability, taken into consideration with the exceptional opportunities for observation given to the author, makes it an interesting and valuable reference. The material, economic and financial situations of Germany are not as bad as the Allies' publicity agencies would have us believe, according to Mr. Swope. Germany is able and her organisation is now completed to conduct a struggle of many years' duration. On the other hand, psychologically Germany is not so self-sufficient. A state of high nervous tension and the spread of liberalistic ideas are combining to harass the German mind. That Germany will be "democratised" either during or after this war seems generally accepted, but so far this process apparently does not affect the Emperor, who is more idolised than ever, and in its last analysis means only that the Reichstag will become more of a governing body than a debating society, the extent of this change being pure conjecture. As for the German's mental change toward the war, listen to Mr. Swope:

It is readily observable that the war has changed the German idea and the national impulse. The fond dream of a great world superstate, which was only another name for a Germanised world, has dissipated, and with few exceptions the leaders of thought in Germany are well contented with any plan in which their present is assured and their legitimate future expansion safeguarded. That expansion lies toward the south and east; that is why the Germans feel they have a deep and vital interest in the Balkans. It is through that region that the lines of their development must go as long as England holds the seas.

...

Notice that in this neutral statement, there still stands out the German idea of physical expansion as well as one of restiveness at England's sea dominion.



HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE. AUTHOR OF
"INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE"

Such a mental attitude does not yet denote the capacity to germinate the seeds of peace, as indeed the recent German "peace note" showed—arrogant and unconciliatory as it was. How the language of this peace note could have caused, or could have been expected by Germany to cause, anything but irritation in the Allies' capitals is a difficult puzzle.

...

Beginning with this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, M. Jules Bois will conduct regularly a department dealing with all questions of French national and social life.

M. Bois will aim to make his work timely and to cover all fields of French culture that are especially interesting to American readers. M. Bois is a most interesting figure in French literary circles. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a former vice-president of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the president of the *Félibres Idealis-*



JULES BOIS

tic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. Particularly interesting is the fact that Pierre de Coulevain in her *Eve Triumphant* speaks of him as being one of the leaders of occultism in France. It will also be remembered that he contributed an interesting article in the September, 1915, BOOKMAN on "French Literature and The War."

. . .

À propos of the first paper in his department appearing elsewhere in this issue, M. Bois has written the editor as follows:

In establishing a positive tie between the mental processes of the two countries, THE BOOKMAN achieves a Franco-American victory, and will, moreover, become the wise artificer of modern civilisation, established upon that liberty which enriches not only democratic policies, but also vast fields of intellectuality. In the realm of the spirit it will co-operate with the slow and steady organisation of that international conscience, in which America and France, in accord with generous and free peoples, are pioneers.

Hamilton Wright Mabie was one of the foremost of American essayists, but perhaps the greatest single work of wide-spread social significance that he achieved and for which he is best known resulted from his trip to Japan. He visited that country as an "exchange professor" under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and upon his return published his *Japan To-day and To-morrow*, which had a distinct influence in improving the friendly relations between Japan and America. Upon the last day of the old year, Mr. Mabie died, after thirty-seven years of service upon the editorial staff of *The Outlook* of New York. In a recent issue of that magazine, Dr. Lyman Abbot, the editor, wrote regarding Mr. Mabie as follows:

Temperamentally Mr. Mabie had nothing of the ascetic in him. He was fond of so-



HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE



MR. FREDERICK PALMER, EMERGING FROM A CAPTURED GERMAN "DUGOUT" ON THE SOMME FRONT

ciety, and society was fond of him. His rare adaptability made him many friends and gave him the pass-key to very varied social circles. It endowed him with a sympathetic understanding of all sorts and conditions of men. It was this breadth of sympathy, interpreting to him the inner life of men of all nationalities, that crowned his visit to Japan with success, and enabled him to return endowed with power to interpret the Japanese thought and life to unsympathetic and often unintelligent Americans. But it did not prevent him from feeling a fine indignation against any and every form of injustice, and especially of cowardice. His counsels, though generally conservative, were never reactionary or timid, and what sometimes seemed to others like caution in times of radical reform was due to his better, because more charitable, comprehension of those opposed to him. With time-serving and double-dealing he had no patience.

Mr. Frederick Palmer has been spending another year on the British front observing the battles of the Somme and of Verdun as well. Recently he returned and has been lecturing on his observations. The picture reproduced herewith shows Mr. Palmer emerging from a German dugout just captured by the English. It was at a place known as Moquet Farm, the buildings of which were literally granulated by British shell fire, although the strong German dugouts underneath it resisted even the heaviest high explosives. Back of the entrance where he is standing a flight of stairs leads down some thirty feet underground to many subterranean galleries, where the Germans used to find shelter in British bombardments. The British finally surrounded the place and blew in the galleries, imprisoning the survivors underground. When the British had

A Dangerous Adventure

observing the battles
of the Somme and of
Verdun as well. Re-
cently he returned and

the Farm the Germans shelled it heavily, but judging from Mr. Palmer's smile in the picture the bombardments must have ceased for the time being. Elsewhere in this issue we are publishing an article by Mr. Palmer entitled "The Hateful Ridge: an Incident on the Somme Front." This article is taken from his new book, *My Second Year of the Great War*, which will be published the latter part of February.

...

One of the most interesting of the old historic landmarks still to be seen by the tourist to New York, and by New York's own citizens as well, if they care to take the trouble, is the Jumel Mansion on Harlem Heights, now preserved as a museum by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Built in 1765 by Roger Morris, a close friend of Washington and a colonel in the British army, it was later occupied by Washington as his headquarters in the Revolution, and then by Stephen Jumel, a French merchant of New York.

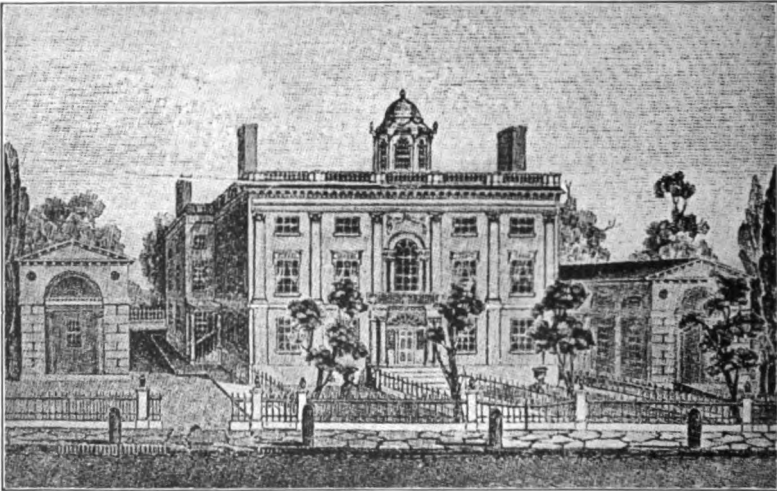
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Madame Jumel, with whom the



MADAME JUMEL. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"

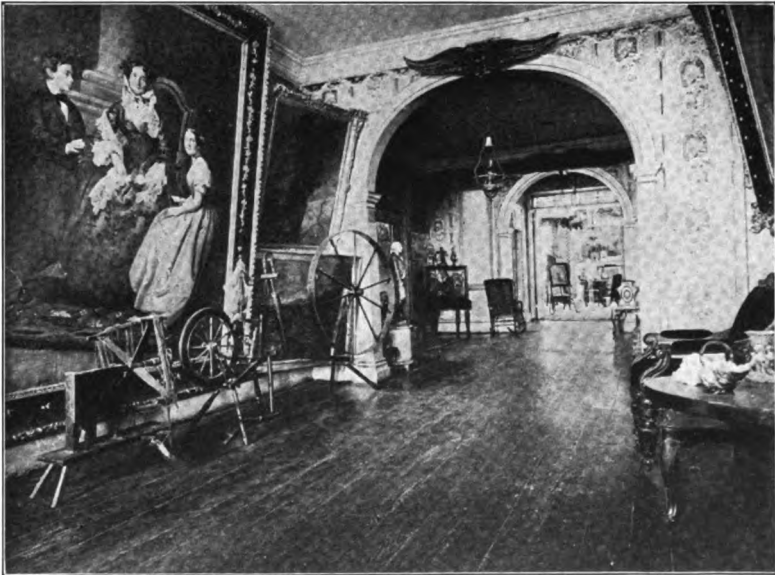
house is most intimately associated, was one of the few picturesque adventuresses whose career in this country rivals in romantic interest those of the famous beauties of European courts described in "back-stair" memoirs. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, she broke away at



WOODCUT OF THE ELIAS HASKETT DERBY MANSION. FROM "THE WOOD-CARVER OF SALEM"



THE HOUSE, FRONT VIEW. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"



THE HALL, SHOWING THE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE END OF THE VISTA. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"

an early age from squalid surroundings, and, dowered only with wit, ambition, and supreme beauty, made her way to New York, where she attracted Jumel's attention, became his wife, and later tricked him into placing his entire property in her hands. After his death she was married to Aaron Burr, then an old man of seventy-eight, but was soon separated from him, and spent the rest of her days alone, maintaining the old traditions of stately splendour, and dying at the age of ninety, one of the last of the famous beauties of the Revolutionary period.

...

The Jumel mansion itself is a fine example of Georgian architecture, and in its spacious and solid proportions well exemplifies the patriarchal, slave-holding society for which it was designed. Its history and the human stories and great events connected with it have been related by Mr. William Henry Shelton,

the Curator of the museum, in *The Jumel Mansion*, published last month.

...

Another "colonial" book of interest is the recently published *Wood-Carver of Salem: Samuel McIntire, His Life and Architectural Work*. McIntire was the best designer in America, and the authors of the present work claim for him the title of "our foremost colonial architect of domestic buildings." There appears to be no definite proof that McIntire designed any building outside of the confines of the old township of Salem, yet throughout New England, and especially in the old seaport towns, there are many fine structures that attest his influence, if not his direct planning. And a visit to Old Salem is the most convincing proof that in that quaint colonial town sprang up the architectural influences that made colonial New England a unique "period" in our architectural history.

Owing to unforeseen delays, the articles by Sir Rabindranath Tagore and by Ameen Rihani, announced for this issue, have been postponed. Further announcement regarding these will be made later.

THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

II. SAROJINI NAIDU

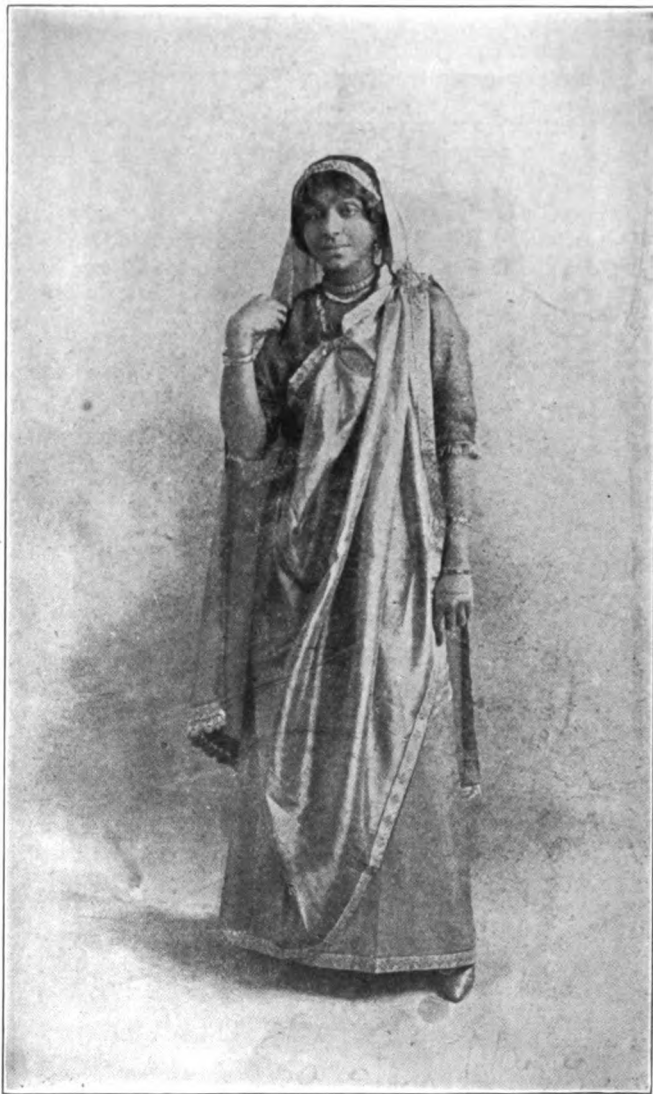
BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY



"HER EYES ARE LIKE DEEP POOLS, AND YOU SEEM TO
FALL THROUGH THEM INTO DEPTHS BELOW
DEPTHS"

THE serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
And parrot-plumes outshine the dying day.
O soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

A cast-mark upon the azure brows of Heaven,
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright
The winds are dancing in the forest temple,
And swooning at the holy feet of Night.
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing
And make the gods their incense-offering.



"SHORT IN STATURE, SLENDER IN BUILD, MAGNETIC IN PERSONALITY"

THIS poem alone is enough to entitle a poet to permanent recognition. I have heard many poets of different lands claim that this is one of the best lyrics in English literature. This exquisite little lyric was written in English by a Hindu Poetess; and her name is Sarojini Naidu. Sarojini, of all the women poets of India, is the best known one in the West. *The Golden Threshold*, in which book the above-mentioned poem appears, was published in London in 1905, with an introduction by Arthur Symonds, and the book was dedicated to Edmund Gosse, who first showed her the golden threshold. Her second book, *The Bird of Time*, was published in London in 1912.* This has an introduction by Edmund Gosse, in which this illustrious critic frankly admits that "In the maturer work of Mrs. Naidu I find nothing, or almost nothing, which the severest criticism could call in question."

When *The Golden Threshold* made its first appearance in London it was nothing short of a literary sensation, due, apart from its excellence, to the fact that the book was written by a Hindu lady in English. It was a small book of only ninety-eight pages, but it was significant, for it meant the rise of a new genius in the field of English poetry. The English of these poems is perfect and the rhythm exquisite. Here is her "Palanquin-Bearers," that opens the book:

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,
 She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
 She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
 She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
 Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.
 Softly, O softly we bear her along,
 She hangs like a star in the dew of our song,

*These two books have recently been brought out in an American edition. New York: John Lane Company.—*Editor's Note.*

She springs like a beam on the brow of our tide,
 She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
 Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Sarojini was born in the historic city of Hyderabad on February 13, 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, was a professor of chemistry in the Nizam's College. He received his D.S.C. from Edinburgh University. He wished Sarojini, the eldest of his many children, to be a scientist, and he began to train her for that. But Sarojini's heart was farthest from science. She was of a dreamy nature. From her earliest days she showed signs of her artistic taste. A little thing of beauty thrilled her. She must have inherited her poetic feeling from her mother, who wrote some lovely poems in Bengali. Once she was trying to solve a problem in Algebra. She simply could not do it, and instead a complete poem came to her as if borne on the wings of the west wind. She was only eleven years old then. From this day her poetic career began. When her father discovered that a poem came out when she was sighing over a sum in Algebra, he decided that science and mathematics were not for her. So he encouraged her in the study of literature, especially Sanskrit, Bengali and English. Sarojini, like Tagore, did not like to study English. She once even had the boldness to refuse to talk in English with her father. The father was annoyed and he punished her by keeping her shut up in a room for a day. But this did not increase her zeal for the study of English.

Besides keeping up with her studies she, now encouraged by her parents, wrote poems to her heart's content. At the age of thirteen she wrote a long poem of thirteen hundred lines, and in the same year a drama of two thousand lines. At fifteen she wrote a novel.

It was about this time that the great struggle of her life began. She fell in love with a young doctor by the name of Govindurajulu Naidu, who was anxious

to marry her. On account of difference of caste both the families were strongly opposed to the match. And soon after, in 1895, Sarojini was sent to London, quite against her will, for studies, with a special scholarship from His Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad. In London she studied at King's College first and afterward at Girton. She stayed in England for three years. It was during these years that she was introduced to the literary geniuses of England, and it was during these years also that the foundation of her future popularity as a poetess was laid.

It was in London that she first began to write poems in English. And when she was introduced to Edmund Gosse, he took a liking to the young poetess from India, and he soon came to read some of her poems. He liked their technique, but not the themes. He writes: "The verses were skilful in form, correct in grammar and blameless in sentiment, but they had the disadvantage of being totally without individuality. They were wanting in feeling and imagery; they were founded on reminiscences of Tennyson and Shelley. . . . This was but the note of the mocking-bird with a vengeance. . . . I implored her to consider that from a young Indian of extreme sensibility, who had mastered not merely the language but the prosody of the West, what we wished to receive was, not a *réchauffé* of Anglo-Saxon sentiment in Anglo-Saxon setting, but some revelation of the heart of India, some sincere penetrating analysis of native passion, of the principles of antique religion and of such mysterious intimations as stirred the soul of the East long before the West had begun to dream that it had a soul. . . . In other words, to be a genuine Indian poet of the Decan, not a clever machine-made imitator of the English classics."

Sarojini consigned her Anglo-Saxon poems to the waste-paper basket, and began in right earnest to write poems to paint the picture of our life and scenes at home. And she, unlike Kipling and Laurence Hope, has succeeded marvel-

lously. In both of her books she mirrors before our eyes the fruits and the flowers, the passions and the emotions, the bazaars and the fairs, the mystic customs and the enchanted sceneries of the Motherland. Who could give a Hindu cradle song a more exquisite English?:

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy *neam*;
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

It may be a far cry from lullaby to lonesomeness, but yet the same sweet taste of words and soul-stirring rhythm pervades her poem entitled "Alone."

Alone, O Love, I seek the blossoming glade,
The bright, accustomed alleys of delight,
Pomegranate gardens of the mellowing
dawn,
Serene and sumptuous orchards of the
night.

Alone, O Love, I breast the shimmering
waves,
The changing tides of life's familiar
streams,
Wide seas of hope, swift rivers of desire,
The moon-enchanted estuary of dreams.

But no compassionate wind or comforting
star
Brings me sweet word of thine abiding
place . . .
In what predestined hour of joy or tears
Shall I attain the sanctuary of thy face?

And listen again to her "Suttee":

Lamp of my life, the lips of Death
Hath blown thee out with their sudden
breath;
Naught shall revive thy vanished spark . . .
Love, must I dwell in the living dark?

Tree of my life, Death's cruel foot
Hath crushed thee down to thy hidden root.
Naught shall restore thy glory fled.
Shall the blossom live when the tree is dead?

Life of my life, Death's bitter sword
Hath severed us like a broken word,
Rent us in twain who are as one . . .
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is
gone?

On her return home, Sarojini and Dr. Naidu became impatient to get married. But the storm of opposition waxed higher. At last Sarojini broke through the laws of caste and ignored the opposition of her parents and married the man she loved and who loved her. Love triumphed over tradition. But she was ostracised even by her parents. For several years after Sarojini's marriage her mother refused to visit her. And when she relented and agreed to call on her, she still refused to eat or drink anything in Sarojini's home.

It was not this social ostracism alone that was paining Sarojini. She was not physically well. And she is not yet well. All her life she has been playing hide-and-seek with Death. Life-long sorrow, instead of souring, has sweetened her nature. In conversation she is especially humorous. Though the smile on her lips bears the mark of pathos, yet one notices in it the genial temperament, the reflection of a true lyric soul. She thus sings of "Death and Life":

Death stroked my hair and whispered tenderly:
Poor child, shall I redeem thee from thy
pain,
Renew thy joy and issue thee again
Inclosed in some renascent ecstasy. . . .

Some lilting bird or lotus-loving bee,
Or the diaphanous silver of the rain,
Th' alluring scent of the sirisha-plain,
The wild wind's voice, the white wave's
melody?

I said, "Thy gentle pity shames mine ear,
O Death, am I so purposeless a thing,
Shall my soul falter or my body fear
Its poignant hour of bitter suffering,
Or fail ere I achieve my destined deed,
Of song or service for my country's need?"

"For my country's need!" This is indeed the keynote of Sarojini Naidu's life at present. With all her acquaintance with Western culture, Sarojini is a Hindu through and through. Her love for India and her ideals are intense. She once told a Western visitor point blank: "If Western education is to make us forget our beloved India, do not bring us the education of the West! I am bringing up my children to play the Indian music, to sing the Indian songs, and to chant the Indian hymns. I am writing my poetry in English because I want to show the Western world our dreams, our longings and our hopes, and I want to awaken my people to the realisation of the greatness of our past and the possibility of our future."

Sarojini is a leader of the feminist movement in India. She is one of the prominent workers in the Bharat Stri Mahamandal, "All India Women's Union," the president of which is Sarala Devi, a niece of Rabindranath Tagore. She travels a great deal throughout India, addressing large audiences of men and women. And her thrillingly impassioned oratory inspires her audiences to a higher sense of national duty. Not long ago, speaking before a social conference in Calcutta, she spoke as follows:

"Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body? How then shall a man dare to deprive a human soul of its immemorial inheritance of liberty and life? And yet, my friends, man has so dared in the case of the Indian women. That is why you men of India are to-day what you are. . . . I charge you, restore to your women their ancient right, for it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders, and without our active co-operation at all points of progress all your congresses and conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, . . . for it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world."

Short in stature, slender in build, magnetic in personality and with all the marks of physical pain on her face, the soul of Sarojini is best revealed in her eyes, that have been thus immortalised in the words of Arthur Symonds: "All the life of the tiny figure seems to concentrate itself in the eyes; they turned toward beauty as the sunflower turns toward the sun, opening wider and wider until one saw nothing but the eyes. . . . Her eyes are like deep pools, and you seem to fall through them into depths below depths."

Quite unlike some of the short-sighted and narrow nationalists of India, Sarojini is an ardent believer in interna-

tionalism. She believes, as most sensible men do believe, that the human race must realise their unity, for their origin was one and their destiny is one and identical. It is for the interest of each and all that permanent peace must be established on earth to insure permanent prosperity. Sarojini thus sings: "In Salutation to the Eternal Peace":

Men say the world is full of fear and hate,
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
The restless sickle of relentless fate.
But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,
When from the climbing terraces of corn
I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and
pride,
Who know the silver wings that gleam and
glide,
The homing pigeons of Thine eventide?
What care I for the world's loud weariness,
Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost
bless
With delicate sheaves of mellow silences?

Say, shall I heed dull presages of doom,
Or dread the rumoured loneliness and
gloom,
The mute and mystic terror of the tomb?
For my glad heart is drunk and drenched
with Thee,
O inmost wine of living ecstasy!
O intimate essence of eternity!

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE RETURN OF JEANNE D'ARC

JEANNE D'ARC

WHY do the vales of Paradise
Turn very France before my eyes,
With linkèd rivers, chain on chain,
Cool Meuse and amber-sandaed Aisne,
Angelic Oise serenely fleet,
And wayward Rhône on wingèd feet?
There gleams the Loire through lace of
trees,

Shod as of old with silences.
And there with Paris at its breast,
The white Seine lies along the west,
How wistful!

Nay, my serious Seine,
Will nothing make thee smile again?
Has any gargoyle peering down
From Notre Dame with hostile frown
Invaded thy still dreams at night?
Dost thou lament the lost delight
Of years long gone?

I wonder why
Proud Paris veils her from the sky
In twilight vesture like a nun?
I wonder, what has heaven done?
The lights are dead, the land is grey,

**Under this title there will appear during the coming year contributions by America's leading poets, among whom may be mentioned the following: Amy Lowell, Josephine Preston Peabody, Conrad Aiken, William Stanley Braithwaite, Lincoln Colcord, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Bliss Carman, Arthur Davidson Ficke, Edgar Lee Masters, Harriet Monroe and George Sterling. These contributions will be published at first anonymously, and readers are invited to write the editor of THE BOOKMAN their opinions regarding the poems and their judgments of their authorship. Throughout the year during the appearance of these poems there will be given in THE BOOKMAN "Brevities" section pictures and brief biographical notices of all the various poets whose work will be included in the series. The authors of each month's poems, however, will not necessarily appear in that month's "Brevities."—EDITOR'S NOTE.*

The Masque of Poets

Like ghosts the pale roads drift away
 Into the North! Oh, I would see
 What years have wrought in Domremy,
 And how great Rheims above the town
 Lifts praying hands! I must go down
 Among my people, I must know
 What makes my heart remember so,
 And why the voices cry so near,
 The human voices that I hear!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

*Now Mary lend thee out of heaven
 For dear defence of rivers seven,
 And shattered gateways of the North!
 Angel of France, oh, lead us forth!*

JEANNE D'ARC

They are invaded! They have need
 Of my heart's faith! Yea, I will lead,
 But can they follow when I go
 Unseen and vague as winds that blow?
 Yet shepherd winds control the day,
 To make the poplars lean one way,
 To ruffle rivers into gold,
 Herd home the clouds into far fold,
 And tirelessly evoke the shy
 Wild iris latent in the sky!
 Can my wing'd spirit so persuade
 Their hearts to follow unafraid?

THE MEN OF FRANCE

*Now Michael gird thee with his sword,
 To thrust aside the alien horde,
 To bend and break and hurl them forth!
 Come thou and lead us to the North!*

JEANNE D'ARC

Soldiers, my great grey horse long gone
 To graze the meadows of the dawn,
 Has thriven on clear asphodel,
 Till you shall learn, he travels well,
 And victory is still his stride.
 You see me not, but oh, I ride
 For France, and mark her starry goal,
 The faith and freedom of the soul!
 Do you but follow and give ear
 To heavenly voices that I hear,
 Till past the black besieging din
 And whistling menace shrill and thin,
 Emerge some silvery interval
 Of vanished bells that call and call.
 Forsaken save of sun and stars,
 With portals blurred by brutal scars,

With towers torn and windows gone,
'Tis mighty Rheims that cries you on!
Though heaven and earth be withering,
Her ruined bells shall sob and sing:
Though earth and heaven be blank and
bare,
You shall behold her standing there
With wounded arms uplifted high
For men of France who fight and die!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

*Now Heaven help thee understand
The peril come upon our land!
Now God forgive our little worth
And grant thee memory of earth!*

JEANNE D'ARC

I do remember everything
I had forgotten: how the king
For all my pleading, still delayed,
But God's own angels gave me aid.
There was a Chinon nightingale
That sang all night, "You will not
fail!"
And there were always saintly trees
And dim old flowery villages,
And rain-pricked pools like fretted
shields,
And sunny hills, and mellow fields,
Oh, there was France! So now she lies
Appealing-sweet before my eyes,
Her wide flush rivers for delight
Her spires and poplars to invite
The eyes and thoughts toward Heaven!
Men,

I fight beside you once again,
As those brief centuries ago,
Each man of you a man I know!
In Paradise I have not seen
Faces more steadfast and serene.
Let them not tear the temple down
That holds the soul of Rouen town,
Nor crush the lilies Amiens wears,
Nor those fair vines along the stairs
Of Chartres, where some hand unknown
Lured leaf and fruit from silver stone.
This sunward hour of deepening dawn
Brings glory of your comrades gone,
And Rheims' lost bells are ringing!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

Hark!

*It is her voice! Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne
d'Arc!*

MOMENT MUSICALE

The round moon hangs above the rim
Of silent and blue shadowed trees,
And all the earth is vague and dim
In its blue veil of mysteries.

On such a night one must believe
The Golden Age returns again
With lyric beauty, to retrieve
The world from dreariness and pain.

And down the wooded aisles, behold
What dancers through the dusk appear!
Piping their rapture as of old,
They bring immortal freedom near.

A moment on the brink of night
They tread their transport in the dew,
And to the rhythm of their delight,
Behold, all things are made anew!

SHORE GRASS

The moon is cold over the sand-dunes,
And the clumps of sea-grasses flow and glitter;
The thin chime of my watch tells the quarter after midnight;
And still I hear nothing
But the windy beating of the sea.

THE RING AND THE CASTLE

A Ballad

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, why do you wake at the stroke of three?"
 "I heard the hoot of an owl in the forest, and the creak of the wind in the
 alder-tree."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, why do you stare so into the dark?"
 "I saw white circles twining, floating, and in the centre a molten spark."

"Why are you restless, Benjamin Bailey? Why do you fling your arms so wide?"
 "To keep the bat's wings from coming closer and push the grey rat from my side."

"What are you muttering, Benjamin Bailey? The room is quiet, the moon is
 clear."

"The trees of the forest are curling, swaying, writhing over the heart of my Dear."

"Lie down and cover you, Benjamin Bailey, you're raving, for never a wife or child
 Has blessed your hearthstone; it is the fever, which startles your brain with
 dreams so wild."

"No wife indeed," said Benjamin Bailey, and his blue nails picked at the bedquilt's
 edge.

"I gathered a rose in another man's garden and hid it from sight in a hawthorn
 hedge."

"I made her a chamber where green boughs rustled, and plaited river-grass for
 the floor,
 And three times ten moonlight nights I loved her, with my old hound stretching
 before the door."

"Then out of the North a knight came riding, with crested helm and pointed
 sword."

'Where is my wife,' said the knight to the people. 'My wife! My wife!' was
 his only word.

"He tied his horse to the alder yonder, and stooped his crest to enter my door.
 'My wife,' said the knight, and a steel-grey glitter flashed from his armour
 across the floor."

"Then I lied to that white-faced knight, and told him the lady had never been
 seen by me;
 And when he had loosed his horse from the alder, I bore him a mile of company."

"I turned him over the bridge to the valley, and waved him Godspeed in the twilight grey.

And I laughed all night as I toyed with his lady, clipping and kissing the hours away.

"The sun was kind and the wind was gentle, and the green boughs over our chamber sang,

But on the Eastern breeze came a tinkle whenever the bells in the Abbey rang.

"Dang! went the bell and the lady hearkened, once, twice, thrice, and her tears sprang forth.

'Twas three of the clock when I was wedded,' quoth she, 'in the castle to the North.

"They praised us for a comely couple, in truth my Lord was a sight to see,

I gave him my troth for a golden dowry, and he gave me this ring on the stroke of three.

"Three years I lived with him fair and stately, and then we quarrelled, as lovers will.

He swore I wed for his golden dowry, and I that he loved another still.

"I knew right well that never another had crossed the heart of my Dearest Lord,

But still my rage waxed hot within me until, one morning, I fled abroad.

"All down the flickering isles of the forest I rode till at twilight I sat me down,

And there a-weeping you found and took me, as one lifts a leaf which the wind has blown.

"But to-night my ring burns hot on my finger, and my Lord's face shines through the curtained door.

And the bells beat heavy against my temples, two long strokes, and one stroke more.

"Loose me now, for your touch is terror, my heart is a hollow, my arms are wind;

I must go out once more and wander, seeking the forest for what I shall find.'

"Then I fell upon her and stifled her speaking till the bells died away in the rustling breeze,

And so I held her dumb until morning with smothered lips, but I knew no ease.

"And every night that the bells came clearly, striking three strokes, like a heavy stone,

I would seal her lips, but even as I kissed her, behind her clenched teeth I could hear her moan.

"The nights grew longer, I had the lady, her pale blue veins and her skin of milk,
But I might have been clasping a white wax image straightly stretched on a quilt
of silk.

"Then curdled anger foamed within me, and I tore at her finger to take the ring,
The red gold ring which burned her spirit like some bewitched, unhallowed thing.

"High in the boughs of our leafy chamber, the lady's sorrowing died away.
All night I fought for the red gold circle, all night, till the oak trees reddened
to day.

"For two nights more I strove to take it, the red gold circlet, the ring of fear,
But on the third in a blood-red vision I drew my sword and cut it clear.

"Severed the ring and severed the finger, and slew my Dear on the stroke of
three;
Then I dug a grave beneath the oak trees, and buried her there where none could
see.

"I took the ring, and the bleeding finger, and sent a messenger swiftly forth,
An amazing gift to my Lord I sent them, in his lonely castle to the North.

"He died, they say, at sight of my present, I laughed when I heard it—'Hee!
Hee! Hee!'
But every night my veins run water and my pores sweat blood at the stroke of
three."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, seek repentance, your time is past."
"My Dearest Dear lies under the oak-trees, pity indeed that the ring held fast."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, sinners repent when they come to die."
"Toll the bell in the Abbey tower, and under the oak-trees let me lie."

CRITICISM AND CREATION IN THE DRAMA

OR, BERNARD SHAW AND J. M. BARRIE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

BRANDER MATTHEWS, not many years ago, in reviewing a book on *Types of Tragic Drama* by the Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds, defined it as an essay in "undramatic criticism." The author of that academic volume had persistently regarded the drama as something written to be read, instead of regarding it as something devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience. His criticism, therefore, took no account of the conditions precedent to any valid exercise of the art that he was criticising.

The contemporary drama suffers more than that of any other period from the comments of "undramatic critics" who know nothing of the exigencies of the theatre. In the first place, the contemporary drama is more visual in its appeal than the drama of the past, and what it says emphatically to the eye can hardly be recorded adequately on the printed page. In the second place, the rapid evolution of the modern art of stage-direction has made the drama more and more, in recent years, unprintable. And, in the third place, the contemporary drama, with its full and free discussion of topics that are current in the public mind, requires—more than that of any other period—the immediate collaboration of a gathered audience. Such a drama can be judged with fairness only in the theatre, for which it was devised.

The fallacy of "undramatic criticism" of contemporary drama is a fallacy to which professors in our universities are particularly prone. The reason is not far to seek. The prison-house of

their profession confines them, for the most part, to little towns and little cities where no actual theatre, that is worthy of the name, exists. Condemned to see nothing of the current theatre, they are driven back to the library, to cull their knowledge of the modern drama from the dubious records of the printed page. Thus, in the enforced and tragic solitude of Leeds or Oklahoma, they are doomed to arrive at the opinion that Bernard Shaw, whose plays are published, must be a greater dramatist than J. M. Barrie, whose best plays have not yet been yanked and carted from the living theatre to find a sort of graveyard in the printed page.

II

In an interesting and well-written book about *The Modern Drama*, by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of the Ohio State University, there is a chapter of fifty-three pages devoted to "The Renaissance of the English Drama." In this chapter, the author expresses the opinion that the work of Pinero and Jones is of no account whatever, because, writing drama, they choose to be dramatic, and, writing for the theatre, they choose to be theatrical. He prefers the plays of Galsworthy, Barker, and Shaw, because these plays are less theatrical and less dramatic. With this argument—despite its paradox—it is not at all impossible to sympathise. It is possible, for instance, to remember a sudden entry into the vestibule of the Laurentian Library in Florence, which induced an unexpected singing of the soul in praise of Michelangelo because, although an architect, he had dared for once to do a thing that was not archi-

tectural at all. But the reader loses faith in the leading of Professor Lewisohn when the discovery is ultimately made that, in this entire chapter of fifty-three pages, the name of J. M. Barrie has never once been mentioned.

In an equally interesting and still more monumental book on *Aspects of the Modern Drama*, by Frank Wadleigh Chandler, Dean of the University of Cincinnati, no less than two hundred and eighty contemporary plays have been minutely analysed. This book is supplemented by an exhaustive bibliography of the modern drama which covers fifty-six closely printed pages of small type. Yet nowhere, in the text or in the bibliography, is J. M. Barrie mentioned as a modern dramatist. In this scholarly and weighty treatise, the man who imagined *Peter Pan* is utterly ignored.

In another recent volume, called *The Changing Drama*, by Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, an attempt has been made—according to the preface—"to deal with the contemporary drama, not as a kingdom subdivided between a dozen leading playwrights, but as a great movement, exhibiting the evolutionary growth of the human spirit and the enlargement of the domain of æsthetics." Yet, in this volume of three hundred and eleven pages, the name of J. M. Barrie never once appears.

Can it be that three scholars so well-informed as Professor Lewisohn, Professor Chandler, and Professor Henderson have never heard of J. M. Barrie? It may be that such a masterpiece as *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*—which has not been published—has never been performed in Columbus, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, or Chapel Hill, North Carolina: but is that any reason why a scholarly professor, condemned to live in the prison-house of one of these localities, should presume to write a comprehensive book about the current drama without so much as mentioning the name of the best-beloved of modern dramatists,—a man, moreover, who is famous in the

world of letters and has been made a baronet because of his services, through art, to humankind? These academic commentators should remember that their books may possibly be read by certain people who live in London and New York, and who have never missed a play of Barrie's, because his excellence has long been recognised by all dramatic critics, because every woman knows that he is the wisest of contemporary dramatists, and because every child perceives that he is easily the most enjoyable.

In those books about the modern drama in which the name of Barrie is astoundingly ignored, the name of Bernard Shaw is invariably mentioned with ecstatic praise. Of all contemporary dramatists, Shaw is easily the favourite among the professors of "undramatic criticism." Before we read their books, we may always count upon them to consider *Candida* a greater play than *Iris*, and *You Never Can Tell* a better comedy than *The Liars*, and *Fanny's First Play* a subtler satire than *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*. What can be the reason for this curious reaction of the "undramatic critics"?

III

Two answers to this interesting question suggest themselves to an investigating mind. The first answer is comparatively trivial; but it is not, by any means, too silly to demand consideration.

In all these academic books about the modern drama, the ranking of the living British dramatists is proportioned directly in accordance to the pomposity with which their plays have been printed and bound and published to the reading world. This "undramatic criticism" of the current drama appears, upon investigation, to be based on nothing more than the setting-up of type.

When the early plays of Bernard Shaw were unsuccessful in the theatre [at a time when Pinero and Jones were being rewarded by their greatest triumphs] the disappointed dramatist de-

cided to make an untraditional attack upon the reading public. He equipped his plays with elaborately literary stage-directions [the sort of stage-directions which, though interesting to the reader, are of no avail whatever to the actor]; he furnished them with lengthy prefaces, in many instances more interesting than the plays themselves; and he gathered them into volumes that were printed and bound up to look like books. These volumes, impressive in appearance and enlivening in content, were undeniably worth reading. They earned at once the right to be accepted as "literature"; and, among non-theatre-goers, they soon came to be regarded as the best contemporary contributions to "dramatic literature."

Meanwhile—among non-theatre-goers—the bigger and better plays of Jones and of Pinero were not accepted as "dramatic literature," because they happened only to be published in a form that made them look like plays instead of in a form that made them look like books. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence* were bound in paper covers and sold for twenty-five or fifty cents. The stage-directions were written technically for the actor, instead of being written more elaborately for the reader; and there were no prefaces whatever, to celebrate the greatness of the plays. No wonder, therefore, that the "undramatic critics" of the drama decided that the plays of Pinero and Jones were less important than the plays of Shaw! It was all a matter of the make-up of the printed page!

John Galsworthy and Granville Barker have followed the fashion set by Bernard Shaw, in publishing their plays. Barker's printed stage-directions are little novels in themselves. In consequence, Professor Ludwig Lewisohn considers Barker a greater dramatist than Pinero or Jones. No play of Granville Barker's has ever held the stage, in any city, for three successive weeks; yet Professor Lewisohn decides that *The Madras House* must be a greater play than *The Second Mrs.*

Tanqueray [which has held the stage, throughout the English-speaking world, for more than twenty years], because the published text of *The Madras House* looks like a book and the published text of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* does not.

Barrie, of course, receives no consideration whatsoever from the "undramatic critics," because his best plays have never yet been printed. *Peter Pan*, which is acted every Christmas-tide in London before thousands and thousands of delighted spectators, must be dismissed as negligible, for the accidental reason that a printed record of the lines has not been bound between cloth covers and offered to the reading public as a work of literature.

IV

But we must turn attention now to a deeper, and a less facetious, explanation of the reason why the "undramatic critics" prefer the plays of Bernard Shaw to the plays of J. M. Barrie. They prefer the plays of Shaw because, to the academic and the non-theatrical mind, these plays are much more easy to appreciate.

Shaw began life as a critic; and, ever since he took to writing plays, he has remained a critic. But Barrie began life as a creative artist; and, ever since he took to writing plays, he has remained a creative artist. Among minds, the ancient maxim holds irrevocably—like to like. It may be safely said that no academic scholar is endowed with a creative mind; for any person so endowed would not permit himself to be an academic scholar. As Bernard Shaw himself has stated, "He who can, does: he who cannot, teaches." From academic scholars, therefore, we cannot logically look for a spontaneous appreciation of creative art: all we can expect is a critical appreciation of criticism.

The basic aims of criticism and creation are, of course, identical. The purpose of all art, whether critical or creative, is to reveal the reality that under-

lies the jumbled and inconsequential facts of actual experience. Art makes life more intelligible, by refusing to be interested in the accidental and fortuitous, and by focussing attention on the permanent and true. But this common aim of art is approached from two directions, diametrically different, by men whose minds are critical and by men whose minds are creative.

The critic makes life more intelligible by taking the elements of actuality apart; and the creator makes life more intelligible by putting the elements of reality together. In a precisely scientific sense, the work of the creator is constructive and the work of the critic is destructive. The critic analyses life; the creator synthesises it.

The difference between these diametric processes may perhaps be made more clear by a concrete scientific illustration. Suppose the truth to be investigated were the composition of the substance known as water. The critic would determine this truth by taking some water and dividing it up into two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen; but the creator would establish the same truth by taking two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen and manufacturing some water by putting them together.

V

That Bernard Shaw is the keenest-minded critic who is writing for the stage to-day, no commentator could be tempted to deny; but he is not a creative artist, in the sense that Barrie—for example—is a creative artist. Shaw takes the elements of life apart; but Barrie puts the elements of life together.

This proposition has been admirably stated by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, who is one of Shaw's most ardent celebrators. In a notably clear-minded passage, Professor Lewisohn has said:—"This remarkable writer is not, in the stricter sense, a creative artist at all. The sharp contemporaneousness and vividness of his best settings deceives us.

His plays are the theatre of the analytic intellect, not the drama of man. They are a criticism of life, not in the sense of Arnold, but in the plain and literal one. His place is with Lucian rather than with Molière."

The same commentator has clearly pointed out that Shaw is incapable of creating characters that may be imagined to live their own lives outside the limits of the plays in which they figure. Instead of launching a living person into the immortal world of the imagination, Shaw writes an analytic essay on his character and sends him forth upon the stage to speak it. In *Pygmalion*, for instance, when the cockney father of the heroine remarks that he is "one of the undeserving poor," we know at once that he is not; for no member of that human confraternity could possibly be capable of such a masterly self-criticism. When the greengrocer in *Getting Married* says, in describing his own wife, "She's a born wife and mother, ma'am: that's why my children ran away from home," we accept the witticism for all that it is worth; but we know, from that moment, that the greengrocer is not a greengrocer, but merely a mouthpiece for an essayist whose initials are G.B.S.

The method of J. M. Barrie is diametrically different, because it is utterly creative. In *What Every Woman Knows*, the humble but sagacious heroine has reconciled herself to the prospect of permitting her husband to elope with the more attractive Lady Sybil Lazenby; but suddenly she says to them, "You had better not go away till Saturday, for that's the day when the laundry comes home." In *A Kiss for Cinderella*, the Policeman sits down to write a love-letter for the first time in his life; and this is what he writes,—“There are thirty-four policemen sitting in this room, but I would rather have you, my dear.” These people are alive. They do not have to tell us anything about themselves; and the author does not have to tell us anything about them.

No dramatist who lacks the primal gift of spontaneous and absolute cre-

ation—however brilliant be his talents as a critic—can finally be ranked among the greatest. For this reason, the plays of Bernard Shaw will ultimately be regarded as inferior to the plays of J. M. Barrie, and the best plays of Pinero and of Jones, and the few good plays of Galsworthy. All these other dramatists have brought us face to face with many characters whom we know to be alive; and Bernard Shaw has not.

At the present moment, in New York, it is possible to see one night an excellent performance of *Getting Married* and to see the next night an excellent performance of *A Kiss for Cinderella*. Any open-minded person who affords himself the luxury of this experience will be inclined to rush home to his library and throw the learned books of Professor Lewisohn, Professor Chandler, and Professor Henderson out of the window into the star-lit and unrestricted street. It must, in all fairness, be admitted that *Getting Married* shows Shaw very nearly at his worst and that *A Kiss for Cinderella* shows Barrie very nearly at his best; but the contrast, after all, is less a contrast of quality than a contrast of method. Barrie creates life, and Shaw discusses it; and the difference is just as keen as the difference between a woman who gives birth to a child and a woman who merely appears upon a platform and delivers a lecture on the subject of birth-control.

VI

Externally—in what Hamlet would have called “their trappings and their suits”—*Getting Married* is a realistic play that apes the actual, and *A Kiss for Cinderella* is a romantic play that flies with freedom through the realm of fancy. But—considered in their ultimate significance—it is the realistic play that is the more fantastic, and it is the play of fancy that is finally more real than its competitor. We believe *A Kiss for Cinderella*, because we know, as Barrie knows, that nothing in life is true but what has been imagined; and we do not believe the text of *Getting Married*, because we know that people, in a crisis of their lives, are not accustomed to sit down calmly and discuss their motives in a mood of critical intelligence.

[Shaw attacks life with his intellect; Barrie caresses life with his emotions. Shaw will always be admired most by scholars and professors and “undramatic critics,” who make their living by their intellects and, in consequence, are prejudiced in favour of intelligence. But Barrie will always be admired most by women and children and poets, who feel that the emotions are wiser than the intellect, and who know—without discussion—that the greatest reason for the greatest things is incorporated always in the single, mystic word,—“because . . .”]

A LITERARY DISCOVERY

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY BRYANT, WHITTIER,
HOLMES AND GERRIT SMITH

BY CHARLES T. WHITE

UNPUBLISHED poems by William Cullen Bryant, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Gerrit Smith, sent to John Pierpont, poet, Unitarian clergyman, anti-slavery and temperance reformer, on his eightieth birthday anniversary, April 6, 1865, in the city of Washington, are brought to light more than half a century afterward by Mrs. E. M. C. Merwin, of Pawling, New York. Mrs. Merwin is a niece of the late Mrs. John Pierpont. Following the death of John Pierpont on August 27, 1866, his papers came into possession of his widow, who later turned many of them over to her sister, the mother of Mrs. Merwin. For the greater part of the time since the death of John Pierpont his letters from distinguished men remained folded away. The birthday greetings sent him by Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Smith and others do not appear in the published works of the writers.

John Pierpont was the great-grandfather of the present J. Pierpont Morgan of New York. He was born in

Litchfield in 1785, graduated at Yale in 1804, and studied law, which he soon abandoned. In 1816 he published his *Airs of Palestine*, which immediately established his reputation. He studied theology at Harvard, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of Hollis Street Church in Boston. Later, in 1845, he became pastor of the Medford Unitarian Church. He was a vigorous advocate of temperance, anti-slavery and other reforms. During the Civil War he spent much of the time in Washington, where he knew Abraham Lincoln well, and the latter's autograph is in the old album from which the poems which follow were taken. The manner of man John Pierpont was in the darkest period of the Civil War may be judged from the tone of "Our Country's Call," printed with the tributes from his brother poets. In a day when men are torn with conflicting emotions over the questions of preparedness, it may clear the atmosphere for some to read a bugle-call like this one from Dr. Pierpont.

TO JOHN PIERPONT

Health to thee, Pierpont, tried and honest,
In Freedom's fight among the soonest,
Who still as Freedom's minstrel croonest
Her triumph lays,
And like some hoary harper tunest
Thy hymns of praise!

Where's now the ban ecclesiastic?
 Where they who played their first and last trick
 To clog thy Christian steps elastic
 And drown thy word
 So keen, so trenchant and sarcastic,
 A two-edged sword!

Where now are all the "unco' good,"
 The Canaan-cursing "Brotherhood"?
 The mobs they raised, the storms they brewed,
 And pulpit thunder?
 Sheer sunk like Pharaoh's multitude,
 They've all "gone under"!

And thou, our noblest and our oldest,
 Our Priest and Poet first and boldest,
 Crowned with thy fourscore years beholdest
 Thy country free.
 O, sight to warm a heart the coldest,
 How much more thee!

All blessings from the bounteous Giver
 Be thine, on either side the river;
 And when thy sum of life forever
 The angels foot up,
 Not vain shall seem thy long endeavour
 All wrong to root up!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 3d mo., 1865.

TO THE REVD. DR. JOHN PIERPONT, ON HIS
 EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
 Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,
 From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
 Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
 Leaves eighty well-spent years behind,
 And forward looks to fields more bright
 Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen
 Long potent with the sons of men,
 And late his summons to the shore
 Where he shall meet his youth once more.

April, 1865.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To the Rev. Dr. John Pierpont,
On his Eightieth Birthday,
— April 5th 1865. —

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eyed and hale, at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well spent years behind
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Strong potent with the sword of men,
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.
William Cullen Bryant.

April, 1865.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, VERY SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SIZE

TO JOHN PIERPONT, APRIL 3, 1865

Love, honour, reverence are the meed we owe
 To him who in the press of younger men,
 Toiling with head, heart, hand, with tongue and pen,
 Treads his firm pathway through the blinding snow,
 Singing in cheery tones that long ago
 Our fathers heard: Not less melodious, when
 Ten winters lie on three score years and ten,
 And still life's unchilled fountains overflow!
 Though paler seems the faithful watch tower's light
 In the rich dawn that kindles all the day,
 Still in our grateful memory lives the ray
 Of the lone flambeau, blazing through the night
 Now while the heavens, in new-born splendours bright
 Shine o'er a ransomed people's opening way.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO JOHN PIERPONT ON HIS EIGHTIETH
 BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865

A grand stone-bridge! my friend, is yours!
 [pierre-pont]
 Though travelled o'er for eighty years
 Its strength—its beauty e'er endured,
 Nor for its future need be fears.

What heavy loads this bridge have passed!
 What Temp'rance and what Freedom-freight!
 And never does its back have rest
 From burdens of the Church or State.

This strong stone-bridge shall not be gone
 Till you, your century complete,
 Another body shall put on
 For higher use a body meet.

Thou heaven-born poet! thoughts to *you*
 I felt should not in prose be said:
 Hence dropped I prose—though well I know
My poetry's but "prose run mad."

With this small draft I wish you'd get
 A Birthday Present in my name:
 That so, though absent, I may yet
 Be coupled with this birthday's fame.

GERRIT SMITH.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

BY JOHN PIERPONT

Men who plow your granite peaks,
O'er whose head your Eagle shrieks,
And, for aye, of freedom speaks,
Hear your Country's Call!
Swear, each loyal mother's son,
Swear "Our Country shall be One!"
Seize your sword, or bring your gun,
Bayonet and ball!

For the land that bore you, arm!
Shield the State you love from harm!
Catch, and round you spread the alarm!
Hear, and hold your breath!
See! the hostile horde is nigh!
See! the storm sweeps roaring by!
Hear and heed our battle cry!
"Victory or death!"

Sturdy landmen! hardy tars!
Can ye see your stripes and stars
Flouted by the three broad bars
And cool blooded feel?
There the rebel banner floats!
Tyrants, vanquished by your votes,
Spring, like bloodhounds, at your throats—
Let them bite your steel!

With no traitor at their head,
By no braggart coward led,
By no hero caught abed,
While he dreams of flight;
By no "Young Napoleons,"
Kept at bay by wooden guns,
Shall your brothers and your sons
Be held back from fight.

Like a whirlwind in its course,
Shall *again* a rebel force,—
Jackson's foot and Stuart's horse—
Pass our sleepy posts;
Roam, like Satan to and fro,
And our laggard let them go?
No! in thunder answer "No,
By the Lord of Hosts!"

With the Lord of Hosts, we fight,
For His *freedom*, and His *right*,
Strike for *these* and his allmight
Shall with victory crown
Loyal brave, alive or dead,—
Crush each crawling copperhead,
And, in bloody battle, tread
This rebellion down!

Talk of "Peace," in hours like this?
'Tis Iscariot's traitor kiss!
'Tis the old serpent Slavery's hiss!
'Tis his latest lie!
Throttle him, with all your might!
When he's in your grip so tight,
He can neither lie nor bite,
He will—up and die!

Washington, D. C., 1863.

EMILE VERHAEREN

BORN AT ST. AMAND, BELGIUM, MAY, 1855
DIED AT ROUEN, FRANCE, NOVEMBER, 1916

BY MAY LAMBERTON-BECKER

IT would have been an anticlimax if Emile Verhaeren had died in his bed. He had been all through that once; all that disease of body or mind could teach him he had learned and recorded before he had passed middle life, and while yet in the body he had gone, in essentials, through death and transfiguration. He was too old to die in battle for his own "Belgique Sanglante." There remained, however, an appropriate taking-off. He was killed, so the news comes, under the wheels of a train in Rouen. Verhaeren believed in trains; he had made them reveal themselves in poetry with their own rhythms and their own roar. A railroad train was to him one of the types and figures of this age—blind force compelled and controlled by human energy. This time force took its own blind way, and dispersed his human spirit, just as the Europe of his dream, the spiritual federation without frontiers he had seemed to see rising to compel and control the forces of this dynamic age, was dispersed and ground out of the path of the forces still taking their own blind way. He had been swept out of Belgium in much the same way that he was swept off the planet. And though Verhaeren was so much at home on this planet that I cannot believe him at all anxious to leave it, if anything was to push him off I am sure he would have preferred it to be a railroad train.

He was just over sixty, but his face looked much older, especially his eyes. Midway of a robust Flemish lifetime, he broke down utterly and went as far into the bottomless pit of nervous prostration

as a writing man has gone and come back alive and whole. For the importance of Verhaeren's catastrophe to the world of letters is that he not only wrote all through his breakdown—*Les Soirs*, *Les Débâcles*, *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, are bloody footprints across an arid waste—but that he continued to write at every stage of his recuperation, through *Les Apparatus dans mes Chemins* and *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, not only to recovery but to apotheosis, in *Les Forces Tumultueuses*, *La Multiple Splendeur*, *Les Rythmes Souverains*. It is the spiritual history of his generation, this soul's biography of his; written in a shelfful of slender volumes. For he had the malady of his generation, the insatiable will-to-know. He forced his intellect ever and ever again into desperate attempts to fathom mysteries before which the intellect is powerless, as a hunted man twists and bends in the lock a key that will not fit. The colossal phantom of Fatigue that he evokes—the man clad in rags of dead centuries, lifting to seize the sun his poor human hands, dragging one great broken wing, futile and grandiose, and barring with a gesture the temples where men yet would pray—this fatigue is of the intellect, worn out in its magnificent, foredoomed effort. Out of that struggle came his deepest sympathies and through it he won his greatest triumphs.

His literary career began with an explosion—*Les Flamandes*, poems about peasants, implacably alive, robust and violent. This volume followed him through his career much as one group of poems followed Whitman, and with

much the same effect upon his reputation among the timid: it differs from *Children of Adam* altogether in that it is description without participation; the poet is an outsider and the reader remains one. This is the quality that keeps the volume from being immoral and prevents it from being great. He does not get into his own poetry, he writes nothing that could be called a "song of myself," until the poems of his great crisis, but after that he is never separate from them. The only way to read the black trilogy that ends with *Black Torches* without a dangerous effect on a sensitive psychology, is to keep in mind that he went through all that and came out sane. If he had died then, these marvellous poems should have been forbidden anyone but an alienist. However, he lived to pull himself out of the pit himself had digged, and by the same power, his own brain; having thought himself almost to madness, he thought himself out again and into a clearer, glorious sanity. He may well sing:

O thou my brain, my misery and my joy,
Cave of my torture, palace of my pride,
A huddled heap of problems for the soul
And body to decide.

I love thee be thy fortune good or ill,
Be thou a conqueror or defeat thy part,
Sound in the truth or sick with error, still
Thou art

Steady, and prompt, and conquering
Thy glowing joy and still more burning
woe;
Thou liv'st as lived the men of old—the
great.
The others? . . . let them go!

Verhaeren at his highest is the voice of the city, the train, the factory, the dynamo; the spirit of the crowd, the multitude; the dream within them and beyond them. He is the poet of energy, his verse comes in jets. Much of it he composed while striding across country,

and its rhythms are like gestures, great gestures of the whole body. When his body was still quivering from its ordeal, the city impressed him only as a vast octopus, sucking up the life of the countryside, the "tentacled town," "la ville tentaculaire," a phrase so compelling that too many people could not forget it nor remember Verhaeren save as its originator. For true though it is, as anyone knows who has seen the depopulation of the countryside or the fringe of devastation about the edge of a great city, it is not all the truth nor even the truth that matters, and Verhaeren passed through this phase as rapidly as his health returned. For what does matter is that the world's future lies in the city, and that for good or ill its destinies are in the hands of the crowd, of the multitude. This Verhaeren felt rather than saw, and felt by the true poetic process of identifying himself with the spirit of the city and its multitude. *La Foule* is the most tremendous expression of this process. Upon a night of seething tumults, in a city swept by prodigious lights, throbbing with tremendous dynamos, a modern city with the swarming uglinesses and grandeurs of to-day, the poet's heart is engulfed within the multitude, to find itself multiplied and transfigured, gifted at length with some dawning prescience of the future that only the crowd may dimly discern, of the destiny that it is erecting, red and tragic, upon the horizon. For that future, nothing is impossible, nor is anything beyond the spirit of man. In "L'Impossible" he sings:

Man, how so high the mountain inaccessible,
Where thine ardent soul aspire,
Never fear lest thou shouldst tire
The golden steeds of the impossible.

Mount further, higher, than thy soul could
see
Midway the slope, amid the gentle rills,
Under the shadow of the springing hills,
In flight thy joy shall be!

Who halts upon the path too soon will
 turn—
 It is the rage, it is the strife
 Against the wrong, that is your life!
 Feed then the flame, nor care thou what it
 burn.

To change, to mount—this is the law pro-
 found;
 The compass never may
 On the moveless present stay,
 Measuring creation's glorious, endless
 round.

Carest thou now for fame, content and cold,
 Granting the placid palm
 Of victory sure and calm?
 Thine ardent dream has spurned what it
 could hold.

That bars to-day that was but late its goal;
 Be then, as thou wert meant,
 Thine own astonishment,
 Nor ask how shall thy form withstand thy
 soul.

Thy soul's an urge that never will be done;
 And the gold steeds of the impossible
 High on the mountain inaccessible
 They, they alone, will bear thee ever on!

It is hard for an American, reading a poem as smoothly flowing as this,—for I have made a faithful transcription of rhyme and metre—and knowing that it fairly represents a fair proportion of his verses, to see why so many literary riots arose in France over the irregularities of Verhaeren's verse. Much of it is, as I have said, as smooth as this, and at its most dithyrambic, there is always a definite rhyme and rhythm. French prosody is so much more conservative than ours. Gustave Kahn says in rueful retrospect of the liberties—we should call them gentle—that he took with accepted forms, "never did a movement give rise to more clamours. It would

seem that in touching the Alexandrine we were robbing the stage-coach of wholesome French letters." The American idea of *vers libre*, as produced here by its masters and past-masters, is much more free prose than free verse. The rhyme of Verhaeren, however widely distributed, holds his verse together and gives it a certain structural unity, and he has always a recognisable rhythmic plan, however that differs from accustomed planning of rhythms. Every poet, he believed, should find in himself his own rhythmic force. Everything that he feels should vibrate in his whole being, his nerves, his bones, his muscles, thanks to a contagious emotion which goes from things to his soul. "This faithful instant communication creates in the entire being a concussion (*ébranlement*), a special dynamic, and it is this profound interior movement which will furnish him the rhythm of his verse. Rhyme or assonance serves only to accentuate the rhythm, to regulate it, to give it its architecture." The beauty of his verse, consisting even more in the movement that disarranges lines than in the harmony with which they arrange themselves, is in direct contradiction to the classic ideal, and to one trained only to that, reveals itself as little for beauty as the complex pulsations of machinery reveal themselves for rhythms. But these pulsations are now at the very roots of our being, and if we still write our poetry only to the click of horses' hoofs it will be subtly out of time with an age that hears that click no longer.

In such rhythms—that with the distinctive character of the rhyming make the adequate translation of his greatest verse so difficult—Verhaeren expressed the ideals of his own age, ideals it had itself scarce realised or formulated. It is man that engrosses him, man in the universe and the universe in man. "L'homme dans l'univers n'a qu'un maître, lui-même. Et l'univers entier est ce maître, dans lui." His universe is so vast, and man has reached out for so many attributes that once he enthroned and worshipped, inaccessible, in

the heavens! Verhaeren never throws off old faiths nor revolts from them; when it seems to him that they have passed, he writes their iron epitaphs, mourning but not despairing, and awaits the new incarnation of the old beauty. In "Sur la Mer," a ship with sails so encarnadined one would think a garden floated upon the sea, sets out, garlands of foam about its prow, on one of those golden evenings when, the old folks say, Jesus walks upon the water. It seeks that corner of the golden heaven where the star shall appear that guided to Bethlehem. Days and nights it voyages, clad in loving moonlight or under the rays of a docile sun. But it never sees footprints upon the waves. At last, upon a feast day, it returns like a garden faded—for the master dares not tell the waiting people that he has heard the flood crying from shore to shore that Pan and Jesus both were dead. But the mariners, their souls indomitable as the ship, that night with joyful cries flee into the tempest, knowing that the giant storm will drive them toward other oceans, and that always and anyway they must bring back from them golden desires and victories of light. He says elsewhere,

Mais les plus exaltés, se dirent dans leurs
cœurs,
Partons quand même, avec notre âme inass-
ouvie,
Puisque la force et que la vie
Sont au-delà des vérités et des erreurs.

"All life is in flight"—"to admire is to exalt one's self"—says his "multiplied heart";

Pour vivre clair ferme et juste
Avec mon cœur j'admire tout
Ce qui vibre, travaille et bout
Dans la tendresse humaine et sur la terre
auguste.

To the city, he rejoices in *Les Villes*, comes that glorious humanity, the scien-

tists and inventors, who have plundered the mysteries barred by hostile portals. Their force is re-absorbed into the force of the city, with its clamours of stone and gestures of smoke, and its enormous life grows greater through theirs. There, too, are those who work for the people, ardent martyrs of dream, marching through gardens of blood toward the resplendent threshold of a time when justice shall conquer men.

Ah well, he was to march through blood enough; to see the smoke of burning cities obscure the vision of the resplendent threshold; to write his last verses in fiery rage and defiance and dedicate them to "the man I was yesterday." How long before his body goes back to a liberated Belgium, no one knows, nor how endlessly long before men again dream the great dream of which he wrote, in the preface to an anthology of German poems for French readers—"the idea of a Europe to be formed, no more out of old concepts, but out of new realities." "Your humanity," he writes to the editor, "and your good sense revolt at believing war inevitable between these two enormous and highly civilised forces. You wish them both serene and beautiful, both luminous, comprehensive and useful, because you know that upon them above all will be established "l'assise du futur Occident à destinée unique"! To have lived for that, and to have died in 1916!

With all his verse he wrote but three groups of personal love poems; together they make but a slender volume, but so beautiful that it has been translated more than any other—twice into English this year, though I am using my own version in the poem that follows. All these poems are written to the woman he married, and the most lovely after they had been married for years. Here is the one in which the two, in the afternoon of life and the afternoon of a golden day, seated in an old-world garden, have been talking together of the great change they knew approaching.

When twilight comes, sometimes you speak
to me

So tenderly, the flowers above the wall
For love of you, lean down; to touch us both
Their fragrant petals on our knees let
fall;

You've told me of that hour, so close, when
our ripe years

Shall fill Death's garnering hand; and
you have told

How Life shall break Fate's glass; and how
two hearts

Learn how to love, in learning to grow
old.

Your voice enfolds me like a dear embrace,
Your tranquil heart glows through the
evening gloom,

Until my vision fearlessly can trace

The tortuous roads that journey toward
the tomb.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

The Rise of Ledger Dunstan is the first instalment of a "life-story" by a new and presumably young English novelist who may no doubt be trusted to carry it to its trilogical end: a sequel is promised (or threatened) on the last page of the present narrative. The layout is for an inferior though by no means contemptible *Jacob Stahl* kind of thing. Ledger Dunstan, like Jacob Stahl, is of unpromising middle-class origin. He rather painfully frees himself from the slavery of middle-class convention, is for some time a cog in the commercial machine, and later becomes a writing fellow, and a successful one. But there was a certainty of mood and of touch in Mr. Beresford's narrative which we miss here. Ledger's creator, for one thing, is unable to confine himself to Ledger. A besetting foible is his fondness for amusing anecdotes which have little or nothing to do with the narrative. They rise in the author's memory or fancy, and he simply cannot help "springing" them. In this per-

formance, therefore, any actor, or the author himself, is likely to be found stepping forward at any moment with the "Here is a good one" air, while the action waits. For example: "Mr. Telfer used a somewhat hackneyed but expressive phrase because of an unfortunate little incident that had happened in his family last Guy Fawkes Day. A nephew of his had just ignited the touch-paper of a rocket, when his little brother, at the voracious age which sticks at nothing, had come along and swallowed it. . . . Their mother spent all her spare time now at the attic window looking through a telescope, but he had not yet come down." We understand this to come from Mr. Telfer's mouth, or pen, but it is not especially characteristic of him—he merely gets it off for the author. Such a habit is a sign of limitation; and indeed the book is ingenious and brilliant rather than sound and sincere. Ledger himself is one of those wandering, experimenting youths of whom current British fiction is so full. In the end we begin to have hopes of him, but even then we are more certain about his sensibilities than about his vertebræ. He begins life in the now orthodox way, by discovering that his parents are Pharisees and his home a desert. He has the familiar experiences of brutality and the classics in an English boys' school. He rambles vaguely through other initiatory experiences—feeling his oats, finding his immediate job, orienting himself in various ways—yet with no certainty of arriving at any goal. When we leave him, for the time, he has already won success as a novelist, he has already married the woman of his choice. But—and this is the promise of the book—the author is not content to leave his man here. He sees him rising, on his way,

**The Rise of Ledger Dunstan*. By Alfred Tressider Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Unhappy in Thy Daring. By Marius Lyle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Prussian Officer and Other Stories. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Vermilion Box. By E. V. Lucas. New York: G. H. Doran Company.

The Agony Column. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

King—of the Khyber Rifles. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Taming of Calinga. By C. L. Carlsen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Head Winds. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

but still far enough from his destiny. Therefore there is to be a sequel, and it will be called *The Quest of Ledger Dunstan*.

II

Unhappy in Thy Daring is a story by another new British novelist of the same school. Mr. Wells has praised it, and may well feel toward it the warmth of a grandsire for his more remote offspring. The scene is laid in Ireland, the colouring is Irish, but the manner is Anglo-Wellsian. Here is your risky and almost fatal experiment of marriage, your linking of unequal natures, your development of the inevitable triangle, your cool but ruthlessly explicit presentment of sex in action. No blinking facts for us, or sentimentalising them: this is how men and women are made, and the only way we can get ahead is to admit it! Away with romance, down with the shade of the late too blameless Queen—let us devote ourselves to brass tacks. Such would seem to be the mood in which this narrative, like so many other recent narratives, has been undertaken. There are many pages here which would have been denied the perusal of the Young Person, before that harmless unnecessary creature became obsolete. There are passages which violate, I do not say morals, but taste: they present ignoble things in a vulgar way. They follow a current fashion. And yet the book as a whole is, in its way, an argument for the defence. Rupert Standish, the man, is that poor stick about whom, one would say, people in general care so little, and yet about whom the novelists make so incessant a pother—the fellow with a “temperament,” the hero of moods and emotions and no character. This one, the author does not deny, has the physique of a Greek god, though of mediocre birth and fortune, and therefore readily carries off beautiful Shelagh Lynch against all comers. They have as little in common as may be. He is a dilettante, a lover of beauty, a dabbler in music and letters. She is a hunting woman, with

little æsthetic sense and no fitness for the physically stagnant life to which his retired country estate condemns her. He has no greater interest in sport than she in books or music. Rupert has the philandering impulse of his tribe, and after several years of childless marriage the relation of the pair is not hopeful. It is further endangered by the advent into the household of Hester, Shelagh’s half-sister. She is much younger, but ill-favoured in all senses—uncomely in person, repellent in manner, and helplessly jealous of Shelagh’s charm and popularity. For the rest, she is an egoist of the intellect, as Rupert is an egoist of the senses. Against these two, presently, Shelagh’s elementary forces are pitted. They sin against her in every way, but it is she who in the end wins a sort of victory, for her strength is based upon that simple old commodity of womanliness which the modern, intellectual, protestant Hester lacks—or, let us say, of character, which her opponents both lack. In the end the hapless Hester realises her defeat and its cause, and she and life cease to have any use for each other. As for our precious Rupert, if life has further use for him, it is only as life is embodied in Shelagh and her children. In himself he has no dignity or serviceableness, and we have to take the author’s word for his genius and charm.—A poor stick, in the end as in the beginning.

III

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is one of the younger English novelists who embody a most deliberate and thoroughgoing protest against literary respectability and insularity as represented by the now infamous word Victorian. His models are Continental, his mood is untouched by British sentimentalism or reticence or complacency. The world is no happy spectacle for him, its facts are grim or squalid, its motives dubious—capable of gaining a sort of glamour only through the interpretations of a vague æsthetic mysticism. Character, in the sense of a

poised and stable faculty for conduct, individual in itself and yet based upon something universal, interests him less than personality. Again and again in this book, as in other books—*Twilight in Italy*, for example—Mr. Lawrence emphasises and dwells upon the isolation of the human soul. The tragedy of the Prussian officer and his orderly is the result of a continued contact, part attraction, part repulsion, between two egos, one powerful, aggressive, the other dumb, hardly conscious of itself—destined to achieve one dreadful act of self-assertion, and to perish of the effort. The officer has been brutal, and the orderly has seemed cowed: "But it was only the outside of the orderly's body that was obeying so humbly and mechanically. Inside had gradually accumulated a core into which all the energy of that young life was compact and concentrated. He executed his commission, and plodded quickly back uphill. There was a pain in his head, as he walked, that made him twist his features unknowingly. But hard there in the centre of his chest was himself, himself firm, and not to be plucked to pieces. So, in another tale, Bachmann, the deserter, at the moment of his arrest is conscious only of his ego: "He was very still, silent in himself. He was in an abstract, motionless world. . . . Soon he was ready. He stood at attention. But only the shell of his body was at attention. A curious silence, a blankness, like something eternal, possessed him. He remained true to himself." And in "Odour of Chrysanthemums," when the wife looks upon the body of her collier-husband, killed in a mine-accident, "She saw him, how utterly inviolable he lay in himself. She had nothing to do with him. She could not accept it. Stooping, she laid her hand on his, in claim. . . . And she knew what a stranger he was to her. In her womb was an ice of fear, because of this separate stranger with whom she had been living as one flesh. Was this what it all meant—utter, intact separateness, obscured by heat of living?" Plainly, there is little peace in

this volume for the nervous reader, little good cheer for the purchaser of sweet and pleasant fiction. And I am by no means sure that there is enough genuine force here to atone for all the disagreeableness. Finally, the reader may be cautioned that according to American magazine standards these are sketches and not stories at all.

IV

The author of *The Vermilion Box* has robbed the mails before this (notably in *Listener's Lure*), in the interest of his readers. The box, of course, is the post-box, and these are letters of a score or so of representative Britons writing in war-time. The effect of them as a whole fairly justifies the publisher in announcing a novel, but hardly a "jolly little novel." Mirth the book contains, but not jollity, its humour is deeper than the surface. Like Mr. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, it shows the war dawning upon, and by degrees coming home to, the normal Englishman and Englishwoman at home. The correspondence centres in a family of Havens, with their connections and acquaintance. It is simply an average family of the upper middle class. Its intellectual head and the chief letter-writer is Richard Haven, a bachelor and barrister of nearly fifty, a man of exceptional good sense and good feeling. Then there are his mother, his four married sisters, various nephews and nieces, and a friend or two outside the family, one of them being a Unitarian minister in Brooklyn. Richard Haven takes a grave view of the war from the beginning, but has faith in England and her destiny. In contrast with him is one of his brothers-in-law, George Wiston, a retired brewer and a confirmed pessimist. He enjoys the gloomiest possible view of England's methods and powers, and is always writing to the *Times* about things undone or badly done in high quarters. "Granny" Haven writes some delightful letters: "I can't help saying that several Germans that I have

known were quite harmless people, and Fräulein Schmidt, who taught your mother and her sisters German, often volunteered of her own free will to help with the flowers, and so forth, when we had visitors. And Mendelssohn's music, too, so sweet and serious! Why the Germans should have changed so, I can't think." The Toby Starr to whom this is written is the typical healthy, cricketing English boy who now, after a year at the university, enlists with as little fuss and self-consciousness as if he were going into a game. Before he leaves for the front he has received good advice and periscopes from most of his friends, and entered into a very pretty correspondence with a nice girl, begun informally, but carried on with great propriety and to a most satisfying conclusion. One or two other youthful romances are here recorded in fragmentary fashion, romances precipitated by the war and constituting a natural element in the war situation. Toby distinguishes himself and comes through these pages, at least, unscathed. There are other heroes and devoted spirits, both at the front and at home. But even the Haven connection is not without its slackers and triflers: George Wiston's nephew Archibald, the "artist," of whose pretended eagerness to serve and extreme ingenuity in avoiding service we hear through the innocent pen of his dotting mother; and Mrs. Park-Stanmer, wife of an army man, and a hopelessly selfish flirt, to whom the war represents a widening of opportunity for her little escapades, and nothing more. The book gives almost as strong an impression as *Mr. Britling* did, of contact with the real English people as the great crisis has found and developed them.

V

Toby Starr makes the acquaintance of his fair Portia through the personal column of the *Times*; and the action of *The Agony Column* is based on a similar procedure. The hero, Geoffrey West, happens to breakfast at the same

table, at the Carlton, with the heroine, Marian Larned. Both are young Americans in London, West being, as it turns out, a young playwright on the job, the girl simply an American abroad with her dutiful senatorial father. West discovers at once that the beautiful one is, like himself, a delighted and constant reader of the "agony column" of the *Daily Mail*. Hence his inspired communication in the next number of the *Mail*:

Carlton Restaurant: Nine A.M., Friday morning. Will the young woman who preferred grapefruit to strawberries permit the young man who had two plates of the latter to say he will not rest until he discovers some mutual friend, that they may meet and laugh over this column together.

To which, a day or two later, appears this reply:

Strawberry Man: Only the grapefruit lady's kind heart and her great fondness for mystery and romance move her to answer. The strawberry-mad one may write one letter a day for seven days—to prove that he is an interesting person, worth knowing. Then—we shall see. Address: M. A. L., Care Sadie Haight, Carlton Hotel.

So much for the introduction, which is pleasant and ordinary enough. What the reader expects is a sentimental correspondence varied by some physical hide-and-seek, involving the person named Sadie Haight, and the grapefruit lady's comic father, with some little punch of surprise at the end to give savour to its predestined romantic conclusion. But the writer is not content with that. He has a really novel idea, and works it out in the form of a story within a story. Our Geoffrey, taking his cue from the lady's reply, sets out to make his week of letters as full of mystery and romance as possible. To that end, with the aid of certain hints provided by his immediate surroundings and the "agony column," he concocts an elaborate and finished tale of adventures in which, from day to day, he is supposed

to be involved. The yarn involves murder, conspiracy, international complications, Scotland Yard, the writer's own arrest and discharge, and his final confession to the grapefruit lady that he is after all, the murderer—on paper, and that except on paper, the whole thing is a hoax. In the meantime war has begun, Americans are making for home with all speed, and our young man is able to get aboard our young woman's boat only as a technical stowaway. There, however, the purser, the Senator, and fate prove amenable, and the end is all that it should be. The story is hardly more than a "novelette," but it is a notably good one.

VI

Another piece of outlandish romancing very effectively done is *King—of the Khyber Rifles*. It is rather like Mr. Stewart Edward White's *The Leopard Woman* in some ways. Again the chosen moment is the outbreak of the great war; the hero is a British official upon a secret mission; the heroine is set against him by her race and the necessity of the hour, attempts his life on occasion, and in the end succumbs to his manly (no, virile!) charm. Mr. White's scene was Africa, Mr. Mundy's is India. A right Indian flavour is assured from the outset by the use of Kiplingish or near-Kiplingish jingles by way of introducing the different chapters.

For eyes we be, of Empire, we!
 Skinned and puckered and quick to see!
 And nobody guesses how wise we be.
 Unwilling to advertise we be.
 But, hot on the trail of lies we be
 The pullers of roots of ruction!

This, we hardly need to be told, is a song of the Indian Secret Service, sung doubtless at their rallies. Athelstan King, besides being a captain in the Anglo-Indian army, is of that species of super-detective, the secret service man. Whenever any particularly ticklish job has to be done single-handed, it is King,

of the Khyber Rifles, whom the authorities are most likely to pick for it. Soon after the outbreak of the war, there are rumours of a Moslem "jihad," brewing in the hill-country, with its storm-centre at Khinjan, a notorious breeding-place for sedition and thuggee. It is suspected that all that country is in the power of Yasmini, a dancing-woman of marvellous beauty and cunning, known and adored throughout India. But outwardly she is loyal to the British rule, and recent services to the government make it impossible to arrest her. Nominally, therefore, she is despatched to the Caves of Khinjan in the Empire's interest, and King is ordered to work with her. She has the start, and several attempts upon King's life are made before he knowingly catches up with her. But King is one of your nonchalant and invulnerable heroes, and the thrills we undergo on his behalf are no more than a maiden may bear. They are sharp enough for the purpose of the romancer, and they come thick and fast. What happens in Khinjan Caves and thereafter need not be revealed here, nor need the nature of that punch with which the story closes. There is no kiss-curtain, and the author seems to hint at a sequel which will doubtless, after suitable postponements, lead to that delightful consummation.

VII

King—of the Khyber Rifles is, after all, nothing better than a yarn cleverly made to order. In *The Taming of Calinga* the reader may find an exotic romance of far more originality and power. It is the story of a Philippine head-hunter, and succeeds in making that strange sort of romantic hero quite human and intelligible. Calinga belongs to a hill tribe which has an ancient tincture of Chinese blood. The Old Chief, Calinga's father, just before his death tells his son the legend of certain "Green Devils, who carry Magic Sticks that stab from afar," who have driven their ancestor into the hills; and of a mighty god, O-mi-to-fu, and commits to his care

and worship a tiny clay image of that deity. Calinga loves the Comeliest Maid of the tribe, and though he is Chief, by tribal usage he can win her only by laying at her feet the most valuable trophy—that is, the largest number of heads taken from the Valley People. So he sets out alone upon his Sacred Hunt. He gets his trophies, but after hiding them is captured by the Valley People, and learns the power of the Green Devils, and above all of their Magic Sticks. In other words, he falls into the hands of Señor Calimag, Presidente of Badi. He is virtually a slave for a time, in a corrupt and filthy travesty of a civilised community. It contains one good man, however, a Padre, whose kindness and tact presently win the savage young Chief to the Christian faith. He becomes outwardly civilised, and, under the Padre's protection, marries a village girl whose heart has been won by his simplicity and natural virtue. Meanwhile his trophies of valour have been stolen by a rival and offered to the Comeliest Maid, but she scents treachery and will have none of him. For a long time she waits for the young Chief's return, and at last, desperate with love, sets out to find him for herself. As it happens—and no reader will grudge the story-teller that happening—she is taken prisoner and brought to Badi at the moment when Calinga's young wife has died, and when there has suddenly been brought home to him the rottenness and perfidy of these Christians whose religion and life he has embraced. In an instant he reverts to the earlier standards, takes new trophies from among those who have betrayed his spirit, and, with his savage mate beside him, flees to the hills—himself once more. There is irony here, it will be seen, but an irony that remains inherent in the action, and is in no way "rubbed in" by the story-teller.

VIII

James B. Connolly is a frank dealer in sentiment, but though he is always on the ragged edge, either his instinct or his race keeps him always on the safe side of bathos. He is a lover of "red blood" also, delighting in the conflict of strong men with perilous seas, or with injustice—or with each other for the joy of it. But these strong men of his (unlike the late Jack London's, for example) are always vibrating to the tune of young love, or patriotism, or home and mother. When they are not, they are villains. In his present collection of tales, *Head Winds*, he covers a wide range of place and atmosphere and plot, but his themes do not greatly vary. He has an exceptional knack at making "realistic" detail serve the purposes and enhance the effects of romance. The tale of "The Trawler," for example, which won a great prize in a *Collier's* competition, gives that sense of the real sea, its smell, its movement, its infinite treachery, which belongs to all of this writer's stories of the Gloucester fishermen. The tale itself is a tale of dreams, of a type of super-fisherman: the act of sacrifice with which it culminates is, as coloured by the romancer, not an act of grim heroism, but a triumphant and slightly theatrical display of sentiment, a "demonstration" of human nature as writers greater than Mr. Connolly—Dickens being perhaps first among them—have loved to fancy it. In "Mother Machree," the story of an Irish mother and her well-rewarded devotion, sentiment fairly passes over into emotion. Of the other tales, three are laid in Mexico, one on a Mississippi steamboat, and another in France. They are told with great technical skill, and yet dare have a character of their own, instead of following slavishly that O. Henry formula which now threatens to stultify American short-story writing.

ADVENTURES

BY A LITERARY VAGRANT

THERE is the authority of H. G. Wells for it—"the literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure." This holds as true for the least of scribblers, even for a literary vagrant, as it does for author-celebrities. While the writer whose work "excites interest" is seeing the world and meeting, as Mr. Wells lists them, "philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great," you may observe literature's vagrants fascinated in the thrilling sport of hunting editorial lions with little butterfly nets. The literary vagrant is not so poetic a figure as the so-called "vagabond of letters" nor so prosaic as the literary hack. In the jargon of the trade he is a "free lance"; and very literally he is to writing what the soldier of fortune is to military life. He makes his living by gambling on his luck in the magazine and newspaper markets. His reluctance to specialise is because vagrancy in topic—as in residence and in methods of work—increases the variety of his experiences. It very often happens that he spends the major part of his income in "just travelling around," trusting to chance to discover fresh material for writing wherever he alights. And in this same eager spirit of adventure he takes a keener satisfaction from annexing a new market than in selling at higher rates to a familiar one.

In the course of three and a half years of alternate lean and fat living, the author of these confessions has extracted cheques from the cashiers of sixteen magazines and a dozen newspapers. The only thing at all remarkable about the record is that it was made with no capital of creative or imaginative power. Anyone else of an adventurous spirit and enough training in observation and writing could do as well. . . . I am little

more than a letter writer. If I get into print more often than whoever happens to be reading this paragraph, it is chiefly a matter of persistence—learning the game through experimenting on all sorts of topics and maintaining a reckless disregard for shoe leather and postage bills. I never have sold fiction or a line of serious verse. Every word has been simply the sort of thing you might talk to a distant friend across your writing desk, about fishing and hobble skirts, amateur photography and backlots baseball, the stage as a consumer views it, crossing-cops, cover-designs, war, magazine poets, motor cars, porch life, shop windows, strawberry shortcake. Markets for such an assorted lot of topics must, of course, be correspondingly various. I shake the kaleidoscope and discover *Collier's*, *Outing* and *Life*; jiggle it again and up pops *Outlook*, *Puck* and the *Technical World*. One morning I diagrammed for my artist roommate an idea which he drew in a slapstick comic series for the *New York Evening Journal*. Then, because I scorn Hearst with a red heat intensity and my conscience required soothing, I ended the day by selling an editorial to the sedate old *New York Evening Post*. If little fishes may be compared to a whale, Robert Louis Stevenson might be included among literary vagrants as a glorified type. He wrote fiction, biography, essays, travel, verses for children and a paper on Forms of Intermittent Light. A sort of consistency seems apparent, though hard to define; to flit around this way is part of a fashion of refusing to grow old.

My free lance career began in Kansas City, when Missouri, for the first time in thirty-six years, elected a Republican governor. Through four years of college and a year and a half as a reporter I had spent a large share of my spare

time in battering the magazines with unavailable manuscripts. On the afternoon when we were all sure that Hadley had won I begged a big lithographed portrait of the governor-elect from a cigar store man who had displayed it in his front window. There was no time then to search for a photograph. A thrill of conviction pervaded me that at last my fingers were on a story that no magazine editor, however much he might hate to recognise the worth of new authors, could afford to reject. The newspaper's files gave me all the information I needed; the lithograph should serve for an illustration. By midnight that Irresistible Wedge for entering the magazine field was in the mails. . . . Sure enough, *Human Life* bought it; and by some miracle of speed in magazine making never explained to this day, printed it a few weeks later in the December issue. A week after the Wedge appeared, I quit my job as a reporter and became a free lance.

The immediate results were:

January—not a cent.

February—\$50.46. Seven dollars of this was for the magazine story. No other magazine work had followed the Wedge.

By March it had become impressively evident that a fledgling free lance, if he is wise, will for a while depend upon newspapers for the larger part of his income. Also, if he hopes to make newspaper markets lively, he will introduce his manuscripts with photographs. I rented a little black cube of a camera for twenty-five cents a day. It had a universal focus and nothing to bother about in the way of adjustments. To operate it you peeked into the range finder, then threw a lever. I wrote about motor cars, willow farms, freaks of nature in the city parks, catfish and rag pickers—anything of which I could snap interesting photographs and find enough text to justify the picture. March saw me make \$126.50. I took assignments from the city editor at \$2.50 apiece in the mornings, wrote at space rates for the Sunday paper in the after-

noons and at night plugged away at manuscripts intended for the magazines. It required tremendous energy to keep up the pace, but there was sweet comfort in the thought that at last I was my own boss—"Free!" From finding material in the city, I adventured into some of the suburbs and soon was arguing a theory that in every small town the local correspondents of big newspapers were overlooking any number of "good stories." More and more extended grew my excursions. Usually I would take along twenty-five dollars and keep on moving until I "went broke." A journey no longer meant banquets in the dining car and a chair on the observation platform, as in days when the newspaper was paying my travelling expenses. Often enough I slept in a day coach, my head pillowed on a kodak wrapped in a sweater vest. The elevation was just right for a pillow. At the same time the traveller was insured against the theft of his most precious possession, a brand-new folding camera.

For the little snapshot box soon showed its weakness in an emergency and had to be replaced with a wonderful machine that had an adjustable diaphragm, a timing apparatus, a focusing scale and a front like an accordion. One afternoon it happened that two hundred miles from the city and twenty from a railroad, the snapshot box had been useless baggage for two hours, while an anxious free lance sat at the crest of a rocky Ozark hill watching a cloudy sky and praying for some sunlight. At last the sun leered out for half a minute and the lever clicked in exultation. The experience enforced a lesson: "Learn to take any sort of picture, indoors or out, on land or water, on any sort of day, under black skies, grey or in brilliant sunshine." After I got the new machine, with a tripod to insure sharpness of outline, a piece of lemon-coloured glass for cloud photography and an extra lens for portrait work, I began snapping at anything that held out even a faint promise of allowing me to clear expenses. I photographed the neighbours' children, houses

offered for sale, downtown street scenes and any number of the variety x-marks-the-spot-of-the-accident. When a cyclone cut a swath through one of our suburbs, I rushed half a dozen photographs to *Leslie's*, feeling again some of that same thrilling sort of confidence that had accompanied the first Irresistible Wedge. Back came three dollars for a single print. Rather a proud day! Never before had one of my prints sold for more than fifty cents. There were evenings after that when I meditated giving the writing game good-bye in favour of photography—and there have been others like me many a time since then. The wonder of catching scenery in a box and of watching film and print reproduce it keeps fresh and fascinating. In those early days of my adventures in photography an editor came very near the literal truth when he sarcastically observed: "Young man, life to you seems just one long undeveloped film."

Parallel with improvement in skill as a photographer, I developed a working plan to insure more profitable excursions. My interested friends among the editors and reporters remembered to give me hints about possible out-of-town sources of material, and I studied the news columns, even the Missouri and Kansas notes, with the avidity of an aged hobo reading the morning's papers in a public library. For every possibility, I made out a card index memorandum, as,—

KANAPOLIS, KANSAS

Geographical centre of the country. Once planned as the capital of Kansas and the nation. Now a rock-salt plant.

And for each memorandum I stuck a pin in the State maps on the wall of my bedroom. When there were enough pins in a neighbourhood, I would sling my kodak over my shoulder, the carrying case strapped to the tripod, as if I were a tramp with a bundle at the end of a stick, and then away! Besides the material that I felt sure of finding, luck al-

ways could be trusted to turn up some additions.

I do not know yet whether what I discovered is a business or not, but it has provided me shelter and meals for three years with good enough clothes, and a two months' vacation in Europe. I might not, however, have been so successful in literary vagrancy but for a heritage of Yankee business sense in seeing and selling. Leaning over the parapet of a railway bridge one afternoon I watched a long yellow train with a particularly inviting variety of dining car glide through on the way toward Chicago. The vagrant in me thirsted forthwith for a taste of that train's quality; the Yankee found a way by discovering three good newspaper features in a neighbourhood along this railway's tracks half way across Missouri. 1. A town of only seven hundred population, with a daily newspaper. 2. A small city that still lacked street lights. 3. A school that had been painted and decorated by girl pupils.

Whereas reporting had begun to be something of a grind, the less profitable roamings of a novice free lance was a life that had colour and freshness. Sometimes, trusting in the little gods of the improvident, I was lured into the country by seeing on the map such a name as "Mountain Home" or "Osceola," and with no possibilities in mind would go sauntering from Nowhere-in-Particular in northern Arkansas to Someplace Else in southern Missouri, snapping pictures by the roadside to make the trip pay for itself. On one such excursion the collection was:

A set of pictures to illustrate an article on "How to Take Outdoor Photographs." (In *Outing*.)

An editorial at space rates on Arkansas shortcake. (*Collier's*.)

A folding, home-made boat for rapids. (In *Outing*.)

Grown men who play marbles. (*Technical World*, and three Sunday newspapers.)

Photographs of an old water-wheel mill and of a primitive log cabin in the

woods; illustrated squibs on backwoods surveying, a two-nosed hunting dog, the tax of a bad road on a community that has no railroad, a prospector's tireless pony, a little on the genuine Simple Life and about some of the last of the "hill billy" people for Kansas City and St. Louis papers and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The trip cost \$24.35, and has brought a return, to date, of nearly \$200, not including the value of a five days' lark with a young Irishman who took the trip with me as a novel form of summer vacation. He found all the novelty he could have hoped for. After some truly lyric passages in Arkansas, when we felt positively homesick about leaving one town to go on to another, we reached a railroadless county in Missouri infested with fleas; and to get a discount on the stage fare on the thirty-five mile drive from Gainsville to West Plains—we had to have a discount to get anything to eat that night—we played the harmonica until we gasped like fish. The driver's soul was reached by either the melody or pity and he left us enough change to buy cheese and crackers.

Some happenings that must sound very much more worth while in the ears of the world have followed, but those first days of real irresponsibility rank among the choicest in a literary vagrant's experience. Encounters with a variety of editorial celebrities have been no whit more impressive than the discovery that Jerry South of Mountain Home, Arkansas, used to be lieutenant-governor; and though I spent a week one winter in London, before the war, I learned less of interest there than in Sabetha, Kansas, in a single afternoon. Sabetha furnished:

Half of the material for a motor car story, for *Leslie's*.

An article on gasoline-propelled railway coaches for the *Technical World*.

A five-hundred-word editorial on scientific municipal management of public utilities in a small town, for *Collier's*.

A celebrity sketch about a local philanthropic money lender, for *Leslie's*.

An account of some of the Kansas Amish, a sect something like Tolstoy's, for the Sunday *New York Press*.

Shorter specials on the money lender, the Amish, the gasoline coaches, a \$40,000 hospital in a town of 2,500 population and a modern Kansas farm house, for Kansas City and St. Louis Sunday editors.

The profits were not always immediate, and until after I had worked many weeks at the trade there were serious financial backsets. To cite profitable trips this early is to get ahead of the story, but the time is propitious to remark that a country town or a small city very certainly is as good a place for the free lance (once he has training enough to be able to tell what is "copy" from what is not) as New York, Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco. Perhaps better. I often wonder if I would not have been better off financially if I had kept on working from a Kansas City headquarters.

I might have gone on this way a long time, fairly contented but for the circumstance that one day my journeyings extended as far as Chicago and I met there an old friend of college days. He had been the cartoonist of the college magazine when I was its editor. He wore, drooping from one corner of his face, an enormous pipe; an enormous portfolio full of enormities of drawing was under one arm, and dangling at the end of the other the tiniest satchel that ever concealed a nightgown. In answer to questions about what he had been doing with himself, he said he was not making out any better than most other newly graduated students of art. I argued that if Chicago did not treat him considerably, he ought to go to New York, where real genius, more than likely, would be quickly appreciated. And, if he did not mind I would like to invite myself to go with him.

We went. Now sing, O Muse! the slaughter!

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Applied Crafts

Handicrafts for the Handicapped. By Herbert J. Hall, M.D., and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25.

A system of teaching weaving, book-binding, cement work, and other crafts for the afflicted.

Architecture

The Enjoyment of Architecture. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The æsthetics of architecture and its basic principles.

Art

The Gospel in Art. By Albert Edward Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$3.00.

An interpretation of the beauty and meaning of the masterpieces of religious art, covering comprehensively the life of Christ.

The Russian School of Painting: With an Introduction by Christian Brinton. By Alexandre Benois. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. \$4.00.

A résumé for the American public with emphasis upon the social undercurrents expressed by the artists.

Biography

Davis, Soldier Missionary. By J. Merle Davis. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The biography of a missionary of the American Board, who was in Japan for thirty-nine years, also something of the history of missions in Japan.

French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A popular period of etchers, viewed against the background of French life and letters.

The Life of Francis Thompson. By Edward Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

A new and cheaper edition of the biography first brought out in 1913. The volume is uniform with Francis Thompson's prose works in size and colour.

The Life of Nelson. By Robert Southey. With an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A new edition.

The National Cyclopædia of American Biography. Vol. XV. New York: James T. White & Company. Illustrated. \$10.00.

A comprehensive collection of biographies of America's distinguished men in all fields of life.

The Wood-Carver of Salem: Samuel McIntire, His Life and Work. By Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$7.50 net.

A review of the life and achievements of an eminent American architect and wood-carver of the eighteenth century.

Business

Government Telephones. By James Mavor, Ph.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.00.

The details and the results of the experiment in Manitoba, Canada.

New Ideals in Business: An Account of Their Practice and Their Effects Upon Men and Profits. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Embodies the results of the author's investigation in the field of business. "Our New Workshops," "The Gospel of Safety," "Health for Everyman," "Experiments in Justice," "The Factory as a School," and "Our New Industrial Leader," are some of the topics discussed.

The Story of Trust Companies. By Edward Ten Broeck Perine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00 net. Especially their growth and development.

Drama

Malvaloca. By Serafin and Joaquin Álvarez Quintero. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents.

A dramatic portrayal of Andalusian life.

Shakespeare on the Stage. Third Series. By William Winter. New York: Mof-fat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

The third volume in a series in which the author aims to give a general view of the manner in which the plays of Shakespeare have been exhibited in the theatres of Great Britain and America from the time of their origin to the present day.

The Marriage Game: A Comedy in Three Acts. By Anne Crawford Flexner. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

A witty comedy telling how to be happy though married.

Told by the Gate, and Other One-Act Plays. By Malcolm Morley. Boston: The Gorham Press, Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Six plays on domestic and social themes.

Washington Square Plays: Preface by Edward Goodman and Introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The text contains four one-act plays produced during the last two years.

Education

The Cliosopfic Society: Princeton University. A Study of Its History in Commemoration of Its Sesquicentennial Anniversary. By Charles Richard Williams. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

Shantiniketan: The Bolpur School of Rabindranath Tagore. By W. W. Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

An account of Rabindranath Tagore's school at Bolpur and of its effect on Indian civilisation. There is an introduction by the poet telling how the school came to be founded.

Writing the Popular Song. By E. M. Wickes. Introduction by Harry Von Tilzer. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. \$1.25.

In *The Writer's Library*, edited by J. Berg Esenwein. A text-book on popular song writing.

Essays

A Fire in the Snow. By Charles Edward Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 50 cents.
An essay on Christmas.

An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. With a Preface by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The volume contains beside the title essay "De Senectute," "The Religion of the Past," "Credo Quia Possible," "On Being Ill," "The House of Sorrow," "A Forsaken God," "The Classics Again," "Literature and Cosmopolitanism."

Appreciations of Poetry. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by John Erskine, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.50.

A compilation of further lectures by Hearn to his Japanese pupils, following the appearance last year of *Interpretations of Literature*.

Suspended Judgments. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. \$2.00.

An expression of the various after-thoughts and reactions both intellectual and sensational, produced in the author by re-reading his favourite writers.

The Circus and Other Essays. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.00.

On contemporary subjects, reprinted from the *New York Times Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*.

The National Being: Some Thoughts On An Irish Polity. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.

The future of Ireland from an economic point of view as well as with consideration of the Irish character.

Fiction

Edmée, A Tale of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Molesworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A new edition of a book originally published under the title *The Little Old Portrait*.

Further Foolishness. Sketches and Satires on the Follies of the Day. By Stephen Leacock. New York: The John Lane Company. \$1.25.

A new volume of the author's humorous stories and sketches dealing with peace, war, politics, literature, love.

Of Water and the Spirit. By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents net.

A short story of a woman's experience in Europe at the outbreak of the war.

The Child of the Moat. By Ian B. Stoughton Holborn. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. \$1.25.

An adventure story for girls.

The Novels and Stories of Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. 12 volumes. Cloth, \$24; half levant, \$48.

The *Crossroads Edition*. Each volume contains a preface written by an American writer or publisher who numbered Richard Harding Davis among his friends, among them being Theodore Roosevelt, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Gouverneur Morris, and others.

The Portrait of a Lady. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

A reprinting in two attractive volumes of one of James's most notable stories.

The Vintage. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece.

A little incident of the Civil War, centering about the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The Unwelcome Man. By Waldo Frank. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50.

The dwarfing of the spiritual side of an ordinary man by modern social taboos and inhibitions.

Ye Towne Gossip. By Kenneth Carrol Beaton. New York: Duffield & Company.

A reprint of newspaper stories typical of Metropolitan life.

General Literature

The Booklover and his Books. By Harry Lyman Koopman, Litt.D. Boston: The Boston Book Company. \$2.00.

Essays on the physical make-up of the ideal book.

The Spirit of Modern German Literature: Lectures Delivered Before the University of Wisconsin. By Ludwig Lewysohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

An essay in æsthetic and philosophical criticism founded upon an intensive study of the recent German fiction, poetry and speculative works.

Writing for the Magazines. By J. Berg Esenwein. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. \$1.50.

In *The Writer's Library*, edited by J. Berg Esenwein. A text-book for writers.

A Handy Guide for Beggars; Especially Those of the Poetic Fraternity. Being Sundry Explorations, Made While Afoot and Penniless in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. These Adventures Convey and Illustrate the Rules of Beggary for Poets and Some Others. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The author tells of his tramps through the South, of his unusual experiences, of the people he meets and of his reception in various homes.

History

Heroes of the American Revolution. By Oliver Clay. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.25.

Appreciations with biographical data.

Termination of War and Treaties of Peace. By Coleman Phillipson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$7.00.

A comparative and analytical exposition with critical observations of the various methods of terminating the wars of history, and, in particular, of the legal status of peace treaties.

The Counts of Gruyère. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A romantic history of a quaint and delightful Swiss resort.

The Early History of Cuba. 1492-1586.
Written from Original Sources by I. A. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A political history of Cuba, covering about one hundred years, and written almost wholly from original sources.

The Provocation of France: Fifty Years of German Aggression. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.25 net.

A history of German and French relations.

Juvenile

Famous Four-Footed Friends. By G. C. Harvey. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The stories of great men's horses and dogs, with a certain amount of information concerning their owners.

Granny's Wonderful Chair and Its Tales of Fairy Times. By Frances Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

Fairy stories for the little folks all about travels through the fairy countries.

Handicraft for Handy Girls. Practical Plans for Work and Play. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Suggestions and instructions for making a great variety of articles from materials close at hand. There are chapters on "Carpentry a Girl Can Do," "Gifts Made of Paper and Cardboard," "Basket Making," "A Home Moving-Picture Show," etc. Copiously illustrated with photographs and working-drawings.

Indiana Authors: A Representative Collection for Young People. By Minnie Olcott Williams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

Selections from the work of Indiana authors.

Pioneer Life for Little Children. By Estella Adams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated.

An historical primer.

Tell-Me-Why Stories about Great Discoveries. By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

All about great discoveries and inventions in story form.

The Boy's Book of Famous Warships. By William O. Stevens. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.60.

The stories of the engagements and commanders of the great fighting ships of all time.

The Boy Settler: or Terry in the New West. By Edwin L. Sabin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.00.

A tale of adventure on the great western plains.

The Children's Bread. By J. Edgar Park. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

A collection of sermons for children.

The Three Pearls. By The Hon. J. W. Fortescue. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A fairy story for young children.

Treasure Flower: A Child of Japan. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

In the *Little Schoolmates* series, edited by Florence Converse. The story of a little Japanese girl who became a princess. The heroes of old Japanese legends play a large part in the tale.

What the Stars Saw, and Other Bible Stories. By Caroline Kellogg. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated.

Stories from the life of Christ simply told for young children.

When the Sand-man Comes. By Gertrude Alice Kay. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A book of tales for little children.

Medicine

A Layman's Handbook of Medicine: With Special Reference to Social Workers. By Richard C. Cabot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Popularised medicine with special reference to the needs of social workers.

Miscellaneous

Sacred Tales of India. By Dwijendra Nath Neogi. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

Stories from the folklore of India.

Stray Birds. By Rabindranath Tagore.
New York: The Macmillan Company.
Frontispiece. \$1.50.
A book of aphorisms.

Philosophy

Cosmical Evolution: Critical and Constructive. By Evan McLennan. Privately printed by the author. Corvallis, Oregon. \$2.50.

The author's speculations and deductions regarding physical phenomena and scientific theories of evolution.

Poetry

The Poems of Robert W. Sterling. New York: Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

The collected poems of an English Oxford poet who fell in action.

The Singer. By J. T. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Poetry of character analysis and shorter verses on occasional themes.

The Voices of Song: A Book of Poems. By James W. Foley. With an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

Poems sentimental and descriptive of Western scenes by a Western writer.

Thursday's Child. By Elizabeth Rendall.
Bohemian Glass. By Esther Lilian Duff. **Contacts and Other Poems.** By T. W. Earp. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s. each.

Miscellaneous poetry occasional, lyrical and some for children.

Verses. By Hilaire Belloc. With an Introduction by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.25.

Whimsical and impressionistic poems by a well-known author.

Vio de Bordeaux. By Pitts Sanborn, and **Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium.** By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. \$1.00 each.

Poetry on modern, social and industrial topics.

Wheels. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s. 6d.

An anthology of contemporary verse.

A Hidden Well. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.
Lyrics and sonnets in the formal verse style.

A Stanford Book of Verse. 1912-1916.
Printed for the English Club of Stanford University.

A Vagabond's Wallet. By Stephen Reid-Heyman. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s.

Poems along lines suggested by the book's title.

Alas! I am a Prussian. The Soliloquy of a German in America. New York: J. A. J. Tibbals.

An indictment of Prussianism of a somewhat sensational and prejudiced nature.

Andvari's Ring. By Arthur Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A narrative in poetry of an Old Norse Sagar.

Ballads: Patriotic and Romantic. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.50.

A collection of poems that have appeared in many contemporary periodicals. The author has often contributed to THE BOOKMAN.

Christus Consolator and Other Poems. By Rossiter W. Raymond. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.00.

Occasional poems mostly of a religious tenor.

From Idaho To You. By Laura Edith Darrow. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Descriptive poems of life and scenes in Idaho.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Michael Strange. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.
Poems of the spirit of youth.

Mystery of The Lady of the Casino. By David F. Taylor. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

An ideal conception of a changing and peaceful Germany.

Oxford Poetry 1916. Edited by W. R. C., T. W. E. and A. L. H. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 1s.
Poems about Oxford College.

Poems by Alan Seeger: With an Introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The collected poems of an English member of the French Foreign Legion, who fell in a trench attack. The earlier poems are lyrical in nature, the latter ones on current themes especially on the great war.

Poems of the Great War. By J. W. Cunliffe. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

An anthology of war poems. Among the writers represented are Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, Lincoln Colcord, William Benet, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, Hermann Hagedorn, Alfred Noyes.

Something Singing. By Margaret Perry. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00.

Poems describing the loneliness of the soul and the sacrifice that it must pay for companionship.

The Canterbury Pilgrims. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

The text of the operatic version announced for production by the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

The Jig of Forslin. A Symphony. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.25.

A novel of adventure in verse form, based on the Freudian theory, that the reading of adventure furnishes an escape from the monotony of existence.

Feelings and Things. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00.

Short poems of childhood and interpretative of a child's mind.

Cat's Cradle: Songs Grave and Gay. By H. Stanley Haskins. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Neighbours of Yesterday. By Jeanne Robert Foster. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Stories in verse of the region in the Adirondack Mountains known as the North Woods. Grouped under the headings "Neighbours of Yesterday" and "Lumber-Jack Tales and Ballads."

Nina Jones: Her Book. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. \$1.00 net.
A book of verses.

Fairy Gold: Poems by Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

Besides the title poem, a play in three acts, there are "Poems of Christmas," "Poems of Sunshine," "Poems of Vacation," "Poems of Flowers," "Poems of Fur and Feathers," "Poems of Little People," "Nonsense Verses" and "Poems of Fairies."

Religion

The Prosecution of Jesus. Its Date, History and Legality. By Richard Wellington Husband. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

A study of the trial of Jesus.

The Faith of Robert Browning. By Edward A. G. Hermann. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. 80 cents net.

An interpretation of Browning's religious spirit.

On Being Divine. A Baccalaureate Address. By Marion LeRoy Burton. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

Delivered by the President of Smith College to the Class of 1916.

Science

The Whalebone Whales of New England. By Grover M. Allen. Boston: The Boston Society of Natural History. Illustrated.

Volume 8, Number 2 of the *Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History*.

The Sexes in Science and History. An Inquiry Into the Dogma of Woman's Inferiority to Man. By Eliza Burt Gamble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A revised edition of *The Evolution of Woman*, published in 1894. This volume includes added evidence to show that the conclusions arrived at by scientists to prove the inferiority of the female are not warranted by the facts which they themselves have elaborated.

Sociology

Social Rule: A Study of the Will to Power.
By Elsie Clews Parsons. New York:
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A demonstration of the author's theory that the primordial desire for superiority among men is being transferred to an effort to control nature and non-personal conditions through science.

Workfellows in Social Progression. By Kate Stephens. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1.50.

A discussion of the theories and types of humanity influencing social progression.

Theology

The Ministry. By Charles Franklin Thwing. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

The attractions and the objections to the calling as well as the qualities needed from the point of view of the college man.

The Social Teachings of the Jewish Prophets. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.25.

A study in biblical sociology.

The Belief in God and Immortality. By James H. Leuba. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$2.00.

From the psychological, anthropological and statistical points of view.

The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. Constantine Kempf, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75.

The lives of saintly men and women of the Catholic Church of our own times.

The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.75.

A thorough-going investigation in the form of question and answer, discussing the subject from liturgical, doctrinal, historical and archaeological points of view.

Travel

Along the Rio Grande. By Tracy Hammond Lewis. New York: Lewis Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The inhabitants and the country as described for *The New York Telegraph* during the recent Border troubles.

Twilight in Italy. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

A record of the impressions of peasant life and nature.

The War

The Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille. Translated textually from the Note addressed by the French Government to the Governments of Neutral Powers on the conduct of the German Authorities toward the population of the French Departments in the occupation of the enemy, with Extracts from Other Documents annexed to the Note, Relating to German Breaches of International Law During 1914, 1915, 1916. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

The Red Cross in France. By Granville Barker. With a Preface by Joseph H. Choate. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

An account of the Red Cross work in France.

Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War. By Ramiro De Maeztu. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A sidelight on the causes of the great War from the angle of the conflict between authority and liberty—a conflict that has been steadily progressing from the Renaissance. A solution is offered in the functioning of social values.

When the Prussians Came to Poland: The Experiences of an American Woman During the German Invasion. By Laura de Turczynowicz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Experiences of suffering and struggle, and of her final release and journey through Germany and Holland to this country.

The Book of Truth and Facts. By Fritz Von Frantzius. Published by The Author: 122 South La Salle Street, Chicago. 50 cents.

A partisan's exposition of German ideals and of the German conception of England and America.

At the War. By Lord Northcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

A collection of Lord Northcliffe's letter, telegrams, cablegrams and other writings about the war.

The Stricken Land: Serbia As We Saw It. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

The authors were in Serbia before the war and during the great retreat.

America's Relations to the Great War. By John William Burgess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.00.

A discussion of America's attitude toward the belligerent nations.

The Growth of a Legend: A Study Based upon the German Accounts of Francs-Tireurs and "Atrocities" in Belgium. By Fernand van Langenhove. Translated by E. B. Sherlock, with a Preface by J. Mark Baldwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

A refutation of the alleged tales of franc-tireurs and atrocities perpetrated by the Belgian civil population.

Inside the German Empire 1916. By Herbert Bayard Swope. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The correspondent of *The New York World* describes various phases of life and thought in the German Empire, observed during his travels in the last three months of 1916.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Albany, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Atlanta, Ga.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lion's Share
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Dallas, Texas.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Des Moines, Iowa.....	When a Man's a Man	Little Billy Bowlegs
Detroit, Mich.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Jacksonville, Fla.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Kinsmen	The Lion's Share
Louisville, Ky.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Sailor
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Romance of a Christmas Card
New Orleans, La.....	Pleasant Ways of St. Medard	When a Man's a Man
Norfolk, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide
Omaha, Neb.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Portland, Me.....	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
San Antonio, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Spokane, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Utica, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
My Unknown Chum	Told in a French Garden	Prudence Says So	The Rising Tide
Mary 'Gusta	The Wonderful Year	A Sheaf	The Leatherwood God
A Circuit Rider's Widow	The Romance of a Christmas Card	The Wonderful Year	The Bent Twig
The Wonderful Year	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Told in a French Garden	The Rising Tide
Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man	Men Who Wrought	The Worn Doorstep
Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	The Last Ditch	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Georgina of the Rain-bows	Mary 'Gusta	Enoch Crane	Rainbow's End
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Georgina of the Rain-bows	Seventeen	When a Man's a Man
Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam	The Turtles of Tasman	Somewhere in Red Gap
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Seventeen	Georgina of the Rain-bows	Under the Country Sky
Just David	Georgina of the Rain-bows	Seventeen	Penrod and Sam
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Prudence Says So	Georgina of the Rain-bows	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Just David	The Wonderful Year	The Romance of a Christmas Card	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Penrod and Sam	Georgina of the Rain-bows	Proof of the Pudding	The Heart of Rachel
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Just David	The World for Sale	The Romance of a Christmas Card
The Worn Doorstep	Hilltop on the Marne	Three Things	The Wonderful Year
Just David	Penrod and Sam	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year
Kildares of Storm	Enoch Crane	Penrod and Sam	The Short Cut
Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man	Chloe Malone
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lady Connie	The Rising Tide	The Sins of the Children
The Daughter Pays	The World for Sale	Kingdom of the Blind	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Georgina of the Rain-bows	Prudence Says So	Dabney Todd	The World for Sale
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Just David	Mary 'Gusta	Enoch Crane
The Wonderful Year	Kingdom of the Blind	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Brook Kerith
The Mysterious Stranger	Enoch Crane	When a Man's a Man	Penrod and Sam
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	The Rising Tide
The World for Sale	Just David	Happy Valley	Fibble D.D.!
The Worn Doorstep	The World for Sale	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Mary 'Gusta
The Heart of Rachel	The Worn Doorstep	Penrod and Sam	Rainbow's End
Penrod and Sam	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Border Legion	Penrod and Sam
The Bent Twig	When a Man's a Man	Tish	Magnificent Adventure
The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man	Cappy Ricks	Georgina of the Rain-bows
Rainbow's End	Magnificent Adventure	The Wonderful Year	The Worn Doorstep
When a Man's a Man	Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	The Leopard Woman
The World for Sale	Penrod and Sam	Seventeen	Kingdom of the Blind
Mary 'Gusta	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Georgina of the Rain-bows	

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 Reminiscences of a War Time Statesman. Frederick W. Seward.
 O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
 The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.

Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
 Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
 The Dune Country. Earl H. Reed.
 Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. John Muir.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 662 and 663) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	" "	8
" " "	3d	" " "	" "	7
" " "	4th	" " "	" "	6
" " "	5th	" " "	" "	5
" " "	6th	" " "	" "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the

order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	306
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35.....	235
3. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35	83
4. The Romance of a Christmas Card. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) \$1.00	78
5. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35	58
6. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.40	55

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
 The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
 The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
 Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
 Come Out Of The Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
 A Circuit Rider's Widow. Corra Harris.
 Dabney Todd. Frank Noyes Wescott.
 The Daughter Pays. Mrs. Gertrude M. Reynolds.
 A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
 The Dune Country. Earl H. Reed.
 Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith.
 Fibble D.D.! Irvin S. Cobb.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
 Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
 The Heart of Rachel. Kathleen Norris.
 Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
 Kildares of Storm. Eleanor Mercein Kelly.
 King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
 Kinsmen. Percival J. Cooney.
 The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
 Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 Little Billy Bowlegs. Emilie B. Stapp.
 The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
 The Leopard Woman. Stewart E. White.
 The Last Ditch. Will Levington Comfort.
 The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
 The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.
 Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
 Men Who Wrought. Richard Cullum.
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 The Mysterious Stranger. Mark Twain.

The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
 My Unknown Chum.
 O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
 Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
 The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. Grace King.
 The Proof of the Pudding. Meredith Nicholson.
 Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
 Prudence Says So. Ethel Hueston.
 Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
 Reminiscences of a War-Time Statesman. Frederick W. Seward.
 The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
 The Romance of a Christmas Card. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
 The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
 The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
 The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton.
 Somewhere in Red Gap. Harry Leon Wilson.
 A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. John Muir.
 Three Things. Mary R. S. Andrews.
 Turtles of Tasman. Jack London.
 Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
 Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
 Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
 Under the Country Sky. Grace S. Richmond.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold B. Wright.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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